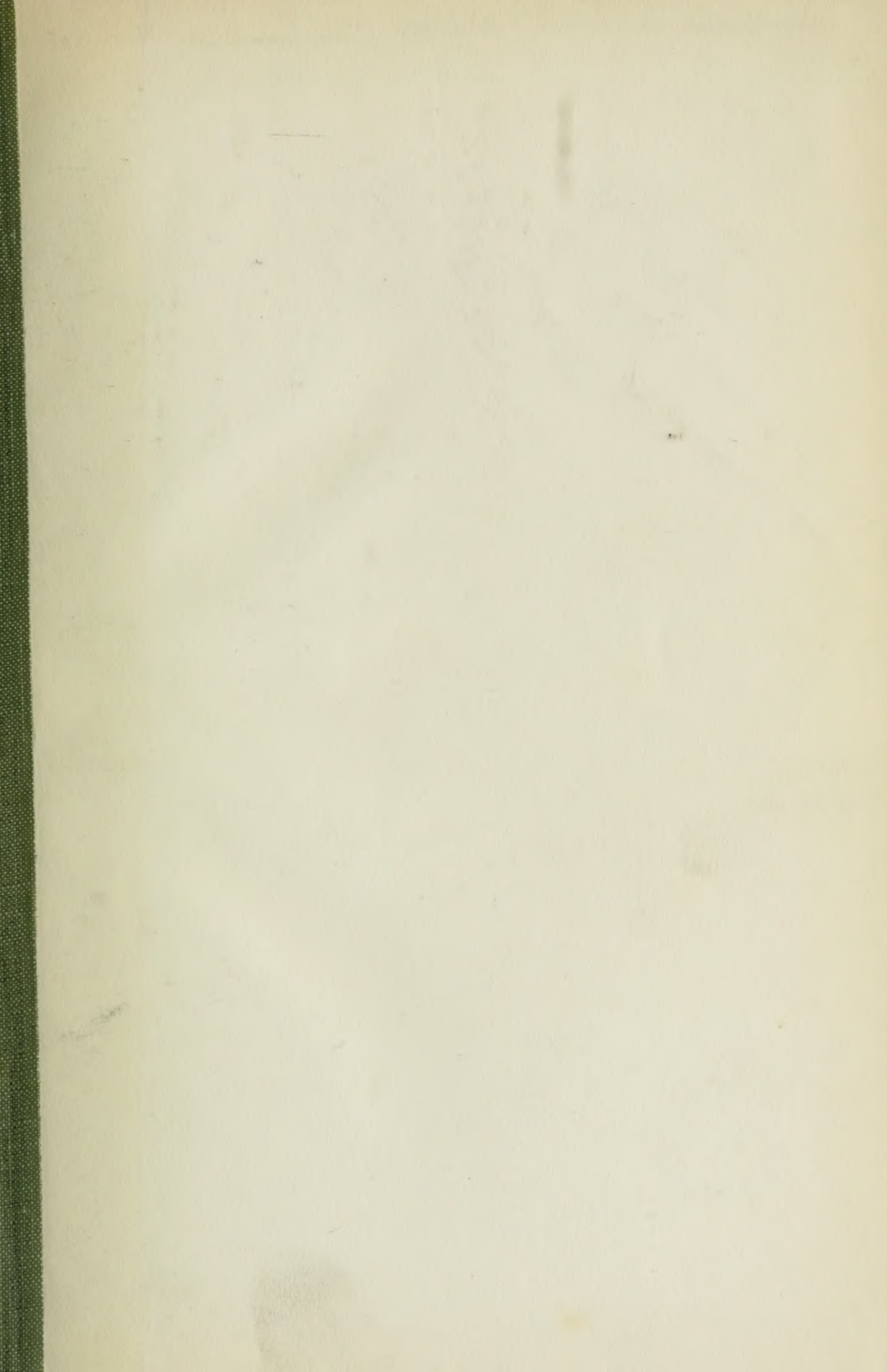



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The <sup>23 2590</sup>  
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CANADIAN  
BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature  
and the Creative Arts* ♀ 290 a year 25c a copy

Vol. IX.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1927

No. 1



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

*125 Simcoe Street*

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# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. IX., No. 1

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25c a Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

WILSON MacDONALD

By A. Ermatinger Fraser

IN Canada, it is not a frequent occurrence, stating the case mildly, to find a slim volume of some eighty poems by an author, whose previous output has been neither large nor widely popular, running into its third edition in less than two months. This, however, has been the case with Wilson MacDonald's *Out of the Wilderness*.

Having observed in his earlier volume, *The Song of the Prairie Land*, only passages here and there that appealed to me as unusually high in quality, I was somewhat surprised at the rapturous paeans of praise chanted by the reviewers both in Eastern Canada and in New York. Then, reading in the *Dalhousie Review* MacDonald's "Song of the Unreturning," there flashed upon the mind the recognition of a note that has been but slightly touched in Canada before—the haunting Celtic minor.

Our most noted group of poets heretofore—the "group of '61," Roberts, Lampman, Carman, and their friends—though of the New World by several generations, are yet mainly English in blood and in that endowment of mental inheritance, which persists through centuries. The South of Scotland has spoken in the songs of Charles Mair, in those of the

two Scotts, and in many others. But the Highlander in Canada has been so busy exploring mighty rivers to their sources, policing the plains, founding settlements, and preaching the Gospel in remote regions, that the distinctive Gaelic notes of music and of poetry have been little heard outside their own gatherings. One song from the Gaelic, much disputed in its English wording, has indeed echoed throughout this land for a century back:

"From the lone shieling and the misty  
island  
Mountains divide us and the waste of  
seas;  
But still our blood is strong, our hearts are  
Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Something of this quality sounded in poems of *Freedom, Love and Death*, by Frederick George Cameron; and it is the tragic and tender Highland spirit that throbs in "Flanders Fields," that brief lyric by John McCrae which Canada has taken deep within her heart.

It is a curious thing to consider that twenty centuries of close neighborhood have failed to lessen the eternal difference in spiritual outlook between Highlander and "Southron" in Scotland, between the Erse of Ireland



and the Ulsterman, between Welsh and English—in short, between the Celt and the Anglo-Saxon. The Celt dreams, feels, sees visions; the Anglo-Saxon decides, reasons, occasionally philosophizes. The Celt cannot help contemptuous pity for the "Sassanach" clod; the Englishman wonders why the Celt came to be a bit of a fool. Out of this age-long difference comes the fact that here in Canada where these strains blend in many families, the work of Wilson MacDonald is as ardently praised as sharply criticized, and often attracts and antagonizes at the same time: "My song is a cactus," he says truly enough, "that stings him who touches,

With misunderstanding, its sharp biting needles,  
But blesses with beauty of yellow and crimson and all flaming colors  
Whoever beholds it with wisdom and love."

The Celtic strain inherits a high degree of sensitiveness united frequently to a quick and irritable temper; pride and passion melting suddenly into tenderness; and a self-centred independence which one's friends call individuality, but which those less kindly-disposed are apt to term overweening egotism.

This influence in literature has been indicated in the passion for lovely vivid color, in delight in the lonely and cloudy aspects of Nature, in a sense of ever-present, brooding pathos, and in the peculiar lyric power of using a very few, very simple words to express profound emotion. These tendencies made a large part of the impulse that stirred the Romantic Revival a century ago, and were based on the wide-spread reading of translations and adaptations of Ossian, the influence of Chateaubriand, who was a Celt of Brittany, and of Byron, who was half a Highlander. They have been illustrated in our time by the work of Yeats, Synge, and "A. E." Russell. Consider now for a moment this "Song of the Unreturning:"

"Tonight a crimson sun  
With no attendants by  
Goes down in lonely splendor  
An orange waste of sky.  
Never in all the years  
Garbed thus will he go from me;  
Red is the sea-gull's wing  
And blood-red is the sea.

Never again will the clouds  
Group in this austere way;  
Never again will love  
Be as it is today;  
Never again will the waves  
Break as now on the shore:  
Nothing in earth or heaven  
Comes as it came before.

High Beauty will never return  
In the same hood and gown,  
Whether the rose grows red  
Or the old oak burns brown,  
Or the blue rain dances swiftly  
Down the green-aisled sea,  
Or whether on gray, winding roads  
My love walks with me.

Here is the intense feeling for color that reminds us that Wilson MacDonald is artist, as well as poet, and musician; the lonely sky and sea, made more solitary by the plain brief words which yet haunt the memory; and the eternal sorrow of humanity for the passing of beauty, "Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue

Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine."

But where Keats worships at the "soveran shrine" of unavailing sorrow, MacDonald adds to the inherited Celtic melancholy, bred of gloomy mountain and misty moorland, an optimism to which brighter New Worlds have increased the equally Celtic hope and vision of the future:

"The mourners come from the last dead rose  
Crying: "Beauty is gone."  
But I go up where the North wind blows  
Out of the gap of dawn . . .  
And I shall sing when there's not a song  
In all of the wastrel woodland, crying:  
That Death is weak and that Life is strong,  
And Beauty's birth is at Beauty's  
dying."

The poignant grieving of the very lovely poem, "Exit," breaks into triumph at the last; and the verses on "Oaks," richly-tinted and tenderly-glowing in Autumn, end with the answered query:



"Shall we go to sleep—  
To the unbreathing Deep—  
Like black weeds touched with frost!  
Nay! Age is the time for bright colors,  
Though life be the cost.  
Youth is a fine adventure,  
But it's rare to be old  
And to go to the Master of Colors  
In russet and bronze and gold."

Autumn days, that season when  
"Summer passes to the rhyme

Of hooded acorns tapping at her feet," are, indeed, the background for most of the poems. Truly in kinship with ancestry from the "MacDonalds of the Isles" (the mist-swept Inner Hebrides) is this poet's love of "the staccato of rain." He says:

"I wrap about me the cold cloak of rain,  
Fibred with sullen smoke, and woven with  
wind."

Again he declares:

"Upon my roof the slowly-tapping rain  
Is anodyne sufficient for my pain."

In these scenes he confesses a strange  
ancestral delight,

"Some nomad yearning burns within my  
singing  
For that bleak beauty scorned of lute  
and lyre,  
That loveliness of gray whereon are winging  
The last wild lyrists of the marsh and  
mire."

The season of the snow, instead of  
being personified as a hoary, bowed  
old man, is to him the Dian of the  
woodlands,

"Those roofless, pillared temples where the  
tameless  
Young Winter soon will chase her frosty  
spear."

Celtic, too, is the shuddering delight  
in "the ghostly tale,"

"The prelude of that long and ghostly wail  
In boughs that creak and shallows that  
congeal."

There is macabre-like power in  
"Ghost-Hornpipes," and a phantasy,  
ærie as thistledown in moonlight,  
peers through "The Toll-Gate Man,"

"Taking with ghost-palms  
The old slim fare . . .  
Strange coin I pay him,  
Minted in my soul—  
Tears I caught long ago  
In a silver bowl,  
Sighings for a lost love;  
These I pay for toll."

One-third of this volume is devoted  
to *The Book of the Rebel*. The Anglo-  
Saxon can gird himself with dogged  
persistence to stubborn fighting for  
practical reforms; to desperate at-  
tacks on pressing tyranny; but he is  
relieved when the job is done. The  
Celt, on the contrary, is never happier  
than when in the shouting vanguard  
of an unpopular cause, or going glor-  
iously down to defeat for dead faiths  
of the past or fair visions of the  
misty future. Wilson MacDonald  
irks some good folk, not because he is  
Vegetarian, Pacifist, Brother of the  
New Communities—and so forth; but  
because he so obviously enjoys being  
thus different from the common, con-  
ventional herd—that ordinary hu-  
manity, which he at one moment em-  
braces fraternally, and, in the next  
breath, withers with scorn. Your true  
Celt has nothing to do with a grovel-  
ling consistency, and can be splendid-  
ly ferocious in the cause of Peace.

Yet, ardent warrior as the Celt has  
ever been, his reforming zeal has had  
less influence upon the world than  
that faery gift of eyes ever open to  
Beauty, which is the race-heritage.  
There are, in this section of the book,  
passages liable to the accusation of ex-  
travagance or crudity; there are, too,  
certain poems such as "The Volga,"  
and "The Song of the Hemp," that  
are unforgettable in their hot inten-  
sity of indignant passion. But, since  
they deal with horrors that are—  
mercifully—temporary, they have not  
the unending charm of this simple  
harp-note in praise of Beauty—

"He loved her not in days of splendor only  
But in the gray of fogs, the dark of rain;  
In droning streets or woodlands wild and  
lonely  
She never called his poet-heart in vain."

The gray moth growing grayer in the moon-  
ray,  
The brown bee growing browner in the  
sun,  
The strong hills burning amber in the noon-  
day,  
Or vales at dusk—he loved them every one.

Great God, when Thou dost grieve my way-  
ward faring,  
Let this one virtue all my sins defend;  
And may I hear Thy voice at last declaring:  
“He kept high faith with beauty to  
the end.”

#### BIOGRAPHICAL

Wilson MacDonald was born at Cheap-  
side, Ontario, in December, 1880, the  
son of Alexander MacDonald, a minister of  
the Baptist church, who had come to Canada  
from Scotland. His mother was a native  
Canadian, the daughter of Rev. William  
Pugsley.

Receiving his early education in the Port  
Dover Public and High Schools, the boy  
went from there to Woodstock College and  
the University of Toronto. An early achieve-  
ment was that of passing at the head of the  
list for the whole province in the High  
School entrance examination.

His poetic tendency asserted itself early  
in life, encouraged by his parents, Prin-  
cipal William Henry Smith, of the Port  
Dover Public school, and Theodore Harding  
Rand. His first published poem appeared in  
the *Toronto Globe* in 1898.

But for the strong influence of this pre-  
dilection for the poetic art, Wilson Mac-

Donald might easily have achieved out-  
standing success in any one of several dif-  
ferent fields of activity. He is an adept  
illuminator, as indicated by his decorative  
work in *Out of the Wilderness*, and many  
other examples of this art, some of the  
latter ranking very high in point of merit.

What is not generally known is that he  
possesses marked musical talent.

He could have been a Canadian “Her-  
man,” or “Keller,” or “Thurston,” to  
which those who have witnessed his mar-  
vellous feats of magic can amply testify.  
Another indication of his versatility was his  
success as an inventor, bread and pie pa-  
tents giving him a substantial financial start  
in life. But of this phase of his career,  
MacDonald speaks very bitterly regarding  
the machinations of those who deprived him  
of the money which his inventions had  
earned.

His poem “The Undertow” was inspired  
by his trip to England on a cattle boat in  
1902. He has had many other adventures,  
having sailed the Labrador Coast and the  
Pacific Coast from Mexico to the far north-  
ern Canadian territory. He has lived in  
every province of Canada, seeing much of  
wild life, which afforded the inspiration for  
his wilderness poems.

Since coming to Toronto he has been  
prominent in literary circles and was the  
founder of the Poetry Society of Toronto.

#### CHECK LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS.

*The Song of the Prairie Land*, Toronto,  
1918.

*The Miracle Songs of Jesus*, Toronto, 1921.  
*Out of the Wilderness*, Toronto, 1926.

## Gifts

By T. D. Rimmer

O H, I have known the gifts of life,  
The rose-leaf and the thorn;  
The road that sears the naked feet,  
The burden that is borne;  
And Love that goes with eager tread,  
And Pain whose step is slow;  
The clear, red wine of youth and health  
That is so quick to go.

The rose-leaf mingles with the thorn  
And wounds the outstretched hand;  
And Love falls in with Pain's slow gait  
And limps at his command;  
And youth is but a glass of wine  
That at a draught is gone—  
And birth to death is measured by  
The casting of a stone.



# The Chinese Drama in Exile

By M. M. Ross

VANCOUVER'S Chinese playhouse has in recent years furnished material for diverting sketches published in local papers, and in eastern papers, the writers in every case bringing to their literary labor a critical attitude quite as traditional as that of the original student who found the drama of the western world meaningless, its opera unendurable noise.

The copy seeker in Canada's premier Chinese theatre listens to clamor that threatens his ear drums; he watches a performance that carries him back to the golden age of five when a broom was a fiery steed and a row of chairs a rushing, mighty train. In his subsequent graphic narrative he gives prominence to the orchestral noise, to the imperturbable property man, to the dramatic expedient of turning the professional back to signify exit from the stage, to the inevitable death scene in which a rag doll represents the corpse.

But for the student of the theatre, Vancouver's Chinatown stage has aspects other than those which inspire journalistic mirth. Through crudeness and license in presentation one can see the moral and educative intention of a drama that has its origin in the arts of song and pantomime, and in the ethics of a civilization that flourished when the ancestors of the theatre's white guests were clothed in skins. And in Vancouver, as probably in no other city on the continent, one can see Chinese drama as yet untouched by the conditions of its existence in exile.

Vancouver's Chinatown, although one of the largest, is the youngest and least westernized of all the Chinese zones embedded in the great Pacific ports of America. The majority of its citizens are natives of China, profoundly attached to the customs and

traditions they brought to the western world. The city is too intent on meeting the exigencies of a rapid growth to concern itself with such shadowy things as racial mind; therefore, except for the paternal supervision of two discerning young constables, the Chinese quarter is left to itself and to recreations wholly Cantonese in tone. But while the theatre's patrons are devoted to the drama of their forefathers, their Canadian-born sons, products of provincial public schools, are to a very much greater extent interested in the movies. Thus the Chinese drama in the terminal city will inevitably develop, as in the older parts of the continent, into one of the unreal features of a catchpenny Chinatown.

The theory of Chinese drama is given with distinction in *The Yellow Jacket*, which shapes one tragic situation into a symmetrical pattern for presentation in an evening. Plays on the Vancouver stage have little coherence, scant charm, and no subtlety. The audience is to a great extent composed of Cantonese who have come prosperously up from the coolie class; the actors—imported and generally excellent—feel under little dramatic obligation to work out the esthetic purpose of the playwright for patrons who rather welcome interpolated farce. Nevertheless, there is discernible in any performance the philosophic basis of a drama whose roots go back to the pre-Christian era; and in scenes from which farce must of necessity be excluded, there is acting of a high order.

While Chinese drama is in purpose and by decree ethical and free from vulgarity, it cannot be said that practice always follows precept on the Vancouver stage. There is no modern Chinese drama in the western sense



of the word; but much that is extraneous and contemporary has crept into fine old plays. The basic themes of the social drama cannot be vulgarized; they are unchangingly moral; filial piety; the glorification of learning (the hero invariably a scholar); the defeat of corruption (there is always a wise judge at grips with a dishonest official); the punishment of avarice (the inevitable miser is forced to make restitution to the widow and orphan.)

As Chinese marriage depends on convention and on parental choice, the key theme of western drama takes a secondary place in Chinese imaginative writing. The maiden is attracted by her husband's intellectual attainments rather than by his person and qualities; the hero receives with gracious consideration the bride chosen for him by his revered parents. Frail ladies intrude at times, but they are never permitted to mend or expiate their frail ways. The highest flight of domestic bliss allowed to any member of the sisterhood is to become a secondary wife wholly at the mercy of wife number one. Dramatic interest, which in western drama reaches a climax at or in sight of the altar, arrives at its peak in Chinese plays with the vindication of innocence and the detection of guilt.

The divergence in structure of oriental from western drama has given rise to the statement that a Chinese play extends throughout four or five evenings. This is true only of historical plays which have as many as a score of acts; the social drama is really a succession of loosely related short plays with intervals marked by certain recognized beats on one of the percussion instruments.

The stage in Vancouver is the unmodified traditional one—an open, curtainless platform with doors at the rear for exit and entry. Tables, benches, and banners, according as they are disposed about the stage by

the property man, become the mansions, judgment seats, mountains, and ravines requisite to the unfolding of the plot. The occidental in a box sees two men climb to a chair placed on a table, then climb down and walk off the stage; he marvels that any adult can loog with seriousness on these doings. The oriental in the gallery sees a malefactor thrown to merited death from a high mountain; he would never attribute to the theatre's white guest the poverty of imagination that limited vision of an execution to a table, two chairs, and a rag doll.

Owing partly to the difficulty of securing entry into Canada for oriental women, and partly to the traditional objection to women on the Chinese stage, most of the feminine roles in Vancouver are taken by men, and are acted with extraordinary fidelity to detail. The leading lady is a slight gentleman admirably made up. He speaks in a high, thin falsetto; carries his head with the rigidity exacted by convention and make up; keeps all expression out of his face, and shows emotional reaction with delicate, flexible hands. He moves around gracefully on toes squeezed into tiny slippers, the adequate proportions of his feet concealed by a splendid and costly robe. The maiden of the play—the ingenue of western drama—is genuine, and very charming.

The musicians occupy the back of the stage and play throughout the performance. If one can force one's occidental ears to bear with patience the assault on them, there is much to interest in the unbroken rhythmic noise produced by gongs, drums, clappers, stone chimes, stringed and reed instruments.

The system of fundamental tones developed from sounds in nature long before the Christian era is still the basis of Chinese music. There is in it no recognized place for the human voice; no attempt to harmonize tones

or to vary rhythm. Its scale is composed of five degrees without semitones; it is the peculiar whining sound given out by the stringed instruments in their monotonous, rhythmic play in unison on these five notes that reminds the visitor of the bagpipes. Instruments of percussion predominate; the most insistent of these is a little double-header drum beaten with hard sticks as a continuous accompaniment to the dialogue.

The function of the orchestra is interpretative. When an emotional situation arises on the stage, gong answers drum, clapper answers clapper;

the level rhythmic wail of stringed and reed instruments swells; the little double drum speeds up its sharp, metallic clicks. To the occidental listener this is unmitigated din which drowns the voices on the stage and renders the acting altogether incomprehensible. To the oriental listener with ears attuned through inheritance, it is the only music; it is the artistic, expressive ministrant to the drama; it is the herald of fulfillment on the stage of the age-old law of the Chinese theatre that the audience must go home happy in the knowledge that virtue is triumphant.

## A Bas Les Cliches

By T. D. Rimmer

**I** SING the reviewers. Chaste and honorable men! Preservers of the impeccable phrase! Does the book deal with sociology? The description comes pat: "an illuminating contribution" to that science; does it deal with the late, lamented war? "An informative contribution"—note that word "contribution," how it is dragged, like King Charles' head, into reviews. It is vaguely reminiscent of church, we can almost hear the metallic kiss of the coin against the plate.

There is a pressing need for a series of new adjectives—or encomiastics, as Dekker has called them—those in currency are so much defaced we view them with a growing dislike. Even the lyrical "windows, as it were, into the soul of the novelist's characters"—even this purple phrase has lost some of its erstwhile glory and is tarnished and shabby like its brethren, Forthright, Sincere, sometimes Arrestingly Sincere, Delicious Irony, Suave Indictment, Author to Watch, and so on *ad nauseam*.

Yet these are an integral part of the language. Seemingly we cannot dispense with them though their effect on the author be as a gentle rain upon parched ground. What more soothing to an author than to be told that he is "an author to watch?" and yet on analysis we find that a police captain speaks of a criminal in somewhat similar terms; and as to being "an author of promise," so are politicians, not only of promise but of promises.

But one phrase, particularly, occurs to us. It is the gem of purest ray serene, the sole, inevitable pronouncement; the phrase that "burns with a hard, gem-like flame." It is "a contribution to Canadian literature." Consider the implications, the immeasurable ramifications, embodied in this

phrase. It is in itself a *geste magnifique*; with a sweep of the arm it places the designated novel within the literary *arcana*, the *sanctum sanctorum* of artistry. Whether the novel be of the genus Wild West, the species of Prospecting; the fauna of Small Town; or the flora of the Golden West, it is a "contribution" and as such must wear the *toga virilis* and be a Roman citizen.

Of course, in the basic meaning, a novel is really a contribution. But by the degeneracy of our language the word has come to imply, or rather give, a certain *cachet* under the weight of which some novels visibly stagger. If every novel to which the phrase has been applied vindicated the appellation, then we would be fortunate among nations. Our place would be in the sun and we could chuckle complacently at the puny efforts of other nations to approach our glittering eminence.

But alas! tell it not in Gath! there is a lurking belief on our part that this is not in accordance with fact. There is a sneaking suspicion that the place we occupy in literature does not monopolize the rays of the sun, in fact that it tends at times to become decidedly cool. And yet we are faced with the uncompromising reiteration of this phrase that beats in two-four time its messianic dictum that this or that novel is a "contribution." The blessed word is smearing ever this article with its saccharinish implication.

The other *cliches* are equally woe-begone. But this "contribution" phrase is an Abou Ben Adhem: it leads all the rest. Its malevolent menace assumes nightmarish proportions to both the harassed reviewer and his harrowed reader. What can we do? Naturally a patent solution to the problem would be a relegation in plain terms of the unfortunate novel to limbo, but that would



be merely a scotching. No! We will have to proceed by attrition. And to commence we propose the destroying, root and branch, of the chief offender, i.e., the "contribution" phrase. Once conquer that, and the proletarian remainder will be easy to slaughter. Those who can formulate and carry to a successful conclusion such an attack will earn the undying gratitude of readers—and incidentally, of reviewers, a tribe of which the writer is an inconspicuous member.

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## Intimacies With Old Books

By Isabel Forin

Two big boxes labelled "Old Books" arrived at our house recently from Edinburgh, Scotland, and forthwith a new bookcase was installed in the library in honor of these newcomers. There they stand, ninety-seven of them, a complete set of *The Scots Magazine*, published monthly in Edinburgh from 1739 to 1826. Everything of interest that happened during those storied and colorful years, both at home and abroad, is reported in the pages of the old leather-bound volumes. Truly there is nothing more fascinating than to be allowed to withdraw the curtain that interposes between us and the past and to read the accounts of Prince Charlie's wanderings or the trial of Warren Hastings as they were reported in the current news is to make of history a real and living thing; as much so as if we read them

over the breakfast table in the local morning paper.

Here, too, are literary contributions of the day, poems that compare favorably with newspaper publications of like nature of today; also a pirated copy of Grey's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and Burns' "Address to a Haggis," which, published here for the first time, have earned undying fame.

This magazine was started with the avowed purpose of reviving an esteem for Scotland which it was felt was being overshadowed by her neighbor to the south. This unique collection of books is a mixture of realistic and romantic writing the like of which could hardly be found today outside of a museum.

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## '37 Still in Politics

The many favorable reviews of *The Fighting Bishop*, by Thomas B. Robertson, dealing with Bishop John Strachan and presenting vivid pictures of the stirring days of '37 in Upper Canada, are strikingly at variance with a reviewer in Robertson's own home town—Winnipeg. In *The Winnipeg Mirror*, Mr. C. E. L'Ami brings down all manner of charges of political bias upon Mr. Robertson's head and indulges in such a carnival of verbal pyrotechnics, some entirely irrelevant, as conclusively to identify Mr. L'Ami with the extreme antithesis of Mr. Robertson's political affiliations, and to draw upon this review even more ridicule than it seeks to heap upon Robertson.

## The Coming of Love

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

I DREAMED that Love would come in gypsy guise,—  
A pagan youth, with laughter in his eyes,—  
To woo me with a minstrel's magic art  
And banish peace forever from my heart.

And then, one day, I knew that Love had come.  
My heart was strangely still; my lips were dumb;  
I hid my face before his holy eyes:  
I had not dreamed of Love in angel's guise.

No scorching memory of a pagan kiss  
Love left to me that day, but only this—  
The shadow of his wings on all my years,  
And in my heart a small, still pool of tears.



## The R. C. A.

The 48th exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, held last month at the Art Gallery of Toronto, was not the most exciting exhibition in the Academy's history. Although it was supposed to represent all that is outstanding in art in Canada it seemed to be a much milder affair than the Ontario Society of Artists usually put on. One expects more from a royal society than a display of saleable pictures. One might expect to see signs of an intelligent interest in the development of art generally and a desire to relate the adventurous work abroad to our own aesthetic problems.

One finds from many artists the same stuff year after year, repeating not only themselves, but using types of composition that are almost public property, and common to all exhibitions.

Whether the jury frowned on anything unconventional or no, there is little that would attract attention outside of Canada.

Design and color have been the outstanding qualities in landscape painting in Canada. Draughtsmanship is still sadly neglected and most of our work would be improved by more attention given to form and less to color and surface qualities, although there is a healthy disregard in much Canadian painting of the suavities of technique that seem to be the goal of many American painters.

If the critic of the *London Times* found Canadian landscape painting racy of the soil the comment on our figure painting would be quite to the contrary.

In Swedish, Russian or Spanish painting one feels no division between figure and landscape, the same bold characterization and freedom in design run through the two; they are not two different things. With us, landscape is often a rough out of doors pursuit, but the figure work is suggestive of all the old studio conventions of many years ago.

When one looks around in the Academy for original work it sifts down to a few canvases, mostly by the younger artists. Chas. Comfort's "Quebec Landscape" is bold in design and vigorously painted.

Sarah Robertson's "Le Repos" is a simple, direct piece of work, serene and colorful. "Miners' Shacks, Cobalt," by Yvonne McKague, with its bold arrangement of light and contrasting planes, is one of the notable canvases. One notices also Holgate's solidly painted "Quebec Village," a sparkling winter landscape by Mabel May, the naively beautiful "Fishing Nets," by Marjorie Gass, "Gatineau Hill," by Herbert Palmer, colorful but somewhat vague in structure.

The water colorists continue to assert their freedom. There are several examples

fresh in color, painted easily with a big brush, Benedicte Monk, Pegi Nichol, A. J. Casson and Chas. Comfort showing interesting work. Notable also are the vigorous pen drawings of Quebec by Arthur Lismer, and a color print of real distinction by Walter Phillips, a bronze head of "Alphonse Jongers," by Henri Hebert and a "Mourning Woman" in tin by Elizabeth Wood.

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## Lismer at the Canadian Club

Mr. Arthur Lismer, speaking to the Canadian Club in Toronto recently, contended that Canadian manufacturers were paying too little attention to design; that other countries had created various arts and crafts which were peculiarly their own, which made them known the world over and incidentally brought them material rewards.

There can never be any great pride of achievement in making imitations of other people's wares, and this we still do very largely.

Today there are many Canadians who are getting fed up with the nondescript junk from all over creation which clutters up our homes, and they are finding there is treasure at home. Old Canadian books are being eagerly sought after, as well as early Canadian paintings, wood carvings, furniture, hangings, bed spreads, things exquisite in design. Canadian books of today are better printed. There are fine etchings and wood block prints, vigorous paintings and many other things to give distinction to the Canadian home.

The day when we could look impressive in the midst of a lot of Turkish rugs, Jacobean furniture and Dutch pictures of cows and windmills, is gone. Soon it will make us look ridiculous.

An exhibition of paintings of Mrs. Dingman, founder of the Women's Art Association of Canada, was held at the Port Arthur Public Library last month, under the auspices of the local Council of Women. Her work is devoted almost exclusively to landscapes of the Canadian woods. Mrs. Dingman, who is a native of Ontario, and whose home is in Muskoka, has recently returned from a trip abroad where she exhibited her pictures in London, Paris and other art centres.

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## Won U. S. Poetry Contest

Among the natives of Canada who have achieved literary success in the United States, is Edmund Vance Cook, who won the 1926 contest of the Poetry Society of the United States with his poem "Cain." This poet has achieved such success with popular verse that he is being ranked with James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. His new book just published is *From the Book of Extenuations*.

## A Group of Canadian Songs from Vancouver

LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS. Pauline Johnson.  
Music by Edith Stuart, A.R.A.M. London: A. H. Stockwell. 2s.

TO A WHITE ROSE. Alice M. Winlow. Toronto: Hawkes & Harris. 50c.

THOSE who were present at the recent Canadian Authors Association Convention in Vancouver will recall with pleasure the songs by Canadian writers which were sung on several occasions. Various members of the Vancouver group of poets—then christened the "Pacific Poets"—are responsible for the appearance of these songs, which, it is to be hoped, will be the forerunners of a multitude of songs by Canadian poets and composers.

First in interest is Mrs. Annie Charlotte Dalton's "God Save Thee Canada," which was then sung by writers assembled from one coast of Canada to the other. This new National Anthem has since been sung in Saskatchewan at a number of Canadian Book Week gatherings, and, in fact, is being chanted daily in some of the Saskatchewan schools.

Pauline Johnson may not have belonged to the Vancouver group by birth, though she did by adoption. Her early life was spent at Brantford, but in her last years she found a peaceful haven and many warm friends in Vancouver, and her ashes rest there by the sea. Lovers of her poems have wished for some time that a number of them might be set to music, a wish that has been granted by Madame Edith Stuart, A.R.A.M., of Vancouver, with a beautiful and wholly sympathetic setting for the "Lullaby of the Iroquois." Messrs. A. H. Stockwell, of London, England, who published the "Lullaby" are bringing out another song by Pauline Johnson and Madame Stuart, "The Lure of the Lost Lagoon."

With a musical setting by the same composer, Mr. A. M. Stephen's song, "When You Come Back to Me," has not yet been published, but is greatly liked by Vancouver audiences.

Mrs. Alice M. Winlow is the writer of an unusually lovely lyric, "To a White Rose," with wistful music in a minor key, by Theo. J. Hutton, which has recently been published in attractive form. All who know Mrs. Winlow's poems, and her unique musical gift as well, will hope to see the "White Rose" followed by many more songs of haunting beauty from her pen.

Mrs. L. A. Lefevre is the writer of two songs that were enjoyed during the Authors' meetings at the Coast cities, "Mavis" and "Dainty Dorothea," the music of the latter by de Koven. "When as a Lad," by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, adds another fine

contribution to this little collection of songs, to which "Duna," by Marjorie Pickthall, may with propriety be added, since that well-loved Canadian writer lived for some time in Victoria, and to her, it is said, is due the credit of having begun the "Victoria and Islands" branch of the Canadian Authors Association.

DOROTHEA LUCILE ROSS.

## The Vancouver Poets

The Vancouver Poetry Society met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Winlow, Haro Street, on the evening of December 15th. Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts was present as guest of the club, also his nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Goodridge MacDonald, who have come to Vancouver to make their home. By special request Dr. Roberts read one of his most beautiful poems, "The Unknown City," also a stirring poem by Goodridge MacDonald, "The Sailor."

An inspiring essay by Mrs. Dalton was read by Mr. Dalton, the subject being "A Plea for more Joy in Poetry."

A delightful musical programme was provided by Miss Gweneth Humphreys, a pupil of Mrs. Winlow, her selections being "The Witch's Dance," by MacDowell, Prelude in C Sharp Minor by Rachmaninoff, "The Eagle" and "Winter," by MacDowell, with illustrative readings by Mrs. Winlow from Tennyson and Shelley, and "Consolation" by Liszt.

Two announcements of interest to the club were made regarding Mrs. Dalton's new book, *The Secret Zone*, and Dr. Fewster's book, *My Garden of Dreams*. Mrs. Winlow's new book, *The Miracle of Roses*, was already off the press and to greet its appearance a beautifully-woven basket, filled with ferns and red roses, was brought by Mrs. Maud Edgar, with a poem of her own artistically arranged in a birch-bark scroll.

Two Chapbooks, the handicraft of the club, were on display, containing poems by members. A water-color of "The Lions," by Bertha Lewis, forms the cover of one, and a study of Pink Roses in water-colors forms the cover of the other, painted by Mrs. Winlow.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Dalton, Dr. E. P. Fewster, Mrs. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin, Mrs. R. Edgar, Mr. F. Wright, Miss M. Fewster, Miss H. Hesson, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, Mr. S. Golder, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stephen, Miss Horton, Mrs. D. J. Taylor, Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Colquhoun, Mrs. Wilkes, Miss May Judge, Miss Claire Pennington, Miss R. Smith, Miss A. E. Fraser, Mr. Teeple, Miss Cartwright, Miss Hilda Wheeler, Mrs. Redman, Miss M. Robertson, Mr. S. Smith, Miss Dorothy Halliwell, Mrs. Humphreys, Mrs. E. Fielding, Miss F. Camp, Mrs. Doberer, Miss Ellis, Mr. J. Brunn.

## Derelect

By Edna Harrison

PEACE passes by, for I have drunk so deep  
Of bitter sweet that I have grown afraid  
Of lovely silent things that God has made  
Like snow-capped hills and waters stilled in sleep.

No love now lives for morning's pleasant round,  
Nor joy in evening's blush at close of day,  
When memory brings her naked thoughts to play  
Among the flowers that purple-blue the ground.

I like the swift, shrill clatter of the street,  
The shifting melody of feet that pass  
Into the shops, whose window-eyes amass  
Bright colours that survive the sun's retreat.

I dance as light as wind-blown heather-bell;  
Its latent melodies I then impart  
In siren-songs that spill the human heart,  
Then laugh at death, for Heaven to me is Hell.

## The Dream-Chests

By Elise Aylan

COME, heart, we'll go a-seeking, all in your old, locked rooms,  
Go plundering in the cobwebs and forgotten, dusty glooms.  
The light it pales and falters where they so long have stood,  
These carved, quaint chests of cedar and scented sandalwood;  
Oh, lift the lids time-heavy, setting the years astir,  
And take them out, my tattered dreams laid by in lavender.

Shake out the folds and hold them softly again to view,  
All the frail, filmy visions woven one time of you;  
See, this was sweet and silken, and this was quiet and grey,  
And this one was a wild, glad thing I wore for but a day.  
One after one I find them, hid where their beauties fade;  
What sets my hand a-trembling, anguished and sore afraid!—

Alone it lies, and secret; Ah, Christ! right rent in twain,  
And there, where my young heart pressed it, dark with a crimson stain.



## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—at the dinner of the Canadian Authors Association (Ottawa branch) at the Chelsea Club, Ottawa, on November 28th, Madge MacBeth, speaking on "Criticizing the Critics," said that the quarrel with indecent art on the part of the critics was by no means a recent one. On one side stood the moralists, who showed less understanding than probably they possessed; on the other side were the writers who showed less concern for morals than they probably felt. She felt that at the present time there was little hope of reconciling these two.

—two new books by A. M. Stephen, whose occasional poems published in *Canadian Bookman* have been so well received, are to be brought out by Dent's this year—a volume to contain a selection of his latest poetical works to appear in the Spring and later in the year a novel dealing with the Indians of the Pacific Coast before the advent of the white man.

—Emma Goldman, who served two years in an American prison for her extreme radicalism, and who was later disillusioned during two years' sojourn in Red Russia, is now in Canada to write a book on cultural conditions.

—Arthur Bourinot, the poet and author of Ottawa, formerly of the legal firm of Ewart, Scott, Keeley and Kelly, is in future to practice law alone at Hope Chambers, Ottawa.

—P. B. de Crevecoeur, for nearly a quarter of a century librarian of The Fraser Institute, Montreal, is a particularly happy man these days, due to the new fireproof building to be ready by next Spring for the accommodation of the 107,000 volumes of this library.

—A. M. Stephen, in an address before the Native Sons of Canada at Vancouver, said that Canada in the past fifty years had produced a finer literature than had the United States, England, Scotland or Australia. "Until a Canadian poem sends a thrill through you, you are not a Canadian," he added. "Your Canada must be expressed in art and literature, otherwise your nation will not last."

—Frank Oliver Call has recently been granted the degree of Doctor of Civil Law (honoris causa) by the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec. Dr. Call is a graduate of this University and at present a member of its faculty—Professor of English. He is an author of note, his latest book being *The Spell of French Canada*, recently reviewed in these columns.

—Rev. Dr. John Maclean, librarian of Wesley College, Winnipeg, whose literary achievements were the subject of a recent article in the "Who's Who in Canadian Literature" series in this journal, is to deliver a course of lectures in the universities of the United Church, in Saskatoon, Edmonton and Vancouver on the subject of "Early Missions in Western Canada." Ten years of his life in the ministry were spent among the Indian tribes of the present province of Alberta.

—a successful recent production at the Winnipeg Little Theatre was *Apros La Guerre*, by C. B. Pryer, who is a member of the Community Players of that city.

—Leslie Gordon Barnard, of Montreal, has been having outstanding success with his short stories, *Century* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* being among the magazines taking his work.

## Inside Stuff . . . . .

The Poetry Number made a hit! Messages of appreciation have come from all directions. It was not our intention to include any poem that had been previously published elsewhere, but unknowingly, we included one that had appeared in *Willson's Monthly*. This was "Bright Winter is the Season of Our Youth," by T. M. Morrow, which had been on file for a long time and, as Mr. Morrow has pointed out, he wrote to us at the time he was submitting it to *Willson's*. The MS. should, of course, have been returned to Mr. Morrow, but quite evidently this was not done, to our own undoing in now having to make this explanation.

Miss Yvonne R. R. Firkins has written, pointing out an error in her poem, "Chalipin Sings," the fourth last line should read "will they" instead of "will pity."

\* \* \*

### And Wilson MacDonald's Book Forever

"But who," writes Miss Emily Leavens, of Vedder Crossing, B.C., "can afford not to accept your offer of *The Reading Lamp* for two years and Wilson MacDonalds' *Out of the Wilderness* FOREVER for \$2?"

*The Reading Lamp* is *Canadian Bookman's* junior partner, giving brief reviews of the latest books and having special pages for poetry lovers and for children. Mrs. Elaine M. Catley, in sending her subscription for *Canadian Bookman*, expressed her "very great interest" in *The Reading Lamp*, which she has been receiving. The latter journal is under the special editorial care of Constance Davies Woodrow, who has some interesting new plans for making the little magazine still more appealing to its readers this year.

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

## Four Canadian Novels

Reviewed by T. D. Rimmer

THESE are four widely divergent Canadian novels. One is concerned with the aftermath of the war, one deals with the prairie country; another has taken the North for a setting and the last goes far afield and has for its *locale* the exotic background of the East.

*I Shall Arise* is a story of the difficulties that beset a man on his return from the war. He returns with a high heart to "a land fit for heroes to live in" to quote that political chameleon, Lloyd George, but meets with disillusion and heartache where he expected something vastly different. The author of this book has a distressing leaning towards tautology and his insistence upon Chris Maynard's mediocrity tends to arouse in the reader a like opinion. It is an interesting story in parts but much more could have been made out of the subject-matter.

*Grain* is rather better. Here we have the life of a youth who is guiltless of introspection or self-knowledge and bewildered by the varying tides that curl around him until at last he finds himself and strikes out for pastures new. There is much intimate detail of prairie life and Mr. Stead paints a very convincing background. The figure of Gander wins our sympathy and his efforts to find himself lend to the book a ready appeal.

Another section of Canada is dealt with in *Under the Northern Lights*. There are many books dealing with the Canadian North, some of a synthetic North whose light was never seen on land or sea, others giving us the true North and thus putting us greatly in their debt.

There does not appear to be any false writing in this collection of short stories by Alan Sullivan. There is much to enjoy in the book, for the tales are extremely well-written and contain vivid pictures that help us to understand, in a measure, the

forces that hold sway in the land of which he writes.

One of the best tales is "The Circuit of the Swan," a story so well done that it is a pity Mr. Sullivan did not include more of this nature. Another excellent tale is that of "Trade," which is pared to a stark simplicity that emphasizes the underlying suggestion. This is a book that should please lovers of Northern tales. They will find pleasure in the reading and will be spared much that makes so many books of this genre unpalatable. (

*Dreams and Delights* stands by itself in this collection. It is rather a pity that L. Adams Beck becomes at times E. Barrington for there is enough canned knowledge prevalent and the phase of literature that the latter has made her own only encourages the public to take another easy pathway. *Dreams and Delights* is L. Adams Beck's latest creation and there is a great deal of colorful phrasing that borders each of the stories. Her style seems to be very pliant and whether she writes of Herrick or of the Himalayas it is always in harmony with her subject. Mostly this book is concerned with strange, exotic tales that are drenched with the perfume of the East and imbued with a mysticism that perhaps has arisen from much reading at that source.

She has been compared with Lafcadio Hearn and there is a certain similarity in the subject matter of their books, but there the similarity ends. Her prose at times is rich and ornate but there are few who can rival the sensitive, tenuous prose of Hearn that preserved for us in its illumined phrasing the subtle soul of the East. Nevertheless, the Canadian writer has a peculiarly pleasing style and that her mind is a rich storehouse is amply proved by the luxuriance of the tales and legends she has written. There is a charm in nearly every one of these stories, especially "The Bride of the God," and "The Hidden Goddess." And there is one tale that wanders away from the Eastern setting of the rest to the quiet of old Devon, where the author has written a delightful tale that has gay Herrick for its hero. This is a charming fantasy and there is a sprightly grace in the telling that makes the reader one with Herrick and his companion as they see the dream ladies who adorned Herrick's poems. That this may be a deflection from fact (Herrick was not merely a dreamer) does not in the least detract from the charm of the fantasy.

*I SHALL ARISE.* By Harwood Steele. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. \$2.00.

*GRAIN.* By Robert Stead. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.00.

*UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.* By Alan Sullivan. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. \$2.

*DREAMS AND DELIGHTS.* By L. Adams Beck. Toronto: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.



At all events the author has a very fair conception of Julia and that fair company that so pleased society of that day when set in the gay verses of Herrick.

Most people will enjoy these tales. They are certainly more enjoyable and perhaps more profitable than bolstered transcripts of the frailties of former geniuses which one can find for himself in authentic biographies. The public would not be the loser if E. Barrington were to lose her identity in that of L. Adams Beck.

\* \* \*

A CANADIAN ART MOVEMENT (The Story of the Group of Seven). By F. B. Housser. The Macmillan Company of Canada. \$2.

"If you would appreciate the problem of the painter of Canadian landscape," says Mr. Housser in his Introduction to this very remarkable book, "think of the spirit of the West and of the North; then think of the task of expressing that spirit in paint on a few square yards of canvas." This task, the author goes on to say, demands a new type of artist—"one who divests himself of the velvet coat and flowing tie of his caste, puts on the outfit of the bush-whacker and the prospector; closes with his environment: paddles, portages, and makes camp: sleeps in the out-of-doors under the stars: climbs mountains with his sketch box on his back."

This might, perhaps, be called the keynote of the book. It smacks of the open air. It has all the virility and power of a Georgian Bay gale. It is full of an almost boisterous enthusiasm; a rugged homeliness of eloquence which one instinctively characterizes as typically Canadian. Indeed that is one of the extraordinary values of the book: it helps the reader to define for himself, perhaps for the first time in his life, the real significance of the word "Canadian."

Those to whom Canada means Americanized cities, Anglicized villages, golf-club landscape, and contented cows, will be apt to turn up their collars and shudder. But for the man who has ever struggled to define for himself that clutch at the heart which comes to every true lover of the North Country, the book will prove to be little short of a revelation. It will not only help him to understand his country; it will help him to understand himself.

And yet there is no preaching. The philosophic content rides in the saddle of an exceptionally vigorous and romantic narrative, and the story moves forward with the sweep and gusto of a well-constructed novel. In some of the more interpretive passages, the prose rises to the level of sheer poetry.

Upon the story of the Group of Seven and the inner spiritual meaning of their work, the author has erected a whole creative phil-

osophy: he has succeeded in defining Canada for Canadians: he has taken us a long league onward toward the birth of a genuine national consciousness. On some such foundation as this, indeed, might well be reared the enduring structure of a truly national literature, architecture, sculpture, and music. So far as painting is concerned, one could hardly lay down the book without the conviction that at least one truly native expression had already arrived.

The Macmillan Company is to be congratulated upon having given the book so attractive a form at so moderate a price. The decorations by Thoreau MacDonald, and the very creditable reproductions of the Group's work, play no small part in sustaining and emphasizing the dominantly Canadian mood.

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### Theology of Immanence

THE NEW MAN AND THE DIVINE SOCIETY.

By Richard Roberts, D.D. Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

Doctor Richard Roberts of the American Presbyterian United Church in Montreal, has published Volume One of *The New Man and the Divine Society*. This volume takes as its starting point the postulation that religion must be included in the world of "nature" and openly and frankly treated as a branch of biology.

The two biological principles of individuation and association are traced from the protozoa up. Further evolution the author implies as only possible through the emergence of a new quality and dimension of life. This "new quality and dimension of life" is found in the life of Jesus Christ; His birth heralds a new beginning for the human race. Twin doctrines are associated with and spring out of New Testament Christianity, the doctrine of the "new man" and the "new society."

The substance of this volume was given as the Southworth Lectures in the Theological School in Harvard University in 1926. Two more volumes are to follow dealing respectively with the revelation of God in Christ and with the Christian experience and ethics.

The motive of the present volume is clearly stated by the author. "What is intended in this volume is a modest and unpretentious essay in the theology of immanence; and it is offered rather tremulously as a contribution toward that ultimate synthesis of thought concerning the truth and the life of Christianity out of which the theology of the future will be built up."

The book ends with a discussion of the conditions on which the original Christian impulse may be recovered.

C. RITCHIE BELL.

## John W. Garvin's Canadian Poets

By R. H. Hathaway

THOSE of us who have long contended that Canada not only is developing, but already has developed, a distinctive literature, a literature worthy of the consideration of all who care anything at all for literature, are more than rejoiced at the evidence that their contention is beginning at last to receive something like general acceptance. Certainly interest in our native literature — poetry in particular — has never been so manifest as it is at this very time. This, of course, is but right, for surely the true measure of any people is the degree of the interest which it takes in its poets and writers, to say nothing of its artists. Material progress is all very well, but if a country is to make real progress it must recognize and encourage those of its men and women who seek to express themselves in verse or prose, for in so expressing themselves these men and women reveal the soul of the people to which they belong as no others do or can.

All this having been said, let us turn to the latest evidence that Canadians are showing increased regard for their own literature, this being the new and revised edition of John W. Garvin's *Canadian Poets*, which comes in stately format and attractive dress. I must say, before proceeding further, that, in my opinion, *Canadian Poets*, in this new edition, must be accorded first place among the numerous Canadian anthologies which have been so far given to the world, although I cannot help adding that I could wish that the book were about two-thirds, at most, of its present size. This, of course, would have made necessary a corresponding limitation of the number of poets admitted, and that, I cannot but think, would have been an advantage.

The volume as it stands contains selections from the work of no fewer than seventy-five men and women poets. These, of course, form but a meagre proportion of those in this country who write, or who have written, poetry, or even pleasing and interesting verse. Nevertheless, I find it difficult to accept the proposition that this country has already produced seventy-five persons worthy of inclusion in a volume bearing the challenging title, *Canadian Poets*. Indeed, I question seriously whether the number of truly authentic Canadian poets up to this time exceeds a score, if it actually reaches that number.

This new edition of *Canadian Poets* follows in its general arrangement the original edition of ten years ago, the selections from

each of the poets represented being preceded by a portrait, a critical estimate—sometimes specially written for the purpose, but as a rule extracted from some previous publication of one sort or another—and a biographical sketch, the whole occupying from four to twelve pages, according to the poet's relative literary standing.

The editor prefaces the volume with an Introduction which begins with the statement that this revised edition of *Canadian Poets* "clearly indicates that Canada is making progress in poetic development." This evidently means merely that new poets are constantly appearing, as the editor proceeds to point out that no fewer than twenty-eight poets are represented in this edition who were not even mentioned in the 1916 edition. The forms of poetry may change, and the subjects of poetry may be extended, as time goes on, but there is no such thing as "poetic development," else we should today have even greater poets than were Homer or Sappho or Shakespeare.

As in the original edition, Charles Sangster is the first poet represented, and rightly so. There had been poets in Canada before Sangster, of course; in fact there had been poets here almost from the very earliest days; but none of them has any word or message for us of these later days. Sangster, it must be admitted, sang in old forms, but he did so with a power which saves him from being merely of historical importance to us, as are his fellow poets and their predecessors. But more than that, he was, as Archibald MacMureh points out in the extract which Mr. Garvin reproduces from his *Handbook of Canadian Literature*, the "first poet to make appreciative use of Canadian subjects in his poetical work." Sangster had eyes and a mind of his own, and likewise a strong, robust expression, and as a result we have from him vigorous, vivid pictures of Canadian scenes and life such as no other poet of his time or before him in Canada gave us; and some of the selections Mr. Garvin presents prove this.

Charles Mair comes next, and is represented by some lengthy extracts from the drama *Tecumseh*, in addition to the single poem "August." *Tecumseh* is strongly written, and contains some fine passages, but I cannot but think that the space given to quotations from it would have been better occupied by such poems as "The Morning Land" and "The Fireflies"—the latter in part, at least—and one or two of his sonnets, for in them Mair, strangely enough, strikes the very note which was to resound in the work of the distinctively Canadian poets, notably that of Lampman, who began writing some twenty years later.

The selections from Isabella Valancy Crawford, who comes next in order, are,



taken on the whole, satisfactory enough, but they would have been better balanced, it seems to me, by the substitution of "The Sword," "March," and "War" for some of the rather sentimental and not over-interesting things for which place has been found, though I am grateful for the re-inclusion of a portion of "The Helot," a poem which reveals to what a degree of white heat the spirit of this marvellous girl—whose work is still all too little known to Canadian poetry readers, despite Mr. Garvin's long championing of it—could be roused at times.

The next poet to be represented is Charles G. D. Roberts, who has been long, and rightly, regarded as the "father of Canadian poetry," since his, more than any other, was the stimulus which brought about the outburst which forever will make the "nineties" memorable in the history of Canadian literature. The poems of his quoted here are for the most part unfamiliar, due, as Mr. Garvin explains, to Roberts' Boston publishers having refused him permission to use any of the contents of the *Collected Poems*; but I make bold to say that some at least of them are destined to become as well known as are those which are now accepted as his best, for instance, "O Earth Sufficing All Our Needs," "Monition," and "The Place of His Rest."

Lampman is well represented on the whole, although I miss the characteristic, even if familiar, "Among the Millet," "April," and "Comfort of the Fields," for it seems to me that these poems demand inclusion in every Canadian anthology.

F. G. Scott is also fairly represented, but I could wish that a specimen of his sonnet work, "Time," for instance, had been included.

The selections from Wilfrid Campbell are satisfactory enough, nevertheless I am at a loss to understand why there are none of his Lake lyrics among them. Campbell, it is true, looked somewhat coldly upon these lyrics in his later days, but all the same they are characteristic, and as such cannot properly be overlooked.

The Bliss Carman selections represent the "Canadian Poet-Laureate" fairly well as far as they go, but they give no indication of how many-sided his work is. For example, there is nothing of Carman, the poet of the sea, nor of Carman, the love poet (is it, I wonder, at all generally known, even among Carman enthusiasts, that he is one of the most captivating of love poets?), nor of Carman the ponderer on the mystery of this life of ours. But ten pages, it must be admitted, are altogether too few in which to present Mr. Carman's work in all its aspects.

The sections from George Frederick Cameron could not well be bettered, since they are those of none other than Archibald

Lampman, although I cannot help saying that I never cease wondering how the robust Cameron came to have the appeal he clearly had for the delicate and sensitive Lampman.

D. C. Scott fares well at the anthologist's hands, but I miss the poignant "The Closed Door," and feel that a poem or two from his last published volume, *Beauty and Life*, should have been given to round out the selections here presented.

Mrs. Harrison receives a good showing, although it seems hardly fair to suggest that all her work is in the old French *villanelle* form, for she has done things in other forms for which she cannot but be long remembered.

E. W. Thomson's vigorous, masculine work is well represented, and little fault can be found with the selections from Ethelwyn Wetherald, although it seems strange to me that her "My Orders," and her even more notable "Prodigal Yet," which both appeared in the 1916 edition of *Canadian Poets*, have been dropped. Canadian poetry is not so strong in really forceful poetry that such things as these can be disregarded.

The selections from W. H. Drummond do his unique work full justice, while Helena Coleman, and also Mrs. Egerton (Helen Merrill) are represented by their very best things.

Pauline Johnson is on the whole well represented, but a little more evidence properly should have been given of the fire of which this strongly individual woman, with her mixture of Indian and white blood, was capable at times.

Peter McArthur, who is more important as a poet than is generally known, is also well treated, but I find it difficult to understand why the selections from the versatile Arthur Stringer in the former edition have been set aside for the ones now given, for those others seem to me to have been much the more representative, on the whole, including as they did "War" and "Morning in the Northwest."

The selections from Grace Blackburn, Katharine Hale and Beatrice Redpath, and likewise from Mrs. Livesay, and Mrs. Sheard, represent each of these differently gifted women well. Norah Holland's work however, is anything but adequately indicated; one misses the wistful, elfish quality which was peculiarly hers in the poems presented here.

I am glad to see Dr. Logan's lovely "The Heavenly Runaways" included among the selections given from his work, and also to see that Albert Smythe is represented by some of the best of his always serious and thoughtful poems.

Dr. Norwood can have little cause to complain of the choice which has been made from his work, for this is represented in all its phases.

Tom MacInnes, too, should be satisfied with the selections given from his always virile, if at times satirical, not to say sardonic, work.

I cannot refrain from expressing disappointment with the selections presented from the work of Marjorie Pickthall, "The Bridegroom of Cana," and "A Mother in Egypt," are as Hebraic in power as they are in name, but it seems to me that the space they fill would have been better occupied by such lyrics as "Evening," "Armored," "The Little Faun to Proserpine," "The Immortal," "Song in Late September," and "Jasper's Song," to mention no others, which are hardly to be matched in all contemporary English poetry for sheer beauty.

Space will not permit me to go on and mention all the poets included in the volume under consideration in detail, but I must indicate, for the benefit of those who desire to know, what this revised edition has to offer over the original edition.

As has been already intimated, twenty-eight of the seventy-five poets here represented, were not in the former edition. As this presented the work of fifty-two poets, it will be seen that five have been since dropped. I shall not give the names of the unlucky five, but here are those of the new figures in Mr. Garvin's gallery: Theodore Harding Rand, Gilbert Parker, William Dow Lighthall, John W. Garvin, Louise Morey Bowman, Annie Charlotte Dalton, Lyon Sharman, Constance Lindsay Skinner, Lionel Haweis, John McCrae, Richard Serace (Mrs. J. B. Williamson), Archibald MacMeehan, William T. Allison, Gertrude MacGregor Moffatt, Wilson MacDonald, Bernard Freeman Trotter, E. J. Pratt, Mary Josephine Benson, Frank Oliver Call, John Crichton (Norman Guthrie), Frances Beatrice Taylor, Cecilia MacKinnon, Hilda Mary Hook, Arthur L. Phelps, H. A. Cody, A. M. Stephen, James Harold Manning, Dorothy Choate Herriman.

Not a few of these names will be recognized by students of our poetry as those of poets who have won their spurs, but others of them will be hardly even known to most readers. For my own part, I rejoice to see among the others the names of Mrs. Bowman, whose *Moonlight and Common Day*, perhaps the first volume of frankly free verse to appear in Canada, has a charm all its own; Lyon Sharman, author of *The Sea Wall*; Richard Serace, stray poems by whom have always attracted me; Wilson MacDonald, whose work has steadily grown in strength and importance since the appearance of his *Song of the Prairie Land*, but who is anything but adequately represented here; Bernard Trotter, whose *Poplars* is among the finest of the Canadian poems inspired by the Great War; E. J. Pratt,

author of that brilliant fantasy, *The Witches' Brew*; F. O. Call, whose work has a noticeably lyrical quality, and Arthur L. Phelps, whose poems are always compact with thought and yet possess a music of their own.

I cannot refrain from an expression of regret here at the omission from *Canadian Poets* of the work of at least two men who would have done it honor—Francis Sherman and Archibald Sullivan. Neither, it must be said, was in any way well-known, Sherman having to his credit but one small regularly published book, *Matins*, published in Boston in 1896, and four privately printed pamphlets, and only one small collection of Sullivan's work, so far as I am aware, having ever been made; but both were true poets, whose work is of the sort that all lovers of poetry treasure.

Another serious omission is Phillips Stewart, whose work also was small in bulk, consisting of a single volume, namely, *Poems*, published in London in 1888. Phillips Stewart died tragically young, for his one slight volume showed promise which justified critics of his time in calling him the "Canadian Keats."

Despite such faults of commission and omission as I have found myself compelled to point out, *Canadian Poets* in this new edition is, as I have already intimated, the best anthology of Canadian poetry which has so far been presented to the reading public, and nobody really desirous of knowing what Canadian poetry has to offer in the way of comfort and refreshment for the heart and soul can afford to ignore it.

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FORFEIT AND OTHER POEMS. By Kathryn Munro. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 50c.

These are two recent additions to the Ryerson series of Poetry Chapbooks. The former, *A Pool of Stars*, is rather uneven in quality, but there are several poems that are really excellent. The second stanza of "Waking" strikes one as particularly good:

They sang in quiet fields where amaranth bloomed,

A gleaming palace by their song was wrought . . .

And then the mind, a banished prince, resumed.

The tattered, futile dignity of thought.

This poem, "British Columbia Vignettes" and "June Evening," are the best in the book and make it very interesting, and one that does not fall below the standard set by its predecessors.

*Forfeit and Other Poems*, seems rather to stand in need of a little restraint. Kathryn Munro has a gift of vivid metaphor but she allows the gift too much free play and as a consequence there is evidence of strain in the imagery. Her title-poem contains



lines that are fairly representative of the rest of the book.

October comes, a sandalled acolyte,  
With censor for the maples' altar-fires,  
Lighting tall tapers for the primal rite,

While we stand hesitant, or walk apart,  
Paying strange tributes to uncaring Gods,  
In ash of leaf I trace love's erring chart.

T.D.R.

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### A Novelist Turns Poet

A JAPANESE DON JUAN. By John Paris.  
London: W. Collins Sons & Co.

John Paris has entertained most of us with his novels of Japan and its people. He was, perhaps, the first novelist to use the modern realistic methods in writing of that country. What Loti did for us was to heighten the romance that always has clung to the name of Japan, but Mr. Paris' pen dissipated most of that which hid the real Japanese from us and gave us instead characters that lived and had actuality. Yet he was honest enough to remain unbiased and with the rough side he gave us, also, a finer side; and the result was a more rational comprehension of the complex forces that go to make the modern Japan.

Now he dons another helmet and enters a new arena, that of poetry, and as proof of his valour produces *A Japanese Don Juan*. In many of the poems in this book he has gone to the ancient Japanese legends for his subject-matter and he has managed to blend dignity and felicitous phrasing in a compound that is very pleasing.

"Priest: What is this love, that rends the gloom of the sky,  
And calls its challenge to impatient flight?  
What is this Love, that catches at our feet,  
And smears our wings so that we cannot soar?"

Why does one Love open the gates of grace  
For the other Love to slam and bolt again?  
And are these loves the same Love, even as man

Hath his dark spirit, and the brightest sun  
Casts blackest shadows on the dappled ground?

I who know Love now for the first time only  
Cannot perceive how these two loves agree."

The other poems are of varying interest. Several war poems are excellent and the volume is concluded with a series of *ballades* that follow the accepted form without succumbing to artificiality. But it is as a novelist that Mr. Paris will be most welcome, and it is to be hoped that his Muse will not lure him altogether from the paths of fiction and that he will continue to interpret for us in his novels the real life of the Japanese.

T. D. RIMMER.

THE ACTOR IN CHARLES DICKENS. By J. B. Van Amervagen. London: Cecil Palmer. 7s 6d.

A new aspect of Dickens is afforded in this new book which the author describes as a "study of the histrionic and dramatic elements in the novelist's life and works." An interesting passage tells of Dickens's high opinion of the stage as a power for good.

To his son, Henry Fielding Dickens, he wrote only a few months before his death: "People who deery the theatre are absolutely the advocates of depraved and barbarous amusements. For wherever a good drama and a well-regulated theatre decline, some distorted form of theatrical entertainment will infallibly arise in their place. . . ."

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ANGEL. By DuBose Heyward. Toronto: Doran. \$2.00.

It was as a poet that DuBose Heyward made his literary debut, with *Carolina Chansons*, written in collaboration with Hervey Allen. This was followed by *Sky-lines and Horizons*, poems of the Carolinas. His novel *Porgy* gave him international fame. Now he gives us the story of an interesting woman of the North Carolina mountains, a veritable angel of the hills, living among the prejudices and hates of the primitive white folk of those remote regions. It is an artistic blending of atmospheric background and vigorous narrative.

\* \* \*

THE AVENGER. By John Goodwin. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. \$2.00.

Here's a mystery tale of the sort that will bring encomiums from the dyed-in-the-wool devotees of this type of fiction. It does not break or even falter as it proceeds on its hectic way to the conclusion.

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OUT OF THE CLAY. By Harriet T. Comstock. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. \$2.00.

What becomes of the children of divorced couples? This is the question with which this new book has much to do. The principals of the tale are the girl Sheila, whose mother and father had been divorced before she was born, and young Terrance Rivers, whose parents had separated under hideous circumstances. The problem is worked out in such a manner as to bring courage and comfort to thousands of people.

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### Library Notes

Mrs. R. D. McCleane has been appointed librarian of the new public library just established at Moncton, N.B.

Miss Josephine Scarlett succeeds Miss Margaret Thomas as librarian of the Chatham, Ontario, public library.

**WIRELESS PICTURES AND TELEVISION.** By T. Thorne Baker. London: Constable & Co. 6s. 6d.

This is an illustrated volume with a practical description of telegraphy of pictures, photographs and visual images, with an account of the apparatus used and the experiments that have been carried out.

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**THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CIRCUS.** By Edwin P. Norwood. Toronto: Gundy. \$1.50.

This is a profusely illustrated book telling the true account of a boy's adventures behind the scenes in Spangleland. What a delightful book for boys and girls and how the oldsters will look into it to bring back the joys of their youth!

\* \* \*

**THE OTHER DOOR.** By "A Gentleman With a Duster." Toronto: Doran. \$2.00.

In this novel the author of *The Mirrors of Downing Street* pictures our modern foibles, but also presents a philosophy and an answer. Is there a way out from the complexities and perplexities of today? Many will find a logical answer in this novel which at the same time provides dramatic interest and highly entertaining characters.

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**SOME FOUND ADVENTURE.** By Robert E. McClure. Toronto: Gundy. \$2.00.

After the strenuous, nerve-racking experiences in the war and the exciting entertainment of furloughs in Paris, Martin Riley tries to settle down as a staid, and prosperous business man in his mid-western home town, but Jeanne appears in his life again as the result of an unexpected meeting in a New York restaurant. All the brilliant memories of Paris rush back upon him and from this point the novel takes on an intense interest for the reader.

\* \* \*

**QUEEN'S MATE.** By Philip Macdonald. London: Collins, 7s. 6d.

The heroine was an American by birth, was royal by an alliance of her father. This initial advantage, backed up by exceptional beauty, brought her over three hundred proposals of marriage, which she reduced to seven by arbitrary replies. But there was the problem—who, among these seven, to choose. The inherent feminine desire to be jousting for influences the course she adopts. Incidentally the reader gets a rich fund of genuine enjoyment.

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**THE GOD WITHIN HIM.** By Robert Hichens. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. \$2.00.

Here the author of *The Garden of Allah* tells the story of a man who influences all those with whom he comes in contact because he thinks rightly and with exceptional power. This influence is far-reaching,

affecting a famous preacher in a Cathedral city in which part of the action of the novel takes place, and changing the whole life of an audacious modern girl and of her lover.

\* \* \*

**NEW FURROWS.** By Flos Jewell Williams. The Graphic Publishers, Ltd., Ottawa. \$2.00.

This is an authentic Canadian story by a Canadian-born writer. I say "authentic," advisedly, for in reading it one feels that it is a genuine human document. The novel is based upon the first-hand experience of the author, who for many years has lived in the West. Taking as her subject a Belgian immigrant girl, she has shown her reactions, and her family's reactions, to the new life in Canada. The girl, pretty and singularly refined for her upbringing—after various vicissitudes which constitute the dramatic interest of the story—reacts on the whole favorably, and is able to give to and receive from the land of her adoption some fine things. For her father, on the other hand, the new land proves too strong; he is unable to cope with the problems it presents, and his poor brain, beneath the pressure, gives way. To the mother, a coarse-fibred woman, Canada appears as a huge opportunity to grasp all that she can, without questioning. When her unfortunate husband is confined in an asylum, and through the offices of the Children's Aid Society a widow's pension is secured for her, she exclaims: "Such a country—suck luck—sixty dollars a month if I promise not to work. . . ." As is frequently the story in Canada, the younger members of the family immeasurably improve their positions in life in the new land, and look back with a tendency to contempt, upon the country of their birth. From the point of view, solely, of new light on the immigrant problem, this story is well worth reading; but it is by no means didactic, and contains a very arresting love story. Some of the descriptions of scenery are extremely fine. Take this, for example:

"The prairie had taken on the strange light of the afterglow, and the wild roses blushed deep at memories of the ardent sun. Against the white background of the mountains now faintly shrouded in blue mystery, pointed spruces stood black amidst the grey-green poplars on a distant hillside. Broad, black fields showed up the new and slender grain. Cattle, browsing, dotted all the hills and a great grey-brown flock of sheep moved slowly across the broad hillside, as if the hill itself were shifting. Wave upon wave, in great restful undulations, the foothills rolled to the ramparts of the Rockies. Behind, on both sides, the flat prairie stretched like a limitless sea to the horizon."

H.M.R.



### The Sardonic Smile

THE SARDONIC SMILE. By Ludwig Diehl. Authorized translation by Louise Collier Willcox. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

The latest victim of fictionization is Heinrich Heine. And yet this book is about the best of this undesirable class of literature we have seen. Much of it is impossibly idealistic and there is here and there a subtle plea for its subject. Heine is one of the most poignantly tragic figures in the history of literature, but his spirit was not bound with his body as he lay on his "mattress-grave" unable to write or move. One of the English literary mandarins had the honor of classing him as a "dirty Jew" yet this dirty Jew could forget his lust and lewdness and become as fervent an adherent of mariolatry as any untouched knight.

There was a certain similarity between Heine and Dean Swift though of course each differed in expression. But each had a mordant, mocking tongue, a rapier-like wit that flickered hither and thither and gave many a death-thrust to the vanities of their time. And as Swift had Stella so Heine had his ideal, whom, fortunately, he could not treat as Swift treated Stella.

This book by Ludwig Diehl at least is a vivid relation of the probable causes of Heine's attitude towards life. It shows the gradual enfoldment of that phase of Heine which was eventually to outlaw him and put him where Ishmael once stood, and despite the license it takes it gets as near to the heart of the man as any book can.

The *leit-motif* of the book is that of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, which is the title in the original. But Ahasuerus, as Mr. Diehl understands it, is a term that has a general application and he uses it to describe the motive force that urges and impels those in whom the fires of creation flicker, sometimes to flame into articulate beauty and sometimes to subside into grey ash.

The translations of some of Heine's poems are not very fortunate, though it is only fair to say that Heine of all poets suffers most by translation, but surely a better rendering could have been found than the following, which needs no comment:

"Ah, my friends, the bells 'tis only

Of the cows, the oxen also,

Who with sunken head and lonely

Go back to their gloomy stalls so" (!)

A grave fault, grave because it is due to the carelessness either of the author or the translator, is where we are told that Heine "wandered to Paris and became a French Monsieur Henry" at the age of forty-three, and a few pages farther on we are informed that he met Matilda in Paris when "he was thirty-seven." This Matilda, also, is at variance with the general con-

ception, though the reading of her character is an interesting light on the attitude of some grisettes. And again, Heine himself said things much stronger about England than we are led to believe in this book. Perhaps it is a delicate time for such expressions—at any rate it is glossed over in the book.

Nevertheless, this is a very interesting book and the original must have contained much beautiful prose which has remained excellent in the translation. It is not merely a transcription of the poet's life; it is something more than that; it is a reaching out to get above this and grasp the spiritual and less tangible qualities of the man.

In this the author has succeeded in a good measure and despite the coloring matter he uses at times he has given us a figure that needs no padding to make it a man. Yet in the end the true Heine is inscrutable. The mocker, who yearned after the gods he mocked; the rebel, with a love for the things against which he rebelled; the idealist, who firmly believed himself to be a rationalist; all these divergent qualities went to make up the man that was in Heine. It is only one phase of him that is caught within Matthew Arnold's memorable lines:

"The spirit of the world,  
Beholding the absurdity of men—  
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic  
smile  
For one short moment wander o'er his  
lips,  
That smile was Heine!"

T. D. RIMMER.

\* \* \*

DRAGON'S BLOOD. By Romer Wilson. London: Collins. 7s. 6d.

Here is a story that will carry special appeal to all those who have at heart the troubles of the post-war world. The hero forms the New Era Club, with the brightest hopes of saving civilization from the ruin with which it is threatened. This club does not survive one meeting. It is unconsciously wrecked by one of its members, who has a much wider view of the troubles of the world than has the club's founder.

The story follows the passionate admiration and antagonism between these two men through many interesting situations to a dramatic climax.

\* \* \*

THE WYCHFORD POISONING CASE. By the author of "The Crayton Court Mystery." London: Collins. 7s. 6d.

In this sensational tale of murder charged against a brilliant woman, the case against her seems to be conclusive, but Roger Sheringham, to whom psychological values are as important as police clues, is convinced of her innocence and sets out to prove it. The story is worked out to a conclusion that is as unexpected as it is logical.

## Patrick Hamilton's Poems

From the London publishers of the works of Patrick Hamilton come five most attractively gotten up chap-books of Mr. Hamilton's poems, the series including *Waves From the Sea*, *Candlesticks*, *Things that Might Have Been*, *Carmel*, and *Five Voices*.

Many of the poems strike a religious note, notably *Carmel*, and those in *Candlesticks*, making them appeal to a class of readers who have no excess of poetry on themes which are of more than mundane interest to them. *Five Voices*, too, comes under this category with its keynote: "... Hearing a voice but seeing no man."—Acts ix., 7.

With its intriguing title, *Waves from the Sea* invites immediate interest and those who dip into it will, I feel sure, find a favorite, as I did, in

## DAWN AT SEA

Lifted from his mountain cradle,  
Shining on the shimmering sea,  
Comes the golden orb at dawning  
Robed in Mist and Majesty.

Clouds attend on him in splendour,  
Shadows come and shadows flee,  
Shrouded peaks reflect his glory  
Clothed in Mist and Majesty.

Slowly comes the pearl of morning,  
Dimly we the vista see,  
What is this but God's own likeness  
Veiled in Mist and Majesty?

Gazing we can only wonder,  
Bow the head and bend the knee,  
Are we not within His presence  
Robed in Mist and Majesty?

Here's an expressive and realistic couplet from "The Iceberg," in the same collection:

"Night and the pack ice cracking,  
You raise your head in the dark, . . ."

In *Things That Might Have Been* there is a poem presenting a lumberman's soliloquy which will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of many nature lovers, dwelling as it does on how God speaks to us through the forces and the beauty of nature. Of similar appeal is "The Voice of the Waterfall."

Patrick Hamilton is one of our own singers, his home being in Guelph, Ontario. J.M.

\* \* \*

ONE MAN'S JOB. By Hylton Cleaver. London: Collins, 7s. 6d.

Imagine a man who hates all dramatic situations being forced by necessity to absolute poverty and having to sally forth, clad in plus-fours, in search of a job. Not only drama but situations in which his life are endangered are forced upon him. It is a clever study of a young man who, even when in peril of his life, maintains the same dry, humorous attitude toward events. The book is fine entertainment with a savour of love interest and mystery thrills.

## New Books Being Talked About

Zane Grey,

UNDER THE TONTO RIM, \$2.00

The adventure of pioneer life poignant with the poetry of the wilderness. One of Zane Grey's most popular novels.

Anne Parrish,

TOMORROW MORNING \$2.00

The story of a happy, hopeful family told with infinite tenderness and truth—a poignant story of a mother and son.

Baroness Orczy,

SIR PERCY HITS BACK \$2.00

Another Scarlet Pimpernel romance in which the elusive one reappears with all his accustomed nerve and vigor in a series of baffling disguises and bewildering surprises.

Christine Orr,

THE HOUSE OF JOY \$2.00

A charming love romance, most charmingly contrived with a wealth of incident, situation, dialogue and characterization.

Mrs. Burnett-Smith,

THE PENDULUM \$2.00

The intimate and true story of the pendulum's swing through the great years of the generation we remember, and the great times to which we belong.

Hopkins Moorhouse,

THE GOLDEN SCARAB \$2.00

One of the most thrilling and intricate mystery stories that the most jaded reader could wish for by the famous Canadian author of "The Gauntlet of Alceste."

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**HALF A SOVEREIGN.** By Ian Hay. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. \$2.00.

There is humour from the very first page of the book, where we are introduced to Jimmy Rumborough's "horizontal thermos-bottle on wheels, painted vermillion" to the very last. It is a veritable bundle of chuckles! Jimmy meets Colonel Miles, a war veteran, who is to be a guest at their house-party, at which plans are completed for a yachting trip to the north coast of Africa. This yachting party is made up of a heterogeneous group of bores and faddists and in the eyes of Col. Miles, who tells the story, there is only one congenial soul in it, Barbara Hatton.

There are Sir James Rumborough, the fussy host, who always keeps a diary of everything and subjects his guests to strict nautical discipline; Lady Rumborough, an inveterate bridge-player, except when she is being beaten; the unspeakable George Bumpstead, who is always trying to be funny, even "at 11 o'clock in the morning;" Jubberly, the pompous member of parliament, who gobbles and thrusts his face close to that of his victim and is his own "press-agent;" Podmore, who enjoys nothing better than to give lectures and demonstrations on sea-chanties, morris-dancing and spooks; Mrs. Dunham-Massey, a vitri-

olic widow and mischief-maker, who simply must tell the truth, especially about those whom she dislikes; Gwen Gowland, the simpering, clinging-vine type, who is always angling for admiration; Arabella Hockley, rather a terrible child—a female hobbledie-hoy, who is never any too clean; and Barbara's sister, Lila, the genuine modern flapper.

Hay calls his story "an improbable romance," no doubt because of the fantastic portion of the plot when Dido, Queen of Carthage, takes the reins in her hands and with her help Col. Miles is roused to such a sudden and violent action that he will no longer suffer the fools and bores about him. He literally "wipes the floor" with Jubberly and Bumpstead. This introduction on the part of the novelist may seem a rather violent experiment, but he carries it through very cleverly, the action subsiding in a quiet but happy love affair. Moreover, it gives him an opportunity to introduce many interesting touches about this historical country.

Hay's satire is perhaps sharper in this story than in his wont but his characters are so admirably suited to this purpose that one cannot wonder at his having a little fun at their expense.

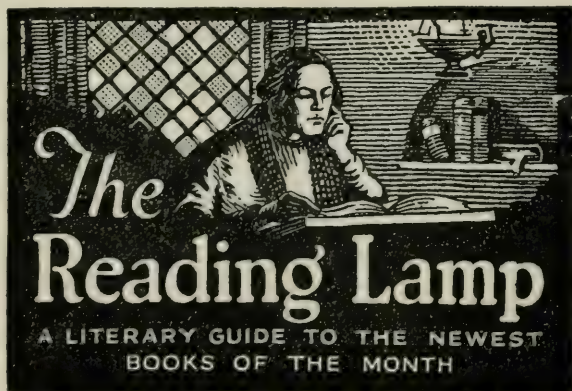
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## DISAGREES WITH DEACON

Editor, "Canadian Bookman."

In a recent issue of the "Toronto Saturday Night" the literary editor hails Wilson MacDonald as the first successful challenger of the work done by the notable "Group of '61." Although one must recognize the right of each student and lover of poetry to his own predilections in regard to style and subject, it is nevertheless true that the presence of certain qualities or the lack of them marks the difference between great poetry and that which is only part of the mass of more or less pretty or more or less ugly verse which is so frequently met with today. Great poetry is vital with a message; it is the fruition of the visioned ecstasy of a seer; the marriage of content and expression is so complete, so inevitable that there is no dissonance, so that the emotions of the reader respond to some extension of Life's boundaries as the result of contact with the poet's revelation. In a word, it is true of poetry as it is of all art, that to be great it must be the interpretation of a spiritual experience adequately expressed.

Here and there throughout Mr. MacDonald's work is found some fine phrasing, as for instance in the first poem in the book in which he speaks of "the white quarries of truth," and "where music glides down a long stair to the sea" . . . at first I had intended to include his reference to Victoria as "the all-lovely lyric of cities" until I found other things in other poems referred to as "lyrics" . . . and, in the "Song of the Ski," where he speaks of "spanning space on a phantom bridge" and in "The Loon," in which there is a higher attainment than in most of the poems, lit, as it is, by sincerity, where he speaks of "the choric marshes of the lakes," and all honor must be accorded him for these and similar touches of beauty. But these same poems, chosen at random as I write, are sadly marred by almost innumerable clichés. "Out of the Wilderness"—an echo of Whitman in every detail—has "fevered with civilization," "the clean north wind," "lovely disorder," "cloving perfection," "the gay palette of gorgeous October." Space will not permit a further enumeration but, in most of the poems, similar more or less hackneyed expressions and concepts are painfully frequent. This blemish of itself contributes to the impression which his writing gives of the somewhat labored, rather clumsy work of the artisan. It lacks the spontaneity, the unfaltering touch of the true artist which is so delightful in much of Roberts' and Carman's poetry.

In the very poems which the "Saturday Night" reviewer instances as being of outstanding merit, we find much which makes us refuse to accept his dictum in regard to Mr. MacDonald's rank as a poet. The first poem which is quoted, "The Last Portage," provides an example of a metaphor and a simile in jarring juxtaposition:

"Through the flaming years is my spirit hurled  
A homing stone in an alien world  
That leaps to God like a flung dart."

What a mixture and what an unbeautiful conception of a spirit homeward bound! We have also heard of "as bold as an eagle's wing," "the painted cloud," "the driving snow," many many times and the ghastly break in rhythm in the fourth line from the last evidently escaped the "Saturday Night" reviewer's partial eyes. Moreover,

" . . . the blue rain dances swiftly  
Down the green-aided sea,"

which is quoted as an example of unusual beauty of phrasing, has its very close counterpart in every magazine one picks up.

It is a fact of deep significance that the pages of all the greatest poets, those who truly merit the appellation, "a man's poet," throb with the beauty and passion of many love poems. Shelley, Swinburne, Byron, our own Roberts and Carman, all bear witness to the quickening of "the sword of the spiritual will," the pulsing of the primal creative force. Real love poems are conspicuously

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absent from Wilson MacDonald's writing. There is only one poem in "Out of the Wilderness," dealing with love, which strikes a wholesome note. It is "O Sweet Translator" and it is not in any degree outstanding in strength or beauty.

Although I am quite in accord with most of the sentiments which Mr. MacDonald expresses in "The Book of the Rebel," the third division of his volume, I cannot deem his expression of these sentiments poetry of a high order. For the real beauty which is contained in "The Maker of Dreams" and "The Shoe Cobbler in Heaven," and several other poems we are grateful, but let us not commit the grave crime against the development of a true literary art in Canada of being deluded by the lack of literary discrimination on the part of critics in high places.

Vancouver, B.C.

(Mrs.) M. M. NASMITH.

\* \* \*

THE INFATUATION OF PETER. By Katharine Tynan. London: Collins. 7s. 6d.

Here is an engrossing new story by a popular English writer. This tale is of a young Englishman's infatuation for the proprietress of his "Pension." She coddles him and under her influence he degenerates, much to the distress of his family, but events lead to his subsequent redemption. It is a book which contrasts everything that is "nice" in refined English life, with the brutality of the French bourgeoisie.

# Canadian Authors' Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

*Note.*—Since the last contribution was forwarded for the December issue of *The Canadian Bookman*, only two branches have communicated any information to the Head Office. Details from these branches are set forth below. It is earnestly hoped that wherever possible, branch secretaries will forward each month, preferably not later than the middle of the month, a generous budget of news to the National Secretary. Only thus will it be possible to provide an adequate monthly report to the Association as a whole.

### Branch Notes—Montreal

In addition to the current books by Montreal authors mentioned in the December issue of *Canadian Bookman* interest attaches to *In a Venetian Garden and St. Ursula*, and *The Romance of a Princess*, by Lady Roddick and also *La Tenure Seigneuriale au Canada*, by Miss Dorothy Heneker. This latter book won a prize of five hundred dollars in the literary contest of the Bureau of Archives in the Province.

The short story group of the Montreal Branch (English) has arranged for a competition open until the first of March, 1927. Only writers living in the Province of Quebec are eligible.

### Calgary

The December meeting of the Calgary Branch was held at the home of Mrs. R. W. McClung. The *pièce de résistance* was a paper on "Marjorie Pickthall," given by Mrs. H. B. Hill. Mrs. W. F. Lent, of the Branch, is setting some of Miss Pickthall's poetry to music.

The Branch is laying plans for a series of open meetings at which scholarly addresses on literature are to be given. The first of these, which has already been given in December, was an address on "Censorship of Plays," by Professor E. K. Broadus, head of the English Department in

the University of Alberta. In January Professor E. Corbett, of Edmonton, is to speak on French-Canadian literature. In February Dr. Lorne Pierce, of Toronto, will be the speaker.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Waagen, author of *The Wayside Cross*, and head of the Alberta Red Cross Society for many years, has removed to Montreal.

Mrs. Nellie McClung has just published a new book entitled *All We Like Sheep*, a collection of nine short stories. Her latest novel, *Painted Fires*, is still selling well and has been popular with Finno-Canadian readers. The book rights have been purchased for Swedish translators and the Finnish rights are under negotiation. A reprint has been issued this season by Grosset and Dunlap.

During the past few months Mrs. Laura Goodman Salverson has published some eight short stories in various periodicals.

Mrs. Elaine Catley has recently published a little collection of verse entitled *Star Dust*. The thirty-two poems in the book have been favorably received by many critics.

### Membership Lists

In the list of members published in the recent issue of the *Authors' Bulletin*, we regret the omission of Mrs. Charles Connell, Westboro, Ontario, (associate), and Miss S. Jean Walker, Edmonton, (regular). Since the list was specifically made out as at August 5th, 1926, members elected since that date were, of course, not included.

### Budget

It is unlikely that many readers of the *Bulletin* will have paused to examine the Treasurer's report printed in the *Bulletin*, yet the information given therein is perhaps not without interest. In each year for the past



three years a duly certified financial statement, approved by the Convention, has been published in the Convention Bulletin, so that members of the Association might know clearly how their funds were disposed of. The statement for the past year shows that the gross receipts from fees totalled \$2,150.29. Of this sum \$439.00 was paid back to the branches, leaving a net income of \$1,711.29 for the head office. The expenditures for the year totalled \$1,532.10, leaving the National Treasurer a net surplus of \$179.19 so far as the year's account was concerned.

The chief items of expense were as follows:

Stationery, postage, etc. involved in handling some 5,000 items of mail .....	418.50
Stenographer .....	578.00
Printing .....	216.61

Presentation to immediate past president .....	20.00
Convention expenses .....	221.45
Book Week and Bank Exchange .....	77.54

Total .....1,532.10

It has now been suggested, as a counsel of perfection, that the Association should engage a paid full time manager, but such a suggestion is as yet obviously fantastic. At present, with three National Officers giving their services free of charge and the National Secretary providing an office, rent-free, the surplus on the year's budget is less than \$200.00; and in view of the smallness of the fee, the Association does well to pay its way. The Authors' League of America, with a vastly larger membership, finds itself compelled to charge an annual membership fee of twenty-five dollars.

## Dr. Norwood in Toronto

Dr. Robert Norwood, the poet, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Canadian Authors Association (Toronto Branch) at the Florence Hotel on Saturday, Nov. 20th. Dr. Norwood, who is a Canadian, is now rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Avenue, New York. For several years he occupied an important ministerial charge in Philadelphia, to which city he had gone from London, Ontario, where he had been rector of Cronyn Memorial Church.

Dr. Norwood gave a delightful address, sparkling with literary lights, humor and poetic sentiment.

Among others who spoke were Sir Robert Falconer, as president of the University of Toronto; Rev. Canon Plumtre, rector of St. James Cathedral; Dr. S. J. Radcliffe, principal of the Normal School; Rev. J. E. Ward, rector of St. Stephen's Church, and Dr. Lorne Pierce.

In the unavoidable absence of the president of the branch, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Mr. J. M. Elson presided. The event was largely attended, including members of the Canadian Authors Association from other cities.

\* \* \*

Speaking of great libraries, the Bodleian of Oxford, follows close upon the British Museum. The Bodleian has now 1,500,000 volumes and 40,000 pamphlets.

## Report Too Extreme

With reference to the paragraph headed *Canada on a Pedestal*, based on a newspaper report of an address by Principal Silcox of the Normal School, Stratford, (not Ottawa), as appearing in the November issue of *Canadian Bookman*, Principal Silcox points out to the editor that the report was not accurate. "I should not care to be quoted as making so extreme a statement. I said that our modern Canadian poetry is superior to the modern poetry across the line and much of it is equal to the best poetry produced anywhere. In support of this I referred to T. G. Marquis, statement that Bliss Carman is considered the most eminent lyrical poet of the North American continent. Dr. H. G. C. Lee is quoted in *Canadian Poets*, by Garvin, as saying of Carman 'one of the most original poets of the present century.' While on the subject of Canadian poets, I should like to express the opinion that Wilson MacDonald, who has just published a volume entitled *Out of the Wilderness*, gives promise of ranking among our very best poets."

\* \* \*

*Now We Are Six*, by A. A. Milne, a companion volume to *When We Were Very Young*, is to come next year.

\* \* \*

The Edson, B.C., Public Library, has instituted a special shelf of books of interest to teachers.

# The Collector

THE largest collection of Canadiana in Canada or elsewhere stands upon the shelves of the Library of St. Sulpice, Montreal, according to a statement by A. Fauteaux, the librarian, set forth in an interesting article on the treasures contained in that library which appeared in The Montreal Star recently. "A copy of every book that has ever been written about Canada, or every review or pamphlet dealing with any aspect of Canadian life or history, is in our collection," Mr. Fauteaux was quoted as saying, motioning to the steel stack, three tiers high, containing this section of the library. "30,000 titles are comprised under this heading alone," Mr. Fauteaux was further quoted as saying that the library has the largest collection of books printed in Canada in the years 1765 to 1820—larger even than that at Quebec. Mr. Dionne, who was for many years chief librarian of the Quebec Legislature, has listed 300 of such books in both English and French, but St. Sulpice has 700 of the early first editions of Canadian printers in its collection. Chief among the treasures of St. Sulpice is a complete set of original *Relations* of the Jesuit Fathers, covering the period from 1632 to 1673, all still in their old vellum covers. Altogether, the library at St. Sulpice has a collection of between 115,000 to 120,000 volumes on its shelves.

\* \* \*

An autograph of Button Gwinnett, signer of the Declaration of American Independence, was sold for the large sum of \$28,500 at the Anderson Galleries, in New York City, on November 26th, at a sale of American autographs collected by the late Theodore Sedgwick, of Stockbridge, Mass. This is believed to be a world's record price for a signature. Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the book dealer, who was the purchaser, paid \$22,500 for another specimen of Gwinnett's signature at auction last year. These extraordinary prices, it may be explained, are due to the fact that many U. S. collectors busy themselves gathering together autographs of the "signers," and that Gwinnett's happens to be the very rarest of them all. There are several others, however, which are rare enough, Thomas Lynch, jr.'s, for example, one of which was recently listed in a New York catalogue at \$5,000.

\* \* \*

What may be described as a "Catalogue de Luxe" comes from the Rosenbach Co., Philadelphia, with the brief but expressive

title, "July 4, 1776," on the front cover. This title is amplified on the title-page to read: "A Catalogue of Autograph Letters and Documents Relating to the Declaration of Independence and the Revolutionary War. Issued in honor of The One Hundredth and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration," and the contents of the catalogue bear out the promise here set forth in real earnest. The first, and by all odds the most outstanding, item comprises, to quote the cataloguer's summary: "The original Declaration of Independence and Articles of Confederation sent by the United States to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, in order that the Independence of the American Colonies should be recognized, signed by Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane, Commissioners Plenipotentiary, with their original letter relating thereto, the only official certified copy of the two greatest American documents extant." The price asked for the three documents is—take a long breath, reader—\$260,000! This as stated above, is the outstanding item, but there are a number of others which call for mention. For example: 90 letters of George Washington, 94 letters of various revolutionary leaders, and letters of famous American and foreign historical characters of the Eighteenth Century, the whole bound in four volumes, \$87,500; what is described as probably the finest collection of Franklin autograph letters and documents ever offered for sale, \$43,500; 22 books from Washington's library, \$36,000; original pastel portrait of Franklin, painted from life by J. S. Duplessis, \$35,000; Washington's celebrated correspondence with Arthur Young, the foremost English authority on agriculture of his day, \$27,500. Other prices almost as sensational as these could be quoted, but there is no need to do so. A number of the items have an incidental Canadian interest, but only one can be described as of direct Canadian interest, this being a document dated Montreal, June 19, 1775, signed by Guy Carleton as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America, appointing Pierre Boileau, of Quebec, Major of Militia, which is priced at \$75.

\* \* \*

Toronto, like all other cities, has had second-hand book shops from its earliest days, but, strangely enough, not until now has it had a shop devoted solely to rare books. This is the MacKay Book Shop,



which has signalized its opening for business by the issue of Catalogue No. 1, comprising modern first editions of rare Canadian books from the library of the late Col. George T. Denison. Outstanding among the first editions offered is Stevenson's first publication, *The Pentland Rising*, Edinburgh, 1866, a fine, clean copy in the original green paper wrappers, which bear the presentation autograph inscription of Charles Baxter, W.S., Literary executor of R. L. S. for many years, the price asked for this most interesting item being \$300. The Canadian books include, among others, Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, Ottawa, 1867; Pope's *Memoirs of Right Hon. Sir John Alexander MacDonald*, 2 vols., London, 1894; Robertson's *History of Free Masonry in Canada*, 2 vols., Toronto, 1900; and Wilhison's *Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party*, 2 vols., Toronto, 1903.

\* \* \*

Catalogue No. 487 from Francis Edwards, London, is devoted to "The Sea and Its Story," and offers among other books of unusual importance, the following: Berlingheri's *Geographia, in Terza Rima*, (Florence C. 1480), complete, with the full number of maps (priced £300); Blaeu's *Atlas maior sive Cosmographia Blavania*, II vols. in 12, Amsterdam, 1662-65, complete set made up from Latin, French, Dutch and Spanish editions, Vol XI. being devoted to America, (priced £170), Drage's *The Great Probability of a N.W. Passage*, London, 1768, presentation copy from the author to the Earl of Hillsborough to whom the book was dedicated; Hakluyt's *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation*, black letter, 3 vols. in 2, London 1599-1600, (Vol. I. contains the rare original issue of the Voyage to Cadis), James' *Strange and Dangerous Voyage in his intended Discovery of the North-West Passage into the South Sea*, first edition, London, 1633, with the original folded map; Cook's *Three Voyages Round the World*, original editions, 8 vols., with the folio atlas of maps and plates, 1773-85, Cook's *Journal of a Voyage Round the World*, London, 1771, (the earliest printed account of Cook's first voyage, surreptitiously printed); Champlain's *Voyages*, Paris, 1613, fine large copy in contemporary vellum of the excessively rare original edition of Champlain's four voyages (priced £250); Ptolemy's *Geographicae Ennarrationis*, Lyons, 1535, first edition by Servetus, and including four maps relating to America, two of them representing Greenland as joined to Europe.

The Rare Book Co., New York, in their December Catalogue offer, among other items of special interest to Canadian collectors, the following: *America from its Discovery by Columbus to the conclusion of*

*the late war*, 2 vols., London, 1778; Capt. Basil Hall's *Forty Etchings from Sketches Made in North America in 1827-8*, London, 1829; Marquis de Chastellux' *Travels in North America in 1780 to 1782*, 2 vols., London, 1787; Mackenzie's *Voyages from Montreal to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans*, London, 1801; Weld's *Travels through the States of North America and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada*, 2 vols., London, 1800; Charlevoix's *Journal of a voyage to North America*, 2 vols., London, 1761; *Statement respecting the Earl of Selkirk's Settlement upon the Red River*, London, 1817.

\* \* \*

A first edition of John Bunyan's *Book for Boys and Girls*, London, 1686, was sold at Hodgson's auction rooms in London on December 17 for £2,100. Only one other copy of this edition is known, that being in the British Museum. This little book of some 40 pages, with a number of others, was bought some years ago by a woman at Hemel, Hampstead, for half-a-crown, but it was only recently that its importance was discovered.

\* \* \*

An historical document in the autograph of Alexander Hamilton, signed by him and the three other commissioners appointed by General Washington to negotiate with Sir William Howe's commissioners for the exchange of Revolutionary War prisoners, was sold at auction at the American Art Galleries in New York on December 2.

\* \* \*

The Destouches Papers, a collection of unpublished historical data pertaining to the American Revolution, were sold for \$4,500 at the American Art Galleries in New York on December 1. The papers, which were sold as one lot, comprise 116 items. The collection was formed by the French Admiral Charles Rene Dominique Gochet, Chevalier Destouches, and relates almost entirely to the years 1780-1781.

\* \* \*

A map, drawn by Father Marquette in his explorations of the Illinois head waters in the spring of 1673, in the general belief of historians, may prove a decisive factor in the United States Supreme Court chancery hearing in the Great Lakes levels controversy now proceeding before Special Master Charles Evans Hughes in Washington. The map, which is the first known map of the territory, indicates a continuous flow of water from the Des Plaines River into Lake Michigan by way of the Chicago River channel, while all other contours reveal a natural divide between the head waters of the two rivers, along the line of what is now Kedzi Avenue, Chicago.

A Victoria despatch published in a recent issue of *The Vancouver Province* contained the interesting announcement that two copies of the first book ever printed in British Columbia, entitled *Fraser Mines Vindicated*, or *The History of Four Months*, have just found their way into the historical collection of the Provincial Library there. *Fraser Mines Vindicated* is a little volume of perhaps 20,000 words, written by Alfred Waddington, a well-known character in the early days of Victoria. It was printed in 1852 by P. de Garro at his print shop on Wharf Street, then the principal street of Victoria. It is fragily bound in thin paper, a fact which no doubt accounts for the fact that it has practically disappeared from the face of the earth in the course of 74 years which have passed since it first saw light.

Noah Farnham Morrison, Elizabeth N.J., issues a catalogue, (Q) devoted to *American Warfare (excluding the Civil War)*, as related in *Books and Pamphlets*, covering Colonial Wars, the Revolution, War of 1812, etc. Among the more notable items of Canadian interest offered are Murray's *Impartial History of the Present War in America*, 2 vols., Newcastle (1778-80); *Loyal Verses of Jos. Stansbury and Dr. Jonathan Odell, relating to the American Revolution*, edited by Winthrop Sargent, Albany, 1880; Stedman's *History of the Origin, Progress and Termination of the American War*, 2 vols. in one, London, 1794; Coffin's 1812: *The War and Its Moral*, Montreal, 1864; *Documentary History of the Campaign on the Niagara Frontier in 1814*, edited by Cruickshank, 9 vols., Welland, 1908.

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# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Journal devoted to  
Literature and the Creative Arts*

Can. Hist. Review  
Extension Office  
Univ. of Toronto.

*Literature*  
\$2.00 a year 25c a copy

Vol. IX.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1927

No. 2



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

*125 Simcoe Street*

*Toronto, 2, Canada*



# Inside Stuff

AND still the encomiastic messages keep coming as tributes to our Poetry Number, which inspired even editorials in newspapers, including one occupying the greater part of a column in the *Vancouver Morning Star*, under the caption of "Canadian Poetry." After deploring the tendency of too many men to submit to materialistic influences, this editorial goes on to say:

It is well, therefore, that publications should come to hand occasionally which never mention the wheat movement, the growth of the tourist traffic, the enormous increase in the numbers of motorcars and trucks, and the advances in real estate values. They may serve at least to lead one here and another there to Pisgah that they may view the land which they hope one day to enter. Of such publications is the "Canadian Bookman," the current number of which is peculiarly fitted for the purpose mentioned. It is largely devoted to Canadian poetry and while many of the bards who find place in its pages are very minor bards, there are enough gem-like poems to send one back to one's "Golden Treasury" to re-read the favorites of years ago. Take, for instance, Charles G. D. Roberts' three exquisite verses, appropriately given the place of honor, beginning "Spring breaks in foam along the blackthorn bough, or Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's "Iterance." After reading them one longs for the spring that one may get out in the open and see the "little clouds adrift in heaven," asking, with Lionel Stevenson, why one should "become a thrall to tyrannous events"—meaning, thereby, of course, office desk and stool.

The editorial commends the preponderance of poems of rhyme and metre, and one example of free verse is seized upon as an example of "How not to write poetry."

\* \* \*

The series of articles, "Who's Who in

Canadian Literature" is most enjoyable, writes Miss M. M. Fraser, Weston, Ont., in renewing her subscription.

\* \* \*

"The Reader" in his department, "The Reading Table," which distinguishes the *Edmonton Journal*, referred in complimentary terms to *Canadian Bookman's* poetry number and suggested that Lotta C. Dempsey's "I Gave My Heart," might well be set to music.

\* \* \*

"I have placed with my treasured literary possessions a copy of *Canadian Bookman's* Poetry Number, said a prominent Toronto publisher. Who will say now that publishers are all so inoculated with the materialism of book production as to be past redemption when it comes to appreciation of what such a publication as "*Canadian Bookman*" stands for in relation to literary expression in Canada?

\* \* \*

A visitor to our editorial sanctum this month was the proud possessor of a personal letter from Hugh Walpole, following his recent visit to Toronto. The author said in part: "I have an odd personal feeling for *Harmer John*—the sort of affection I had for an earlier book of mine, *The Captives*. That was a failure from the public point of view which *Harmer John* hasn't been; but these two, the *Jeremy* books and *Fortitude*, are *myself*, for good or ill."

## Will You Help?

Assuming that you are an *enthusiastic* subscriber to *Canadian Bookman*—are there any others?—will you help us to make the magazine known to other Canadians?

There are different ways in which to do this. For instance, you might make a small appropriation wherewith to have the magazine sent to a few friends. Or, even if you just pass on a good word about the journal now and again to literary friends, many of them will subscribe.

Unlike practically all other Canadian periodicals, we depend upon our subscription revenue to carry on. The others get their main revenue from advertising and there are notable instances in which the number of subscribers is kept up to a high total at an actual loss (recouped by means of the advertising rates.)

Suggestions, too, will be welcomed and even adverse criticisms, if warranted! Anyway, will you help?

# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office: 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. IX., No. 2

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1927

25c a Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

By V. B. Rhodenizer

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, like Mrs. Jameson, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and Isabella Valancy Crawford, was of Irish birth. He was born near Mohill, County Leitrim, the son of an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary. When Henry was two years old, the family moved to the beautiful and romantic village of Tawley, situated on a mountain overlooking the Bay of Donegal. Here the future poet spent about seven of his most impressionable years. Then the family, after a short visit to Mohill, came to Canada, where the father soon died. Henry's education had begun at Tawley, and his mother, by heroic efforts, continued it for a time at a private school. The boy, anxious to relieve his mother's burden, learned telegraphy. As an operator at Bord-à-Plouffe he first came in contact with the French-Canadian life which was to furnish him with the material for his unique contribution to Canadian and world literature. Later he continued his education at the High School, Montreal, at McGill University, and at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, from which he graduated in medicine in 1884. After two years' practice each at Stornaway and Knowlton, he settled permanently in Montreal. For several

years he was Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at McGill University. He died of cerebral hemorrhage while fighting smallpox at the Cobalt mines, in which he was interested during the last two years of his life.

Drummond's poems are largely a by-product of his experience as telegrapher, camper, and medical practitioner. Before his marriage in 1894 to Miss May Harvey, a lady of romantic temperament and poetic sensibility, his literary efforts were "somewhat shy and fugitive." Under his wife's sympathetic influence, he began to write with "more confidence and zeal," and he became known, partly through his own recitation of his poems at public gatherings, as the "Poet of the *habitant*" before any of his verse appeared in book form. At the suggestion of his wife and brothers, the manuscript of *The Habitant* was submitted to Putnam's, who quickly perceived its literary merits. The volume was immediately successful and was followed by others in a similar vein. He also wrote poems of Irish-Canadian life which have not yet received adequate recognition because they are so completely overshadowed by his French-Canadian poems. In the latter, his sympathetic interpretation of French-Canadian



types—the *habitant*, the *voyageur* and the *coureur de bois*, is important not only as literature, but also as a medium through which Anglo-Saxon Canadians may arrive at that understanding of their French-Canadian brothers which will make for a stronger feeling of national unity. Drummond learned by long association with French-Canadians to admire and love them, and then characterized them in their native environment with unrivalled picturesqueness, humor, and pathos, employing the dialect, till then used in literature only for purposes of ridicule, in which the characters themselves would tell their experiences to English-speaking persons who do not understand French. This unparalleled sympathetic and realistic interpretation of a very important element in Canadian life gives Drummond a unique place among the poets of Canada, of the British Empire, and of the world.

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

*The Habitant, and Other French-Canadian Poems.* New York and London. 1897.

*Phil-o-rum's Canoe, and Madeleine Vercheres.* New York and London, 1898.

*Johnnie Courteau and Other Poems.* New York and London, 1901.

*The Voyageur, and Other Poems.* New York and London, 1905.

*The Great Fight.* New York and London, 1908.

*The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond.* New York and London, 1912.

Drummond also wrote the historical description in *Montreal in Half-tone*, published by Clarke, Montreal. no date.

## Poetry Reviews

By Thomas O'Hagan

WHETHER the conscious effort that is being made in our day, through the medium of Poetry Magazines and Poetry Societies, to create a greater interest in the reading and appreciation of poetry will result in a stimulus bearing rich poetic fruitage, and an increased poetic taste, remains yet to be seen.

Some one recently addressing the Authors' Club of London, England, declared that, if we would have a new and better literature, we must first change the temper of the times—that is, create a new spiritual order of life. Certainly not much great art is created consciously, and least of all poetry. Yet in the art-stirring days of the Medici, in Florence, when new wine was poured from old casks, and possible saints turned into satyrs, the Platonic Academy gatherings held in

the Medicean Gardens, where the genius of a Ghirlandaio, a Botticelli, a Leonardo da Vinci and a Michelangelo soared, on boldest wing, the discussions in this Art Cenacle were productive of marvellous art results. But there was then a fitting temper of the times. It was then an art atmosphere that enveloped all Italy, soon to be followed by an epoch of philosophy and science.

Today we are consciously endeavoring to create a poetry in an atmosphere, laden with the waves of a broadcasting radio, whispering across continents the material accomplishments of man out of tune with the spiritual dower of heaven. I fear that, despite our protests, science will have its day, and smug comfort and the things of the earth will remain enthroned. However, we do well to hold

Poetry by the hand. We do well to look into her eyes even through the dark glass of a poetry society. She may be finally induced to return to her altars and shrines.

These thoughts are suggested by a reading of a recent number—January-February—of the *Poetry Review*, of London, England. This is the periodical which the *Literary Digest* has designated "the leading poetry magazine of the world—a magazine of international eminence." I have read the *Poetry Review* from cover to cover and believe that it well merits this designation. In any event the January-February number is very creditable, indeed. As might be expected from an English review, it is not given to either sensation or eccentricity. Its original contributions in poetry, while not of marked merit, reveal, in many instances, genuine poetic gifts. Amongst these may be mentioned in particular two brief poems, "A Prayer for Joy," by Vera I. Arlett, and "The Rolling Stone," by Nancy Pollock.

E. Joyce Harrison contributes a poem, in free verse form, "The Cathedral" which I desire here to quote in full, that it may be contrasted with another poem bearing the same title—the work of a promising young American poet, Lieutenant Charles Trueman Lanham, of Fort Howard, Maryland, U.S.

#### THE CATHEDRAL

"The Cathedral is quiet and cool,  
Like some great fantastic garden found in  
the strange ways of sleep.  
The gloomy windows of orange and blue, on  
either side,  
Are rich flowers in a border.  
The smooth grey pillars are trees, solemn  
and tall;  
Their branches interlacing above bear  
strange fruit.  
No birds build there, but carven saints  
watch with still faces and folded wings.  
From the organ music flows like the cool  
waters of a fountain,  
Plashing among the shadows, spilt over the  
grey stones.  
And men and women come from the heat  
of the sun and the noise of the city

To rest their tired bodies and refresh their  
souls:  
But few understand the beauty of the  
garden,  
For it belongs most truly to those who walk  
there when the fountain is silent.  
When night has stolen the colors from the  
flowers,  
And the trees loom very large and  
mysterious,  
Then they return, those vanished ones with  
noiseless feet and bright hair,  
To talk with the Gardener among the  
shadows." —E. Joyce Harrison.

#### AN OLD CATHEDRAL

"I kneel but do not pray. There is no need.  
My thoughts were graven in those Gothic  
walls  
So long ago that speech would but impede  
A perfect prayer. Cathedrals grow that  
way.  
Each night I come to hear the phantom  
calls  
Of Saint to Saint go slipping through  
the grey,  
And when they pause, I watch the light and  
shade  
Entwining in the high-arched roof, or  
note  
The gargoyles that forgotten hands have  
made.  
Again I am content to watch a mote  
Of moonlight through the window's crimson  
glass  
Spill blood upon the altar's wide expanse  
To celebrate in silence Holy Mass."  
—Charles Trueman Lanham.

From the United States Wayne Gard contributes a biographical study of Carl Sandburg, the Chicago poet. I doubt, however, if Chicago is destined to make valuable contribution to the world of poetry till it finds a new soul. It must be born again in the spirit, and quit the fleshpots of materialism.

Mr. Gard says that Sandburg writes little pictures that stick in the memory, and instances his description of a Chicago fog:

"The fog comes  
on little cat feet.  
It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on."

I cannot discover where the "cling-ing-to-memory" quality resides in these lawless lines. It may be in the claws of the "little cat feet." The



creation of a new civilization and a brand new art still belongs to Chicago.

In this number of the *Poetry Review* there is also an interesting discussion—a kind of symposium—as to the place which Tennyson should occupy among the mid-Victorian poets. Should the author of *In Memoriam* and *The Idylls of the King* be regarded as Browning's great contemporary?

I wish here also to specially commend the pregnant remarks and suggestions of Miss Lilian E. Simpson, under the heading "The Art of Speaking Verse." Her discussion of Juliet's soliloquy in the Balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, is very significant; and Miss Simpson truly remarks at the close that "Consistency is indeed the body and strength of all true interpretation, but delicate variety is the soul that gives it life."

## White Gulls

By Marjorie Weir

I LEAVE my footsteps on the lonely sand  
And swift the waves take each one out of sight;  
Then far above the sea in trembling flight  
The white gulls soar—nor venture near the land.  
"O-Aye" they call; and cold my drooping hand  
Where once yours lay Beloved. Ah, if I might  
But look into your eyes and understand  
The swift forgotten word that bade us part.

The gulls are crying—and my pulses start,  
I write thy name, my message in the sand,  
But though the tide its eager fingers spread—  
Still in my heart is writ "My love thou art."

## ad Ancillam culinariam delicias meas

By Archibald MacMechan

NOT young, nor fair—fat, fifty, carmine-faced,  
And somewhat deaf, like Chaucer's Wife of Bath,  
She follows Duty's culinary path,  
Constant as Keats his star, sans rest, sans haste,  
Breakfast, lunch, dinner never are misplaced,  
Or followed by the painful aftermath  
Of indigestion, such rare skill she hath  
To cook "all things to sate the curious taste."

Let other bards sing maids of high degree,  
And in their praise with amorous Petrarch vie!  
My trusty cook is dearer far to me;  
Her face and figure to my partial eye  
Are far more pleasing, far more fair to see,  
For without Cooks and Cookery we must die.

# The Bard of Mount and Moor

By Gerald Wade

"Love and friendship and little children, fields and flowers, sea and sky, sunshine and starlight, have made life glad and beautiful."—"God and the Ant."

SMILING in his quiet way on his large audiences, Dr. Bliss Carman once more gave us a week of conference and recital in the lecture hall of the University of Manitoba.

The great man has usually looked his part. Lowell said of Emerson: "There was a majesty about him beyond all the men I have ever known," and Carman, majestic and poetic in appearance, bears well the laurel wreath as Canada's lyric poet. One is as much interested in the man as in his works.

Carman is a poet who has found something. If he has ever known sorrow and loneliness and disillusion it must have been long ago, for there is no trace of impotence or despair in his expression. There is triumph in his smile and the light of victory in the flash of his eyes. Kindly eyes, hidden behind rather thick glasses, that seem to take in those round about and see the good in all.

"Can Poets Be Made?" was the theme of the conferences which Dr. Carman held with the students of the University. "Yes," he answered, "anyone with genius may be trained and moulded through experience. To write you must cultivate your talent; but primarily you must have talent." Carman believes that to write, Latin and Greek must be acquired, and declared the English Prayer Book to be a very valuable help to acquire the mechanics of poetry.

A poet must have something to say, as well as know how to say it. Both modern and ancient thought is necessary to keep abreast of the times. And as a further aid to becoming a poet, personal favorites should be read till they are learned by heart.

The poesy in life is that which gives happiness in life. We are living only when we attain these moments of happiness. Mental ecstasy tends to produce physical ecstasy—the joy of perfect health. And thus a poet seeks to convey to us the ecstasy filling him at the sight of the object about which he writes.

"Above all, the artist must have greatness of heart, and must love people. It is only when we are at one with the creative spirit of goodness, truth and beauty that we are able to make our efforts effectual."

Concerning the necessity of education for a poet, Dr. Carman said: "A liberal education fits us to live through adversity and to confront life with a greater and much more strengthened and enlarged personality."

## Music

Someone asks him if he cares for modern music. He is slow to answer and when he does he is not very sure of it. "Well, perhaps I care a little for the melody; but the words . . ." He sinks away back in his chair and smiles up at the ceiling.

He is a very genuine man and he has a great contempt for what is unreal and shoddy. Carlyle wrote that it was a man's sincerity and depth of vision that made him a poet and certain it is that Carman has reached a horizon known to few of us. He sees God the Creator in all things. In "Materia Medica," from his latest book of poems, he wrote:

"There springs no smallest flower  
In all the wilderness  
But God has given it power  
To lighten some distress."

Perhaps this is the secret of the poet. Certain it is that he has found a great contentment in life.



When he talks with you, although his words may be appositely for you, he seems to be more attentive to your mood. He has an understanding of human nature that is given to few of us. Perhaps his greatest poems have never been put on paper. That quiet silent mind must create wonderful pen pictures that the owner would be afraid to disturb. Bliss Carman loves himself, not the body of himself, but the mind that has created the atmosphere of beauty in which he lives.

### Reads From Poems

In his public recitals Dr. Carman read for the first time from his two longest poetic works, *Earth Deities* and *Daughters of Dawn*. Both were designed for presentation by students and resembled the Greek drama in structure. In the first the scene was laid in a forest with an altar in the centre. The student has passed before him pictures from the dim past of antiquity, and there live again the fays and fauns, the spirits and goddesses of ancient Greece.

*Earth Deities* is the story of a student who finds an altar erected in the high and far-off times of the "glad young centuries;" and there to him come the goddesses of earth. It is woven about the forms of Grecian mythology, and any person possessed of any imagination could follow whither the poet led, opening door after door in the inner recesses of memory until they had come to the open space where gods disported themselves in leafy fragrance and all nature became instinct with life.

### Daughters of Dawn

The second recital was from *Daughters of Dawn*, Carman's dream of fair women, and there through the measures of long swinging metre move those who aspired, who dreamed and endured, making new Edens.

In *Daughters of Dawn*, time ushers across the stage noble women of all ages. Dr. Carman read only a

few of the scenes, beginning with Deborah and Barak: followed with that between the Queen of Sheba and Solomon, Jeanne d'Arc and her father, and Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo.

### Scenes From Vagabondia

Dr. Carman began the concluding recital of the series with "Lord of the Far Horizons," and followed by poems descriptive of Canada, the land of far horizons, including "David Thompson," "Rivers of Canada," "Remembrance," "Ships of Yule," "Ships of Saint John" and "Vancouver."

### Changes Theme

Then, changing his theme, he read from poems which delved more into the subtleties of mental reactions to life. Two of them, "On the Plaza" and "Across the Courtyard," were meditations of an artist, and left on the memory bright splashes of color in a mental picture of scenes made alive by the personalities who passed across them.

"Vestigia," the introductory poem in his book entitled *Later Poems*, was a welcome friend which his audience appreciated. Others were "Twilight in Eden," "Tidings to Olaf," "Shamballah," and, responding to an encore, he said good-bye to us with "The Spring Call of Wawa."

\* \* \*

### YOU AND I

By E. J. Thorlakson

SEE where they stand, so silent and calm  
and cold,  
And old,  
Those mountains three.  
See how they stare, ironical, stern and  
proud,  
Unbowed,  
At you and me.

Shrouded in mist or wrapped in the  
sunset glow  
And snow,  
They stand alway.  
While you and I—we falter and we fall,  
And all  
Shall pass away.

## A Famous Garret

By John A. White

"BOLT Court!" To the lover of literature the name brings many memories. About midway in Fleet Street on the left-hand side as one goes toward Ludgate Hill, you will see a high and narrow archway or passage over which is painted in dingy words "Bolt Court."

About one hundred and twenty-five years ago, "the ponderous mass of Johnson's form" must often have passed through that contracted adit, when, in order to greet with tea the coming day, and to postpone if possible that "unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to seek oblivion in repose," he rolled across from the Temple to his lodgings. Where this "lodging-house" was no Society of Arts has placed a tablet and thus we do not know; but as soon as the visitor has traversed the dark and dingy entrance way, he finds himself in the little Court, where little children now play; he is in Johnson's land. Johnson lived at 8 Bolt Court from 1776 to 1784.

Standing in Bolt Court today, before the unimposing façade of the school which now occupies the spot, it is not easy to realize the old book-burdened upper floors, or the lower reception chamber, where, according to Sir John Hawkins, were given those "Not inelegant dinners," of the good Doctor's easier latter years. Least of all is it possible to conceive that, somewhere in this pell-mell of bricks and mortar, was once a garden where the great Lexicographer took pleasure in watering, and moreover, grew a vine from which he gathered "three bunches of grapes." But if Bolt Court grows uninteresting to you, you have only to take a few steps to the right, and you will arrive, somewhat unexpectedly, in a little irregular parallelogram at the back, known as Gough Square. Here, today, in the

northwest corner, still exists the last of those sixteen residences in which Johnson lived in London. It is now a place of business; but the tenants make no difficulty about your examination of it and when you enquire for the famous garret you are at once invited to inspect it. The interior of the house, of course, is much altered, but there is still a huge chain at the front door, which dates from Johnson's day, and the old oak balustraded staircase remains intact. As one climbs its narrow stages, you remember that ninety years ago Carlyle must have made that ascent before you; and you wonder how Johnson with his rolling gait, managed to steer up it at all. The flight ends in a garret upon which you emerge at present, as in a hay-loft. But it is not at all such a "sky-parlor" as Hogarth assigns to his "Distressed Poet." It occupies the whole width and breadth of the building; it is sufficiently lighted by three windows in front, and two dormers at the sides; and the pitch of the roof is by no means low. Here one is really in Johnson's house; and as you turn to look at the stairway you have just quitted, it is odds if you do not expect to see the shriveled wig, the blinking face, and the heavy shoulders of the Doctor himself appearing above the aperture with a huge volume under each arm. For it was in this very garret in Gough Square, within sound of the hammers of that famous clock of St. Dunstan's to which Cowper refers in the *Connoisseur*, that the great dictionary was compiled. Here labored Shiels, the amanuensis, and his five companions, ceaselessly transcribing the passage that had been marked for them to copy, and probably going "odd man or plain Newmarket," for refreshments as soon as their employer's back was turned; here, also, at the



fire-place in the corner, must often have sat Johnson himself peering closely (much as Reynolds shows him in that portrait painted in 1778) at the proofs that were going to long-suffering Andrew Miller. It was in this very garret that Joseph Warton once visited him to pay a subscription; here came Roubillac and Sir Joshua; and here, when the room had grown to be dignified by the title of library, Johnson received Dr. Burney, who found in it "five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half." The half-chair must have been that one mentioned by Miss Reynolds; and it is evident that long experience or repeated misadventure had made Johnson both expert and cautious when sitting in it. "A gentleman," wrote Miss Reynolds, "who frequently visited him when writing his *Idlers* (partly written in Gough Square) constantly found him at his desk, sitting on a chair that had but three legs, and on rising from it, he remarked that Dr. Johnson never forgot its defect, but would hold it in his hand or place it with great composure against some support, taking no notice of the imperfection to his visitor." "It was remarkable in Dr. Johnson," continues Miss Reynolds, "that no external circumstances ever prompted him to make any apology, or to seem even sensible to their existence."

In Gough Square lived Dr. Johnson from 1748 to 1759. "I have this day moved my things," he writes to Miss Porter on the 23rd of March, in the latter year, "and you are now to direct to me at Staple Inn." No pension had as yet made existence easier to him; no Boswell was at hand to tempt him to the Mitre; and the Literary Club, as yet unborn, existed only in embryo at a beefsteak shop in Ivy Lane. Beside the *Idler* and the Dictionary, which latter was published in the middle of his sojourn at Gough Square, he sent forth from his

garret *Irene*, and the *Vanity of Human Wishes* and *The Rambler*, and the essays in Hawkesworth's *Advertiser*. It was here that he drew up those proposals for that edition of Shakespeare, of which Churchill wrote:

"He for subscribers baits his hook,  
And takes their cash; but where's the book?"

and here, in 1759, he wrote his tale of *Rasselas*. It was in Gough Square on the 16th of March, in 1756, that he was arrested for a little over five pounds, and only released by a prompt loan from Richardson; it was while living in Gough Square that he penned that noble letter to Chesterfield, of which Time seems to emphasize rather than to attenuate the dignity and the independent accent. "Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it,"

"Till I am solitary, and cannot impart it." This same thought recurs in the closing words of the preface of his magnum opus, which little more than two months after the date of the above letter, appeared in two folio volumes. When he refers to his wife—that fantastic "Tetty," to him so beautiful, to his friends so unattractive, whom he loved so ardently and whose name is often found in his "prayers and meditations,"—we see a different side to Dr. Johnson.

Now we hear everywhere: "Who reads Johnson?" Those famous masterpieces, written in Gough Square, are scarcely known to the masses. His individuality, his intellectual authority, his conversational power, must live forever; but his books—who, outside the *enragés* of literature, reads them now?

# The Art of Reading

By Marcus Adeney

WHILE much is said nowadays about the art or business of writing, who knows of a volume devoted to the equally important and almost as exacting task of reading? Yet the most adroitly written book is of less value than the scribbling on a child's slate if it meet with no capable readers. And what exactly does constitute the capable reader? Surely he is one who by virtue of a certain graciousness of soul, is able perfectly to reproduce the author's thought and emotion. The words themselves, and the sense of the words, impinge so musically and so forcefully upon his consciousness that author and reader naturally form two parts of a necessary whole.

As we read from the printed page the words come to us not from without, but as a result of our own private declamation. We become at once lecturer and audience. We lend our persuasiveness at the same time that we await persuasion. Thus not even the friendly voice addressing us directly can be as intimate as this expression of the unseen, recreated in our minds out of mere hints given by the printed characters. When we read we are aware that another speaks while we are silent, that someone is giving while we receive, and yet it is no passive reception. On the contrary we go of our own accord into another man's kingdom, and what we find there proves itself in some way akin to what exists within our own soul. We seem truly to come into our own possessions—as if we had been exploring the dark corners of an attic and discovered a hitherto unsuspected chamber, the difference being that houses are restricted to the measurements of their outer walls whereas there is no known limit to the extension of human consciousness.

The truly devoted reader does not

go far before realizing that in his own sincerity lies a touchstone whereby falsity may be detected. I speak not of errors in detail, to which all of us are liable, but of insincerity, shallowness or vanity, the unpardonable sins of literature. It has been said that truth is common to all men. Certain it is that truth will be found in a general trend of thought rather than in any isolated piece of work. That is why we who read with modesty, and endeavour fully to comprehend the thought world of another before comparing his views directly with our own, cannot help but gain something from his sincerity if not from his superior wisdom. It is well to look at many rooms even if we care to live in only a few.

Reading calls for certain sportsman-like qualities. In this game of give and take there are no umpires. No visible personality aids the writer in his endeavour to convey ideas. He lacks the persuasiveness of the orator and it is the reader's privilege to supply him with all the assistance possible. Though no sound emerges from our lips, it is still within our power to evoke the spirit of Cicero as we read. The nicest shades of inflection, the more forceful emphasis, all the qualities of human emotion in restraint or abandon are ours to impart to the lifeless printed page. In this way literature is not unlike music. It calls for an interpretation at once sympathetic, personal and liberal. A great book is a record of the spirit of man. That spirit partakes of our life, our consciousness, as we read. It is the medium through which a truth that is universal may be given immediate vitality and local significance; it is a clue to the absolute in being. Let us make no mistake about this. There is no known limit to the suggestiveness of the written word.



## An Interesting Library

By Isabel D. Forin

IN the ninety-seven volumes of the *Scots' Magazine*, dated from 1739 to 1826, which have lately arrived to grace the shelves of a British Columbia library, are newspaper reports of events which to the present-day reader have assumed a glamor of romance accumulated through the mist of years that is often quite dispelled by the bare journalistic account. For instance, the wanderings of Prince Charlie, and his escape aided by Flora Macdonald, descend at once from the romantic plane they generally occupy when we read that "she cured him of the itch."

However, this very feature gives to the stories a reality which they often lack today. The much-storied French Revolution was followed closely in its tumultuous course from day to day, and we may be sure that perturbation was caused by these reports among those who feared the spread of dangerous doctrines of anarchy which were being "withstood by England and Switzerland alone of all the nations of Europe." Societies were formed with the avowed purpose of opposing all "Republicans and Levellers" while on the other hand Charles James Fox in parliament eloquently "hoped that the example of one revolution would prevent the necessity of another." The grim meaning of his words would not be lost upon the nation!

During these years the French—always the enemy—were looked upon with alarm, and Bonaparte, when that little "upstart" came on the scene, was a menace that only the rocky fastnesses of St. Helena could effectually quell.

The "allies" were the Germans and British. In the 18th century two Austrian Grand Dukes toured England and Scotland. The hearty welcome and elaborate reception that were accorded them everywhere are minutely described; we marvel at the enthusiasm of our ancestors in the light of intervening history.

A visit to Canada in 1792 is described by a traveller whose impressions were chiefly of the Indians and their strange customs. However, he was also impressed by the danger to Canada of the American nation, which he asserted was "more to be dreaded than the French." He also gives the following unique account of the origin of the country's name: Spaniards who were sailing down the St. Lawrence river for the first time and seeing snow-capped hills, although it was summer, were apparently so disgusted that they called the land "Cap di Nada," meaning "Cape of Nothing," which in time became "Canada."

Of all the news in these volumes, the domestic affairs of those days are perhaps the

most entrancing. Imagine following the trial of Warren Hastings over one's coffee in the morning or reading the details of the Corn Riots then disturbing London.

From these contemporary reports, Wilberforce, in the debate on the abolition of slavery, must have thrilled the people with his eloquent denunciation of this traffic. The vivid despatches relating the constant rebellions in Ireland; also letters from Cornwallis and Castlereagh (of detested memory among Irish patriots), must have warned many of the need of compromise there. However, one is able to read it all with a detached air of superiority, knowing the outcome, good or evil, of these stirring events.

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### Hugh Walpole in Toronto

Under the auspices of the Canadian Literature Club, Hugh Walpole lectured before a large audience in Toronto on January 20th on "The Victorian and the Modern Novel Compared." It was Mr. Walpole's view that the staid Victorian novelists had a much easier time of it, as compared with the modern novelist's struggle for recognition in the face of intensive competition. That was why so many English and American authors of the present day felt that they had to "crash through the jam with something sensational."

Not only were more books published last year in both England and America, but there was the added competition of the "movies," radio and the Sunday supplements. Besides the lack of crowding, which left each with a greater opportunity for making an impression upon the reading public, the Victorian writers were not afflicted with the complex, psycho-analysis, and the score-and-one isms which infiltrate modern fiction and which, to a certain extent, were responsible for the confusion in which the English novel of the day finds itself.

\* \* \*

### A SONG OF DELIGHT

By H. L. Huxtable

SOMEDAY my singing heart will cease  
To feel the glad delight;  
Sometime will come the perfect peace—  
The windless, starless night.  
Sometime my heart incredulous,  
Will sing the song of death—  
A voiceless song, more tremulous,  
Than any on my breath.  
But oh! today 'tis glad delight  
Upon my throbbing breath;  
No dismal dream—no orb of night,  
Can tinge my song with death:  
And I shall ever sing in rhyme,  
While yet the skies are blue—  
While the glad sun gives golden time,  
That I may sing to you.

## Art Galleries

**F**EW people are aware of the difficulties of building up an important art gallery, even after the actual building is completed. A gallery's importance is going to be measured by the works of art it contains. Most galleries on this continent are of only local importance. They collect attractive pictures which reflect the fashion of the day. Fashions change and the pictures become old hats, or like last year's magazines. A definite policy in collecting is hard to stick to. Resources are limited. A gallery is almost forced to buy conservatively, which often means high prices for the tag ends of an artist's work. The foolishness of representing great schools of the past by one or two feeble examples by its least significant members, is not realized, and we absent-mindedly commit ourselves to forming a Louvre.

One of the painful duties of an art gallery is in refusing gifts of pictures that are not desired. Very often they are accepted in the hope that a bequest of much needed cash will follow. If it does not the bequest will inevitably descend to the cellar.

There is a form of co-operation between the art gallery and collectors of pictures by which the city would really back up the gallery.

In Canada most of our collectors run in droves and collect the same stuff. The Montreal and Toronto galleries could borrow dozens of Weissenbrucks, Blommers, José Weiss or Bairds, but to borrow a Gauguin, a Segantini, a Zuloaga or any good Scandinavian or Russian, a modern French or Czechoslovakian work, would be next to impossible, although they are altogether superior painting to the others.

The art gallery might advise collectors that there is not an example of Vuillard, Bonnard, Roussel, Seurat, Segonzac, or a hundred other notable painters in the country and that instead of adding another to the hundred de Bock's which no art gallery wants, they might acquire paintings which would enrich the community generally.

The art gallery would index all the important paintings in the city, make out recommended lists from all the outstanding authorities—Elic Faure, Roger Fry, Meier Graefe and others—call attention to the neglect of various schools and put our collecting generally on a more intelligent basis.

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### Millions for Art

The Toledo Museum of Art will receive \$20,000,000 under the will of the late Edward Drummond Libbey, it was recently announced by the executors of the estate.

## A Modern Show for Toronto

The most advanced exhibition of painting that has ever been seen in Canada will be shown at the Art Gallery of Toronto in April.

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## Canadian Pictures for Washington

The Hon. Vincent Massey, who will be the first Canadian representative at Washington, has for years been keenly interested in the arts. He will be the first Canadian minister who is an authority on Canadian painting. His home in Washington will not be full of the usual foreign paintings. There will be Thomsons, Gagnons, Harris and many others to give it a real Canadian flavor. Washington will likely prefer it to another addition to thin sheep and windmill collections.

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England is the happy hunting ground of the American collector. Since the war the value of England's art treasures shipped to the U. S. is estimated at over a hundred million dollars. It is high time that a commission in England determined on pictures that must not leave the country. Americans have been paying tremendous prices for Romney and Raeburn and as these artists are well represented in public collections in England there is no reason for restrictions, but there is a wealth of continental art in private collections which the nation should eventually acquire. The provincial museums in England are few and decidedly second rate. If the directors of the National Gallery were given authority to establish galleries in various parts of England and Scotland and restrictions put on export, the outstanding examples of painting would gradually be concentrated in such galleries. The whole western world travels now, and to dispose of one of the chief things people travel to see is not the part of wisdom.

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*The Studio*, on the Philadelphia Sesqui-centennial Exhibition: "The Canadian section was a revelation. We have been surprisingly ignorant of the art of our northern neighbor and it was a delight to discover that she has developed a school of landscape painting apparently little influenced by the work of any of the European schools, or by our own. There is a largeness of design and a sombre richness of color about these rather austere pictures, that is arresting.

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An interesting sidelight of T. C. L. Ketchum's new book, *High Spots of Canadian History*, is the reference to a speech by Tilley in which he predicts that the Maritime Provinces "being a manufacturing people to a large extent, would to the whole of British America occupy a similar place to that of Massachusetts to the United States."



## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—a Public Library has been opened at Yorkton, Sask., as a result of the movement sponsored by the local Rotarians.

—Robert Stead has sold the U. S. serial rights for his new novel *Grain*, to *Capper's Farmer*, which has 800,000 circulation.

—religion and the church in America are the theme of the new novel by Sinclair Lewis, to be called *Elmer Gantry*.

—Rushdale farm, with the "Wigwam" made famous as the writing home of "The Khan," is to be purchased by the government and turned into a public park.

—Nellie L. McClung gave the members of the Women's Press Club some valuable pointers on "Copy Writing and the Marketing of Books," in an address before that organization on the evening of December 20.

—book borrowings from the Toronto Public Library during 1926 reached a total of 2,314,000, an increase of 45,000 over 1925. Of the total, 660,000 were read by boys and girls.

—William Houston, M.A., associated with the *Toronto Globe* for over half a century, has retired and will remove to Burlington, Ont., devoting his leisure to the writing of his memoirs.

—Vancouver has another new poet with a book of verse to his credit, *The Flask of Love*, by Roland St. Anbeck, having just come from the Sun Publishing Co., of that city. The volume takes its title from the opening poem. All these poems have the flavor of modernity.

—another Canadian girl winning laurels in New York's literary world as a poet and as editor of *Short Stories* is Dorothy McIlwraith, formerly of Hamilton, Ont., a niece of Jean McIlwraith, the novelist. Her poem "The Purple Cliffs of Labrador" in *Munsey's* made a fine impression.

—Wilson MacDonald has been touring the Maritimes addressing the pupils of Public Schools on Canadian literature. "He is interpreting the Canadian spirit as perhaps no poet has done before," said Dr. H. F. Munro, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, at the opening of the tour in Halifax.

—Commissioner W. A. MacLeod, formerly of Regina, is now in Winnipeg as publicity director for the Interprovincial Wheat Pool. Owing to his departure from Regina, he has been succeeded by A. M. Bothwell, as president of the Saskatchewan branch of

the Canadian Authors' Association for the remainder of the association year.

—Miss Mary E. Saxe has just completed her 25th year as librarian of the Westmount Civic Library. Marking this occasion, the library trustees presented her with a beautiful silver tray, bearing appropriate inscription. Miss Saxe is the convenor of the Dramatic section of the Montreal Branch of the Canadian Authors Association. She is a contributor to Library publications and the author of *Our Little Quebec Cousin*.

—Miss J. G. Sime, author of *Our Little Life*, is giving a series of lectures on modern fiction at the Central Y.M.C.A., Montreal, under the auspices of the Sir George Williams College. The February lectures are: Feb. 3, "Henry James and Rudyard Kipling;" Feb. 10, "H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett;" Feb. 17, "Joseph Conrad, George Bernard Shaw, George Moore, John Galsworthy;" Feb. 24, "Some Writers of Our Shifting Phase." This course has been arranged by the lecture committee of which H. Burton is chairman and F. O. Stredder, M.A., secretary.

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### Address Winnipeg Authors

Lloyd Roberts and Dr. Lorne Pierce were the speakers at the February meeting of the Winnipeg authors. The former repudiated any imputation that he was endeavoring to follow in the paternal literary path. "Father's footsteps are very large and of a peculiar shape," he explained. That Lloyd Roberts was distinctly "on his own," was indicated by readings from his own poems, including a few from his new book *Along the Ottawa*, about to appear.

Dr. Pierce spoke of "Books That Pass in the Night." Even many "best sellers" lacked ballast and were headed for oblivion, as distinguished from books that were real literature. Dr. Pierce considered that Anglo-Saxon fiction was crused with too much moralizing. "Love, beauty, truth and goodness make up the masterpieces. Love, in the modern sense, is weird and morbid. The whole sex life is out of key. It is not love, it is promiscuity." He concluded with the assertion that a new race of novelists was needed, as well as a new race of two-fisted critics to bring out the best in our literature.

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Among the forthcoming publications of the Ryerson Press, Toronto, will be a Chap Book of verse by John Hanlon, the Nova Scotian poet. The verses will be reprinted from the *New York Times*, the *New York Sun*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Commonweal*, the *Forum*, and other magazines which have published Mr. Hanlon's work during the past few years.

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

## River of Strangers

By Austin Bothwell

FRANK PARKER DAY'S *River of Strangers* was one of the past year's most important Canadian novels. It challenges comparison as it happens with Sinclair Lewis's *Mantrap*. The comparison is inevitable, because the locale of the two novels is almost the same. *River of Strangers* is on the Churchill River, 250 miles from the mouth. *Mantrap* Landing is a trading post in the same latitude, but somewhat further west. I have protested somewhat vigorously the authenticity of Mr. Lewis's novel. *Mantrap* is claptrap as far as representing the real north is concerned. I don't mean that Mr. Lewis fails in the portrayal of character. But you don't get the feel of the north from his book as you get that of Gopher Prairie or the Institute for Research where Arrowsmith labored.

Now Mr. Lewis was once within one hundred miles of *Mantrap*; Mr. Day has, I think, never been west, yet *River of Strangers* has, but for one or two minor slips, an atmosphere that is more true than actuality. His book at once casts into the limbo of oblivion all the falsely romantic stuff that has been written about this west and north of ours.

Take one detail. The worthy Ralph Connor and his peers, when they put a lady of easy virtue into a book, made her sins as scarlet indeed, but she often repented, often was the *dea ex machina* who reunited the lovers in time for the final close-up. Rosy in *River of Strangers* is a person; she is a bad woman by a skypilot's standards, but not a bad sort; a good cook, faithful after her fashion, a good housekeeper, neat, not unintelligent, happy. She is the first real woman of her kind in Canadian fiction. I am almost tempted to call *River of Strangers* the first grown-up novel in that fiction, but I must not forget Mazo de la Roche, Beaumont Cornell, Laura Goodman Salverson, F. P. Grove, Martha Ostenso, who all have contributed something—I don't say to Mr. Day's novel—but to the coming-of-age of the Canadian novel. *River of Strangers* is a mature book, the work of a man of the word of manifold experience. It is well written, it handles its theme competently, it is a convincing story. There are passages of unusual interest, but subordinated to the

main theme. Such is the account of the journey to Fort Churchill, when the travelers get caught in a blizzard at 40 degrees below. It's tremendously good, but with a fierce restraint. No marvels here, but common sense and experience of the north pitted against implacable Nature.

Except for the missionary, who is overdrawn somewhat, all the characters are portrayed with a vivifying skill that is pleasant to encounter in a first book.

Mencken says all but four reviewers find something to cavil at—it is their nature to—in a first book. I shall be the fifth of these eminent ones. I am going to be quite as cock-sure as the four with whom I am now linked, and do now say with a due sense of responsibility, that in the Canadian fiction election of 1926 Mr. Day's *River of Strangers* is first, and some of its competitors have lost their deposits.

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## Mrs. Pimm on Bridge

AUCTION BRIDGE FROM A. TO Z. By Ella G. Pimm. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

The plays and counterplays going to make up the fascinating game of auction bridge, as based on the new rules, are interestingly set forth in this volume which is a *vade mecum* for all devotees and students of the game. It is valuable for the movie and for the experienced player. For the former there is a special course of twelve lessons. The same simplicity of expression marks the chapters for the experienced players and thus the novice, having mastered the rudiments, is not discouraged when entering upon that part of the book intended for experts. Throughout, the author is to be commended for clarity and conciseness in her presentation of the subject.

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REVELRY. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Toronto: McLean & Smithers. \$2.00.

While indubitably a clever and authentic mirror of present day American life, with Washington as the scene and a president of the republic (uninly disguised) as its central character, there is a frankness and license in expression that makes one wonder whether, after all, the methods of the Victorians were not preferable to the realism of modern novelists of the school which includes Sam Adams.

Everybody knows that in certain circles men use "picturesque" language. They did

RIVER OF STRANGERS. Frank Parker Day. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. \$2.00.



the same thing last century, but the readers among the Victorians could hardly have hailed with enthusiasm the bold reproductions, in all their purity, of the most common expletives current at certain kinds of "stag parties." In this book the author at first makes a road about, but nevertheless unfolds a method of indicating the exact completed experience, but later dispenses with this subtlety, and one wonders whether his resort to this frankness of expression is no more "with one eye on the box office" and the other closed to the call of true art.

## Is It a Book Nobody Knows?

A Review by A. H. Brown

REVIEWING Bruce Barton's *The Book Nobody Knows*, (McClelland & Stewart) is well nigh impossible, but being a highly interesting volume it calls for a few words of review. For it presents the principal phases of Biblical history in a concise and readable way. The author holds the theory that everybody buys the Bible, but it is a book nobody knows. And, "it is worth knowing," he says. "Not all of it, of course." So, by retelling some of its stories he "interprets the Bible for this generation." This is done by emphasizing four qualities: Its bird's-eye view of history's development; its inclusion in the greatest literature of all ages; its standing as the best textbook on human nature; and finally, because it contains the record "of the most successful life ever lived on this planet, a life that changed the course of human thought and still is able to transform individuals, communities and nations."

Briefly sketched are the lives of twenty outstanding men and women of the Bible, and on some Mr. Barton writes short sermonettes, discussing them from his own angle. Readers, however, are free to add their own comments. The chapter entitled "The Great Life" deals with Jesus of Nazareth.

Many little-known facts are conveyed: how "The Song of Songs" was written; how who wrote the 19th Psalm; how the chapters and verses were first numbered by one, Robert Stephens, an early English printer, etc. One of the final chapters tells how we got the Bible.

While *The Book Nobody Knows* was issued nearly six months ago, it must be remembered that the world's premier best-seller, the King James Version of the Bible, first saw the light just 316 years ago.

Modern literary workers may well consider the short stories given in the Bible. They are many and varied, illustrating the required climax in a train that is truthful

and graphic. Without doubt those ancient seers and prophets whose writings compose the Old Testament, recognized the value of the good tale: It clings to men's minds when sermons fade. And unquestionably the writers of the New Testament knew the worth of parable and apt similes to lend a lasting force. . . . Mr. Barton instances several striking records, showing that technical qualities always exist. He cites the account of Ruth and Naomi, sometimes classed as the greatest short story in the world. Containing all the elements, it portrays the viewpoint of different characters, leading by orderly sequence to a happy and satisfactory ending. It is a tale never to be forgotten.

In *Ten Short Stories From the Bible* by Charles Reynolds Brown, (Toronto: George J. McLeod Limited), is told how the story of Ruth on being recounted by Benjamin Franklin amazed and delighted a party of Parisians. Thinking it a masterpiece of that time, they were struck by the calm dignity of its heroine's character radiating above circumstances. . . . But some of the pieces in this latter volume can hardly be called "short stories;" their elusive ingredients are not quite grasped by the author. Being Divinity Dean at Yale University, he prefers to moralize on his chosen subjects, which easily point to higher standards. Yet neither he nor Mr. Barton mention two or three storied incidents, that could be termed great tales of the Book. True, much imagination is needed, setting too, and dramatic dialogue; though plot and characterization in the context await a discerning writer. Nearly all, from Shakespeare to Kipling, from Dr. Johnson to O. Henry, have found in the Bible a wealth of pointed phrase and well-chosen diction.

MARTIN HANNER. By Kathleen Freeman. Toronto: Nelson, \$2.00.

Martin Hanner is a professor in a provincial university. He has cultivated his intellect at the expense of his emotions, and this tale is of how he was compelled to recognize his immaturity and of the part played in his enlightenment by two interesting women. It is a comedy, but a pointed one dealing with a type which the academic life is apt to produce and showing where such a man (or woman) must look for happiness.

LUD-IN-THE-MIST. By Hope Mirrlees. London: Collins. 7s 6d.

The title is the name of the capital city of an imaginary country called Dorimare. The story is a delightful fantasy, brilliantly conceived and involves a clash between the stolid matter-of-fact personality and that which adventures into the realm of the imagination as represented by fairy lore.

GALAHAD. By John Erskine. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Mr. Erskine continues with his fell work of dispelling illusions. Those to whom Helen was the flame within the flame shuddered at such sacrilege as Mr. Erskine committed when he transformed her into a human being and spoilt for them the magical lure of one whose "face had launched a thousand ships." No longer was the face of Helen a white star in the night and they were forced reluctantly to disbelieve the testimony of the old men of Troy.

Having disposed of Helen, Mr. Erskine sought eagerly for another victim and found—Guinevere! Now, Helen may have been sacred, but Guinevere was sacrosanct, or was—until the advent of Mr. Erskine. Then, instead of a noble woman, swayed by illicit love, he gave us a mothering creature, whose *metier* was the expression of an uplift complex in the ennobling and shaping of some one's career. First she tried her 'prentice hand on Arthur, who, by the way, was a *mari complaisant*, according to the author; then she essays to inspire Launcelot, with slightly better results, but he too, alas, goes the way of Arthur and backslides; finally she concentrates on Galahad, that perfect knight and son of Launcelot, and in teaching him what to her is the true path finds herself judged by the standards she herself has advocated.

The book ostensibly aims at supplying the reasons for the purity of Galahads' life and one of those reasons is the idealism which Guinevere has foisted upon him. What she wished to mould was a man of unswerving purpose to whom the ordinary pitfalls were a matter of scorn. What she did mould was simply a prig, and even the author seems to have no doubt on that score.

But, despite the title, the real essence of the book lies in the characterization of Guinevere. Here we have no frail flower withered by illicit love, no white-handed queen who gave all to the fair Launcelot. Instead we have an earnest female, fervent but uncertain in her ideals, and uncomfortably given to a mania for reforming those whom she has honored with her favors. Some of the scenes between Launcelot and her shrivel up our last vestige of illusion.

Mr. Erskine's first novel on Helen was delightfully sophisticated and amusing. But he should either have awaited or else employed a different treatment in his *Galahad*. The latter is not nearly as successful as "Helen," in fact it seems rather to be a weak echo of that book, for Arthur is merely a repetition of the author's former conception of Meneleaus, and as for Guinevere, the name is the name of Guinevere, but the voice is the voice of Helen.

Nevertheless the book is amusing and has many passages that will be savored with a

distinct relish. We do not miss the point of the book, far from it, but despite Mr. Erskine's ingratiating style and ironical treatment the conception of Marlowe and Morris will continue to please at least one reader.

T. D. RIMMER.

\* \* \*

PORTIA MARRIES. By *Jeanette Philips Gibbs*. London and Toronto: Collins & Sons. \$2.

This is Mrs. Gibbs first novel, but she has been a familiar contributor to magazines for a dozen or more years, notably *Vogue*, *Life*, and the *New York Times Magazine*. She is the wife of the well-known author, Major A. Hamilton Gibbs. Before her marriage she practised law in Boston, which makes one wonder whether her novel may not be at least partly autobiographical. Jane Thorndike, in the story, becomes junior partner in the legal firm of Dwight and Thorndike, and resolves that nothing shall interfere with her decision to become a great lawyer. But interference does come, in the person of Tommy Kent, who loved her—thereby hangs the tale.

\* \* \*

MY MORTAL ENEMY. By *Willa Cather*. Toronto: Macmillan.

This book is a "long short story" and is a little gem. With consummate skill the author tells the tragic story of Myra Driscoll, who married Oswald Henshaw, being consequently disinherited by her enormously wealthy uncle and guardian, John Driscoll, who left all his wealth to the church and charity, with a provision that when she eventually became poverty-stricken, funds were to be provided for her refuge in the nunnery which was one of the beneficiaries. Old John Driscoll well knew that Myra, in her pride, would never take advantage of that term of the will. But how prophetic it was! The Henshaw's marriage was a genuine love-match, but Myra's insensate and insatiable love of wealth and position wrecked their martial happiness. She was inordinately extravagant and the pair eventually sank to dire poverty, but Oswald remained the devoted lover to the end, in spite of the tragic development of the obsession in Myra's mind that she and her husband had been a curse to each other. She saw his life destroyed by having married the wrong woman, and her own hopes and desires thwarted by the choice which had brought disinherittance.

\* \* \*

'SCUTCHEON FARM. By Mrs. J. O. Arnold. Toronto: Nelson. \$2.00.

This is a tale of a quiet village in a secluded Westmoreland region. The squire's heir has been killed in the war and his unacknowledged wife with her son comes incognito to the village. The heroine herself is a moving and subtle study, and the villagers are drawn with power and humor.



## Benjamin Disraeli

A Review by T. G. Marquis

IT is now nearly twenty years since the authentic life of Disraeli, by W. F. Monypenny, appeared. That voluminous biography must ever remain for the student the source of general information regarding the most picturesque of Great Britain's Prime Ministers. A shorter, more compact life has long been needed and this need has now been amply supplied by the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Clarke's *Benjamin Disraeli: The Romance of a Great Career*. The sub-title is an excellent one for, with the exception of that flaming political meteor, Lloyd George, no English politician's career has in it more of romance than Disraeli's.

In the preface to the book we find the words: "Every student of history must be interested in the brilliant and romantic career of the greatest Englishman who was born and died in the nineteenth century."

At first there is no inclination to question this statement. When men like Palmerston, Melbourne, Peel, Bright, Grey, and Gladstone, loom up on the horizon, we are inclined to ask: "Was Disraeli greater than these?" But as we close this admirable life and recall the varied qualities of the great statesman under review,—his literary genius and achievement, his strength as a debater, his powerful grasp of international questions—we are forced to the conclusion that he was a mountain peak among the men of his age.

The book is admirably planned. The writer is dealing with a dual character, a man shining brilliantly in two spheres, literature and politics, and in chapter after chapter the author and the politician are powerfully blended. Throughout the entire work the personality of Disraeli for whom Sir Edward Clarke has the greatest affection and admiration, is kept in prominence, and while the book is not overloaded with quotations from his speeches and books—a thing that mars many biographies—there are sufficient of these to let Disraeli reveal himself.

His sunrise aim was success in literature, and by patient industry he achieved an unique place as a novelist and while he was later distracted by politics he remained true to his first love and continued to wield a powerful pen until the hour of his death.

Another ambition came into his life. As early as 1835 he said to Lord Melbourne that he wished to be Prime Minister of England, a seemingly vain wish from the son of a Jew, without means or influence, so poor at the beginning that for several years he dreaded arrest for debt. But he kept his

eye steadfastly on the goal and after much weary labor and many failures, thirty-two years later he achieved this exalted position. The secret of his success is admirably given in one of his speeches in the general election of 1847; "Independence is the necessary, the essential element of my political position . . . I cannot take a seat in the House of Commons if I am not the master of my political destiny. I have not gained the position which I am proud to remember I occupy there, but by my own individual exertions. It has cost me days of thought and nights of toil; it has cost me unwearied industry, frequent discomfiture, and many unequal contests. I have gained that position by myself, and I must maintain it by myself."

The book throughout has much literary charm; the characterizations of the great statesmen of the time are powerfully done and the work closes with a masterly summing up of the leading traits of Disraeli's character—a "perfect husband," a zealous statesman, a man of great patience, gentleness, unswerving and unselfish loyalty to his colleagues and fellow-laborers."

\* \* \*

THE CHIVALRY OF MR. CHANNING. By Ellis Middleton. Toronto: Ryerson Press. \$2.

Frills and flounces, ruffles and lace, duels and routs—these are constituents of Mr. Middleton's romance of brave hearts and fair ladies. The author harks back to the interesting old practice of introducing chapter headings in this manner: Chapter VI. "Wherein one gentleman is disturbed, another disgusted and a third dismayed."

\* \* \*

TEDDY BEAR AND OTHER SONGS. From "When We Were Very Young," by A. A. Milne. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.50.

This delightful book is a companion to "Fourteen Songs from When We Were Very Young," issued a year ago. The music is by H. Fraser-Simson and there are art decorations by E. H. Shepard. These poems sing themselves and the rhythm is so infectious that children unconsciously sing them when they read them.

\* \* \*

### A Klondyke Pioneer

Much acclaim has greeted Major F. R. Burnham's new book, *Scouting on Two Continents*, as indicated in a news despatch cabled from London, from which the following is an excerpt: "Major Burnham's Klondyke memories read like pages from Jack London, whom he just beat in the rush to Dawson. He was one of the first to reach that city, and it was from a claim he shared with another pioneer, George Burke, that the first Klondyke nuggets, one hundred pounds weight of them, came to England."

BENJAMIN DISRAELI: *The Romance of a Great Career*. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited.

THE SUN IN SPLENDOR. By Thomas Burke.  
Toronto: Doran. \$2.00.

Having become somewhat of a Limehouse "fan," through enjoyment of Thomas Burke's previous books, including the autobiographic *The Wind and the Rain*, I confess that it was with some misgiving that I took up his first novel. I wasn't sure that the aura would hold. But it wasn't long before I was under the same Burkian thrall. It is a first-rate book, perhaps too sophisticated and blatantly frank in spots, but thoroughly well-constructed and rich in humorous sidelights.

Having marked it as a tale well told, I will let the story part of it go at that and give a hint or two of the bi-products.

"One looked at Mr. Gore, and one looked at: *How to Listen to Music; Jesus, the business-man of Palestine; How to Look at Pictures; Tonic Talks, by Radio Robert; God and Success; Literary Taste, and How to Acquire It; A Rotarian's Religion; Beethoven's Symphonies Analysed and Explained; The Meaning of Modern Art Movements; Days with the Great Composers; Advertising as a Moral Force; A Handbook to Browning; The Spiritual Side of Industry; The Cult of Cheerfulness; Great Epics of the World, in synopsis form, with Specimens; How to Become a Convincing Talker; The Hundred Best Pictures.*

"And one sighed.

"For Gore's bookcase was but one of many with like collections. All over England hundreds of other Gores, clerks, business men, tradesmen, and workers, stimulated by the moral force of advertised Efficiency, were likewise reaching beyond their needs and capacities; gulping this pemmican culture and laying up hours of mental dyspepsia. They are the citizens of a world of Little Pink Pamphlets and Little Daily Doses. They are the people who are shouted at, screamed at, whispered at; commanded, cajoled and hypnotized; and they Eat More Fruit when they are told to, and Drink More Milk; they Get That Worth-While Feeling and they Say it with Flowers and Go to Sunny Sunport for their Holidays; and they Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion and believe that Good Cigarettes are a Perfect Digestive. With all zeal and faith they support each plank in the Jesuitry-in-Advertising platform, and in all ways encourage manufacturers to run their business for Self, not Service. And over them the guardian angel of Stunt and Slogan drops his crooked laughter."

Mrs. Greenspan, of gargantuan appetite, had been invited out and the roast shoulder is on the table. She is represented as "making eyes at it and coquetting with her nose." "She ate and ate, and Arthur

re-filled her plate solemnly and filled it again. She ate with hands and arms and face and head. She ate with passion and devotion. Her whole being was a hymn to Gluttony."

"... success ... is stagnation. If you could do a thing perfectly there'd be nothing to live for."

"... and frolic curls made the pleasing discord that marks childhood at tiptoe before its descent into womanhood."

"All great art is vulgar. It's only the finicky half-artists, who can't do it, who are delicate and exquisite."

"As poor Jack used to say—bless his heart—opportunity knocks once at every man's door and usually waits outside with a hammer." J.M.

\* \* \*

### Poetry Competitions

"Old Age," a poem in free verse by Mrs. R. E. MacDougall, won the first prize in the recently concluded competition conducted by the Poetry Group of the Canadian Authors' Association, (Montreal Branch.) The second prize went to Miss Stella Bainbridge for her poem "November." The poems in this class were judged by Sir Andrew Macphail.

The winner in the competition for English lyric poems was Miss Margaret Ross, with her poem "Mystic."

Three prizes were awarded in the competition for the best French poems on any subject, first prize going to Louis Laporte for "A un ciseleur chinois;" second prize to Mrs. R. E. MacDougall, for "A onistile," and third prize to Jean Dufresne for "Le Banquet." The judge of this group was Mr. Justice Survever. In the junior competition one prize was awarded. This was to Miss Dorothy Livesay, Toronto, for her poem "The Fireweed." The other prizes were withheld for the next competition.

\* \* \*

### A Plea for Literature

"We are proud of our great industries and our great resources and do not hesitate to say so. Let us as people of a nation be proud of that other great asset of the nation, the work of our writers in which are all the finer thoughts and ideals of the Canadian people."

The foregoing is from an address by Miss Agnes Lancefield, Librarian of the Windsor Public Library, given before the Sandwich, Ont., I.O.D.E. Following an informative account of the progress made in Canadian literature during the past decade, she made a special plea for Canadian magazines.



## Literature and History

One of the strongest links between French and English-speaking Canada in a literary sense is Monsignor Camille Roy, rector of Laval University, Quebec, to whom great tributes were paid in this respect by M. Georges Bugnet, editor of *L'Union*, of Edmonton, on the occasion of his call upon *Canadian Bookman* in January.

M. Bugnet had accompanied a delegation of four hundred French-Canadians from Western Canada to a conference in Montreal of an organization whose mission is to encourage the emigration of French-Canadians to Western Canada as a means of stemming the tide of the young people of Quebec who are leaving in their thousands every year for the Eastern States.

M. Bugnet, himself a distinguished literary light, as revealed in his published works, and whose occasional contributions to *Canadian Bookman* have elicited much favorable comment, placed Mgr. Roy at the head of Canada's *litterateurs* of the French race.

Monsignor Roy addressed the Club Littéraire of Ottawa on January 17th on "The Historic Part of Canadian Letters," the Academic Hall of the University of Ottawa being crowded to capacity for this occasion. He gave a comprehensive history of the development of literature in Canada and emphasized the importance of having well-written literature in order to have a Canadian history that will be known.

"Literature and history must help each other, and then the historic part will always be increasing until it attains all the perfections required to tell of the feats of our nationality."

\* \* \*

## Held a "Canadian Night"

The wide sympathies of the Dickens Fellowship were exemplified in a Canadian night recently put on by the Winnipeg organization, when members paid tribute to Canadian authors by turning out in large numbers to hear the programme as arranged by Prof. A. W. Crawford, president of the Canadian Authors' Association, Winnipeg branch.

\* \* \*

## The Patriotic Note

Canadian authors have frowned upon the idea of bringing out a book of patriotic verse dealing with the sixtieth anniversary of Canadian Confederation on the ground that there could be no made-to-order patriotic poems that would rise above the commonplace. It is to be hoped, however, that this diamond jubilee will inspire some of our singers to give us something that will fire the imagination with its patriotic fervour.

## Poets On Tour

Not exactly like the troubadours of old, but with perhaps even more beneficial results in a community sense, several of Canada's poets are on tour east and west. Bliss Carman has been giving another series of addresses on poetry to university students in the west. The Roberts—Charles G. D. and Lloyd—have been filling engagements in far western cities while from the Maritimes come reports of enthusiastic receptions to Wilson MacDonald on his tour of those provinces.

\* \* \*

E. L. Hill, public librarian of Edmonton, Alta., is the proud possessor of an autograph letter written by R. D. Blackmore, author of *Lorna Doone*. This letter was written in 1884 to his publishers. For this he is indebted to Fred J. Rymer, a director of the London publishing house of Sampson Low Marstin Co. Mr. Rymer has a son ranching in the St. Paul des Metis country and a daughter, Mrs. A. Connolly, living in Edmonton.

\* \* \*

## Lake Memphremagog

*Beautiful Waters*, by William B. Bullock, of Newport, Vermont, is an epic of the Lake Memphremagog region. This lake passes through the boundary line between the U.S. and Canada. The book includes much interesting historical information.

\* \* \*

## "Janey Canuck" Has "Breeches" Bible

Magistrate Emily Murphy, "Janey Canuck," of Edmonton, possesses a copy of the famous "Breeches" Bible, printed in 1578. The *Edmonton Journal* of January 29th had a large illustration showing reproductions of the "Breeches" and other passages and also one of the ancient wood-cuts adorning this famous edition of the Scriptures.

In other "freak" Bibles there are departures from the sacred text as follows:

"Blessed are the placemakers, for they shall be called the children of God;" "the unrighteous shall inherit the Kingdom of God;" "the parable of the 'vinegar' (vineyard); 'thou shalt not be afraid of bugges (bogies) by night.'"

Among other examples there is the "Treacle Bible," in which that sugary word was substituted for the term "balm;" the "Wicked Bible," which fully justified its name by leaving out the negative in the seventh commandment; and the "Printers' Bible," which explains the others. In the latter David is made to complain that "printers (princes) have persecuted me without cause."

In Edmonton, Mrs. Murphy's "Breeches" or Geneva Bible is believed to be the oldest in America.

### Addressed Calgary Rotarians

**I**N an address before the Rotary Club of Calgary, Mrs. Flos Jewell Williams, president of the Calgary branch of the Canadian Authors Association, is reported as having deprecated the former tendency of Canadian authors to write books suitable only for Sunday School libraries, adding that the authors of this country were now establishing themselves at home as well as abroad with more ambitious literary efforts. She told the Rotarians that the authors of Canada do not seek the special favor of the Canadian public at the expense of foreign writers, but that they did think that the works of Canadian writers should be accepted on their own merit. Mrs. Williams declared that an erroneous opinion had been spread abroad regarding Canadian book week. The real object behind the week, she declared, was to stimulate an interest in the reading of books and to teach the people of the Dominion that Canada has a worthy national literature.

\* \* \*

Vancouver

The Vancouver Poetry Society met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Winlow, Haro Street, on Saturday evening, January 22nd. Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts, Mr. Lloyd Roberts, his son, and Mr. Archibald Macdonald, his nephew, were present as guests of the club. Dr. Roberts responded to requests and read two of his own poems, the exultant "Wayfarers of Earth," and "The Flower," an exquisite love lyric. Mr. Lloyd Roberts gave a farewell address, and read "Dawn," a moving poem of his own, and several delightful poems in lighter vein.

Mrs. Irene Moody gave a paper on "Browning, the Master of Monologue," reading "My Last Duchess" and others of Browning's poems with fine dramatic interpretation.

Mrs. Winlow read two charming poems by Miss Hylda Wheeler, a member of the club.

Members present were Dr. and Mrs. Fewster, Miss Kate Eastman, Miss Dorothy Haliwell, Miss Camp, Mrs. E. Fielding, Miss H. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. H. Moorhouse, Mrs. A. M. Stephen, Mr. W. G. Stephen, Mrs. Cruik, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, Mr. McNair, Mrs. Doberer, Mr. A. Thrupp, Miss M. Stoddart, Mr. Teeple, Miss C. Pennington, Mr. Wright, Miss R. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Norton, Miss Colquhoun, Miss Cann and Miss Ellis.

\* \* \*

Mr. LeRoy Johnson, of Moose Jaw, was the speaker at a largely attended meeting under the auspices of the High School Literary Society of Outlook, Sask. His subject

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"In all of Mr. Hamilton's verses there is a deep religious note. This is particularly noticeable in "Five Voices" and "Candlesticks."—Canadian Churchman.

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was "The Civilizing and Humanizing Effect of Books," in the course of which he gave quite a comprehensive résumé of what has been accomplished by Canadian authors in history, biography, travel, humor, fiction and poetry.

\* \* \*

#### "C'est La Guerre"

In an address before the Women's Art Society, of Montreal, Prof. B. K. Sandwell attributed the opening up of new fields of contemporary verse to the changed mental attitude brought about by post-war conditions. He feared that the very fact that innovation was so easy, constituted the greatest obstacle confronting the development of the art.

"The content of a poem, or any other work of art, is the result of the artist's conception of the universe. but it is necessarily colored largely by the general ideas which prevail in his time and country," he declared, adding that the conception of the universe which has held the mind of western Europe for the last 300 years, is now in process of being radically and rapidly altered in a way which must have important effect on the art of the present epoch.



### Pro and Con

"Too many books, too many books," we hear on all sides, yet John McCrae, prominent New York publisher, speaking at the annual meeting of the National Association of Book Publishers in New York, predicted that the distribution of books would be doubled within the next ten years. If this means doubling up without relative increase in the number of titles, it will be all to the good, otherwise—?

Speaking at the same meeting, Dr. Locke, Toronto's Chief Librarian, and president of the American Library Association, said the modern novel showed no great advance over the dime novels of earlier years. Calling on publishers to practice a birth control over books, he asked "why issue twenty novels when only six of them are any good? Too many libraries are but cemeteries."

\* \* \*

### The Modern Poets

In Montreal an active organization is the St. James Literary Society. At the January meeting C. R. Hazen, M. Sc., was the speaker, his subject being "New Voices," dealing with recent poetry. Mr. Hazen spoke of the gems of verse by modern writers to be found in the magazines constituting a distinctly new element expressing the thought and tendencies of the present age.

Mr. Hazen allowed the exemplars of modern verse to speak for themselves and read portions of the finest and most characteristic of their works, commencing with two of the best known writers, Noyes and Masfield, and passing on to others whose work has neither been so abundant, nor whose names have been so widely known.

His appreciation tended to make him set aside some of the giants of other days, a fact noted by a few of those who spoke in the general discussion later, and who showed a tendency to disagree with the speaker in this regard.

\* \* \*

### Poetry in Our School Curriculum

Norman Black, addressing the Winnipeg Caledonian Club said that mathematics and science, history and geography, must not be allowed to eclipse poetry on the curricula of the high schools of the land. Particularly in this age, when we were in danger of being absorbed with practical things, poetry must be used to provide for the development of the aesthetic and ethical side of man's nature.

Poetry, he said, was an outlet for the noblest emotions of man; it was the means by which patriots had expressed, from time immemorial, their love of country. It was the language of man in adoration of nature, the voice of the bard in praise of heroic deeds. It was as old as man, and went with him as long as he stayed near to those things which made life beautiful and noble.

### Prizes Total \$5,000

Quebec Literary Competitions—\$3,500  
For French Works; \$1,200 for  
English

THE regulations for the Athanase David literary competition as announced by the Provincial Secretary of the Quebec Provincial Government provide that \$5,000 shall be allotted in prizes. Of this amount \$3,500 will be awarded as prizes for works in the French language, and \$1,200 for works in English. The remaining \$300 is to defray the travelling expenses of the jury. School books and works of a scientific nature will not be admitted in the 1927 competition. The closing date is September 15th, 1927.

Regulations are as follows:

1. A jury of nine members, chosen by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, shall judge the competition of 1926-27.
2. Six members of the jury shall constitute a quorum.
3. The names and addresses of the jury shall be published in the Quebec Official Gazette.
4. Out of the sum of \$5,000, placed at the disposal of the jury, \$3,500 shall be allotted for works in the French language, \$1,200 for works in the English language. The remaining \$300 shall be used to defray the travelling expenses of the jury, whose function is not remunerated.
5. The jury is not bound to distribute a prize. Solely the merit of the works shall guide them.
6. The jury awards, in each language, two prizes only, and of equal value; one prize for works of literature and one prize for works of historical, moral, economical or political science. They may also grant two honorable mentions, if opportune.
7. No prize shall be awarded unless six members of the jury concur in the award.
8. The jury shall decide on the admissibility of the works submitted.
9. The decisions of the jury are final.
10. The jury first meets at Quebec and proceeds to a first elimination. They meet again fifteen days later at Montreal to deliver the final judgment.
11. The jury submits its report to the secretary of the province before the first of December, 1927.
12. The secretary of the province advises the laureates of the decision of the jury.
13. Printed or typewritten works alone are admitted in the competition.
14. Each competitor shall register, on or before the 15th September, 1927, with the secretary of the province, any work he desires to submit for the competition.
15. Ten copies of each work shall be remitted or transmitted by the competitors to the secretary of the province, at Quebec.
16. No work published before the first of January, 1926, can be submitted in the competition.
17. No work submitted to the preceding competitions can be submitted to the examination of the jury.
18. School books and works of a purely scientific nature are excluded from the competition of 1927.
19. Save the above restrictions, the competition of 1927 is open to every French and English writer, being a British subject and having his domicile in the province of Quebec, or who has only left this province to fill elsewhere a public office.

For further particulars, competitors are requested to apply to the Secretary of the Province, at Quebec.

## THE CONQUEST OF CANADA

"So were we overcome by guile whom neither ten years of war nor a thousand ships could conquer."—Virgil's "Aeneid."

It is well known how the Greeks, after ten years of siege and failure to take Troy by direct attack, succeeded in inducing the Trojans to allow a huge wooden horse to enter their city, this horse being, in fact, filled with Greek soldiery. Later, when night had fallen, these soldiers came from their hiding places into a city "buried in sleep and wine." Then, having surprised and cut down the sentries, they opened the gates of the city to their comrades—and the rest was easy.

Surely something very similar is happening to Canada at the present time? And the conquest threatened is that of the mind—a far more serious thing than a victory over the body. Wherever we look, our visions are perpetually assailed by the thoughts and hysterical extravaganzas of our neighbors to the south. Their books fill our book-stores; their magazines (many violently anti-British) snigger, bellow or bleat at us from our news stands almost to the exclusion of our own and British periodicals, and many of them are so studiously pornographic as to constitute a standing source of corruption.

The "American" (apparently Canada does not count as part of America) viewpoint is everywhere forced upon us and a perpetual paean in praise of things "American" assails our eyes and ears, however unwilling those organs may be. An orgy of sex problems and countless pictures of foolish, unbridled youth scream at us from their advertisements and bill-boards and cannot fail to stimulate in many highly undesirable ideas and aspirations. Less dangerous is the extensive use of their text-books in our schools, colleges and universities.

Their flags wave at us from our moving-picture screens; their cartoons meet us everywhere, the careers of our own artists being thereby hindered or ruined. The intellectual standard of these cartoons is at once an appalling commentary on the average standard of intelligence in the United States and a bitter reproach to our own. The vulgarity, poverty of invention and the lack of anything remotely resembling humour in most of them is fearful and wonderful and many would seem to be part of definite propaganda against the English. The only Englishman who ever appears in them (presumably the typical "Englishman" to "American" eyes) is the semi-imbecile gentleman with virulent check pants and Dundreary whiskers. It is interesting but painful to speculate on what would happen if a British or Canadian flag was shown in a moving picture in the United States, or a cartoon, studiously offensive to that country, was displayed in one of their cities.

In fact, Canada seems to be fast selling its most precious birthright, its nationality, for a mass of pottage. A birthright which has not been sanctified at the international bargain counter nor by the legalized swindling of the market place—but in the only way that such a birthright can be sanctified, by years of grief and agony and by the shedding of much precious blood.

All this, apparently, is to count for nothing. Let Canada take heed in time, for the Trojan horse is even now within our gates. Those hidden within it are warriors of the tongue and cheque book, who come out singly and quietly mingle with the throng, obtaining their desires by subterfuge and by waving dollars before greedy eyes. Yet the greatest authority on ethics has said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." And the same is true of nations.

LEWIS WHARTON.

One welcomes the work of an author who can take everyday life and transmute it in the interpretation so that we note its wistful ironies, its inner meanings, its elusive moments of exaltation, and see in it more than we had perceived before.

## Anne Parrish

The gifted young writer whose story of *The Perennial Bachelor* so widened and strengthened her reading public last year, has achieved a notable example of such interpretation in her latest novel.

## TOMORROW MORNING

Here is the story of a mother and her only son, set in a small town beginning with the generation before the war, and ending with the period of searching for rest from unrest that followed the Versailles debates. It is such a tale as might truthfully be told of thousands of mothers and sons. It is a tale of little things, of ordinary people, of the routine of living. Yet it is filled with unexpected beauties, with infinities of tenderness, with wistful ironies, with all the warmth of humanity.—S. Morgan-Powell.

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## GIVE THE CANADIAN AUTHOR A CHANCE

Editor, "Canadian Bookman,"

The well-known fact that Canada has a larger trade, per capita, than any country in the world, should surely cause the heart of every loyal Canadian to glow with pride. But having reached this enviable position in regard to matters commercial, might Canada not, now, rest on her hard-won financial laurels, and turn her attention to making herself equally successful in the world of art? To achieve that, more encouragement must certainly be given to her artists—painters, musicians, writers—than has hitherto been accorded.

If not only the Canadian Government, but the Canadian people as a whole, were to set their minds to this problem, it is quite probable that within a few years a writer might be able to remain in Canada and make a living by his pen.

Among the people who might help very materially in bringing about this happy state of affairs, are the owners and editors of the big daily newspapers which, on account of their immense circulation admittedly form an important medium for the education of the populace, and therefore might easily help to cultivate a taste for Canadian literature.

But there is a more immediate and substantial way in which the Canadian newspapers might help the Canadian author. One wonders how many Canadian newspaper readers realize how many millions of dollars annually go out of Canada in payment for material which might easily be duplicated, or exceeded in excellence, at home. The comic or colored strips alone run into unbelievable sums.

There is one line in which the Canadian newspaper editor has really begun to open his heart to Canadian material, and that is the article—personal, topical, or geographical—now appearing in increasing numbers in the big week-end editions.

The manager of a syndicate which last year

made a real effort to sell a number of Canadian short stories, reported that on a trip right across Canada he had placed not one short story. He had sold thousands of dollars worth of other material, but not one short story. Doesn't that seem appalling when one considers the amount of short fiction appearing continually in our newspapers? This syndicate did, later on, place a few Christmas stories, but so few that it is doubtful if it will again handle this type of matter.

The market, it seems, is equally inhospitable in the case of Canadian serials. The editors claim that they can get profusely illustrated serials from across the line at a lower rate than from Canada, and also more suitable material.

Now, no one of average intelligence, who has read through an average specimen of serial in an average daily newspaper, will seriously contend that the average Canadian writer could not produce something quite as good. It may be that a particular technique is required for the production of this type of work; but must the serials be of this particular type? And even if so, isn't a Canadian as clever and adaptable as a man of any other race? Demand of him an article of a certain kind, and he'll probably say that if other people can make it, he can—and prove it.

Of course the editors are not entirely to blame. An editor has to make good if he is to continue to receive his salary from the man higher up—the owner. Consequently an editor's first consideration must be to make his paper interesting to the people among whom it is to circulate. Therefore, if even five people during any year were to write a given editor suggesting that a certain type of material might well appear more frequently, is it not likely that the editor would give heed?

So after all, it comes back to just this—that it is up to the Canadian people to help give the Canadian author a chance.

M. EUGENIE PERRY.

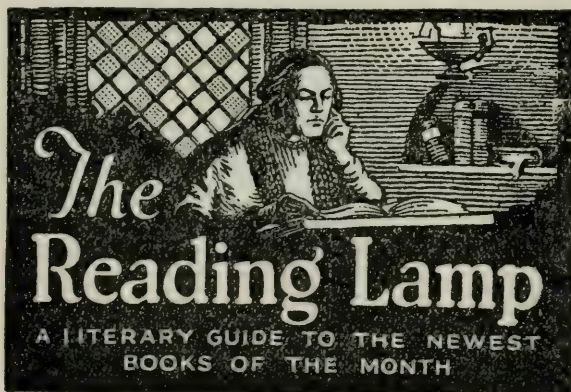
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# Canadian Authors' Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

### Halifax Branch

THE regular January meeting of the Maritimes Branch of the Association was held on Friday, the 14th of January, at the home of Mr. James O'Connor, Inglis Street, Halifax. The Branch listened with much interest to a letter from the National Secretary regarding the general aims of the Association and also to a skirmish between Mr. Douglas Bush and the National Secretary, published in *The Canadian Forum*.

It was announced that the rules for the James Williams competition would be the same as last year, viz: that the competition is open to all writers in the Maritime Provinces whether members of the Association or not. The rules will be published in full at a later date.

The reading of an original story of a Halifax Christmas in the long ago and of several poems (the authorship of which was not disclosed) constituted the literary part of the programme.

The meetings for the branch this year show great vitality and interest.

### Montreal Branch

On January 8th, the Montreal Branch held a dinner in honor of Hon. E. Fabre Surveyer, who has been the president of the English Section for the past two years. The members of the French section were also invited to this very informal and delightful evening.

In the absence of the President, Mr. B. K. Sandwell, the vice-president, Mr. H. A. Kennedy was in the chair.

Mr. Victor Barbeau, the president of the French Section, stressed the need of stronger manifestation of the *Entente Cordiale* in order to strengthen further the amicable relations already existing between the two races. Mr. Justice Surveyer, representing admirably this kindly understanding, has always made successful efforts to draw the two peoples more closely together.

Miss L. E. F. Barry, representing the Poetry Group, gave a fine rendering of a French poem which she had translated. Miss Saxe, speaking for the Drama Group, referred to the assistance which Judge Surveyer had given in their Prize Competitions. Mr. L. G. Barnard, convenor of the Short Story Group, spoke most charmingly of Judge Surveyer's work in the Branch and alluded to several humorous incidents connected with the Vancouver Convention.

Several toasts were given. The music, songs, poems, and the singing of Auld Lang Syne brought a very happy evening to a close.

Mr. B. K. Sandwell, the president, who has been missed very much by the members during his recent illness, has returned to the city and will be present at the next meeting on February 1st when the Branch will have the pleasure of addresses from Dr. Frank O. Call on *The Spell of French Canada* and from Mr. Murray Gibbon on *Canadian Folk Songs* (old and new.)

The Short Story Group has held fortnightly meetings since September and has recently opened a Short Story Competition open to members of the Province of Quebec until April 15th.

### Toronto Branch

That Canada, though comparatively young, has backgrounds and landmarks that have a fascinating color, romance and historical importance was ably set forth on the evening of Saturday, the eighth of January, before a well attended meeting in the Women's Art Rooms, Prince Arthur Avenue, of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association.

During the past year quite a number of books of poetry, fiction, *belles lettres*, etc., have come from the pens of Canadians, not a few of whom live in and around Toronto. Three of these were invited to give craft talks before the branch, namely, M. O. Hammond, author of *Canadian Footprints*; Katherine Hale, author of *Canadian Houses of Romance*, and Miss Florence Steiner, author of a book of poems for children, *Toy Ships*. The remarks of the two first speakers on how they collected their material, covering the whole sweep of the Dominion, and involving several years of thought and research, together with their expressed desire to contribute what they could in this way to the general possessions of the country, were received with expressions of pleasure by all present. Equal enjoyment was found in the poems read by Miss Steiner.

Dr. Frank Oliver Call, of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que., was a guest of the Branch, and delighted his literary friends by giving a brief outline of what led him to write *The Spell of French Canada*.

A valued talk of a practical nature was given by Inspector Carson of the Provincial Libraries Department, who pointed out the desire of libraries, generally speaking, to

supply books from Canadian pens to the reading public.

Acting President John M. Elson also extended a welcome to two other guests, R. Springs-Allan and S. E. Smith, members of the Quill Club, in England, a writers' organization.

A resolution of congratulation to the Hon. Vincent Massey, who was recently appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Washington, and who is a member of the Toronto Branch, was passed.

### Winnipeg Branch

The Canadian Authors' Association, Winnipeg Branch, met on Thursday, February 3rd, 1927, at 8.30 o'clock, in the Faculty Room of the University of Manitoba, Kennedy Street.

In the absence, through illness, of the President, the chair was taken by Professor Phelps.

The two speakers of the evening were then introduced. Dr. Lorne Pierce, of Toronto, literary adviser to the Ryerson Press, spoke on "Books that Pass in the Night." His speech was a very thoughtful contribution. Mr. Lloyd Roberts then followed with a delightful address on "My Inkstained Career," not, as it was once announced, "My Insane Career."

Before the meeting closed Mr. Lisgar Laug brought to the attention of the Branch the long illness of one of our members, Mr. F. P. Grove, of Rapid City. On his motion seconded by Mr. Wade, the Secretary was instructed to write Mr. Grove extending the sympathy of the members of the Winnipeg Branch.

### Saskatchewan Branch

The Saskatchewan Branch had the pleasure at a meeting on January 28th, of offering congratulations to J. C. Martin, Weyburn, and W. G. Ross, Moose Jaw, on their having been made K. C.'s at the first of the year. To Father Peter Habets, Windthorst, the club sent a letter of praise for his choral setting for Jules Mainil's poem "Saskatchewan." The composition was sung in Regina at a recent concert by the Queen City Classics male voice choir, and its stateliness and beauty made a deep impression on the audience.

In connection with a Diamond Jubilee historical contest being held by the Regina Women's Canadian Club, the Saskatchewan Canadian Authors' Association members are offering one of the prizes.

Mr. Lloyd Roberts, Ottawa, was the guest of the club for the evening and read half a dozen of his own poems for the pleasure of the members. He also read Dr. C. G. D. Roberts' new poem "Spring Breaks in Foam;" and a letter Dr. Roberts had received a week or two before from Charles Meir, Victoria.

### Calgary Branch

The Calgary Branch of the Canadian Authors Association sponsored a recital for Mr. Lloyd Roberts, of Ottawa, on his return trip from the coast. This young poet, author and journalist, created a most favorable impression when he gave a delightful evening of intimate reminiscences of the Roberts family and many readings of verse from his own pen. At the conclusion of the recital he was tendered a reception and dance at the home of the American Consul, Mr. Samuel Reat.

The programme of the January meeting of the Calgary Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, which was held at the home of Mrs. A. J. Gordon, was both instructive and enjoyable. It consisted of a short talk on "Writers' Desk Books," by Alexander Calhoun, librarian, and the reading and discussion of the short story, "Sealed Jars," by Geoffrey Vickers, in a recent number of *John O'London's Weekly*. Musical numbers were given by Mrs. Philip Boese, a local composer, Eunice Pascoe and Mrs. Brathwaite.

### Edmonton Branch

The Edmonton Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, cheered by the acquisition of several new members, regular and associate, has been enjoying a series of successful meetings. In November, at the home of Mrs. J. H. Acheson, they listened with interest and delight to a talk from Dr. John Maclean, librarian of Wesley College, Winnipeg. On the same occasion they heard Mrs. Laura Goodman Salverson read portions of her new novel, *Lord of the Silver Dragon*, while Mrs. Perrin Baker read an article on "The Technique of the Short Story."

In December, the meeting was at the home of the President of the Branch, Rev. W. Everard Edmonds, and here Mr. Joseph J. Duggan gave a delightful talk concerning the writing of his new book, *The Unforgotten Valley*. Mr. Duggan has been made vice-president of the Edmonton Branch, in the place of Mr. W. C. McCalla, whose duties at the Normal School have taken him to Calgary during the school year.

At the January meeting, held at the home of Mr. J. J. Duggan, the main part of the programme consisted of a paper by the President on *The Bible as Literature*. In this he referred largely to the "Report on the teaching of English" by the committee in England to which Sir Henry Newbolt and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch contributed such weighty opinions as to the value of the Bible in the schools. Discussion was general and illuminating. Mrs. Hill read a short paper on Poetry and Self-Expression, and a few unpublished verses.

At this meeting the Branch had the pleas-



ure of welcoming another new member, Mr. John Hugh Regan, whose book *Valiant Heart* has just appeared in England (Hutchinson & Co.) Mr. Regan has nearly completed another book, *The End of the Furrow*, which will appear very shortly. *Valiant Heart* has received very favorable notice from the English press.

### Vancouver Branch

The regular January meeting of the Vancouver branch of the C.A.A. was held at the home of Mrs. J. J. Banfield, Bute St. Mrs. George Black, who was the honored guest of the evening, gave a delightful talk on the wild flowers of the Yukon, illustrating her talk with beautifully mounted specimens. A musical programme was given by Mrs. Clyne, Mrs. A. M. Winlow, and Mr. R. A. Hood. Mrs. Banfield's mother, Mrs. Oille, who is 94 years of age, delighted those present with a piano solo.

A dinner was tendered by the branch on Wednesday, January 19th, to Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, his son, Mr. Lloyd Roberts, his niece, Mrs. Goodrich Macdonald, and his nephews, Mr. Goodrich Macdonald and Mr. Arch. Macdonald. Dr. Roberts gave messages from the Toronto branch and read a beautiful and poignant poem; Mr. Lloyd Roberts gave a memorable address and read some of his newer poems, which were enthusiastically received.

### Victoria Branch

The December meeting of the Victoria and Islands Branch was held at the home of the Chairman, Mr. Donald A. Fraser. The evening was given over to a study of picturesque records of Christmas seasons spent on the Pacific coast in the earliest days. Special reference was made to John MacKey, who in 1786 spent the first white man's Christmas on the coast; to the notorious Commander John Meares; to the capture and slavery of Jewett and Thompson; and to the wanderings of the artist, Paul Kane. A fascinating little tale, "My First Christmas in Victoria," by the pioneer journalist, David W. Higgins, gave a vivid pen picture of the city's cradle days.

A gaily decorated little Christmas tree

brought gifts and warm greetings from the Branch to Dr. Charles Mair on Christmas Eve. To the children who were the bearers of this remembrance Dr. Mair talked charmingly of early days and experience.

At the January meeting of the Branch, held in Victoria College, the Rev. Cyril E. Evans gave a delightful illustrated lecture on "The Beauties of Oxford University." Special reference was made to the distinguished authors who had been associated with the university down through the centuries.

A short story, "The Pro Tem Teacher," written by Mr. Donald A. Fraser, appeared in the December number of the *Homiletic Review*, New York. Some of his verses have also recently seen periodical publication.

### Regular Membership

Since the Annual Convention in August the following have been elected to Regular membership in the Association: Mr. George Gale, Westmount, Que.; Dr. Frank E. Dorchester, Vancouver, B.C.; Lieut.-Col. W. G. Mackendrick, D.S.O., Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Constance Davies-Woodrow, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. Hubert Evans, West Vancouver, B.C.; Miss Madeleine de Soyres, Montreal, Que.; Mr. Roderick S. Kennedy, Montreal, Que.; Mr. C. H. J. Snider, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. Austin Campbell, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Austin Campbell, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. D. B. Carlyle, Oshawa, Ont.; Mrs. Lereine Ballantyne, Weston, Ont.; Mr. Joseph J. Duggan, Edmonton, Alta.; Mr. Patrick Hamilton, Gueph, Ont.; Miss Margaret Lawrence, Toronto, Ont.

### Associate Membership

The following have been elected to Associate Membership in the Canadian Authors Association: Mrs. Mary R. Schooley, Vancouver, B.C.; Mrs. Florence A. Aylen, Fargo, N.D.; Mr. William M. Davidson, Calgary, Alta.; Mr. W. S. McDonald, Calgary, Alta.; Mrs. Ethel Davidson, Calgary, Alta.; Mrs. Bertha Lewis, Vancouver, B.C.; Prof. George A. Sproule, Winnipeg, Man.; Mrs. L. S. Metford, Salmon Arm, B.C.; Mr. C. C. Charters, Edmonton, Alta.; Miss Elaine Austin, Edmonton, Alta.

### Books in University Course

The long mooted university extension course on books and bookselling has just taken form at the University of Toronto, lectures being scheduled for every Friday evening from February 11th to April 13th. The programme is as follows:

February 11, "The Job of Bookselling," William Tyrrell; Feb. 18, "The Background of English Literature," Pelham Edgar, Professor of English, Victoria College; Feb. 25,

"Economics of Bookselling," March 4, "Current Authors," Miss Norah Thomson; March 11, "How to Buy," G. Neville Bolton; March 18, "Psychology of Selling," A. L. Boyd; March 25, "The Reading of a Bookseller," J. Morgan-Powell, Montreal; April 1, "Can a Bookshop Make Money?" H. Burton, Montreal; April 8, "The Making of a Book," H. S. Eayrs; April 13, "Enlarging the Market of a Bookshop," Wendell Holmes, London, Ont.

# The Collector

AN interesting catalogue (No. 5) of Canadiana and Americana, comes from the Canadian Library Agency, Toronto, comprised mainly of books from the library of the late G. G. S. Lindsey, including many volumes owned and autographed by William Lyon MacKenzie, and among them being the following, viz: Hearne's *Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean*, Dublin, 1796; original manuscript by William Lyon MacKenzie entitled, *Observations on the state of the Representation of the people of Upper Canada in the Legislature of that Province*, (price \$50); Masson's *Les Bourgeois de la compagnie du Nord-Ouest*, 2 vols., Quebec, 1889; long mms. of journals of the Assembly of Upper Canada and of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, Provincial Statutes of Upper Canada, etc.; numerous important historical and political pamphlets bound in volumes; *Bulletin du Parler Francais au Canada*, Vol. 1.-16, complete set; Burgoyne's *A State of the Expedition from Canada*, London, 1780; Christie's *History of the late province of Lower Canada*, 6 vols., Quebec and Montreal, 1848-1855; Franchere's *Relation d'un voyage a la Cote du Nord-Ouest de l'Amerique Septentrionale*, Montreal, 1820; Haliburton's *An Historical and statistical account of Nova Scotia*, 2 vols, Halifax, 1829; Kane's *Wanderings of an Artist*, London, 1859; Lahontan's *New voyage to North America*, 2 vols., London, 1735, 2nd edition; Robson's *An account of six years' residence in Hudson's Bay*, London, 1752; Smith's *History of Canada*, 2 vols., Quebec, 1815; Walker's *A Journal or full account of the late expedition to Canada*, London, 1720.

\* \* \*

A catalogue (No. 151) of Americana from Lathrop C. Harper, New York, contains some unusually important items for the collector of Canadiana, among them the following, viz: Champlain's *Voyages et Decouvertes faites en la Nouvelle France*, Paris, 1620, fine copy of the exceedingly rare re-issue of the 1619 edition (priced \$500); Creuxius' *Historiae Canadensis*, Paris, 1664, fine copy of the first edition of this scarce book (priced \$200); Drake's *Le Voyage a l'entour du monde*, Paris, 1627, second French edition (priced \$200); Frobisher's *Historia Navigationis*, Hamburg, 1675, reprint with notes of the Latin version (1580) of Dionysius Settle's account of

Frobisher's second voyage (priced \$150); Le Jeune's *Relation de ce qui s'est en la Nouvelle France en L'Annee 1639*, Paris, 1640, rare second issue of the second edition, (priced \$150); Lescarbot's *Histoire de la Nouvelle-France*, 3 vols., Paris, 1618, (priced \$150); Vimont and Lalemant's *Relation de ce qui s'est passe en la Nouvelle France E's Annees 1643 & 1664*, Paris, 1645, (priced \$150); Sagard-Theodat's *Le Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons*, Paris, 1632, fine copy of one of the most important of the early works on the North American Indians, with the two blank leaves (priced \$350); *Extraits Des Edits*, etc., Quebec, 1775, and *Traite Abrege des Ancienes Loix* etc., Quebec, 1775, two important works on the early laws and customs of Canada, then under much discussion, and rare examples of Canadian printing (priced \$75); Kanes' *Wanderings of an Artist*, London, 1859; Maseres' *Memoire* (in defence of the Quebec Act), London, 1773 (priced \$75); Saint-Valier's *Catechisme du Diocese de Quebec*, Paris, 1702, the first catechism printed for Canada (priced \$50.)

\* \* \*

A veritable feast for collectors is offered in an illustrated catalogue (No. 257) of fine and rare books, illuminated manuscripts, historical documents, autograph letters, etc., which comes from Myers & Co., London. Americana figures prominently in the catalogue, among other items coming under that head being Apianus' *Cosmographia*, Antwerp, 1540, an extremely rare edition of a work of high importance in relation to the discovery and naming of America; Hudson's *Descriptio ac delineatio Geographia Detectionis freti Sive*, Amsterdam, 1613, containing two leaves appearing in no other example (priced £120); original official manuscript document, *An Account of the Charges of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay arisen from the Expedition against Cape Breton*, 1745-46; ditto, *An Account of the Several Emissions of Paper Money in the Colony of Rhode Island for carrying on the Expedition to Cape Breton*.

\* \* \*

A book for those for whom old maps are a fascination—and who would deny being one of them?—has just been published by the Harvard University Press under the title *A Book of Old Maps*, the editors being E. D. Fite, Vassar College, and Archibald



Freeman, Phillips Academy. The volume contains 74 significant maps, gathered from their hiding places in the great libraries of Europe and America for the purpose of illustrating the course of American history from the earliest times down through the Revolutionary war. The gem of the collection, Canadian readers will be interested to know, is declared to be a reproduction of the celebrated John Mitchell map, the personal property of George III., on which that monarch traced with his own hand the boundary line between the United States and Canada as the British understood it to have been run by the treaty of 1783.

\* \* \*

An autograph letter of George Vancouver, the celebrated navigator, one page, dated "Sutton Farm," October 5, 1800, and two folio leaves from his log book on "The Discovery," 1755, signed "Geo. Vancouver," as Captain, brought \$50 at a sale of selections from the Charles Gunther collection, part two, which took place at the American Art Association Galleries in New York City on November 11 last.

\* \* \*

Catalogue No. 19 from The Aldine Book Co., Brooklyn, N.Y., in recognition of the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, is devoted to books and pamphlets relating to the American Revolution. The Canadian collector interested in the coming of the Loyalists to Canada will find not a few desirable items relating to that movement in this catalogue.

\* \* \*

Important papers relating to pioneer days in Canada and, particularly, to the work of Hudson's Bay officers, were recently discovered in the Department of Records of Northern Ireland at Belfast, and through the efforts of Dr. A. G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist, are now in possession of the Canadian Government. The documents include a journal relating to the siege of Quebec and throwing new light on the last days of General Wolfe, the papers of Arthur Dobbs of Hudson's Bay fame, and the journals of Henry Kelsey. These last cover in greater or less detail the life of a Hudson's Bay officer from 1693 to 1722.

\* \* \*

Hornsey Book List No. 72, from F. C. Carter, London, comprises prints and illustrated books, etc., and offers, among other items, a large folio volume containing 205 views, mainly sporting, and early photographs relating to North America, British Columbia and Canada, an authentic plan of Three Rivers, Que., drawn by a Captain, with a view of the action, ships, etc., colored (1760), an engraving of "The Death of Wolfe," by Woollett, after West, colored, Jan. 1, 1776, and collection of colored views

of Quebec City and Province, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Ottawa and District, Montreal and District, and Toronto and District, by various engravers after Bartlett.

\* \* \*

A copy of the Kilmarnock Burns, once owned by Lord Glencairn, a friend of the poet, was sold at Sotheby's in London, on November 18, for £780. The record price for this edition in its original wrapper is £1,600. The Glencairn copy is bound in calf. The poet named one of his sons after Lord Glencairn and wrote laments on his death.

\* \* \*

The Minutes of the Albany Committee of Correspondence, a Revolutionary War Body, have been recently issued in full, in two volumes, by the University of the State of New York. The first volume, contains the records of the parent committee for 1775-78, while the second lists the activities of the Schenectady committee for 1775-79. With the exception of the fragmentary minute book of Tryon (now Montgomery) County committee, these minutes constitute the only surviving records of those committees, which directed the revolution and took over county, city and town government in all parts of the then colony of New York.

\* \* \*

McGill University, Montreal, has recently completed the installation of a library of 25,000 Chinese books, many of them at one time in the possession of Chinese royalty, emperors and princes, and others being from the private libraries of high state officials and famous scholars. The collection contains more than 5,000 standard works on history, 700 volumes on medicine, and some famous editions of *belles lettres*, including the poems of Li Po, China's greatest poet.

\* \* \*

The latest catalogue (No. 242) from D. H. Newhall, New York, is devoted to Americana, a notable item being an extra-illustrated copy of Gerald E. Hart's *The Fall of New France*, 1755-1760, Montreal, 1888, containing, besides the original seventeen portraits and autographs, 44 A.L.S. early maps, portraits and views inlaid to size. \$65 is the price asked for what is described as "A beautiful book that would be hard to duplicate."

\* \* \*

An interesting catalogue (No. 42) of Americana, travels and voyages, etc., comes from the Surrey Book Shop, Woking, Eng. A goodly number of books with an appeal to the collector of books on Canada are listed under the head of Americana, including Bell's *History of Canada*, 3 vols., 1860; Catlin's *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs and Conditions of the North American Indians*, 2 vols., 1841, fine copy of the

original edition; Colden's *History of the Five Nations of Canada, 1750*; Kemble's *The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada, 1866*, and McGregor's *British America, 1832*.

\* \* \*

A catalogue of Americana which truly bears out its title: *Rare and unusual Books, Pamphlets, Broad-sides, Maps, described bibliographically and descriptively*, comes from Albert A. Bieber, Manasquan, N.J. It has no section devoted to books on Canada, but the collector of such books will find some good pickings in it.

\* \* \*

Catalogue No. 10, from Dauber & Pine's Bookshops, Inc., New York, comprises choice and interesting books on a variety of subjects, Americana among them. Under this head are listed, among other items, Baxter's *Memoir of Jacques Cartier*, New York, 1906, first edition, one of 300 copies, and Bouchette's *British Dominions in North America*. London, 1832, first edition.

THE COLLECTOR.

\* \* \*

### An Interesting Shop

There is a bookstore in London, England, having over 1,250,000 volumes in stock—that of Foyles, in Charing Cross road. They have just opened a separate store where, it is said, any play, musical score or book on music and the drama may be obtained. This store is crowded daily by people who are "theatricals and 'highbrows,'" the latter intent upon the plays of Congreve, Beaumont and Fletcher. The revival of *The Beggar's Opera* has sent the value of the first edition up to \$100.

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# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature  
and the Creative Arts*        290 a year 25c a copy

Vol. IX.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1927

No. 3 !



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

*125 Simcoe Street*

*Toronto, 2, Canada*



# Inside Stuff . . .

## Those Missing Ads.

THE accompanying letter from Mrs. Garland Foster is reproduced in "Inside Stuff" because it touches a vital question affecting the growth of *Canadian Bookman*. It is to some extent our own fault that we are not carrying more advertisements of Canadian publishers because we are not continually camping on their doorsteps hat in hand for the crumbs that may fall. But *Canadian Bookman* is not that kind of a magazine. It is for the *discerning* and the *interested*, who have the welfare of literary Canada actually at heart and not for those publishers who would have this journal's sole mission the exploiting of its subscribers as immediate purchasers.

In this connection it may be stated here that more than one Canadian publisher has sought to discount the value of advertising in *Canadian Bookman* on the ground that *Authors Do Not Buy Books*—a most unfair assumption in itself, and also because the several hundred authors on *Canadian Bookman's* list represent less than one-quarter of the total number of subscribers.

Is it not a proof of inherent value that a subscriber should write a letter such as this one from Mrs. Garland Foster? If there should be any such development as indicated by this letter the result would surely be as our correspondent assumes—the addition of more pages of reading matter.

Vancouver, Mar. 1, 1927

Editor, "Canadian Bookman:"

Where are to be found the advertisements of the various publishing houses of Canada? Where those of the engravers and all the other business houses that are of interest to writers? Lately, wanting to see which publishers did the most effectual advertising, (for even would-be authors like ourselves, sometimes have a nice taste in advertising even though not always able to gratify it), I sought the "Canadian Bookman" pages thinking that here it would be at hand. Which makes me ask again, where are the rest of the publishers?

May I suggest to the subscribers to "Canadian Bookman" that each charge himself with procuring one advertisement a year? This will mean that where a group wishes to compete a full page ad. may be considered the equivalent. Not a large order surely.

For years I have hunted for just the right kind of envelopes for mailing certain kinds of MSS. On the other hand I know where to obtain the cheapest kind of paper for first drafts. Could we not exchange ideas of a mechanical character through "Canadian Bookman" ads?

The Dean of Windsor commented the other day upon the individuality of Canadians. A nice characteristic, but often taken to too great extremes. Co-operation is the thing we should strive for if we want more than individual survivals. So may it not be that 2000 subscribers determined to bring at least one buyer and seller together may establish a little business for the

country as well as help their fellow writers? "Canadian Bookman" does a lot of free advertising every time a book is reviewed, to say nothing of the free advertising we all get from time to time. Both authors and publishers owe a good deal to the magazine as it is, so why not make some return once in a while? Incidentally, the more pages of paid ads. there are, the more pages of reading matter can be added.

A. H. FOSTER,  
(Mrs. W. Garland Foster.)

Lloyd Roberts believes that it is just as desirable that Canada's accomplishments in literature and art should be brought to the attention of the world as that the extent of our wheat fields and other material wealth and potentialities should be emblazoned to the universe. Moreover, he has, in his recent course of addresses on Canadian literature, been bringing home effectively to his audiences what genuine cause for appreciation and future hope has been brought about by this country's attainments in literature. As potent factors in developing greater interest in Canadian literature he mentioned especially the organization of the Canadian Authors Association, the founding of *The Canadian Bookman* and the increased attention to the works of our own writers in the teaching of literature in the schools.

## Balm of Gilead

"*Canadian Bookman* grows in excellence," writes a Regina subscriber in sending in a renewal. This came as a welcome antidote to a Halifax message in the same mail, which expressed the hope that we would make an effort "to improve the contributions for 1927."

"Since subscribing to *Canadian Bookman* at the beginning of the year, I have read each issue from cover to cover, and would not be without it now."—Mrs. Verna Bentley, Toronto.

*Public Opinion*, of London, England, reprinted John W. Garvin's poem "Our Guest," from the Poetry Number of *Canadian Bookman*, and in a subsequent issue Lloyd Roberts' "Dusting," from the same source.

Mr. R. James, who conducts an interesting bookshop at 319 Cambie St., Vancouver, specializing in the buying and selling of Canadiana and early poetry, writes that he is pleased with the results of his small advertisement running regularly in *Canadian Bookman*. Mr. James is taking a special interest in books of significance in connection with the coming celebration of Confederation.

# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office: 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. IX., No. 3

TORONTO, MARCH, 1927

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## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL

By O. J. Stevenson

IN the year 1888 there was published in St. John, N.B., a little book of verse entitled *Snowflakes and Sunbeams*, by William Wilfred Campbell. Campbell was at that time rector of Trinity Church, St. Stephen, N.B., and the book was published as a means of raising money for charity. It was a slight paper-bound volume, containing only some twenty short poems; but among them were a number of exquisite lyrics, notably the poems entitled *Snow*, *Indian Summer*, and *Before the Dawn*. Most of these lyrics had, however, already appeared in magazines, and their publication now in book form is important only because it definitely marks the beginning of Campbell's career as a poet.

Campbell's father and grandfather were clergymen; and at the time of the poet's birth (1861) his father, Rev. Thomas Campbell, was rector of the Anglican church at Berlin (Kitchener,) Ont. Wilfred Campbell was the second son in a family of seven boys. For a number of years after the poet's birth the Rev. Thomas Campbell did parish work in the eastern part of Ontario, in Lansdowne, Athens, and on the upper Ottawa; but in 1871 he removed to Wiarton, on a branch of the Georgian Bay. From this time forth, Wiarton was the family home, and the scenery and surroundings of this romantic neigh-

borhood had much to do with stimulating the poet's imagination. He attended High School in Owen Sound, after which he was engaged in teaching for two years. At the age of twenty he entered the University of Toronto, with the intention of taking the first two years in one. But after one year in Arts he decided to study theology, and next autumn (1882), he was registered as a student in Wycliffe College. Those who knew him at this time report that he was not interested greatly in student life or in sports; but, as in later life, he was fond of discussion and argument.

After a year at Wycliffe he attended the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., as a special student. In the meantime in 1884 he was married to Miss Mary Dibble, daughter of Dr. Dibble, of Woodstock, Ont. Marriage, while he was still a student and with limited means of support, may seem to have been imprudent; but in his case it proved a steady influence.

The following year (1885) Campbell was ordained as minister of the Union Church at West Claremont, New Hampshire; and during the three years that he remained there he began to contribute poems to *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's*. In the year 1888 he resigned his charge at West Claremont to become rector



of Trinity Church, St. Stephen, N.B. The two years that he spent here were years of happy inspiration and earnest work. The little volume *Snow-flakes and Sunbeams*, it is true, attracted little attention; but in the following year (1889), other poems were added and the larger collection appeared under the new title of *Lake Lyrics*. It was this little volume that first gave Campbell a recognized place among Canadian poets. Most of the poems contained in the volume are true "lake lyrics," descriptive of the scenes and impressions of the poet's boyhood and youth. They are an attempt to express in language something of the glamour of this "magic region of blue waters," the "wild paradise" of the northern lakes, which had made a lasting impression on the poet's imagination. He knew and loved the lake country in all its moods, from the sunlight on the blue water which lay stretched out beneath the hilltop where stood his boyhood home, to the harder and harsher prospect of the ice-bound bay on which he skated as a boy. It was all an inspiration, and we can understand why he chose as a title to one of his later books in prose, *The Beauty, History, Romance and Mystery of the Canadian Lake Region*. To him, as boy and man, it was a land of magic.

But aside from the lake lyrics, there were a number of poems in the volume which showed that Campbell possessed gifts other than those of the merely descriptive poet. In *Dan'l and Mat* and in *Lazarus*, there appeared in two widely diverse forms unmistakable evidence of unusual narrative and dramatic power. There are two songs of childhood which are written in a tender, affectionate, delicate vein; and in the last poem in the series, the sonnet on *Knowledge*, it is the soul of the philosophic, didactic Campbell that looks out upon the mystery of the world.

In 1890 Campbell resigned his

charge in St. Stephen, and after spending a few months in Southampton—a short distance from his boyhood home in Wiarton—in charge of the parish, he withdrew from the ministry. He perhaps felt that the creeds of the church were too narrow and dogmatic, and he was too independent to hold to dogmas with whose spirit he was not fully in accord.

It was not long, however, before he found more congenial employment. In the following spring he was appointed by Sir John Macdonald to a position in the Civil Service at Ottawa—the very last appointment which the veteran chieftain made. In this position his duties were light, and he had a good deal of leisure time for reading and study. His life, from this time forward, except for the publication of his books, was, on the whole, uneventful.

In 1893 he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and thereafter he took a great interest in the work of the History and English Literature Section of the Society. In 1906, on the occasion of a visit to Scotland, he was asked to represent the Society at the four hundredth anniversary of the founding of the University of Aberdeen; and on that occasion, along with some eighty others (including Andrew Carnegie and Signor Marconi), he received the degree of LL.D., and during the ceremonies he was presented to the King and Queen.

But his real life and real interests during these years lay in his literary work. Two years after his removal to Ottawa he published *The Dread Voyage and Other Poems* (1893), and this was followed a few years later (1899) by the volume entitled *Beyond the Hills of Dream*. In these two volumes a distinct change comes over his work. There is a widened range of interest and a deepening of tone. He is now not so much interested in nature for

its own sake as for its human associations; and myth and legend occupy a larger place in his poems. Among the finest of the poems in these two volumes are *The Mother*, the poem by which he is best known; the dramatic monologue *Unabsolved*, the exquisite *Harvest Slumber Song*, and *The Bereavement of the Fields*, written upon the death of Lampman.

His *Collected Poems*, published in 1905, includes more than one hundred hitherto unpublished poems; and this new volume contains the best of Campbell's mature work. Perhaps in some poems the philosopher and teacher, the preacher of human life, is too much in evidence, and perhaps, on the whole, there is a sacrifice of the sensuous elements, the pure music of his earlier verse, to philosophic utterance; but poems such as

*Lines on a Skeleton*, *The Hills and the Sea*, *The Vanguard*, *The Dream Divine*, *A Canadian Galahad* (Henry A. Harper), *Not Unto Endless Death*, and the lines on *Poetry* are examples of Campbell's finest and most enduring work.

Campbell had a strong dramatic sense and an ambition to write great dramas that might be acted on the stage. In 1895 he published two dramas, in a volume entitled *Mordred*

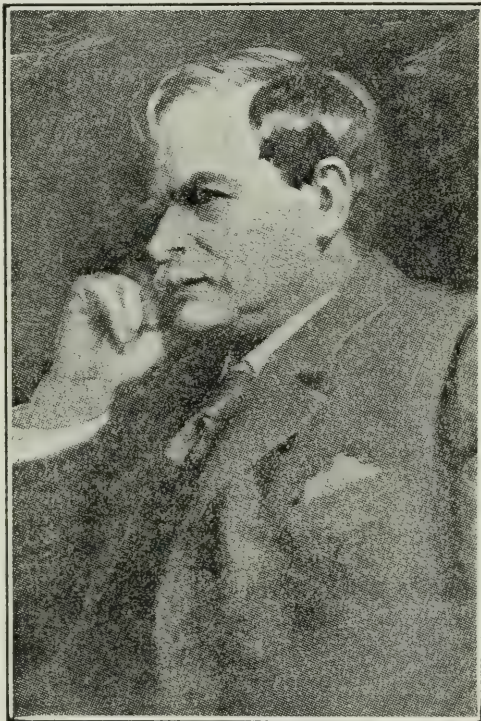
and *Hildebrand*. In 1898 two others were added, and he has left several other dramas which are still in manuscript form. At a later period he became interested in prose fiction, and produced two historical novels, *Ian of the Orcades* (1906) and *A Beautiful Rebel* (1909). But neither his dramas nor his novels can take rank with his poems, and it is on his work

as a lyrical and reflective poet that his reputation must finally rest.

During the last ten years of his life Campbell became more and more interested in world politics, and his later poems are strongly patriotic and imperialistic in character. In these later years, indeed, so changed was his point of view that he even spoke slightly of his own earlier nature poems. When the Great War broke out his patriotic spirit was stirred

to the depths, and pride of race and passion for British tradition found expression in a number of stirring war poems, some of which were not published until after his death. But admirable though they are these poems of race and empire have in them less of "the dream divine" than his earlier work.

It is not surprising that the general reader finds it difficult to form a proper estimate of Campbell's work; for



**WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL**

(From the frontispiece of his collected poems.)



his poems are diverse in theme and treatment and uneven in character. In general, there were three main influences that affected the character of his poetry. Perhaps the strongest of these was his Celtic temperament. He traced his descent from the Campbells of Argyll, and he was very proud of his lineage. Throughout his life, indeed, he was an intimate friend of the late Duke, who is better known to Canadians as the Marquis of Lorne. This Celtic strain—its fire, its impetuous ardour, its seriousness, its dignity, its tenderness, its sense of mystery, is in evidence in much of Campbell's poetry. And nearer at hand there is the inheritance from his immediate ancestry. His father and his father's father were churchmen, and he himself had been associated with the Church for nearly ten years. This may account, in part at least, for the tone of seriousness sometimes approaching austerity, the spirit of moral earnestness, that pervades so much of his work. It was from his mother, however, that he inherited his purely literary gifts, his love of music and painting and good books, and his sense of literary style. The third great influence, which supplied the inspiration for his earlier verse, was "the beauty and mystery" of the northern lake region. It held Campbell under its spell as another part of the north country held Tom Thomson at a later day.

As a result of these diverse influences Campbell excelled in various forms of poetry—in the pure nature lyric, in narrative and dramatic poetry, in philosophic and reflective verse, and in lyrics which appeal to the emotions and stir the imagination of the reader. He takes rank easily as one of our greatest Canadian poets, and at times he rises to heights which place his work on a level with the classics of the greater British poets. But for various reasons his work was not fully appreciated in his lifetime,

either by the general reader or the literary critic. The average reader of poetry was no doubt repelled by the didactic tone of much of his verse. Then, too, the work of Campbell is uneven in quality. There are poems that are dull and even harsh in tone. Campbell evidently did his finest work when his Celtic imagination was stirred by strong emotion and in those supreme moments he was, in a sense, inspired; but he spent little time in perfecting the technical form of his verse. In his later period he came to attach so much importance to the thought and so little to poetic form that his poetry suffers as a result. But in his moods of poetic exaltation his verse rises to heights of rare poetic beauty.

But perhaps the main causes—weaknesses you may call them if you will—that were responsible for the general lack of appreciation of Campbell's poetry were his own personal peculiarities of temperament. He had strong likes and dislikes, strong aversions and strong convictions; he was tenacious of his opinions and inclined to be intolerant of those who held different views. Moreover, he felt very keenly the fact that his work was undervalued by the public, and he accordingly put an estimate on his own work which gave him the reputation of being egotistic. But if Campbell was egotistic, so was Wordsworth and so was Tennyson, in his later years at least, and so were many other great poets.

Aside from idiosyncrasies such as these, Campbell's personal tastes and habits of life were not such as to bring him into public notice. His tastes were simple, he belonged to no clubs, and preferred his own fireside, with music and poetry and discussion with intimate friends, quiet walks in the country, correspondence, and the companionship of books, "letting the world remote, and its roar, go by." Some years before his death he re-

moved to a suburban home—Kilmorie house, on the Merivale road—high above the Ottawa Valley, and with a view of the distant Laurentians; and here he spent much time in gardening and in the improvement of the grounds of his new home.

In personal and public life he was actuated by the loftiest motives. The following passages from a letter which the writer received from him some years before his death is an admirable expression of his ideals: "Canada wants today to be saved from her worser-self, namely materialism. The best cure is in the highest British ideals—character, culture, loyalty and imagination. The people want to forget their 'rights' and awake to their 'responsibilities.' For this end we must all work—both the educationalist and the poet, side by side."

At the time of his death he had scarcely passed the prime of life, but perhaps he had outlived the period of his highest poetic powers. He died very suddenly, of pneumonia, on New Year's day, 1918. He was buried in Beechwood cemetery, in a plot of ground overlooking the Gatineau Valley, with the blue Laurentians on the

far horizon. The plot was the gift of Hon. Mackenzie King, one of his most intimate friends. The monument, a seat in marble, was a token of affection from other friends and the medallion in the centre was the tribute of Dr. Tait Mackenzie, the eminent sculptor, an old personal friend.

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

- Snowflakes and Sunbeams*, St. John, N.B., 1888.  
*Lake Lyrics*, St. John, N.B., 1889.  
*The Dread Voyage, and Other Poems*, Toronto, 1893.  
*Mordred and Hildebrand*, Ottawa, 1895.  
*Beyond the Hills of Dream*, Boston and New York, 1899.  
*Collected Poems*, Toronto, 1905.  
*Ian of the Orcades, a Scottish Romance*, Edinburgh and London, 1906.  
*Canada* (illustrated by T. Mower Martin, R.C.A.) London, 1907.  
*Poetical Tragedies*, Toronto, 1908.  
*A Beautiful Rebel, an historical novel*, Toronto, 1909.  
*The Beauty, History, Romance and Mystery of the Canadian Lake Region*, Toronto, 1910.  
*The Scotsman in Canada*, Toronto, 1911.  
*Sagas of Vaster Britain*, London, 1914.  
*Poetical Works*, London and Toronto, 1922.  
*Editor, Oxford Book of Canadian Verse*. London: 1914.

## Before the Dawn

By Wilfred Campbell

ONE hour before the flush of dawn,  
 That all the rosy daylight weaves,  
 Here in my bed, far overhead  
 I hear the swallows in the eaves.

I cannot see, but well I know,  
 That out around the dusky grey,  
 Across dark lakes and voiced streams,  
 The blind, dumb vapours feel their  
 way.

And here and there a star looks down  
 Out of the fog that holds the sea  
 In its embrace, while up the lands,  
 Some cock makes music lustily.

And out within the dreamy woods,  
 Or in some clover-blossomed lawn,  
 The blinking robin pipes his mate  
 To wake the music of the dawn.



# The Life of John Graves Simcoe

A Review by Albert E. S. Smythe

IT had been the intention of the late John Ross Robertson to write the life of John Graves Simcoe, first Lieutenant-Governor of what is now Ontario. Mr. Robertson's death prevented the completion of the work in which he had made some progress. His materials, a collection of correspondence and other matter, were placed by his son, Mr. Irving Robertson, at the disposal of his friend and fellow worker in the same field, Hon. Mr. Justice Riddell, and he has carried out the work which they had intended to do jointly, Mr. Robertson taking the part concerning Simcoe out of Canada, and Mr. Justice Riddell the part in Canada. No use has been made in the book now published by Mr. Justice Riddell of the chapters that Mr. Robertson wrote, so that we have a biography of Simcoe by one better qualified to write it, perhaps, than anyone else in the Empire.

So many biographies and histories are of the dry-as-dust character that Carlyle denounced, one welcomes a narrative as readable and entertaining as the present, although it must be regarded more as an historical adjunct to the work of the late Mr. Robertson on Mrs. Simcoe than as a full-length account of the family.

The portrait of Simcoe as a young man which prefaces the volume would not lead one to expect him to be a man of great brilliance, nor does he seem to have been so. He was reliable and not above taking the advice of those whom he felt he could trust or were better informed than himself. Perhaps he lacked the quality of "push" by which many men in public life attain their desires, and

the 22nd chapter indicates that his contemporaries and friends in England did not scruple to put him off with excuses and promises which never came to anything. His health was not good, and he had a family which in our time would be regarded as enormous, though then only of moderate dimensions. On his return from San Domingo he was received, "not as a victorious officer, but as a culprit." He resigned his commission in San Domingo and also his Lieutenant-Governorship of Upper Canada.

After various snubs and put-offs, including a promise of the Governor-Generalship of Canada, he was given the command of the Western District in England and retired to Wolford Manor to await events. In 1799 it was stated that he was to command a force to be sent to France, but this came to nothing. Sir Charles Stuart in 1800 asked him to go with him to the Mediterranean as second in command, but another of his nine children was about to be born, and on account of his wife's health he had to decline. After Henry Addington Simcoe was born his father accepted the post, but the Duke of York had named another.

In 1801 he pressed for the fulfilment of the promise that he should be Governor-General, but Prescott was continued till 1807. Then he asked for the reversion of the Lieutenant-Governorship of Plymouth, and the Duke of York promised this to him, but he appointed Lieutenant-General England instead. The Governor was in delicate health and Simcoe tried to obtain this post. Next he offered to be a candidate for the Bor-

ough of Plymouth and to support the government, but neither of these attempts succeeded.

In 1804 his health was failing again, but he was still in command of the Western District. An expedition to India was planned and his military reputation helped in his being chosen as one of the Board of Control of six privy councillors to have control over all the British possessions in India. He accepted the assignment in July, but in August a situation developed in Portugal which rendered an expedition to the Tagus necessary, and Simcoe was sent with Lord Rosslyn with six sail of the line. On the voyage out on the *Illustrious*, Simcoe "had for a time shown his usual vigour; he had discussed with intelligence and ability the object of the mission with his colleagues and was able to make his influence felt." But before the voyage was ended he was taken ill and he was returned to England and arrived there on October 20. He was conveyed to Exeter and died in the house of Archdeacon Moore in the Cathedral Close on October 26, 1806. He was buried at Wolford Lodge. His monument stands in Exeter Cathedral. It records that his eldest son Francis Gwillim, fell in the Breach at the siege of Badajoz on April 6, 1812, in his 21st year. It touches one to think that one's great-grandfather served with him in the 27th foot as Captain.

It will be seen that Simcoe had the cards stacked against him to some extent, and it is not a bad lesson for Canadians to know that their fore-most had no more opportunity than the lowest, and had to fight for what he got. That he was no heaven-born administrator appears from his views on education, which were merely those of the ruling classes of his time. He had "no conception of a national system of education in our modern sense: England in that regard, as in all else, was his model. The common

people would be none the better for an education which would probably make them discontented with their station. As is well known," adds the biographer, "the system or lack of system in primary education in England was until but the other day a reproach to her statesmen and people generally."

Not the least valuable part of the volume are the voluminous and highly interesting notes appended to each chapter. Readers who have not formed the habit of reading notes and pre-faces should not omit the opportunity here offered. They constitute with a copious index at least half the material of the book of 492 pages.

The book is one of the most important additions to our historical annals in late years. It will give the reader an instant sense of what colonization meant for the people of four generations ago. It will help his understanding of the attitude of England in the intervening period, and it throws considerable light upon the unfortunate division that had occurred when "men like Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, never contemplated separation from Great Britain" until they were forced to it by "a bungling ministry aided by a conscientious but ill-unbalanced King who had been as badly educated as he was badly advised."

The portraits and other illustrations serve to heighten the interest of the political and legislative and topographical detail, and the whole story in Mr. Justice Riddell's clear and incisive manner gives a vivid picture of the foundation of that polity which has grown into the Dominion of Canada.

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THE LIFE OF JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE.

By the Hon. William Renwick Riddell. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. \$6.00.



# Chances for Canadian Authors

By Grenville Kleiser

CONTRARY to common belief, the Canadian author has equal opportunities with authors of other countries. There is not the slightest reason why a Canadian with literary aspirations should be discouraged from entering the literary field, or why one who has already made a start should be swerved by initial failures to get his manuscripts accepted. The fact that he (or she) happens to belong to a country that has not yet had, by the very nature of things, time to establish a considerable literary reputation or tradition, must not be allowed to dampen the ardor of the ambitious writer. Fundamentally, all depends upon the quality of his work.

Editors and publishers are always ready to consider really meritorious manuscripts; they are quick to recognize unusual talent. It is safe to say that no responsible and enterprising modern publisher would reject good work simply because the name of the author, and the up-country town from which he hailed, happened to be new to him. The publisher's first concern must always be whether the work is sufficiently good to be welcomed by his public—may they be expected to ask for more? In other words: is the manuscript saleable?

But the Canadian author should realize that his own country does not offer in itself a field sufficiently extensive (as regards population), for a large sale of his books. While Canada is, of course, vast in terms of acreage, the reading—or rather book-buying—public, is as yet comparatively limited, compared with other countries. The Canadian author may do his work here, but he must look to the United States, with its population of over a hundred million people, for his audience. This obvious fact is one

of geography and numbers, and it is simply fatal to success for any Canadian author to disregard it.

Moreover, the Canadian writer is none the less loyal to his own country by thus seeking to augment the limited audience offered to him here. Indeed, it is the part of a large-hearted patriotism to give the product of his brain and pen to as large a reading public as possible. Only by this means may Canada build a literary reputation; she must, as it were, advertise herself throughout the world by means of her young writers, and thus create a demand for her literary products—just as she does for the better known material products of her soil.

The field in Great Britain offers the advantage of an appreciative and book-buying audience, but there again the Canadian author's opportunities are limited. True, Great Britain is densely populated and possesses a large number of publishing houses and an extensive press. There is, however, a very large supply of manuscript to meet the publisher's demand; and although, as has been stated, good work always stands a chance, it is better to seek that chance in a country where the possibilities of acceptance are higher, and the ultimate field of readers far greater.

After all, a book may be of superlative merit, but it must be brought to the attention of large numbers of people in order to ensure an extensive sale. And the young author may rest assured that, once he shows signs of making good, an American publisher may usually be relied upon to accord to his work the full value of publicity over the vast field at his disposal.

The conscientious writer must look upon this opportunity as something

more than a mere commercial one. It has to do also with the actual usefulness and service of his literary work, since a book must of necessity be read by many people if it is to accomplish the greatest amount of good—whether this be measured in terms of moral helpfulness or merely of pleasant diversion, according to the nature of the volume.

Canadian publishers should not be blamed for conditions for which they are not responsible. Obviously they cannot pay as big prices for stories and articles as is possible for American publishers, with their immensely greater following of advertisers and readers. Literature in Canada must perforce be a slow and steady growth for years to come. Meanwhile, authors and publishers alike should aim constantly at a higher standard of literature. Nauseous fiction should be so discouraged that it will no longer be produced.

Years ago, Mrs. Eddy, the discoverer of Christian Science, sounded a warning which is particularly applicable today:

"Novels, remarkable only for their exaggerated pictures, impossible ideals, and specimens of depravity, fill our young readers with wrong tastes and sentiments. Literary commercialism is lowering the intellectual standard to accommodate the purse and to meet a frivolous demand for amusement instead of for improvement. Incorrect views lower the standard of truth."

Like the poor, the vulgar will probably be more or less always with us; but we must not permit them to vitiate our taste, nor bring us down to their level. It is the paramount duty of every lover of truth and beauty to safeguard his ideals and to promulgate in every possible way ideas which make for the well-being and highest progress of mankind.

## Splinters from a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

### 1—THE TEMPTATION TO WRITE

ANY magazine editor will tell you that everyone writes. There is everyone's copy on his desk to prove it. The results of successful writing look so easy, like ripe purple plums that we might have picked as readily as he who got them. But after one has groped up a few of the steps to Parnassus it is salutary and instructive to look down and observe in true perspective the boulder-strewn approach to the rugged stairway, the approach that you mistook for a velvet swarded path by primrose girt.

The profession of letters, the art of writing, the business of scribbling . . . why worry about names? . . . writing is that profession into which entry is easiest, in which success is hardest. With an inkpot, a pen and a sheet of

paper, you might write a lyric as exquisite and melodious as the best of Yeats'. Simple tools, eh? Think of the diver, his helmet and pump; then hie you to the stationer's. It is a lovable profession to undertake; none other can you enter with such complete ignorance, such entire lack of knowledge of aught which might deter you. And they who should warn you of the Serbonian bog you are wandering into, of what cliffs there are to scale if you get out of the marl, of what giants and dwarfs hide in the fastness to hurl granite blocks upon you and jeer . . . they who could perhaps turn you away before it is too late, remain silent.

Worse; they encourage you. Only a brave man will admit he does not like Thackeray; only a prevaricator will



say, having toiled through ten volumes at random, that he finds Thackeray delightful: (Don't you loathe dogmatic persons?) But Thackeray will not let a young man pass without cajoling him, urging him with the subtlest arguments, almost forcing him into the profession of letters. Read *Pendennis*. You may not like Thackeray; you will love Pen. Yet how love one and hate the other? Pen's adventures in journalism should be classed with the fireside masterpieces of Hans Andersen and Ludwig Grimm. But would you not love to go through them? You just would. And so, mischievously, maliciously, unconsciously all the while, Thackeray makes of you a neophyte. You dream. O Youth, Youth! And you come to this . . .

"Dear sir: we regret that the enclosed manuscript does not in every way meet the . . ."

But why prolong the agony? If there be amongst you one who has not gazed thereon, let him off to the mountains and in the wilderness hide himself, fasting and praying, that his fortunate lot be made forever secure.

For that is what Thackeray will do to you, Youth. Thackeray and all the rest, even the gentle Stevenson. The others do it less obviously, but none the less surely. You must not read Stevenson's *Apology for Idlers*! We, too, are helping to destruction.

But the soul-tasted joy of it! Poor Pol(1) starved. The garrets of London town saw and still see gaunt men, fevered, hungry men, writing by the faint light of candle or lamp. Francis Thompson . . . But the beauty . . . and the pity of it! John Galsworthy wrote for ten years with one only glimmer of success. Millions less bold, less filled with flame than these, laid their white ghosts away and turned from a love so hard to woo. But if that love has marked you, even with the sign of Melancholy, for her own, you will not escape her, nor, if you

love her long will you go unrewarded.

Writing is the most glamorous of arts. May not one generalize? Not even for the sake of glamour? But it is. Not even the thrill of selling one's first canvas is comparable to the joy paradisaical of the first cheque that comes back instead of the script you sent forth. You who have pressed it to your heart, exulting in what you deny to be avarice, bourgeois greed, fly to my aid. Is it not so? The second, the third, the thousandth slim messenger, have glamour; none like the first.

In the writing, too, was joy. Newman called it torture; at times we all revolt. But after the pangs of labour comes the sunshine of a new life sprung from you. Glamour in the weaving of your web, in the blending of its colors, in the often uncertain trend of its design. Glamour even in failure and defeat. It was worthwhile.

Then write if you must, for you will anyway. You may starve, go insane, be cast into prison, be torn by mad dogs . . . that is your heritage. It goes with the profession when you enter. Are you not tempted?

Everybody writes to be read, but some write with money as an immediate goal; others—"the deep-breathing school of literature" some uncouth critic called them—scribble with the slogan of Art for Art's sake and sneer at the general run of magazines. But commission one of the deep-breathers at good rates to write a thriller for a Penny Dreadful, and see Art go by the board. Reverently, with the awe of mere matter for pure spirit, we pass by the poets. Who can tell what a poet will do? They have been known to hold up a whole edition of their works rather than alter a line . . .

Now, if you are writing with gain as proximate objective, God help you, be advised. The success of one's writing depends on the power of one's thinking. You are going to write . . . What? For whom?

You say you will write at random, with no particular place in mind as a market for your work. Well, you are not so foolhardy as you seem; but from a professional point of view, you are taking a long and haphazard way to your proximate object. About ninety per cent of the writing-to-sell game is market-knowledge. If you have a good idea and know that sentences have as a rule a verb and subject, you can turn out saleable work. But you must be a salesman and you must be as optimistic after the fiftieth rejection as you were at the outset. As a preparation for free-lance work spend a season selling brushes, vacuum-cleaners or some other article that people do not want; then you won't mind it so much.

The writer who, with hope of early reward, begins work unsupplied with a wide knowledge of markets and methods, is a babe in the woods. Study the magazines, the trade-journals of your craft, the books and guides on where and what and how to sell; watch for new magazines, take advantage of changed policies and act quickly. Frightfully mercenary, this business of the hacksmith; but pleasant and sometimes profitable.

A very impartial trade as a rule. Except in the advertising pamphlets where big names are a fetish the story by Ig-Loo, the unknown scribe from Chesterfield Inlet, will have preference over that of Algernon Dogberry, the famous writer of best-sellers, provided Ig-Loo's yarn be stronger and more appealing.

The way you tell your story has a faint bearing on its success; only faint. Don't write too well. That were suicide. It is a worse crime to write too well than to write poorly. Remember, the Classical Dictionary, the Age of Fable, the English of Dick Steele and Addison, charm not at all the readers of rawhide rhapsodies and singing six-gun stories. Talk in the vernacular, even though it hurt you.

Once in a great while you may get a chance to use your education and write something you care about. It is always well for you to have some darling of your heart which you can caress in odd moments, some loved piece of writing which lets you forget your brainless preferred blondes, your infantine-minded heroes and idiotic villains. It may be a book on fossils, a treatise on evolution, a new explanation of why Bacon was Shakespeare and what about it. An it be uncommercial, it will be balm for your harassed soul.

What to write about in the day's work? Anyone of a hundred persons you know has a hundred story-suggestions about him in his looks and speech and habits. Any place, any sight, that affects you, has drama attached to it, unless you're feeble-minded. Observe and reject and when an idea strikes you and stops you . . . you have something to be written. Note books are handy—to keep stamps and old letters in; the belief that all writers are forever armed with one and a sharp pencil is a myth very much over-played. A true thought strikes deep; the flitting flame is often just a flame with nothing either before or after, and the vivid images of the last few intra-vital moments, if examined in the grey dawn, often are found to have broken backs and holes in their joints through which the sawdust and excelsior fall out. Their promise is empty.

Writing absorbs more of you more deeply than any other profession and it enriches you in proportion. It fastens strong tendrils about your heart. You exult in the captivity. Though you may never stir from your study-table except to take an easy-chair, it is the most adventurous of the arts; taking you anywhere, in whatever guise you fancy; among the llamas of Thibet, the wild Cossacks, the placid peasants of Languedoc, the grizzled shepherds of Auld Scotia.



## *It Is Reported* THAT—

—Jules Tremblay, Ottawa author, has been elected chairman of the Carnegie Public Library, Ottawa.

—nine of the primary chapters of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire in New Brunswick have donated libraries to schools in that province.

—Frank Oliver Call, in an address before the Women's Art Society, of Montreal, stressed the historical background of French Canada as a great field for literary work.

—the Province of Quebec is co-operating with Queen's University, Kingston, in the form of contributions of French books considered to be of value to the University. The movement has the support of Premier Taschereau.

—the old Manor of Lanaudière at Ste. Anne de Perade, Quebec, was totally destroyed by fire on March 2nd. This manor was famed as having been the home of the Canadian heroine, fourteen-year-old Madeleine de Versheres.

—Percy Gomery, addressing the Lions Club, Vancouver, on February 3rd, made a strong impression with his plea for a more general reading of Canadian books and a closer knowledge of Canada authors and what they are accomplishing.

—Sir Lester Harmsworth, addressing the Antiquarian Booksellers Association, in London, expressed the regret that while great public libraries were formed in the United States, none were apparently being formed in other English-speaking communities. One or two were maintained in Australia, he thought, but he knew of none in Canada or South Africa.

—J. M. Elson, Toronto novelist, speaking in the auditorium of the London, Ont., Collegiate Institute on February 7th, on "Canadian Literature and Writers," made a telling appeal for support of Canadian writers on the score of the accomplishments of more than five hundred Canadian writers who had made substantial contributions to the literature of the world.

—Cecil Roberts, literary critic, Montreal, who has of late been achieving considerable success in the field of fiction, gave a pithy talk on the writing craft before the Women's Art Society of that city. His explanation of the tremendous output of rubbish in fiction today was that the writers did their work with one eye on the possibilities of the silver screen, inducing them to scale their stories down so that they might be grasped by the infantile mind.

## O.S.A. EXHIBITION

THE annual O.S.A. exhibition at the Art Gallery of Toronto March 4-27, is worth going to see, for it shows some progress toward greater freedom and light. Though there are many pictures that seem really poor, without power or beauty, yet they are marks on the way to that goal toward which all advance.

Pictures are interesting and valuable for the feeling they give us, some memory or aspiration. One of these is the little gray picture, "First Snow, Rockbound Coast," number 108, by R. Pilot, and one by Miss Sarah Robertson, "March Snow," number 113, both well designed and simple. Number 29, Miss A. Despard's "Woods," has a feeling of interior stillness and imagination.

The larger pictures seem less impressive than the small ones. "Autumnal," number 21, has brilliant color and snappy design, but it is not to look at long. "Northern Canada," number 69, burnt trees and a red sky, would be more impressive with a simpler, more careful foreground. Arthur Lismer has a wild bright sunset on Georgian Bay, number 65. Here are several bright mountain pictures and a large, well-painted canvas by F. H. Brigden, number 10, showing Montreal Falls in Algoma, a grand, noble river.

There are many portraits, but none outstanding, except the "Portrait of a Lady," number 34, by Kenneth Forbes. This may be classed as the first picture of the exhibition, for it has a look of upright goodness and rectitude worth going far to see.

The small octagonal room is the most modern. Even what is evidently a cubist painting hangs there. The room is dominated by Lawren Harris's "Mountain," number 49, with its refined color and remote dignity. Seen from the end of the long room it has an impressive, ethereal look, a picture of air.

A. Y. Jackson has three, the best being "St. Hilarion," number 55, a winter day all bright, cold and still. The larger gray one, number 56, is not a good Jackson.

"Arise, Shine," number 12, and "Endless Dawn," number 13, by B. R. Brooker, are symbolic, mystical pictures which are difficult to appreciate. The mountains of "Endless Dawn" are fine, but it takes great ability and power, perhaps consecration, to put symbolic figures in a picture.

The large, red picture of "Static," number 83, seems not worth while. Nor does the extreme modern sculpture, except the portrait, number 227.

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

## The First True Gentleman

A Review by T. D. Rimmer

MIDDLETON MURRY'S new book has been foreshadowed in many of his writings. It was inevitable that the beauty of Jesus' life would rivet his attention and prompt him to give us his own interpretation. Now he has done so and has written a book that will live long in the memory of those who read it.

Those who approach it in a spirit of intolerant orthodoxy will find that it is not for them and they can gain little from the reading. But to those who, in however slight a measure, are liberal, it will bring a message sincere and vital in its tidings of the spiritual attainment that has lain always within the grasp of mankind.

There are two writers, in this era, peculiarly fitted to the task of portraying the beauty of Jesus' life, not as the life of a God but as the life of a man who sacrificed himself upon the altar of a Divine idealism. One is W. B. Yeats, whose mysticism and beauty of thought could well find expression in a study of the first Poet. The other is J. Middleton Murry, and he has brought to this study the creative and critical gifts that have placed him in the distinctive position he now holds in English literature.

Mr. Murry is more concerned with an attempt to approach the subjective mind and attitude of Jesus than with a purely historical study. The influences that caught Jesus and so moulded him that he left an imprint on human history which two thousand years have failed to efface—these are the things to which the book is devoted, and by the stress on things spiritual and the insistence on the presence of a latent god-head in individual man, Mr. Murry defines his own attitude.

At this distance, of course, legend and fact in the life of Jesus have become inextricably interwoven and it is here that any writer must tread warily to avoid the many pitfalls into which his sympathy might lure him. Mr. Murry falters somewhat before the story of the multitude whom Jesus miraculously fed and in his conception of the forces that tore Judas from his allegiance,

his imagination has outdistanced his sense of logic. But these blemishes are merely ruffles on the surface and in the building up, stone by stone, of Jesus' attitude there is a grasp of the verities, a comprehension of what may be called the ethical chiaroscuro of Jesus' message, that will repay the reading and re-reading of the book.

Mr. Murry treats firstly, of Jesus' conviction of his birthright and his recognition of the fact that the same birthright could be humanity's if only they would have it so. Then comes the realization that his message is despised and rejected. Men cling, incomprehensibly to him, to the old religion of superstition and fear, and will have nothing to do with Him who speaks of love as the only religion. And love was the keynote of Jesus' teaching. Once love your neighbor and everything would follow. On this commandment the others were based. And it was this gift which Jesus brought to the people—a gift that was thrown back at the giver with contempt and execration. What wonder that the heart of him was broken. He was first of the long line of those in whom the flame of genius was destined to be quenched by martyrdom.

Mr. Murry's portrayal of Jesus at this stage is unforgettable by reason of the sympathy and compassion that compel him to write simply and sincerely of the travail through which Jesus passed.

In the trial scene Mr. Murry fails to do justice to Pilate, whom he almost waves aside as merely the instrument of Roman law intent upon the trial of a rebel and slightly bored with the procedure. But Pilate was more than that, and in his eager interest in Jesus and his query: "What is Truth?" he crystallized in a phrase what the world has been seeking ever since.

Then comes the final act, which has no parallel in history. There are two incidents in the life of Jesus that stand out strongly and make him one with man. One was His introspection and self-questioning during the forty days of his temptation in the wilderness. The other was His cry from the cross: *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?* a cry that still echoes down the corridors of time. Who can say what was meant by that cry from the white lips?—whether it was a cry evoked by physical pain or whether it was that His spirit faltered and, menaced by a momentary doubt, found expression in the poignant appeal?

JESUS—MAN OF GENIUS. By J. Middleton Murry. Toronto: Musson Book Co.



In justice to his subject Mr. Murry has again written with a simplicity that emphasizes the tragic nobility of the scene. But the same simplicity marks and strengthens the whole of the book. Mr. Murry may not influence the individual conception of Jesus, for to each the life of Jesus has its own meaning, but he will bring to the reader a sense of beauty, a perception of innate sincerity and an appreciative recognition of the distinctive thought that has gone to the writing of the book.

No one should have any hesitation in reading it for though it is contrary to the orthodox belief in Jesus as a god it contains an exposition of what Mr. Murry understands as the vital message of Jesus. It is a message that, embraced in full, would liberate the god-head in man and give to him a consciousness of the divinity that is inherent in himself. Such a reading cannot do but good and among the countless books that have been written about and around Jesus, Mr. Murry's portrayal will take a high place and will survive, as did Renan's, to meet the challenge of posterity.

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#### THE TRAGIC LIFE OF VINCENT VAN GOGH.

From the French of Louis Piérard. London: John Castle. 7s. 6d.

This is a candid and sympathetic story of the life of the mad Dutch painter, van Gogh, one of the most dynamic figures in the history of modern painting. *The Letters of a Post-Impressionist* was published by Constable, London, in 1912. Letters that stir the emotions—fervent, ecstatic, poignant, despairing letters. He has been described as "Having a sun in his head or a fire in his heart." He was successively a French teacher in England, clerk in an art store, a missionary among the Belgian coal miners and finally a painter. To quote M. Piérard, "We are conscious of a sensitiveness that is akin to suffering. We are conscious also of an intense, fiery and obstinate personality, that of a painter who is using his craft as a way of searching for the absolute as a means of transcending ordinary mundane experience."

Strange as it may seem that in Canada while millions of dollars have been invested in Dutch art of the past sixty years, van Gogh has been entirely ignored. Today his work is being eagerly sought for by museums all over the world, and van Gogh paintings that were purchased for fifty francs a few years ago are now worth a fortune.

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Miss Marshall Saunders, now a resident of Toronto, holds the record for Canada in point of quantity sales for a single volume. Over a million copies have been sold of her great juvenile book, *Beautiful Joe*, which has been translated into many languages.

## AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

### A Review by Constance Davies-Woodrow

WHO is the author of the volume of poems whose striking and unusual cover bears the title: *The Flask of Love, A Hindu Fantasy; and Other Poems?* Whose smile is concealed behind the mask of "Roland St. Anbeck?" A man's, or a woman's? Let us try to discover his or her identity by Sherlock Holmes' "science of deduction!"

The author is evidently a Theosophist or a Buddhist, or, at any rate, has a passion for things Eastern and mystical. Furthermore, he or she has looked into the depths of the human heart and knows its best and its worst. Two names now present themselves: Tom McInnes and L. Adams Beck. But these names are immediately ruled out: Tom McInnes might have chosen the subject-matter of the title-poem, but would certainly have expressed it in free verse and would have flavored it with more Swinburnian spice; while Mrs. L. Adams Beck could never have etched such grim and stark realities in poetry. No woman's hand has fashioned *The Flask of Love*.

*First Conclusion: Roland St. Anbeck is a man.*

Whoever he may be, he is no familiar figure at pink teas or private poetry recitals. He would be more at home in the police court or the morgue. He has seen crime at close range; he "looks on (corpses) and is never shaken."

*Second Conclusion: Roland St. Anbeck is, or has been, a police reporter.*

Speaking of reporters, Roland St. Anbeck employs a headline method of emphasis in most of his poems. And whose job is it "to scorn delights and live laborious days," writing headlines? . . .

*Last Conclusion: EUREKA! Mr. "St. Anbeck," the clock has struck twelve!*

Having unmasked the author to my own satisfaction, I turn my attention to *The Flask of Love*. The subject-matter and treatment place this volume in a class by itself in Canadian literature. It may be the author's first published collection, but he is no novice as a poet. Most of his work is strong, stamped in places with a grim irony; his technique is admirable. He may have written plays, for he has a keen sense of the dramatic, as revealed in the title-poem and "The Aftermath." It is true that there are nearly enough corpses in the volume to make a graveyard, but there are poems of spirituality that stand out from the sombre background. One of the strongest poems in the book is "War," of which I quote the first and last stanzas:

"The night is dark—but it is more than dark!

The breezes whisper messages of dread—  
The air is rank with odors from the stark  
And ghastly rigid bodies of the dead.

*So this is WAR? The slinking rodents gray  
From many slimy burrows hazard out—  
And pause at each red flare, as if to say:  
'WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?'*

\* \* \*

"And now 'tis dusk; the fields are damp  
with blood,  
Great armies rest in gloating truce a  
spell;  
Hush'd is the cry: 'For Fatherland and  
—GOD!'  
For Whom they made a Paradise a hell!

*And God from distant heavens turned His  
gaze  
Towards this tiny smoke-blurred star,  
far out,  
And said: 'Go, Couriers—see, beneath yon  
haze,  
WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT!'*"

There is grim humor in the following poem and a "flavor of modernity" with a vengeance:

#### MEAT FOR THE GODS

I saw a row of carcasses, hanging on  
butcher hooks,  
Blue labels branded on their hips which  
spoke of quality;  
I saw a row of carcasses—I much disliked  
their looks,  
Although those trademarks told the truth  
—they WERE good quality.

*That night I dreamed—  
To me it seemed:*

A race of gods, reared like ourselves, but  
more intelligent,  
O'er-ran the earth, but, like ourselves,  
they were carnivorous;  
WE were but cattle to these gods—these  
gods belligerent—  
They needed meat of quality to keep  
them vigorous.

*And so it seemed  
That, while I dreamed:*

I saw a row of carcasses, hanging on butcher  
hooks,  
Blue labels branded on their hips which  
spoke of quality—  
I saw a row of carcasses—I much disliked  
their looks,  
For in that row were YOU and ME—  
we ARE good quality!

In marked contrast to the above are the last two stanzas of "Affinity:"

"All things in God's array  
He made in twain—  
Of what avail the heat of day  
Without the rain?  
"Dear heart, of what avail  
The loss, the pain,  
Sans hope that soon—beyond the veil—  
We'll meet again?"

There are many things I like about this masked poet's work, but I must say that only a hard-boiled News Editor and a hard-boiled Reviewer could feel comfortable in the company of so many cold corpses.

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#### RALPH CONNOR, THE DEVOTIONAL

By Austin Bothwell

*The Friendly Four and Other Stories*, by Ralph Connor, (Doran) is a book of stories about men and women of the New Testament. The author tells us that his book is "an attempt to supply the unwritten setting of some of the incidents in the life of Jesus in the hope of making Him more real by helping men to see Him not as a dim, mystical, if not mythical figure, enshrined in the faith and love of His devotees but as a true man in a truly human environment." And, he continues, "There is no duty so imperatively pressing upon the world today."

It may well be true; it is true that the world has no greater need than that the spirit of Christ should rule. How present is it in the foreign policy of President Coolidge as exemplified in Nicaragua? Would it help for that gentleman to read Dr. Gordon's book? Not very much!

I must say at once that Dr. Gordon fails to carry out his excellent intention. His is a devotional book, it does not, for me, make the setting of any one of the episodes chosen one whit more real—I don't think Dr. Gordon has the historical sense at all. His story of the leaderless man, the rich young ruler, to take an example may have a value for many readers—those who have hastened to buy Ralph Connor's novels in the past—because it is his rendering of that famous story. But it is not even an amplification of the incident; it is a sermon on the great refusal. How it fits into the scheme of the book I have failed to discover. It will not enable anyone to realize the rich young ruler because it simply does not "fill in the unwritten context," does not "fill in the historical, the physical, the psychological, the spiritual environment," of that young man. "The Friendly Four" is somewhat more successful. It tells of the four young men who let down from a roof on a pallet their paralytic friend, whom



they had brought a long way. There is some imaginative reconstruction in the portraits of the four friends. But it is in the description of the moment when Prophet and paralytic are face to face—"A silence fell upon the multitude"—that the one vital thing in the story is to be found. And it is re-telling. Yet, even so, the brief original is better. Christ, according to the New Testament, said, "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee!" Dr. Gordon makes him say, "Courage, my boy! Thy sins are forgiven thee!" I fail to find that better.

Again it seems to me that having set his hand to tell stories which should recreate the scene in greater detail (and more significant?) Dr. Gordon should have eschewed the sermonizer's moralizing. For instance, in "Woman, Her Art—and Part in Life," which is a re-telling of the story of Mary and Martha, the following passages might well have been objectivized:

"The contrast between Martha and Mary is often represented as that between the capable, managing, efficient if somewhat worldly-minded housekeeper, and the impractical, slipshod, other-worldly idealist. Such a contrast is unpardonable and is possible only from a careless reading of the whole story of the sisters." Instead of demonstrating that in the actions and words of the sisters the author is content to affirm, "In the first place Martha is not a worldly-minded woman," etc.

A very excellent intention has not been brought to fulfillment. Yet, the book as embodying the sincerely devotional spirit of its author will no doubt bring solace and gladness to those who are attuned to its rhythm, its manner, its way of expressing a message which everyone must have respect for, after all. As Dr. Gordon says, "But a man cannot be blamed for seeing with the eyes which God has given him."

TOMORROW MORNING. By Anne Parrish.  
Toronto: The Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

One welcomes the work of an author like Anne Parrish, who possesses the faculty of taking everyday life and so transmuting it in the interpretation that we see in it more than we perceived before, its wistful ironies, its inner meanings, its elusive moments of exaltation.

In *Tomorrow Morning*, we have a picture of mother and son love that plays on one's very heartstrings. Kate Star, a budding artist before her marriage, is left almost penniless at her husband's death and with their little son, Joe, and an orphaned niece to provide for. Life is just beginning to take on a rosier hue after years of struggle when the trumpet calls Joe to the Great War. Soon after his return after the Armistice, he marries penniless Evelyn Thorne,

a New York society girl, who, however, has enjoyed a life of luxury at the expense of wealthy Mrs. Prather.

While in the midst of the social whirl, Evelyn thought that all she "would ask of life is a book and a brook and a pine tree" but, in spite of her great love for Joe and her little daughter, Hope, the quiet life of Westlake—typical of all small towns with their social comedies, solemn and comic friends, funny relatives and *nouveaux riches*—soon palls on her until, with the reappearance of Ralph Levinson, her former admirer, the old life so appeals to her that she leaves husband, child and home for him.

In spite of all their reverses, both Kate and Joe preserve a "heart great enough for a love that never tires" and, by their very suffering, their sensibilities are so attuned to the appreciation of the sufferings of others, that they are willing to sacrifice their own happiness for them, Kate giving Joe up to Evelyn, and Joe renouncing his idolized daughter to his wife. Yet the dominant note is hope; hope "that springs eternal in the human breast," so that each one—Kate, Joe, Evelyn—looks hopefully to each "tomorrow morning" to remedy everything.

One cannot but praise the utter humanity of the story, the brilliant sparkle of dialogue and apt phraseology. Unfortunately, however, one must condemn the various passages evidently intended by the author to satisfy the modern demand for frankness but which, while adding nothing whatever to the plot, are a decided lapse from good taste, and, therefore, detract very materially from the merit of the book.

LILLIS PEARL WHITTON.

\* \* \*

UNDER THREE EMPERORS. By Count Reischach. London: Constable's. 10s 6d.

The writer of these memoirs served under three German Emperors—the old William, Frederick III. and William II., either as master of the Horse or Controller of the Imperial Household. While in the special service of the Empress Victoria, he visited England on numerous occasions and records certain interesting conversations with her mother, Queen Victoria. Later he came into contact with King Edward and his book sheds light on the relations between King Edward and Kaiser William. The book contains a defence of the Empress Victoria from the attacks of those German critics who laid upon her the blame for her husband's death. The final chapter dramatically relates the effect of the grave incidents immediately preceding the war and the Count anticipated the lining up of England with the ranks of Germany's antagonists, attributing this to "Buelow's baneful policy."

**FIRELIGHT FANCIES.** By *Lercine Ballantyne*.  
Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

Several of the poems in this collection strike a very appealing note. Here's a quotation:

There are white stars in the grasses,  
And hepaticas are peeping,  
While the sun rides higher on his eager  
way;  
And like gold that he has scattered  
The marsh-marigolds are laughing  
With the gladness of an early April day.

The poems are published in a dainty semi-pamphlet form that agrees well with its subject-matter.

\* \* \*

## TWO VANCOUVER POETS

**Reviewed by Constance Davies-Woodrow**

**THE SILENT ZONE.** By Annie Charlotte Dalton. Vancouver.

**THE MIRACLE OF ROSES.** By Alice M. Winlow. Vancouver: The Chalmers Publishing House.

"Silent Zones," says the author in her Introduction, "is the name given by seamen to those inscrutable and gigantic webs of silence which are supposed to be the cause of numerous and unaccountable shipwrecks, for, suddenly, the company of a ship may be cut off entirely from all communication with the world by sound; sometimes during fog and sometimes in clear weather."

Mrs. Dalton's new volume of poems deals with the "hopelessness and desolation which fall upon those who, from the glorious plenitude and beauty of life, are launched into a tiny world of complete silence."

There are eight sections. The Introduction is written from the author's heart and cannot fail to awaken a deeper sympathy for the deafened, whose terrible affliction is only too often made still more unbearable by thoughtless and callous ridicule, in speech, in print, and, worst of all, on the screen—the only pleasure which the deafened may share with their fellow-men. The second section contains six poems, of which the outstanding one is "The Bride." The section entitled "Revolt" is strong and poignant work. The poem, "A Simple Thing," is particularly fine, but I select a shorter one for quotation:

### IF I COULD HEAR

If I could hear  
This lovely song,  
This silver stream  
The trees among,  
This song that shakes  
The moon-beams white,  
I think that I would die  
Of such delight.

If I could hear  
This mournful dirge,  
Whose laboring notes  
Tremble and surge  
In music none  
But masters make,  
I fear my heart—  
My heart would break.

The section "Of Children," deals with the tragedy of deafness among the young:

"Youth has no morrow; all its grief is  
cupped  
In one fierce emotion;  
Age at its leisure sips, and never supped  
So maddening a potion.  
Age, wise in life, drinks hemlock and is free;  
Youth, crippled Youth, still treads Geth-  
semane."

The poems in the group entitled "The Deeper Silence," have to do with those who are not only deaf, but dumb or blind, too. "Listening-In" is a long poem, addressed to "My Country!" The last section, "The Silent Zone," contains three poems: "To All Men" is a protest against the passiveness and stoical patience of the deafened:

"Though the dead with the living are  
sleeping,  
Though the new-born are cradled in graves,  
Concealed is the wailing and weeping  
With the patience and courage of slaves,  
Who are prisoners of silence,  
Who are captives of darkness,  
Who are secrets in the dungeon,  
Of life in its starkness,  
To arms! To arms!"

Not for her own sake has Annie Charlotte Dalton issued this book: It is a heartfelt plea for her fellow-unfortunates who are giving themselves up to their affliction with the resignation of despair. As Elizabeth Barrett Browning's passionate cry: "Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers?" awakened England to the pitiable plight of the child-workers in factories, even so may Mrs. Dalton's cry in *The Silent Zone* awaken Canada to the plight of her children who are "cradled in graves!"

\* \* \*

Mrs. Winlow's collection of poems takes its title from the one-act play with which the book opens, and which tells the story of one, Jean, a florist, whose dearest dream is to produce the perfect rose. The little play is a lovely thing that the reader will not soon forget.

The remainder of the book is devoted to poetry, and is divided into sections, including one for children; each section is prefaced by lines from the works of other Canadian poets. Music and flowers are Mrs.



Winlow's prevailing themes; indeed, they seem to be the ruling passions of her life. One of the best poems in the collection is

#### THE BROWN POOL

Irises whose moonwhite petals lift

Their frosted tips to cup the dews of morn  
Are tossed and torn upon the current's  
drift,

The shaken waterfall, God's youngest  
born.

Irises whose dusky petals spread

And curve to catch the noontide spilt of  
gold

Upon their bronzed tips, here find a bed,  
And sleep within these waters still and  
cold.

Something of nature's transient joy you are,  
Brown pool, where silence weaves her  
shadowy spells;

But I have made of loveliness my star  
And in your amber depths her image  
dwells.

\* \* \*

THE GOLDEN SCARAB. By Hopkins Moorhouse. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

A Canadian author who has made a name for himself in the field of mystery fiction is Hopkins Moorhouse who first came into prominence with that unique book of the west, *Deep Furrows*.

"Moorhouse" is his real name, but "Hopkins" is a *nom de plume*, and it has been given out that it is his intention to use his correct name, Herbert Moorhouse, in connection with his future books.

Addison Kent appears again in *The Golden Scarab*. In fact there is in the action quite a connection with *The Gauntlet of Alceste*, although in no sense dependent upon it, being a story that is complete within itself in every respect.

Kent, the clever author-detective, is employed in the effort to track down the notorious Alceste, international jewel thief, who is the big man behind the forces of the mysterious "Order of the Golden Scarab." There is incidental interest involving studies of Egyptology and other scientific subjects, providing most interesting personalities that place this book above the average type of mystery and detective fiction.

The mystery part of it is cleverly done, continually challenging the reader to anticipate the outcome.

\* \* \*

CONFESSIONS. By Cosmo Hamilton. Toronto: Gundy. \$2.00.

Those who so enjoyed the play *So This Is London*, will welcome the humorous and sparkling passages in this international tale with its penetrating observations on the difference between the Americans and the English, their customs and outlook on life.

ASPECTS OF SCIENCE. By J. W. N. Sullivan.

London: Collins & Sons. 12s. 6d.

This is a volume of essays concerned with science in perspective. For the true appreciation of science as a key to the nature of reality, the subject must be seen in relation to the rest of man's activities, the author avers. He believes that the arts have an intimate connection with the sciences, being not merely delightful additions to life, but true revelations of reality. It is the consequent touching directly upon aspects of literature and music that make these essays far more appealing than treatises more didactic in character.

"The Sense of Possibilities" is a chapter which essays to link up mysticism and science. There is a chapter on "The Materialistic Creed" and among the subjects of universal interest treated upon in other chapters are Psycho-Analysis and the Einstein theory.

\* \* \*

THE PLUTOCRAT. By Booth Tarkington. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. \$2.00.

Taken from any angle Booth Tarkington's latest novel, *The Plutocrat*, is not only enjoyable—it compels attention. It can be called a work of fictional realism. If you like psychology, the minds and motives of the characters are depicted naturally; if you desire realistic effects, the scenes and people described live and move in the reader's imagination; and if you crave romance, the author has used true romantic shades. The story's plot is not intricate, which adds to its naturalness. That is the book's art. The opening setting on board an Atlantic liner is hardly unique, but under Mr. Tarkington's skill it becomes an excellent entrance. You see the characters as they play their parts: Mr. Tinker, "the magnificent Goth," arrests your notice like a grown-up Penrod; his wife, a woman of exasperating moods; his daughter, Olivia, a modern maiden whose fine qualities are not at first apparent; and Laurence Ogle, the cultured playwright, who discovers that culture is occasionally overdone. Many others are ably portrayed. Reaching Gibraltar and Algiers, as well as parts of Northern Africa, the touches of local color are fascinating. Different types of "tourists" appear, while, perhaps to the reader's surprise, the forceful name type at the end resembles a Roman figure—a "New Roman"—like a mental dynamo supplying its own electricity. A happy and agreeable, but logical, ending is reached after 540 pages of machine-smooth writing; and we can feel the scene as Tinker, standing up in the motor-car and waving his hat, rides in triumph to the Bey's Palace.

A. H. BROWN.

# The Making of a Portrait Painter

J. W. L. Forster Regales Authors with Reminiscences

**A**N organization that provides inspiration such as that afforded by last month's meeting of the Canadian Authors Association (Toronto Branch) is extending inestimable privileges to its members. What a delight to hear the reminiscences of J. W. L. Forster, the portrait painter, and what enlightenment they afforded!

These recollections of early days included many humorous incidents of how the *flair* for drawing pictures got a certain schoolboy into endless troubles.

"A sheet of foolscap folded and sewn by my mother for a drawing book won me more praise for drawing in my first five years than probably in five times five years afterwards."

How the trail led the budding artist to become apprenticed to Bridgeman, a portrait painter of early days in Toronto, and subsequently took him to France, was related with many entertaining and illuminating incidents and through it all a sense was conveyed of the patient drilling and submission to discipline required for the making of a portrait painter.

Forster is not one of those who is deluded with the false doctrine confusing license with freedom. It is part of his creed that only through discipline may true freedom be gained.

Particularly interesting among his recollections were several experiences having to do with the natural development of the artist in his profession. While painting one of his early subjects, the conversation happened to call out upon the sitter's countenance reflections of his better characteristics, which the painter was quick to catch and convey to the portrait.

When it was finished, the subject of it looked at the portrait critically and his final summing up was:

"No, I don't look like that, but I'm going to!"

That was a valuable lesson learned—that of calling up what is best in the one whose portrait is being done, and it is truly characteristic of the magnanimous personality of Forster the man. In this connection the writer recalls the impression made upon him by Mr. Forster's comment on an expression of appreciation for a kindness shown. It was only the simple remark "We're only worth the good that we do," but what a world of meaning it conveyed!

Another incident recalled in Mr. Forster's talk to the authors was of the days when Rev. Dr. Stafford was pastor of the Metropolitan Church in Toronto. He used to call

at the studio frequently, being himself no mean critic of painting. It was not an unusual thing for him to give a startling analysis of a portrait. On one occasion, looking at the portrait on the easel, his remarks were: "A young north of Ireland or Scottish lad comes to Canada, settles in the woods, clears and makes a home; he builds a school for his children, starts a store for the settlers; he builds a mill and buys wheat; he becomes Reeve of the Township, then Warden of the County and subsequently member of Parliament."

Referring to this, Mr. Forster said Dr. Stafford had given a life sketch of William Lees, M.P., although he had not known even his name.

This helped to teach the young portrait painter that a man's heredity, his purposes, his will, his activities and environment all convey along nerve channels currents of energy to the cells of the muscles of expression which are then built up until the man's history is in relief on his frame and features.

"I painted once an old reprobate, then threw the portrait away so that I could paint the saint his family believed him to be. And I was glad to do it for it did the man good!"

"What do you see in men? Some people are men only as pawns to shuffle in a check-mate game or as marks for a business exploitation; some see them as voters in support of some one's candidacy for place or emolument; others see them as buyers for their wares, or just as mimes disporting themselves in life's masquerade. As you see them such will represent the sums of your expectation in their portraits."

"I love my kind," concluded the speaker, "I look for and endeavor to call out the best, endeavoring to see them as their best friends see them, which is what I ask in return. By revealing to a man his best qualities the reaction upon him is likely to be salutary, and if so why in heaven's name should those qualities not have right emphasis in the lines that make him immortal?"

## "Fidelis"

Miss White's intimate recollections of Agnes M. Machar, of Kingston, who was perhaps better known to the reading public as "Fidelis," provided another captivating item of this interesting programme. It was most engrossing to learn of highly individual characteristics of "Fidelis" and of the unique place she filled both in literature and as a more than ordinarily valuable citizen of Kingston. Especially interesting was the



account of the unpretentious circumstances that led to her undertaking to write a history of Kingston. Neither she nor any of those connected with the idea had any conception that this was to be anything like the important contribution to Canadian literature which it turned out to be upon its publication under the title of "The Story of Old Kingston."

Agnes M. Machar was a native of Kingston, where she died on January 24th last, having reached the age of ninety.

### Interpretive Literature

"Liaison literature," was the term used by Rev. Canon Alan P. Shatford, in an address before the St. James Literary Society, Montreal, on February 18th, for the kind of literature upon which rested the hope for eradicating cleavages as between provinces and nations.

His prefatory remarks were directed toward lifting the word "liaison" out of the murk and mire through which it had been trailed, back to its rightful place of honorable and glorious tradition.

In its true sense the term "liaison literature" included such works as H. Price Collier's *England and the English* and *Germany and the Germans*; the popular "spell" books dealing with various lands; *The Outline of History*, by Wells, which rose above nation and class. A notable Canadian example was W. H. Blake's translation of Hemon's *Maria Chapdelaine*, to increase the understanding on the part of English-speaking Canadians of their French co-citizens.

Upon our writers the speaker threw the burden of solving problems arising out of geographical handicaps. Of such was the Maritime Rights claim. He referred to Charles G. D. Roberts as Canada's liaison officer between animals and humanity as Dickens was between the under-privileged and the more fortunate member of society in his day. Other notable examples cited were Walter H. Page's *Life and Letters*, and John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*.

### A Literary "Promised Land."

In a letter from B. C. Hagglund, of Holt, Minn., who, by the way, will shortly remove to Alberta, he says he would like to get into touch with all poets and lovers of poetry in Canada as he intends to establish a poetry magazine. He expresses a faith in the future of Canadian literature that puts to shame the halting concessions of certain Canadians on the score of merit discerned in the literary productions of our own writers.

According to Mr. Hagglund, American poetry is deteriorating, being chiefly echoes of old world splendors.

"But Canada is different. Canada is silent except for a few voices, because she is still new." Mr. Hagglund then goes into a veritable rhapsody of the great things that lie before Canada in the literature that she is bound to produce.

### Canadians Making Good

Writers who are intent upon good financial returns from the fruits of their pens might well give ear to advertising requirements in the way of trenchant writing. There are Canadians who are more than making good in the U.S., in this particular field, notably Miss Betty Thornleigh, formerly of London, Ont., whose name is well known to the readers of *Vogue* by reason of her connection with that magazine.

Another Canadian, Miss Martha Martin, who has favored *Canadian Bookman* with occasional poems, has been doing remarkably well in selling poetical messages for greeting cards put out by some of the leading publishers. This is a field that has had a stupendous growth across the border, now running into hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. More and more attention is being paid each year to the sentiments appearing on the cards, consequently this field has become increasingly lucrative for the writers of the sentiments, clever verses having a large place among them.

### National Art Gallery

The Chairman of the Board of trustees of the National Gallery of Canada, Mr. F. J. Shepherd, in his annual report, stresses the need of a new building at Ottawa to be in keeping with the position which art should occupy in Canada. In his opinion Canadian art is in the stage of self-establishment as a national factor. Whereas most of the works of art hitherto acquired by Canadians have been foreign, Canadian artists with most commendable vigor were correcting this anomaly. "Canadian painting is developing an individual and original method of depicting the brilliant color, clear outlines, and rapid seasonal changes, which are so different from the more gentle and atmospheric qualities of most other countries."

### Recognition

In the new Thomas Bird Mosher memorial *Amphora*, a collection of rare prose and verse from writers of distinction, many of whom have had to wait for just recognition, are included three poems from Louise Moray Bowman's *Moonlight and Common Day*. The poems selected are "The Toast," "The Forgotten Road" and "Lydia," of which Mr. Mosher wrote: "The poem seems to me a very beautiful and unusual thing. The last four lines are, indeed, perfect."

## Symphony Orchestras in Canada

### An Appeal

WHEN a great mind finds its expression in literature the printed page is quickly made accessible to all who take the trouble to visit a public library. No further intermediary is required to convey the noble message from man to man.

When a great mind realizes its conceptions in painting or in sculptured marble the art gallery invests a certain sum of money and the humblest member of the community may benefit thereby.

When a statesman addresses the people his message is quoted in the newspapers; when an architect plans a noble building his dreams are crystallized in enduring stone; and it is enough that we should be observant.

But when a musical genius devotes his uttermost resources to the composition of a symphony it is a different matter. The score lies neglected, unintelligible save to an expert, until some conductor waving his magic wand, recreates the glory of the composer's dream through the medium of a large orchestra.

When civilized men live together in sufficient numbers to make possible the necessary communal expenditure, there we find public libraries, art galleries, and great public buildings. In many cities of the world—not the richest by any means—there are also state-endowed theatres, opera-houses and symphony orchestras, through which mediums the most glorious productions of creative genius are made accessible to all.

Is it too much to hope that those citizens of Canada who realize the high value of culture in community life, will ultimately induce legislation providing for civic orchestras in such centres as can well afford them? Particularly does this apply to Toronto, where the New Symphony Orchestra, now concluding its fifth season, has demonstrated both the capacities of our Canadian musicians and the readiness of the public to patronize symphonic concerts. Symphony Orchestras, like Art Galleries, are not self-supporting, and the existing organization in Toronto has been able to survive thus far only through the liberality of certain public-spirited individuals and the self-denying efforts of the performers.

It remains to be seen whether or not this heroic pioneering effort will succeed in paving the way for those permanent and substantial musical organizations which Canada urgently needs and which she can well afford. M.A.

## Wilfred Campbell

"... from his earliest years Nature appealed to him, and there are but few of her aspects as seen in Eastern Canada all through the different months of the year that have escaped him. The lakes, the rivers, the fields, the trees, the hills in their autumn glory, all have impressed him with their beauty, which finds expression in his verse.

His view is that 'the spirit and not the form makes the earth's literature.' And yet, many examples might be quoted to show that he was to a high degree master of melody and rhythm . . .

He was a man of rugged independence and marked personality. In an age when our angles are worn down in the social mill and we 'merge in form and gloss the picturesque in man and man,' Campbell preserved his individuality to a marked degree. To his friends life seems poorer, more conventionality and commonplace since he is gone."—From the Memoir by W. J. Sykes, in the complete volume of

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## Misquoted

Dundarave P.O.,  
West Vancouver, B.C.,

February 9, 1927

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

In your last issue I am credited with having told an assembly of The Native Sons of Canada that "Canada in the past fifty years had produced a finer literature than had the United States, England, Scotland or Australia." Will you kindly correct this mistake on the part of the person who reported my speech? I said that Canada during the past fifty years had produced a body of authentic poetry which would compare favorably with that published in the countries mentioned during the same period of time. I am enthusiastic in my desire to see Canada receive her just dues but I am not so indiscreet or reckless as to make the preposterous statement with which I was credited in the January *Canadian Bookman*. I shall greatly appreciate your giving space to this somewhere in the next number of your magazine.

A. M. STEPHEN.

\* \* \*

## A CRITIC CRITICIZED

Moncton, N.B., March 2, 1927.

Editor "Canadian Bookman:"

The opinion has been voiced of late, perhaps with reason, that the Canadian literati are too much given, for their own good, to extravagant praise of each other's work. Since reading Mrs. Nasmith's letter regarding Wilson MacDonald, in the January "Canadian Bookman," I find myself wondering which is, after all, the more harmful to the development of a sturdy national literature, indiscriminate praise, or unjust criticism.

The idea of any serious comparison between the Roberts-Carman group and Wilson MacDonald is not quite fair. His poetry, with its vigorous patterns, its rugged strength and beauty, is of a different order than the work of these older writers. How long is Canada going to continue ranging the verse of every new poet beside that of the "old guard" of '61, and discounting it because it fails to fit into the same pleasing design?

The book of verse that maintains the same high level from first page to last is the exception; but the fact that so many of Mr. MacDonald's poems have been chosen by different critics as the choicest examples of his art, proves his versatility. How many great works of literature are there that are in no sense derivative? And with so much superficially clever verse flooding the magazines today, how many writers find it easy to avoid word-combinations that have been used before?

Going over a collection of verse and picking out the blemishes would appear to be a somewhat futile occupation. Magnificent bits of imagery, such as

"Tonight, like gloomy scythes, the raven wings  
Of some avenging hawk mow down the light  
That tethers this dark planet to the moon;"  
from "The Loon," make me oblivious to any occasional triteness "Out of the Wilderness" may contain.

Concerning the statement that "real love poems are absent from this book," what about "In a Wood Clearing," original in form and combining ardour with virility and that sensitive reaction to beauty which characterizes this poet. And I fail to see the break in rhythm in the fourth from the last line, of "The Last Portage," unless

the reader has been giving the word "portage" the English pronunciation instead of the French.

GRACE AVARD TOMKINSON.

## TELLING CANADA'S STORY

Halifax, Feb. 26, 1927.

Editor, "Canadian Bookman:"

Sir,—It used to be that whenever I travelled considerable distances on wearying trains I always took with me the only companion I had found capable of soothing my "mortal fret." This was (and is) a book—Duncan Campbell Scott's little volume of short stories "In the Village of Viger." (1893, o.p.) But that book itself is now companioned by another—Katherine Hale's "Canadian Houses of Romance." The one is fiction and yet its characters and locale win one with the sense that one is moving in a little world of glamorous fact, sweet beauty, and tender peace. The other is fact and yet it engages one with the glamour of romance. Both save the ideal beauty of Canada from fading into and beyond the twilight, gray gloaming, of vulgar day.

In books perfunctorily—as if they were just books in their kind, whereas Dr. Scott's stories of gentle tragedy and comedy in the French-Canadian demesne are both the perfection of art and the invention of the first indigenous and authentic Canadian short-stories—as such, and Katherine Oddy, Canadian criticism has treated both Hale's "Canadian Houses of Romance" as a casual, free-drawn delicately colored series, all rapidly, but accurately handled, of sketches, etchings, pastels, and genre pictures, as if she had said to a visitor, "Come, let me take you for a walk through my country. We'll stop just a minute here. We'll take tea at X. We'll spend an evening at Y. And we'll talk pleasantly about old and pleasant places and old and sweet-souled people—the vanishing or vanished beauty of Canada." But it will all be casual seeing and casual talk.

In that field of literary art, Katherine Hale has invented or created a genre by itself. And, moreover, she has also created the style—just as Pater did his—which precisely expresses a sensitive and vivacious spirit, fitting, without curious and studied direction, to and fro and along ruined, rare, or evanescent haunts of beauty, noting and remarking these haunts, but never waiting to dilate formally and at length upon them. Like a gracious hostess, she takes us into the old garden of the hereditary home, and introduces us—just introduces us, no more—to beauty, as we pass from bush to bush, plant to plant, flower to flower—and it is all pretty, and sweet, and refreshing to the spirit, both in itself and, notably also, because of the charm of the hostess herself, her vivacious, courteous, glad, easy, ready way of communicating to us her own delights in rare beauty. To be invited casually to visit old pleasant places, take tea with or converse for a few moments with lovely ladies and refined gentlemen, as a hostess charms us into her old-fashioned garden or presents us to sweet old-fashioned friends—this is the method and the charm of Katherine Hale's "Canadian Houses of Romance." Criticism which misses the method misses all.

However, what I wish to emphasize is this: the method of teaching history in our Canadian schools and even colleges must be reformed. I do happen to be writing a "History of Canada and Canadian Relations," and a "Child's or School History of Nova Scotia." In writing the latter, and wherever possible in the former, I employ the same method of romantically treating social fact as Katherine Hale employs in her "Canadian Houses of Romance." I assure you, sir, that the teachers of history in our schools would give new life and meaning to history if they would throw away the dry-as-dust textbooks of history and recall themselves and the children to the real history of Canada by telling the children such romantic history as is embodied in "Canadian Houses of Romance," and by reading to them such romance of the spirit as is embodied in Duncan Campbell's Scott's winsome short stories, "In the Village of Viger."

J. D. LOGAN.

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## OFFICIAL PAGES

### National Executive

A PLENARY meeting of the National Executive was held in Winnipeg on the evening of the 19th of February, 1927. It was decided to accept the invitation to the Ottawa branch to hold the annual convention for 1927 in the Capital City. The dates agreed upon were the 28th, 29th and 30th of June, an arrangement which would permit the delegates to take part in celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation on Dominion Day.

It was further agreed that Canadian Book Week for the current year should be held on the week of October 24th, i.e., the last full week in October.

In view of the omission of a C.A.A. representative from the National Committee incorporated by the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation Act, 1927, the National Secretary was instructed to write to the Federal Government suggesting that this hiatus be filled.

It was further decided to urge strongly upon the Prime Minister by telegram and by letter the desirability of establishing as a permanent memorial to the Confederation idea a "Confederation Prize for Literature," valued at perhaps \$1,000, endowed in perpetuity and awardable each Dominion Day for the most notable book of the preceding calendar year published by a resident Canadian.

### Halifax

The Maritime Branch of the C.A.A. met on the evening of February 11th at the home of Dr. H. B. Atlee, York Apartments, South Street, Halifax.

Miss Juanita O'Connor was elected Assistant Secretary, her duties to consist of giving publicity to various meetings of the branch in order that absent members might be enabled to follow branch activities.

It was decided that a sufficient sum be taken from the treasury to pay for a subscription for each member to *The Canadian Bookman*.

Miss Nutt and Dr. Atlee, a Committee in charge of arrangements for bringing to this city Mrs. Eric Brown, the able lecturer on the Canadian National Gallery of Art, reported that Mrs. Brown could come March 7th and 8th. The members heartily agreed in the project of the branch sponsoring Mrs. Brown's visit to Halifax and gave the Committee, to which Mr. Chesley Allen was add-

ed, full powers regarding the necessary arrangements and publicity.

This meeting was characterized by the excellence and variety of the original contributions of the members, which consisted of three prose selections and one poem, "The Hermit Thrush," by Dean Llwyd. Among the prose items was "From Out the Dark," a dramatic and poetic study of moths, showing the deep knowledge and intense interest concerning the subject of nature's children of its author, Chesley Allen. "Lucullus in Acadie" and "A Little Grain of Conscience," both from the graceful and versatile pen of Dr. MacMechan, completed the original programme. The former, combining Dr. MacMechan's wide knowledge and keen appreciation of "Things Nova Scotian," spread before the immortal Lucullus a delicious repast from the fields and seas of Acadie; and the latter was a poignant short story recounting a scene from the life of a struggling writer.

The meeting was very enthusiastic about this original programme, voting it the most interesting yet presented.

### Montreal

On February 1st a most delightful evening, attended by both the French and English Sections, was held at the Ritz Carlton. Mr. B. K. Sandwell, the president, who presided, was most warmly welcomed upon his return to the city. In introducing the speaker, Mr. Sandwell said that the Montreal Branch lived in a profound realization of the importance of the French language.

Dr. Frank O. Call, speaking of his recently published book, *The Spell of French Canada*, referred to the sources from which Canadian material could be gathered, and said that "... perhaps the greatest wealth of material lay in the folk-songs and folklore of the country." Dr. Call's address was illustrated by passages of lighter selections from his own work. In conclusion he mentioned the unique opportunity for creating real Canadian literature in the province of Quebec with its two civilizations working for the good of each other.

Mr. Murray Gibbon spoke of his volume of Canadian Folk-Songs. The old French *chansons* have been translated by him into English and they have been arranged in such a way that the words will not clash. The volume is dedicated to Charles Marchand, who collaborated with Mr. Gibbon

in this work. The gramophone records illustrating the songs gained immediate and immense popularity with the large and interested audience.

Dr. A. C. de L. Harwood sang several French and English songs and contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

### Calgary

The February meeting of the Calgary Branch of the Canadian Authors Association was devoted to the one-act play. The programme included the reading of a paper, both instructive and humorous, by Mr. Samuel Reat on the subject, followed by the reading of Louis N. Parker's "Minuet." A member, Frank Skelthorne, then read one of his own one-act plays, followed by a summary of Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's "Changeling" by Mrs. McClung. This meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Davidson.

Members are looking forward to a dinner and dance which will be given in honor of Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts in March. The dinner is to be a "family" one, when he will speak to the Calgary members intimately and very informally, as to colleagues and friends and not the general public. He will bring greetings from the Toronto branch, and it is hoped will read two or three new bits of verse.

Dr. Lorne Pierce, of Toronto, has been a welcome and interesting visitor in Calgary. The members of the Calgary Authors Association enjoyed meeting him at a "family" luncheon; and in the evening he spoke at a well attended public meeting on "Canadian Literature and the National Idea."

An interesting list of desk-books for writers, prepared by Mr. Alexander Calhoun for the branch, includes the following:

Mawson, *Style Book for Writers and Editors*, (Crowell, \$1.50.)

Roget, *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases*, 2 volumes (Everyman, Eng. ed. Dent, 4s; Dutton, \$1.60; Longmans, \$2.50.)

Soule, *Dictionary of English Synonymes*, (Little, \$2.75.)

Fowler, *Dictionary of Modern English Usage*, (Oxford pr. \$3.00.)

Baker, *Correct Word and How to Use It*, (Correct English Pub. Co., Evanston, Ill., \$2.50.)

John O'London, *Is It Good English*, (Putnam, \$2.00. Eng. ed. Newnes, 2s.)

Smith, *Words and Idioms*, (Houghton, \$2.00.)

Mr. Calhoun also recommends among dictionaries, *The Unabridged Standard*, *The College Standard*, and *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*.

### Victoria

The February meeting of the Victoria and Islands Branch, Canadian Authors Association, was held in Victoria College; and several members contributed to the interesting programme. Mr. H. O. Litchfield in a very original way, presented some impressions of modern short story writing, and gave some of the oldest plots modernized.

Mr. Alfred Carmichael gave a brief résumé of his experience in search of raw material for the writing of his *Legends of the West Coast Indians of Vancouver Island*. He read the Nitnat story of the flood as given to him, partly in Chinook, by an Indian at Clo-cose.

Mr. H. S. Henderson read a delightful paper on the romance and adventure in the quest of the Northwest Passage. Mr. Henderson's present work is chiefly historical and deals with the Northern Pacific coast.

Major F. V. Longstaff showed a fine collection of lantern slides of various types of ships from 1620 to 1858, the earliest, a near approach to the "Mayflower," being 64 feet in length and 180 tons in capacity. The last picture was of the "Victory" in its present surroundings.

Mr. C. C. Pemberton spoke of two recent publications, *Contributions Towards a Knowledge of Twisted Fibre in Trees*, H. G. Champion (Indian Forest Service, 1925), and *Songs of the Copper Eskimos*, Helen H. Roberts and D. Jenness (1925), one issued by the Government of India and the other by the Government of Canada. He considered that the authors of these works had achieved much in the way of scientific research.

Mrs. J. O. Cameron, President of the Ladies' Musical Club, then read a most interesting paper on Eskimo music. It was a pleasing co-incidence to Mrs. Cameron that Charles Wakefield Cadman had been in Victoria with his songs and music of the North American Indians and had shown appreciation of the volume *Songs of the Copper Eskimos*, and asked that a copy be sent him.

Folk-Songs are the literature of all primitive peoples; and it is significant, said the speaker, that even in a desolate land lacking warmth and vegetation there should still be music which seems to require only harmonization to bring out its latent beauty.

Donald A. Fraser, chairman of the Branch, presided and thanked the speakers for their valuable contributions to the evening's entertainment.

Mrs. L. Adams Beck, who has been spending some time in London, is receiving great recognition. She is the centre of attraction in the literary world there.



## Duality

By Cecil Francis Lloyd

NIGHT, and the glory of the stars above me  
 And all the world away.  
 Clouds and the surging power of winds around me  
 And I as free as they.  
 Free, on the bold brow of this lonely mountain,  
 Moonlight around me thrown;  
 Far above earth and all its fierce contentions  
 And, save for God, alone.

Alone with things that know not mortal sorrow  
 And would not care if we  
 Were hurled, like light, through interstellar spaces,  
 Throughout eternity.  
 Hark! faint, far off, I catch the sound of singing,  
 The warm breath of the loam;  
 And see beneath me in the shadowy valley  
 The light that calls me home.

Ah, man the earth-born, needs the warm embraces  
 And rich delights of earth,  
 An arm of flesh to stay his feet from falling,  
 Laughter and homely mirth.  
 But when I lay aside this mortal vesture,  
 Become immortal mind,  
 Then I, perhaps, may call a star my brother  
 And the great winds my kind.

## Youth to Age

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

O YOU whose feet descend the twilight hills,  
 What message have you for the heart of Youth,  
 Whose path still winds beneath the morning skies?  
 Have you yet seen the flashing wing of Truth?

Is the way clear despite the gathering dusk?  
 Can you glimpse aught beyond the valley's gloom?  
 Is there a star again, to guide men's feet  
 Unto a living Christ beyond the tomb?

What sound comes stealing through the falling night,  
 Above the tolling of Life's vesper-bell?  
 Is Death's derisive laughter in your ears?  
 Or can you hear God's whispered: *All is well?*

# The Collector

THE Champlain Society decided, at the annual meeting held in Toronto on February 4th, to become incorporated under the Ontario Companies Act as a "learned society." The President, Prof. G. M. Wrong, of the University of Toronto, who, with all the other officers, was re-elected to office for the coming year, submitted the annual report, which showed a period of progressive activity. The Secretary's report indicated a large waiting list for membership, while the Treasurer's statement showed the organization to be in a splendid financial position.

Louis Laurin, Ottawa, in a catalogue (No. 4) comprising mainly Canadiana and Americana, offers something most unusual in the form of a collection of the metal sacramental tokens formerly used in Presbyterian Churches in Canada. A total of 245 churches, according to the catalogue description, used these tokens, and the collection offered contains 240, all different. Among other important books offered in this catalogue are: *Ancient French Archives, or Extracts from the Minutes of Council Relating to the Records of Canada, while under the Government of France*, Quebec 1791; *Bedard's Histoire de Cinquante Ans*, 1791-1841, Quebec, 1869; *Doughty's The Siege of Quebec*, 6 vols., Ottawa, 1916; *Kingsford's History of Canada*, 10 vols., Toronto, 1887-98; *Laverdière's Les Oeuvres de Champlain*, 6 vols. bound in four, Quebec, 1870; *Richardson's Eight Years in Canada*, Montreal, 1847; *Masson's Les Bourgeoise de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest*, 2 vols., Quebec, 1889-90; *Rituel du Diocèse de Quebec*, Paris, 1703, bearing signature on title page of Jean François, Bishop of Quebec, 1786-1797 (priced \$75); *Kane's Wanderings of an Artist*, London 1859; *Coke Smyth's Sketches in the Canadas*, 23 colored lithographic views in cloth portfolio, with presentation inscription to Rt. Hon. the Earl of Durham (priced \$175); set of six colored engravings, views of Montreal, by W. L. Leney, after R. L. Sproule, Montreal, 1871, framed (priced \$100).

Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston, have issued an illustrated catalogue (No. 168) of rare Americana, which for interest and importance has been seldom excelled. The *pièce de résistance* of the Catalogue is, by all odds, the first item, namely, John Win-

throp's *A Declaration of Former Passages and Proceedings betwixt the English and the Narrowgansets, with their Confederates, wherein the Grounds and Iustice of the ensuing Warre are opened and cleared* (Cambridge, 1645), the third work printed in English America of which any copy survives, and only three other copies being known to exist. (priced \$25,000). Among other important items of Canadiana offered in this catalogue are *Sagard's Histoire du Canada et Voyages, que les Frères Mineurs Recollets*, Paris (1636), with the excessively rare three leaves of music and blank leaf (priced \$1,350); do, 2 vols., lacking music and blank leaf (priced \$300); *Champlain's Voyages et Descouvertres faites en la Nouvelle France, depuis l'Année 1615 Jusques à la fin de l'année 1618*, Paris, 1620, re-issue of 1619 edition, but with the two original blanks at the end missing, as usual (priced \$500); *Champlain's Les Voyages de la Nouvelle Occidentale, dicte Canada*, Paris, 1632, map in facsimile, otherwise very good copy (priced \$150); *Hennepin's Description de la Louisiane, Nouvellement decouverte au Sud, Ouest de la Nouvelle France*, Paris, 1683, (priced \$250); *Le Clercq's Premier Etablissement de la Foy dans la Nouvelle France*, Paris, 1691, extremely rare, but nine other copies being known (priced \$500); *Lescarbot's Histoire de la Nouvelle-France*, Paris, 1618 (priced \$250); *Dummer's A Letter to a Noble Lord Concerning the Late Expedition to Canada*, London, 1712, reprinted at Boston, 1712 (excessively rare with Boston imprint (priced \$300); *Creuxius, Historiae Canadensis, seu Novae-Franciae*, Paris, 1664, (priced \$200); *Sagard's Le grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons, situé en l'Amérique vers la Mer douce, es deniers confins de la Nouvelle France, dite Canada*, Paris, 1832, described as a fine copy (priced \$300); *Campbell's Travels in the interior inhabited parts of North America* (including Eastern Canada) *in the years 1791 and 1792*. Edinburgh: Printed for the Author, 1793, extremely rare (priced \$275).

A collection of books which at one time formed part of the private library of Sir John Simcoe, Governor of Upper Canada from 1792 to 1797, and founder of the University of Toronto, has been presented to the University by Sir Lester Harmsworth, a brother of the late Lord Northcliffe. The books, according to Stewart



Wallace, who is at the head of the University library, have mainly a sentimental value.

\* \* \*

Two series of the unpublished correspondence of W. M. Thackeray, brought nearly \$30,000 at the sale referred to in the preceding paragraph. One of the series was Thackeray's correspondence with Jane Octavia Brookfield, with whom as is well known, he was in love. The collection comprised thirty-one letters of Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield, five to her husband, and six from Mrs. Brookfield, with several original sketches by the great novelist. This collection was bought by the Rosenbach Co. for \$14,500. The same buyers paid \$15,000 for a series of thirty-four letters written to Miss Perry, in which he poured out the story of his love for Mrs. Brookfield, and after the break with her following some "high words" between Thackeray and Brookfield, his bitterness and sorrow.

\* \* \*

Other high prices brought at the Good-year sale were \$5,750 for the original manuscript of Thackeray's lecture on Jonathan Swift; \$5,500 for a single letter by John Keats; \$5,800 for the original manuscript of Charlotte Brontë's preface for the second edition of *Jane Eyre*, which she dedicated to Thackeray, and \$6,900 for Charles Lamb's common place book, containing seventy-seven pages of extracts from Marvell, Wordsworth, Cowper and others.

\* \* \*

A valuable collection of nearly 400 of Lewis Carroll books, pamphlets and letters, some of the books containing original drawings by John Tenniel, has been given to the Harvard College Library at Cambridge by the family of its owner, the late Harcourt Amory, of Boston. The most valuable item in the collection is a copy, bound in full vellum for presentation, of the first edition of *Alice in Wonderland*, dated London, 1865. This edition was recalled by the author, and the publishers sold the sheets to D. Appleton, of New York, who issued the book with a new title-page dated 1866. The edition published in London in 1866 was for a long time supposed to be the first.

\* \* \*

Benjamin Franklin's copy of the Continental Congress's instructions to Adams, Franklin, Jay, Laurens and Jefferson, in negotiating peace with England in 1781 has just been found and purchased by Thomas F. Madigan, a New York dealer in autographs, with about 100 other rare Revolutionary documents. Mr. Madigan bought the collection from descendants of James T. Fields, the noted Boston publisher. Franklin's copy of the peace instructions, the

original of which has been missing since the peace conference, bears his own certification that it is a "true copy."

\* \* \*

An autograph letter by Edgar Allan Poe, brought \$3,600 at the Anderson Galleries in New York city on January 18th, at the sale of the letter and document collection of the late Tristram Coffin of New York City. The letter was written on February 16th, 1847, and in it Poe refuted the charge of plagiarism in connection with *The Conchologist's First Book*.

\* \* \*

An autograph manuscript of a portion of a speech by Abraham Lincoln on slavery and equality brought \$4,700 at the Anderson Galleries in New York City on February 2nd, at the auction of the autograph collection of A. C. Goodyear, of Buffalo. \$2,900 was paid at the same sale for a letter written by Lincoln a month after his nomination for the Presidency, to publishers of his biography, denying that he had authorized the work.

\* \* \*

The first cook book of which there is any record, according to Dr. Frank Vizetelly, the philologist, was *The Form of Curey*, that is, cooking, and dates from 1390. It is in manuscript form, for printing was not discovered until many years later. The first cook book printed was *De arte coquinaria*, which was printed at Venice in 1475. It was written by Bartholomaeus Platine, the first librarian of the Vatican library at Rome. *An English Cookery Book* was printed in 1498 by Caxton, and perhaps the most famous of cookery books, *The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy*, by a Lady of Quality, who turned out to be Hannah Glasse, was published in 1747.

\* \* \*

Charles F. Heartman, the book dealer and auctioneer-editor of *The American Collector*, writing in the February issue of his journal, expresses himself rather pessimistically about the future of book collecting, the collecting of Americana in particular. Mr. Heartman begins by stating that he doesn't think that the turnover in rare books of the combined selling forces of the United States is any larger than it was a dozen years ago, although it is possible, he suggests, that the noise is a little louder. This suggestion may be readily endorsed, but it is hard to believe that there ever was a time when more money was spent on rare books than is spent today, for there must surely be a score of collectors now where there were half-a-dozen ten years ago. Mr. Heartman is on firm ground, however, when he goes on to point out how diminished has become the supply of really rare books, es-

pecially in the way of Americana, due to their disappearance into public institutions or into the libraries of collectors who have provided that their gatherings shall become public property after their decease. There are, he says, but seven Americana collections of any size which can and probably will come into the market and which contain probably \$3,000,000 worth of really desirable material from a discerning collector's point of view. This scarcity, Mr. Heartman says, has inflated the market, with the result that "All kinds of junk is dressed up with long notes and high prices are asked, at times, for trifles."

THE COLLECTOR.

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# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

Prof. Wallace  
Univ. of Toronto.

*A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature  
and the Creative Arts* ❧ *290 a year 25¢ a copy*

Vol. IX

TORONTO, APRIL, 1927

No. 4



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

*125 Simcoe Street*

*Toronto, 2, Canada*



# Inside Stuff . . .

## Genuflections to St. John!

"I take off my hat each month to Findlay I. Weaver, the editor of *The Canadian Bookman*," says Margaret E. Lawrence, who edits the literary section of the *Times-Globe*, of St. John, N.B. "With all the magazines and weeklies and daily papers paying more or less attention to the writers and publishers, grabbing up every bit of news anent old books and new books; reporting the comings and goings, the plans and purposes of this and that eminent novelist, poet, essayist and dramatist, it is not easy, where the material is at best limited, to publish each month a magazine that fulfils all the conditions demanded of a 'Bookman.'" But *The Canadian Bookman* continues to be eminently satisfactory and informative and inspiring, a battered word in very truth, but after all the only one there is that means—inspiring!"

Consider again the woes of a proof-reader! In Dr. Logan's interesting letter on page 88 of the March issue, an error was corrected in the line that should have started the second paragraph, but this line, after being corrected, was inserted seven lines further down. If the reader will refer back to that issue and find the line, "Oddly enough Canadian criticism has treated both," reading this to immediately precede the line "books perfunctorily—as if they were just books in," he will get the proper sense of the letter.

In sending in her renewal subscription to *Canadian Bookman*, Miss Grace A. Reinhardt says she finds the journal very interesting. "The art section is of particular interest to our art study club."

## A Fine Compliment

A compliment to one of *Canadian Bookman's* newer contributors was paid by *Public Opinion*, of London, England, when, for its Spring Book Number, it selected as the chief contents of its leading article, under the heading of "How to Acquire the Art of Reading a Book," the entire article by Marcus Adeney printed in *Canadian Bookman* for February, under the heading of "The Art of Reading." Moreover, the significant ending of Mr. Adeney's article—"There is no known limit to the suggestiveness of the written word"—was used as the sub-heading of the feature article in the London journal.

Mr. Adeney is a newcomer to the ranks

of Canadian writers and *Canadian Bookman* hopes to present further of his articles following up those which he has had in February and March and in this particular number.

Besides his keen interest in literature he is a devotee to music and a member of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

\* \* \*

## Appreciates Art Articles

It is a satisfaction to record as an evidence of interest created by the articles on art appearing regularly in *Canadian Bookman* that one Peterborough, Ontario, subscriber has sent in eight new subscriptions from members of the Art Study Club. "Please let us have all you can on the subject (art) as we are keenly interested," writes this subscriber, who says in addition, "I want to add a note of appreciation, too, for the Poetry Number. It was much enjoyed. Peterborough rejoiced in a visit from Charles G. D. Roberts not long ago. He was delightful."

\* \* \*

## Lists of Booklovers

Hardly a month passes that does not bring subscriptions from Canadian booklovers who had not previously known of the existence of *Canadian Bookman*. They chance upon it, like it, and subscribe. It will be appreciated that to undertake a general publicity campaign to reach all those who are really interested in things literary, would involve addressing several million deaf ears at a cost of so much per! The state of the exchequer makes this impossible; therefore, as an alternative, we should like to appeal to present subscribers to send us lists of friends whom they know to be booklovers. It is proposed to send sample copies of *Canadian Bookman* to these people and the result should be an encouraging increase in the number of subscribers.

As has been said in the "Inside Stuff" columns of previous issues, the building up of a list of subscribers to the proportions that it really should assume, would naturally lead to an increase in the size of the journal.

On all sides, especially in small retail and custom shops, one is confronted with the hackneyed sign "A Satisfied Customer is our Best Advertisement." We have sort of an inner feeling that *Canadian Bookman* has a lot of satisfied subscribers. May we not look to them to bear out the time-honored sentiment of that familiar legend!

# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office: 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. IX., No. 4

TORONTO, APRIL, 1927

25c a Copy  
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## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

JEAN BLEWETT

By John Macklem

JEAN BLEWETT—how she used to be welcomed at the recitals she gave in different Canadian towns and cities a decade or two ago! She has been called "a woman's poet," because of her intensely human treatment of subjects pertaining to the home. Besides her books of poems she has published one novel, *Out of the Depths*. She is a native of Scotia, Ontario, where she was born November 4th, 1872, the daughter of John and Janet (MacIntyre) McKishnie, both of whom had come to Canada from Argyllshire. Jean McKishnie attended the local public school and the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute. While still in her 'teens her short stories and poems appeared in different periodicals, her first published poem being a lullaby printed in *Frank Leslie's Monthly*.

She was married in 1899 to Bassett Blewett, a native of Cornwall, England. Following the appearance of her novel came her first book of verse, *Heartsongs*, and several years later *The Cornflower and Other Poems*, which greatly increased her popularity. But her best work was in *Jean Blewett's Poems*, published in 1922.

She was for some years a member of the staff of the *Toronto Globe*, having eventually to resign owing to ill-health. Upon leaving Toronto she

lived with her daughter in Lethbridge, Alberta.

She has recently returned to Toronto, which is also the home of her brother Archie P. McKishnie, the novelist. She received a warm welcome from literary colleagues when she attended the meeting of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Authors Association in February of this year.

Following is an excerpt from an appreciation published several years ago in the *Globe Magazine*:

. . . She does not attempt wild flights of rhapsody or deep philosophical problems. It is an everyday sort of poetry, simple in theme and treatment, unpretentious, domestic, kindly, humorous and natural . . . Perhaps it is because of this very simplicity of theme and treatment that Mrs. Blewett's writings, both in prose and poetry, are so popular among a very large class of the Canadian public . . . In sentiment and in morals her poems are wholesome and, to use a feminine adjective, 'sweet' . . . Mrs. Blewett is perhaps the most conspicuous example in Canada of the class of writers who try to bring the plain people into touch with the highest ideals that are frequently most effectively taught in verse. Her lessons are of self-denial, and of the power of love to mould men and women.



On the maternal side Jean Blewett is descended from the noted Gaelic bard Duncan Ban MacIntyre.

CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS.

*Out of the Depths*, a novel, 1892. Toronto: Hunter Rose & Co.

*Heartsongs*, 1897. Toronto: George N. Morang.

*The Cornflower and Other Poems*, 1906. Toronto: William Briggs.

*Jean Blewett's Poems*, 1922. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

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## LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON

CRITICS are agreed that *The Viking Heart*, by Laura Goodman Salverson, is in the first rank of Canadian novels, and even if this author never again touches the high level of that achievement she will have a place among the notable novelists of this country.

This author is a native Canadian of Icelandic descent. She was born in Winnipeg thirty three years ago. Her early life was one of vicissitudes and some of its bitterness crept into one or two of the passages of *The Viking Heart*. But her father had a passion for books and he clung to some of his treasures through all misfortunes. Her mother was a cultured woman and even in her girlhood Laura wove her dreams into stories of high romance.

The shifting tides of fortune took the family to Duluth where she met her future husband, George Salverson. The formal schooling of Laura Goodman was meagre, but she was gifted with a keen insight into character and a very quick intelligence. The school of life has taught her to understand a Borgia who in her calm dignity, her great-hearted steadfastness, is a very notable figure, or the volatile Finna who is always exclaiming "Now we have a light," and always guided by the light of love.

It was while living in Regina that Mrs. Salverson began to put down in

poetry the thronging thoughts that came to her. One of her most beautiful poems, *Creation of the Birds*, she wrote while the iron was getting hot. She showed some of these poems to the late Dr. W. W. Andrews, a man of fine discernment in things literary, and he was impressed. (These poems have been published under the title *Wayside Gleams*.) In the days that followed she was very full of the story of her people. She wrote a short story which won the first prize in a field of seventy-two entries in the Regina Women's Canadian Club Short Story Contest. Heartened by this and encouraged by her friends, she set to work on a novel. *The Viking Heart* was written in three months. From the first, the conclusion was in the writer's mind. Borgia was to win at a great price—the death of her son at Passchendaele—a realization that Canada was her land. The meaning of the name "Borgia" is "To pay."

This Canada which had demanded much of them—it was her country. This peace which was hers, he had paid for, just as she had paid a heavy price that he might live. The old saying of her father's flashed into her mind: "All things with blood and toil are bought, all joys are cleansed in tears."

Mrs. Salverson is at present a resident of Calgary. Her last novel, *When Sparrows Fall*, reflects her Duluth experience. Ephemia's father and mother are modelled on Mrs. Salverson's father and mother. Other projects, three or four at once, are now engaging her attention and abundant energy, and a new novel, *Lord of the Silver Dragon*, has for some time been in the publisher's hands. Another intriguing title of a complete book awaiting publication is *The White Dove of Algiers*.

CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS.

*The Viking Heart*. 1923. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

*When Sparrows Fall*. 1925. Toronto: Thos. Allen.

*Wayside Gleams* (poems). 1925. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

## Farewell

By Jessie Playfair Lees

**B**EFORE you go, look westward, and let all  
 The day grow dim, out there beyond the tall  
     Hushed trees forever limned against the skies.  
     Under the eaves a weary birdling cries . . .  
 And through the panes your world shrinks, thin  
     and small.

Night brings the gifts you love; that purple shawl  
 Etched on the sills, and moonlight on the wall  
     In filigree of gold to charm your eyes  
     Before you go.

Here dreams abide, and here no tears shall fall . . .  
 Your rooms are rosed with laughter, and your hall  
     Rich with the mirth of little songs, that rise  
     Like pleasant ghosts to greet the friends who  
     prize  
 These last swift hours when mystic voices call  
     Before you go.

## The Weaver

By Jessie Playfair Lees

**T**HINKING of spring and tulips in the square,  
 I hush my basement loom, and softly creep  
 Up to a narrow window on the stair,  
 While pallid winter beams their vigils keep.  
 The flagstone in the court below me spreads,  
 No longer frost-bound, for the square is brushed  
 With colors that a chapel window sheds  
 Through tinted panes, like petals cupped and flushed  
 To form spring's blooms; above them stretch old  
     trees  
 Cloaked with the fluff of blossoms magic brings.  
 For me the scent of April rides the breeze,  
 And overhead I hear a sigh of wings.

\* \* \* \* \*

They tell me spring is slow to garb the square—  
 They have not found the window on the stair!



# Magazines and Magazines

By Merlyn Swift

IN the recent and as yet unsubsidized tempest over the unhappy position of our Canadian magazines there is at least one point that puzzles those whose task is to help provide grist for the great mills of fiction. It is this, and may best be put in the form of a question: What, primarily, is a magazine, an advertising medium or a book published to entertain?

It would seem on the surface a foolish question, but in any argument the first thing to do is to define one's terms. And even over the most obvious there may be a great deal of quibbling. Much was said about the unfair competition of American periodicals, free-advertising in Canada and what it meant to national industries that had to wage a terrific fight for existence, just because American magazines publicizing American products descend weekly, fortnightly and monthly upon a defenseless nation.

Is not this just a little outside of what we call our magazine-problem? This is a question of advertising and surely does not account for the absence of all-Canadian, all-fiction magazines. The outcry, it seems, should be directed against a few weekly periodicals remarkable for their amazingly large consumption of paper and the undeniable cleverness of their advertising-copy and illustrations than for any gems of verse or prose contained between their flamboyant covers.

There are magazines and magazines. But the prevailing idea among Canadian publishers seems to be a book of advertisements with a few columns of fiction to separate the soup-ads from "How to Earn Money in Your Spare Time."

Granted that the richest plums on the publisher's tree grow on the

branches of publicity, there is yet to be considered the neglected fact that a great number of the American magazines which circulate in Canada contain a negligible amount of advertising and depend almost solely on the quality of their fiction and articles to ensure sales and bring them a steady and excellent profit. I do not allude to the sensational.

It is absurd to talk of unfair competition in this field. The only competition there is in the quality of the stories printed. If we cannot produce fiction as good as theirs we should only then forbear to raise our voice in lamentation. But there are a goodly number of Canadian freelances selling their output to American journals; which removes bodily the objector who says we have not got the writers. Others will state that we haven't the public. We have. Ten million people will support a dozen magazines, provided they like them. The liking depends on the ability of the editor to give the public what it wants.

Do not look on the dear old populus . . . *hoi-polloi, canaille*, or what you will . . . as any deaf and dumb, blind animal. He is notoriously wise, and although Horace speaks lightly of the buyer of nuts and popcorn at the play, that same buyer knows good popcorn and remembers the fellow who sold him the stale peanuts.

By some labyrinthine process of gigantic minds, Canadian publishers have taken as their magazine model the rare old journal whose weekly cover awes us with the unashamed declaration that it was founded by one Benjamin Franklin; as who should say, "Let no dog bark!" A short story drawn out to novelette length to accompany pages of advertising is

bound to contain just as much drivel as it goes beyond being a short story, even if Benjamin's own name grace the by-line.

Let us make no mistake. The failure of Canadian magazines is a failure to produce high-pressure, big-profit advertising mediums. It reflects not on our people. It is, however, a failure ignoble, inasmuch as its object is ignoble. Of decent adventure, all-story, chummy magazines we have none. Nor have we attempted any worthy the name.

Before, then, we shake our heads and thus signify the hopeless case of

Canadian magazines, and quote that queer fetish of unfair competition, let us think over these few facts:

We produce paper cheaply.

We have plenty of good writers.

We have the public.

We buy American magazines which contain little advertising.

A magazine can exist well on stories alone, if they be good, easy reading.

There has been no real effort in Canada to produce a magazine that will appeal to the great masses of the people. They alone can support such an enterprise.

## April 1917

By B. A. Ryan

THE crimson poppies strew the mountain slope,  
Where he, who was my brother, lies in France,  
Sleeping his quiet sleep since that full day  
When last he heard "Canadians, advance!"

Across the shell-scarred slope of Vimy's breast,  
They riot in a blanket, crimson red,  
Down to the stretches of the level plains  
They cover up the dead—the dauntless dead.

O quiet dead! O happy, peaceful dead!  
Sleeping your endless sleep adown the years,  
Yours is the warm soft scent of poppy leaves,  
Ours the ceaseless war of hopes and fears.

Nothing that frugal Nature ever framed,  
But lives again in change. And so in truth  
The crimson of the poppies recreates  
Your flaming courage and your dauntless youth.

And putting far aside those other days  
Of war and agony, of storm and stress,  
The petals of the poppy spread about  
The blessed perfume of forgetfulness.



# Splinters from a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

## II.—DROUGHT OF IDEAS

HE who lives by the imagination fears quite often that he shall perish thereby. The mind is void of thoughts, even the most commonplace, and one feels as if he had entertained his last idea. If you can afford the leisure it is well at such periods to let the mind lie fallow and without doubt after the passage of days and nights, not necessarily thirty-one, sweltered venom or concentrated sweetness you may get.

But few can lay down their tools for long. And after disuse it is hard to pick them up and begin anew. So it is well to have a few stimuli when the thoughts come slow. Reading is one, exercise is another, writing something, anything, is the best. No matter how hard the effort, sit down and write. You may hate the idea and many will tell you it is wrong to force yourself. Do not believe it. Write banalities, futilities, anything; but write. You may hack out a story and, despite the uncongenial mood in which you wrote it, you will find it little worse than your average. Writing, of all arts, partakes most of the nature of a job. It demands long, if not definite, hours. Each day must yield its meed. Too many who would be writers toy with their work, tinker with the fringes, think of all they will do; yet never seriously dig into it. You are wed to a hard and exacting business; you get out of it what you put in.

Harold Bell Wright, the greatest exponent of platitudinous fiction-writing, admits he has sufficient work planned to keep him busy the rest of his life. *Soit*. He is fortunate. Most writers face many days with no plans at all or only the most nebulous. To our mind, it is the nature of the pro-

fession. We should hate to see stretching before us the list of literary works we were going to turn out. A lot of the beauty of our labor lies in its haphazard future. Tentatively we may plan a novel on the dulse-gatherers or the fisherfolk. We may hope to do a series of historical articles after the manner of Creel. Insanely we may project a book of sonnets. But we rejoice to think that we are not bound to any one of them, that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle or Sir Oliver Lodge may capture a real spirit and plunge all the journalistic world into stories of spooks for centuries to come.

Those who begin writing with ready, inspired ideas that simply bubble for expression are like those who marry in the fever-heat of love, sure that a lifetime is too short for the duration of their flame. Know that in writing as in love it will not be ever thus. The once eager kiss becomes a duty; the pages of writing a task. Then is the test of love and literature. The strong heart carries on, and though the first splendid flush of enthusiasm has faded, finds many lesser blooms, finds them with earnest search and brave constancy.

The writer who limits himself to the short story form is often faced with an empty bag of tricks, and the effort to think up new ones produces only a gorgeous headache and an evil temper. He is wise to vary his work, put in some real toil on writing a fact-article and getting photos, trying to turn out a little verse or an essay.

If you are seriously in the game and have already made openings in several places you must work even harder to expand them than you did to secure your first recognition. Study the editors and their magazines. Show them the best you can do and plenty of it. If you have nothing to do but

write you should, without much difficulty, turn out one or even two novels a year, a novelette every fortnight or so and a goodly number of short stories. That is your job, and if you hope to live on your earnings, quality must all too often be sacrificed to output. But that is not art? We fear not always. And the voluminous writer is not an artist? Balzac, the Dumas, Thackeray, Dickens wrote by the ream and if their work is not art in goodly patches we have been grossly misled. Granted there is an evil in over-writing oneself; there is an evil more to be avoided in not doing enough of actual elbow-work.

And you must find your plots by the sweat of brow and the wrack of nerves; even if in the process you sit as placid as a sphinx and seem concentrated only on your Lady Nicotine. Writing is a contrary business and instead of becoming easier with practice, it does for a time become more arduous. You find it increasingly

hard to write, chiefly because you are becoming self-critical and unconsciously reject a lot of near-ideas that in the primal cacoethes you would have set down on paper and gazed upon as masterpieces. It is well.

There are writers who begin with a line or a paragraph and upon it build up a story structure. We gaze upon them as gods, we who rarely essay a line unless we have visualized the probable outcome. In the writing of it we may change and it may end far differently from our original design. What of that; if it end better? Also, in the writing we are sometimes sidetracked, and those sidetrackings may suggest other plots to which a word jotted in the margin will be sufficient key.

But to every man his method. You may have a well stocked notebook, a collection of interesting clippings, a diary; from these to draw inspiration. Or you may possess a brain. All are good sources.

## Could I But Know

By Elaine M. Catley

COULD I but know that something I have done,  
 A glance, a smile, a word, had made you glad—  
 If but one verse of all my verses, found  
 Response in your dear heart, I should have had  
 Supreme reward; indeed, through all my days,  
 I should walk proudly, dowered with such praise.

But if my passing leaves no sense of loss,  
 And if you treasure nothing I can give;  
 I am content to love the things you love,  
 The same deep hopes and joys by which you live.  
 Humbler in spirit, I can yet rejoice  
 Sometimes to see your smile, to hear your voice.



# A Pleasure-Plus-Profit Affair

By C. D-W.

IT seems a great pity that the whole of the Canadian writing fraternity could not have heard the speakers at the meeting of the Toronto authors on the evening of March 12th.

Mr. Henry Button's address may seem prosaic on paper, but if you have ever met Mr. Button or heard him, you can easily fill in the delightful details. Speaking of markets, he said the English market was flooded; the United States were consumed with their own importance and liked their own atmosphere in books; while in Canada there was a limited constituency and an excessive output. The markets of the first two countries were more easily secured by quality; the writer must put away all vain thoughts. By that, Mr. Button meant no writer should sit down to write a novel with the thought of aweing his friends with the sight of his name on a book cover; he should strive first for quality. Also, he should choose pleasant themes; salacious novels were not wanted by reputable publishers. He pointed out that there was a demand for historical fiction and novels of sport and outdoor life. There was also a wonderful field for juveniles. The speaker paid a compliment to British Columbia when he said one must go to Vancouver for the real bibliophiles, and that the Department of Education of British Columbia had done more to stimulate interest in Canadian literature than any other province, because there the teaching of Canadian prose and poetry was compulsory. The writers of British Columbia were interested in the history of their province and a great book was sure to emanate from there. In concluding, the speaker said an author ought to allow an English or U.S. publisher at least six months to bring out his book, and that at least 2000 must be sold to make any money.

After Mr. Button had resumed his seat, there followed an interesting altercation between this member and Mr. Donald G. French as to the best time of the year to bring out a book. Mr. Button thought that fewer books ought to be published in the fall and that any other time at all was a good time, while Mr. French kept his attention glued to Christmas presents. Had both members been Irish—but thank goodness, they weren't! Canada has few enough publishers, as it is! ("Oh, Oh!"—Editor.)

Mr. Napier Moore, editor of *Maclean's Magazine*, said that Canada was breeding a type of author much higher in calibre than the average magazine fiction writer in the U.S., and that in *Maclean's* recent short

story contest the standard of writing was very high. He lamented the scarcity of light, humorous fiction with plot, which was most in demand. This editor wants *humor*, mind you, not frivolity. He is not interested in whether bobbed hair is dying out or not.

Now, those writers whose hearts swelled with pride at Mr. Moore's message will likely feel the same organ take a flop at what Mr. J. H. Cranston of the *Toronto Star Weekly* had to say. He had come to the conclusion, after many years in an editorial chair, that writing was the last resort of the feeble-minded. Before plunging into his subject, he looked around the audience and said, with mock solemnity and awe:

"Are you all *authors*?" (Nobody answered.) "Well! This is the most thrilling moment of my life! I've often dreamed of such an experience, but this is the first time it has come my way, for, all the years I've been an editor, I've never yet seen an author in my office!"

The audience showed that it was neither thin-skinned, nor lacking a sense of humor, for it laughed heartily. If it were not for such jolly people as Mr. Cranston, we might take ourselves too seriously. (No, Mr. Cranston, we are not all authors; if we were, it would need whole continents of bibliophiles to buy our books. But we all plead guilty to feeble-mindedness, if there be any truth in your definition!)

"The Sunday newspaper magazine," said Mr. Cranston, "is an undefinable thing. It is the newspaper, book and magazine of the masses. To succeed, it must interest all, and this success can be measured best by circulation. The newspaper man (or woman) must give his best first. He must plunge into the middle of his subject and be sure to make a big splash. Pictorial prose is a necessity because this is an age of pictures, when people are trained to see rather than to think ideas."

A couple of letters from would-be contributors caused a gale of laughter, especially when Mr. Cranston read an imaginary postscript to one of them—at least I hope it was an imaginary one!—"I am a member of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association!"

The last speaker, Mr. Gregory Clark, also on the staff of the *Toronto Star Weekly*, described himself as a "side show barker," and said the technique of the latter was good technique for a Sunday newspaper. Newspaper writers were not writing for posterity—posterity didn't count in circulation figures—and newspaper writing had nothing

to do with authors. The main thing was, had you a story? If you had, it would write itself. No editor knew what he didn't want until he saw it. A true editor lived in hope.

Mr. Clark told of an amusing incident that happened "Over there." An English officer asked Mr. Clark one day what he did in private life. The Canadian replied that he was a newspaperman.

"Are you really? . . . Well! . . . We have another fellow here who writes, too, or does something like that . . . Fellow named Dunsany."

"What!" gasped Mr. Clark. "Dunsany! . . . He is a writer!"

"Is he really? . . . Is he really?" drawled the other. "Well, he's a damned odd soldier."

\* \* \*

### The Happy Book-Hunter

"A great book-hunter in a small way," was the description of himself given by Mr. Ernest Rhys (Editor of Everyman Library) when he delivered the first of a series of Literary Lectures. He emphasized that the only books worth hunting are those which can impart to the reader something of that essence which Milton wrote of as "the precious life-blood of a master spirit." Such books do not always command good prices.

He produced a tiny volume of John Donne, the poet, bought for fourpence at a time when Donne was almost forgotten. Now, when the poet has come into his own again, it is worth almost as many pounds.

Choice should be made, not according to fashion—the life of the average novel is one month—but according to lasting worth.

Mr. Rhys spoke of the interesting associations which a book could call up, and incidentally related an amusing recollection of Swinburne.

Mr. Rhys was dining with the poet and Watts-Dunton when some photographs of brawny Scottish fishwives were shown to them. These two physically small men looked at them for a moment; then Swinburne, edging along the table towards Watts-Dunton, and holding up a photograph, bellowed out in his tremendous voice "Theodore, they are not of our breed."

The lecture was charmingly discursive and Mr. Rhys referred to his experiences during the war, when lecturing in France to weary soldiers. Once, after he had done his best, a beetle-browed, bull-necked sergeant arose, looked fiercely at him and asked: "Wot I wants to know is, is this 'ere Shakespeare still alive?" Mr. Rhys' reply, "Shakespeare is probably more alive than any one in this room," appeared to give satisfaction. The great writer persisted, Mr. Rhys added, "because of the vividness and reality of his reactions to life."

Mr. John Drinkwater, Mr. Walter De La Mare, and, provisionally, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, are among the distinguished authors who have promised lectures during the Spring Season. These lectures are being delivered at Foyle's Bookshop in London, England.

## Beauty

By Verna Loveday Harden

O H, Beauty is an holy power,  
More potent, far, than sorrow;  
She makes, from music heard this hour,  
Sweet memory for the morrow;  
She bends benignly over all  
God's kingdom, healing losses,  
And clothes the crumbling temple wall  
With verdant vines and mosses.

She weaves a subtle, breathless charm  
Round hearts that she caresses;  
Her eyes are bright, her breath is warm,  
And youth is in her tresses.  
As lilacs fill a chamber small  
With fragrance all-compelling,  
So Beauty fills the heart's wide hall  
Wherein she makes her dwelling.



## Magazines Then and Now

By Aubrey Fullerton

THIS is the 185th year since the establishment of the first magazine in North America, and the 195th year since Number One of the first magazine in the English language. Within two centuries, that is to say, a new medium of current literature has arisen and developed, waxed and waned, and in its various forms has become a factor in the lives of most thinking and many unthinking people.

In Canada the first magazine appeared in 1789. Its birthplace was Halifax, which thirty-seven years earlier had also produced Canada's first newspaper. *The Nova Scotia Magazine*, forerunner of all Canadian monthlies, lived three years.

Four other magazine ventures were launched in Halifax during the first half of the new century, but none of them were of long endurance. They had both courage and merit, but the times were not ripe.

*The Quebec Magazine*, which began in 1791, was the first in Canada in the French language.

Eight different publications, at different times have taken the name of *The Canadian Magazine*. The first of these was in Montreal in 1823, and the others came from Toronto, beginning in 1833. The present bearer of the title dates from 1893.

Today there are in Canada about one hundred quarterly, monthly, and fortnightly magazines, including the reviews, the literary, fiction and domestic periodicals, and the largest of the business, educational, outdoor life, agricultural, and brotherhood or society monthlies. Many others have been born and have died, for the way of the magazine publisher in a country of such great distances and sparse population, has never been an easy one. Moreover, American magazines have competed in the same field.

Despite a heavy death rate in the United States also, there are now being issued in that country about 2,500 publications of magazine grade. Changes in the list are frequent. Magazines come and go, and there are not many that have been publishing for more than fifty years. Both as to numbers and kind it is a far cry from the day of beginnings.

In 1741, when the first magazine in America made its appearance, there were not more than fourteen or fifteen newspapers this side of the Atlantic, and to attempt anything more in the way of a publishing enterprise, was a courageous undertaking. Even England had been given its first magazine only ten years before, when Cave, a London bookseller, launched *The Gentleman's Magazine*, which was described as a

"monthly collection, to treasure up as in a magazine" articles on the subjects with which it was proposed to deal. That was how and when the term was applied: and the idea itself took so well that it spread to the colonies.

Benjamin Franklin, pioneer journalist and man of affairs, was at that time prosperously established as a printer in Philadelphia. He had opened a shop of his own in 1727 and two years later had acquired a newspaper that a rival printer had been publishing unsuccessfully. Under his control *The Pennsylvania Gazette* beamed both popular and influential.

Twelve years of newspaper ownership brought the eighteenth century Munsey to the point where he saw an opportunity for a monthly magazine, which, he thought, would serve to shape public opinion more leisurely and therefore more effectively than a weekly news-sheet. He decided to make the venture and began to prepare for it. Before he was fully ready, however, his plans leaked out, and another printer, Bradford, stole a march on him by arranging for the publication of a magazine from his own office. As a matter of fact, this rival magazine was out first, preceeding Franklin's by a narrow margin of three days. But it ran for only three issues, and the real credit for founding magazine journalism in America therefore belongs to Franklin, for not only did he first think of it, but he stayed longer at it.

Franklin's new publication was *The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle*. Its rival was *The American, or a Monthly View*. Both were known by their shorter names, and in the meagre constituency of their time they appealed to the same class of readers.

In its contents *The General Magazine* was heavy and over-solid. Of matter even approaching the popular type of modern magazine literature there was almost none. Out of twenty-three articles in one number, ten dealt with parliamentary proceedings in the colony and in London, and the others were devoted to religion, philosophy, and purposeful information. Whatever the hand of Benjamin Franklin touched was well done, but it was inevitable that he should view his work as a moulder of public opinion very seriously. The day of light literature had not arrived.

For six months Franklin continued to put out his magazine, hoping, no doubt, that it might yet make a place for itself. Then he dropped it. Whether the public of "all the British plantations in America" did not respond sufficiently to its appeal or whether it was too heavy a load to carry with his numerous other duties and undertakings, we do not know, for he makes no mention of it in his autobiography.

### A Memorial Art Gallery

Instead of putting up a monument as a memorial to former students who lost their lives in the World War, a memorial Art Gallery was opened at the Nutana Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Sask., and in seven years \$15,000 has been invested in this enterprise. The aim of the founders was twofold—to establish a living Memorial and to encourage interest in and appreciation of Canadian art and the original plan has extended itself to the construction of a municipal gallery.

The first step in organization was the formation of a joint stock company, not incorporated, with shares at fifty cents each. Two years ago the student council supervising student activities agreed to collect \$2 a year from each student and to contribute to the memorial gallery at least \$200 a year from this source.

The following is from the foreword of the catalogue which has been published:

Has the memorial fulfilled its mission? The boys whom we commemorate were not permitted to complete that course of training for life service which we have enjoyed, but have we provided a fitting environment in which they may still associate with us, and though their lips are dumb may still speak to us? Ex-graduates of our collegiate frequently reveal an appreciation of art and an earnest longing for the finer things of life, which has been inspired and fostered by the daily companionship of these splendid productions.

"Five years have passed since the first picture, 'Ave Maria' was purchased, and we believe that this living memorial is providing a medium through which the spirit of our heroes may continue to participate in the life and ideals of our dear old school."

The following artists are represented in the gallery: Edmund Wylie Grier, R.C.A., O.S.A.; Marion Long, A.R.C.A.; F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., O.S.A.; Robert Ford Gagen, R.C.A.; William Greason; Florence Carlyle, A.R.C.A.; W. St. Thomas Smith, A.R.C.A.; Herbert Sidney Palmer, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.; Alexander M. Fleming, O.S.A.; Harry Britton, A.R.C.A.; Charles William Jefferys, A.R.C.A.; Thomas Garland Green, A.R.C.A.; Andre Lapine, A.R.C.A.; Emile Walters; Parquhar McGillivray-Knowles, R.C.A.; Gus Kenderdine; J. H. Henderson; Mary Hiester Reid, A.R.C.A.; J. Archibald Browne, R.C.A.; Homer Ransford Watson, R.C.A.; Thos. Wilberforce Mitchell, O.S.A.; George Agnes Reid, R.C.A., O.S.A.; Sybil Jackson, Fred S. Haines, Laura A. Lyall and J. W. Beatty.

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### Exhibitions in Quebec

An exhibition of Canadian paintings, wood sculpture and various other arts and crafts will be held in the Chateau Frontenac in May. Old French Canadian folk-songs will be rendered by gifted artists, while spinning and weaving, rug making, and such native crafts will be carried on by expert workers from various parts of the province.

In the autumn an exhibition of Canadian painting and sculpture from all over Canada will be held under the auspices of the Quebec Government.

### National Academy of Design Exhibition

The announcement that the National Academy of Design is at last to exhibit the work of modern painters is commented on by the *Art News*, New York:

"A belief exists that the function of the Academy is to represent not the best in contemporary art but the best tradition of the generation before, and that its purpose is to preserve tradition rather than form it. The difficulty is that almost no artist has been able to work successfully in the style of his grandfather. He must add to it something of his own, some expression of the changing surroundings, both spiritual and physical, in which he lives. Even among the most staunch Academicians traces of the milder forms of Impressionism may be found.

"But the Academy is referred to, by many of its members at least, as the foremost art institution in America. This would seem to imply leadership; to indicate that the semi-annual Academy exhibitions would contain the best in American contemporary art. That for many years this has not been the case is common knowledge.

"Until quality becomes the standard of academic selection it will not matter greatly whether traditional or 'modern' academicians exhibit in the sacred halls. For among the so-called 'modern' works of today are vast numbers as pointless as any products of the older school.

"In a review of the latest Winter Exhibition we compared the Academy to the pyramids and the Chinese Wall, changing only by slow disintegration. But it should be remembered that the changeless quality which, we felt, distinguished the Academy, was dullness."

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The Kansas City Art Institute is running Toledo a close second, with a bequest of \$15,000,000 for the purchase of works of art. The stipulation that the artist must be dead before his work can be bought will hold up any rush of artists to Kansas.

The Wembley exhibition is going to Paris, due largely to the initiative of Mr. Clarence Gagnon, and the enterprise of the director of our National Gallery. That it will create the same favorable impression in Paris that it did in England is confidently expected.

The Imperial Gallery of Art will hold its first exhibition during the coming summer. Canada has been invited to contribute seven paintings to uphold the name she made at Wembley. Canadian artists will select the seven canvases.



## *It Is Reported* THAT—

—British Columbia Librarians propose to adopt the Book Wagon system to extend the Public Library service to rural sections throughout the Fraser River Valley.

—Wilson MacDonald has recently given successful recitals in Galt and Stratford. In the latter city he appeared before audiences of pupils in eight of the public schools.

—a critical symposium on the works of Israel Zangwill was the feature of one of the most interesting meetings yet held by the Baron de Hirsch Book Club, of Montreal.

—Reverend Mother Theresa Saint Thomas of Aquinas, Superior of the Joan of Arc Institute, Ottawa, has been appointed a member of the French Academy on the strength of her writings under the pseudonym, "Marie Sylva."

—E. L. Hill, Edmonton librarian, speaking before the local Council of Women on "The Relation of the Public Library to the Work of the Community," defined an immoral book as one which obliterated the distinction between right and wrong.

—Major J. D. and Mrs. Hay-Shaw, of Montreal, are organizing an educational tour beginning at Montreal July 2nd. The tour will include the Shakespeare country, London, Holland, Belgium, the Rhine, Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Strassburg and five days in Paris.

—British Columbia is spending \$70,000 a year on free text books for Public School pupils as against \$40,000 spent by Alberta and \$60,000 by Saskatchewan. These statistics were recently quoted by Hon. J. D. MacLean, Minister of Education for the Pacific Province.

—Jack Miner recently visited Belleville, where the first Jack Miner league branch was organized and in the course of the notable meeting of bird lovers, on that occasion, a poem, "The Cry of the Wa-Wa," by Wallace Havelock Robb, and dedicated to Jack Miner, was read by the poet.

—Dr. Clara Barrus, author of the *Life and Letters of John Burroughs*, addressed the Women's Press Club in Toronto on April 4th, giving most interesting sidelights on the author-naturalist with whom she was closely associated for more than a decade as literary adviser and incidentally as physician.

—the National Council of Women Executive at Ottawa on March 31st, strongly advocated the appointment of a federal board of censors upon whose recommendation the

publication or sale of any periodical may be made illegal, and that by order of this board any book, pamphlet or periodical may be excluded from his Majesty's mails and from importation, if published outside of the Dominion.

—with an incidental note of concern as to the wisdom of opening a Canadian Embassy at Washington, Sir Gilbert Parker, in an article "Canada Today," in the *Empire Review*, expressed the utmost confidence in Canada's future. Nearness to the American republic had no political effect, Canada being overwhelmingly loyal to the Crown.

—in an illustrated talk on native literature before the literary society of the Augustine United Church, Mr. Gerald Wade, of Winnipeg, while emphasizing the merit of what had been and was being written by Canadian authors, said that the development of great Canadian writers was absolutely dependent upon an atmosphere of sincere appreciation.

—the oldest and most valuable Bible in America now rests in the Redpath Library at McGill University, Montreal. It was recently presented to that institution by Rev. M. O. Smith, M.A. At the end of the book of Revelation there is the date 1613 and the inscription imprinted at London by Robert Barker, printer to the King. The authorized translation was first published in 1611.

—Robert Watson's Nature History study in verse, for children—"Canada's Fur Bearers"—has just been reproduced in the United States in a new form, in collaboration with Frank G. Ashbrook, of the United States Bureau of Biological Survey, and under the auspices of the National Association of Fur Industry. The title of the new book is "Our Furry Friends."

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### Louis Hémon Medal for Mr. Frank Wise

In acknowledgment of his having made the arrangements with the late W. H. Blake for the translation of *Maria Chapdelaine*, Mr. Frank Wise, of Toronto, has been honored by the Louis Hémon Committee of the Montreal Historical Society with the presentation of one of the few Louis Hémon medals that were struck.

Although Mr. Wise is no longer active in publishing, it was felt that this recognition was due him for the part he took in helping to give *Maria Chapdelaine* a permanent place in the genre literature of Canada.

The medal is of bronze with Hémon's portrait in very heavy relief, flanked by a wreath of laurel, and bearing the dates of his birth and death. The dies have now been placed in the custody of the Association and no more medals will be struck.

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

## HENRY JAMES: MAN AND AUTHOR

A Review by John W. Garvin

ROBERT FROST, the New England poet, has said somewhere: "There are two kinds of realist—the one who offers a good deal of dirt with his potato to show that it is a real one, and the other who is satisfied with his potato brushed clean. I'm inclined to the second kind. To me, the thing that art does for life is to clean it, to strip it to form."

Now it seems to me that Henry James belongs to the second type of realist, with this peculiar characteristic: If the biggest eye of his potato is not in what he regards as the most central position, he wants to twist the tuber out of shape to get it there. In other words, in his most notable works, James is too fastidious about centralization of plot and artistic expression and arrangement. Life is not concerned with centralized plots, and the great novelist, like the great poet, "strips life to form." There must, of course, be some measure of symmetry, but to be consciously dominated by one's conception of artistry has such a confining and restricting effect as to lessen, too much, that freshness and spontaneity which give vitality and charm to fiction.

Dr. Edgar has revived interest in Henry James as only a scholar and critic of his qualifications can do. It is a masterly re-vivification. There is not only a memory-refreshing synopsis of every novel, but each is interspersed with lucid critical remarks of exceptional value to the student and to the general reader. And, pertaining to James' "letters," "prefaces," and "literary criticisms," extending over many years, Dr. Edgar has given us a 34-page chapter of quotations and comments of unusual interest. Here are a few of the latter's comments:

"By any standard of appraisal save that of consistent clearness he is one of the great masters of our English speech. More usually his obscurity arises from his multiplication of subtle discriminations. In his eagerness to leave no shade of meaning unexpressed he often makes the sentence groan under a paragraph's burden."

"His own fastidiousness was offended by his failure to find the centre of his theme, or, having found it, to set it in the true middle of his circumference."

HENRY JAMES—MAN AND AUTHOR. By Pelham Edgar. Toronto: Macmillan. \$3.

"Representation of life, the revelation of human relations in a given situation, is his supreme concern as a novelist."

"They (his characters) are not like Hardy's major or minor personages rooted in the soil, nor like the men and women of Balzac huddled within the walls of some provincial town. They are unencumbered wanderers where interest and beauty invite them, and 'fixedness' is the characteristic that least denotes them."

"He has a wonderful faculty of evocation, but within closely defined limits . . . after the gropings of his experimental youth his major figures are never after the manner of Balzac, Dickens or Bennett, sharply discriminated and set solidly on their feet at the outset, but take shape and substance with the gradual unfolding of the story."

"There is room for regret that his characters react only from the ordered beauties of nature as man has fashioned them, from formal gardens, clipt yews and lordly terraces, or from cities where the ages have lodged their treasures . . . we miss the lyric charm of Meredith and Hardy, and Conrad's wide horizons. His appreciation of wild nature was as imperfect as his apprehension of significance in the untrained mind of man. He preferred to remain where life was organized and its accretions rich."

"If I am interpreting his silence aright, his judgment was that Hardy, no less than Flaubert and Ibsen, is in bondage to the mediocre, and that his imperfectly civilized beings are, at the best, but broken registers and cracked reflectors of the passions that sway them. Ideas in the highest sense they cannot possess; all subtlety is denied them; and to endow them with significance the author is forced to levy tribute upon his own mind, an expedient which, if rashly resorted to, is fraught with disaster to the artistic integrity of the work."

"His invariable practice is to choose central characters who are capable of bearing their whole dramatic burden without shifting it to the shoulders of the author."

This is keen interpretation, which gives us in a few luminous sentences the ideas and conceptions underlying James' artistic method.

Dr. Edgar's book must continue to rank as one of the outstanding works of this year. It is the imperishable fruitage of years of concentrated reading and reflection.



THE CONVICTED CRIMINAL AND HIS RE-ESTABLISHMENT AS A CITIZEN. By Alfred E. Lavell. Toronto: Ryerson Press. \$1.00.

"A criminal is not necessarily a bad man. This depends largely upon the goodness of the law. If the law be bad it may be virtuous in a person to disobey it, even though his action be illegal." The rules and regulations of society change with the advancement of society itself. "In these democratic days, the law carries with it, as a rule, the intelligent conviction of at least a majority of the people." But, "There is no country where there are perfect laws." Thus, Mr. Lavell, in answering the query, "What is a criminal?" seeks to deal fairly with a deep social problem. "There is hardly a law which will not be resented by some person or persons in the community at certain times . . . there are persons legally convicted in our courts to-day whose conviction or certainly whose subsequent treatment will in days to come be deemed unjust and even cruel. Even the best modern criminal codes lack perspective and balance almost as much as the carvings on Egyptian Temples. If this be so it is not surprising that the conceptions of the ordinary citizen regarding criminal law and criminals are chaotic and incorrect. One very tragic result is that because the term "criminal" is applied to all offenders against the code, each offender is more or less condemned to bear in himself and his reputation the ignominy not only of the actual offence of which he was guilty, but those of all other criminals, great or small."

Without attaching importance to the somewhat dubious criticism of Egyptian art, we perceive that the problem of the convicted criminal is one which calls for thoughtful and sympathetic treatment rather than a mere presumption of abstract justice. The codes of law must necessarily remain more or less rigid. That rigidity is to be counterbalanced, as far as possible, by real humanity in our personal attitude. "Each criminal," says Mr. Lavell, "is a problem in himself to be dealt with, not with others in a herd or mass, even when you are well-persuaded that there are other offenders much like him."

The causes of crime are admirably classified, and dealt with from the promised human standpoint. Where possible, the point of view of the criminal is brought forward, not as a justification, but as the natural explanation for conduct, on the part of individuals differing from ourselves only in certain particulars, which we have found it necessary or desirable to condemn.

With regard to the treatment of criminals we seem to be between the Seylla of sentimentality and the Charybdis of revengeful punishment with expected deterrent effects. "In recent years scientific human-

itarianism has seriously questioned the wisdom and practice either of the vindictive or the sentimental treatment of criminals." The author rightly lays much stress upon the possibility of affecting a real cure. "There is a failure to attempt any adequate education of criminals undergoing sentence, to show them clearly and convince them how they had infringed upon a proper right of society, and that they had therefore injured themselves in injuring others." Defectives, of course, present an entirely different problem. A bad environment, too often the cause of wrong-doing, may be supplanted by a good one with subsequent betterment for the individual. These problems and others are taken up in detail and with considerable insight.

"There is no better way of deterring from wrong than convincing the offender that he was foolish, ill-advised and unjust. Nor is there any punishment so adequate and proper as this process . . . To keep deterrence in view is to come perilously near to vengeance. To keep reformation in view is a safe path for all concerned."

It is difficult not to go on quoting endlessly from a book so thoughtful, so well-balanced, so essentially constructive as this one. Dealing primarily with the problems and institutions of Ontario, it nevertheless touches upon the broadest aspects of criminology. It is not a book for the few who are directly concerned with the topics under discussion, but for all who would aspire to justice and wisdom in dealing with our less fortunate fellow-creatures. "An offender against society should be approached fairly, justly, scientifically, with the desire to learn as much as to teach, and with the consciousness of the common kinship of all sorts and conditions of men everywhere."

-M. A.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FISHERMAN. By Frank Parker Day. Doubleday Page & Co.

There must be many who share Izaak Walton's opinion "For I love any discourse of rivers, fish or fishing." For such this new book cannot but be sheer delight. Nova Scotia, we have heard of as "the sportsman's paradise." Now we know it is just that. Mr. Day had the good fortune to be born there, the son of a father whose hope it was that "the place of immortality" was "a pleasant meadow and a stream that swings along it." It was his father who taught him to fish and it may be remarked in passing that one of the pleasantest features of the book is the nobly generous tribute the author pays him. Not that he blinks his faults. Mr. Day, like old Izaak, doesn't blink anything. It must have been of a fisherman that the phrase was first coined, "He sees life steadily and sees it whole."

It is his boyhood days that Mr. Day narrates with most success. He is perhaps too modest about his achievements in later life. For instance, he writes: "I won a Rhodes Scholarship—it was easier to get one in those days." There have been very few scholars chosen of later years who have more fully measured up to Rhodes's ideas. He was an outstanding personality. When he "went up" he knew little or nothing about boxing, but determined to represent Oxford against Cambridge in the heavyweight class. I don't know if there were preliminary bouts to go through but I remember seeing the determining bout. His opponent was an Australian, powerful too, but Mr. Day waded into him so decisively that it was all over in one round. He hardly refers to his war years, yet he was through the whole campaign and commanded a battalion at the time of the Armistice.

However, his theme is fishing and how he does enjoy the sport and with what gusto he tells of great days and notable catches. "A wonderful day of happiness to remember when I am old, a worn and useless graybeard by the fireside. I shall not dream of time spent in cities but of days of real life such as that day upon the Sable river." (Only he should have spelled it *reel*.) "It was a place where one felt a little of the peace that passeth understanding. That day I would not have exchanged my state with kings." It is such passages as these that give the clue to the charm of this fascinating book. AUSTIN BOTHWELL.

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MYSTERY DE LUXE. By Rufus King. Toronto: Doran. \$2.00.

A multimillionaire receives a threatening letter telling him when and where to produce \$300,000 at pain of violent death. The rich man is naturally perturbed but the hero—suitor for his daughter's hand—jumps in and the matching of his wits against those of the clever villain make this story which is a high-powered thriller, leavened by a rich vein of comedy.

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WARDS OF THE AZURE HILLS. By Guy Morton. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

Morton improves with each new novel. He has gotten away from the familiar "type" story—mounties *et al* and has some real stuff in this new yarn. There is a murder mystery and certain characters that somehow suggest others we have met in hundreds of similar tales. But he does get the mountains into his story so as to get the feeling of them and the sense of their beauty across to the reader. Especially is this true of the dominance of Beacon Mountain and its unmistakable effect upon the dwellers in Valleyland, the scene of the story.—J.M.

MIDSUMMER MUSIC. By Stephen Graham. Toronto: Doran. \$2.00.

Some books are written just for the joy of the thing, and this seems to be in that category. Consequently there is a lot of genuine enjoyment for the reader. The characters are captivating, with no handicap of anything in the nature of a straining for effect on the part of the author. Incidentally there is a most colorful picture of a little-known land—Dalmatia, with interesting side-lights thrown upon local politics in Jugo-Slavia.

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HAROUN OF LONDON. By Katherine Tynan. London: Collins. 7s. 6d.

A retiring rich man, a Mr. Platt, sets out to spend his money for the benefit of other people. He goes about incognito, disguised as a homely little Hindu, Haroun-al-Raschid, knocking at many doors, dropping in his benefactions and passing quietly out. How he ascertains those worthy of his charity and the outcome of it all makes this a most interesting and unusual story.

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ELMER GANTRY. By Sinclair Lewis. Toronto. McLeod. \$2.50.

*Main Street* and *Babbitt* were clever satires, but *Elmer Gantry* is venomous. For that reason it is not to be considered in the same breath with the other two books.

Granted that there are rank hypocrites masquerading as men of God, it will be difficult, even for those none too strict in their retention of the tenets of orthodoxy, not to experience a sort of gorge-rising against the self-sufficiency and the whole mental attitude of the author toward religion.

It is an easy matter to pounce upon examples of delinquent clerics of any denomination, but it is a question whether this author's method in appealing in verbiage designed to exploit the large section of the public by which attacks of this ilk are received with such unctuous satisfaction, is not even worse than the hypocrisy which the book essays to unmask.

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CHURNINGS FROM A PRAIRIE KITCHEN. By Daisy L. Saunders. Toronto: Hunter-Rose Co. Ltd.

This little book of verse portrays life on the Saskatchewan prairie throughout the changing seasons. We are shown the prairie at dawn and at twilight and are made familiar with the wild flowers that spangle it in springtime. We are shown the interior of the prairie homestead and are made acquainted with its solitude and simple joys. The author's legends in verse should appeal especially to children. The little volume is most attractively bound in dark green leather, with gold lettering.



**FORMAL MODES OF ADDRESSING TITLED AND DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.** Compiled by Edward Pope.

In common with most people you, doubtless, have at times been at a loss as to just how to address letters to certain dignitaries of Church or State. You will therefore be glad to know that there is a book designed to meet just such difficulties. It has been compiled by Mr. Edward Pope, of Quebec, son of the late Sir Joseph Pope.

Mr. Pope in a foreword says that the forms he advocates may be used with safety by those who desire to respect certain formalities which convention decrees shall be observed in our relations with titled and other personages. The field covered includes royalty, peers of the blood royal, the peerage not of blood royal, the peers' children, etc.; peers' widows; baronets and knights, and wives and widows thereof; dame, esquire, diplomatic service, high commissioner for Canada, consuls, federal and provincial governments of the Dominion of Canada, the Bench of Canada, the clergy, officers of the Royal Navy, officers of H. M. Army, officers of the Royal Air Force, mayor, alderman, Doctor of Medicine, Law or Music; table of precedence, initials designating orders of knighthood, decorations, degrees, etc.; table of precedence, Dominion of Canada.

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**THE USE OF LIBRARIES.** Edited by Earnest A. Baker, M.A., D.Lit. London: University of London Press. 10s. 6d.

An idea of the practical value and the wide scope of Dr. Baker's book may be conveyed by brief reference to some of its salient points. The editor himself contributes a thoughtful article on "How to Use a Library and How to Read." Arundell Esdaile deals with the collections in the British Museum and further advice on the resources of this great literary mine is afforded in G. F. Barwick's treatment of its usefulness for research purposes. University libraries, the great scientific and technical libraries, the special art libraries, all come in for special treatment, as do such subjects as "The Public Record Office and Archives," "Collections and Manuscripts," "The Library Resources of London," "Library Resources Outside London," and "Library Resources Outside Britain." There is also an exhaustive Bibliography. The index alone occupies nearly a dozen pages.

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**THE REIGN OF BRASS.** By Charles Christopher Jenkins. Toronto: Ryerson Press. \$2.00.

Liquor-smuggling on the Great Lakes is the theme of this new Canadian novel, and it is better than *The Timber Pirate*, which, by the way, is still a ready-seller as a reprint.

On both sides of the international border this subject of liquor-smuggling is one of lively interest and it must have been the sixth sense of the newspaperman that inspired Jenkins to appropriate this as the subject of a novel. His characters are cleverly conceived and the dialogue is well done. In these respects the author outdoes his previous novel. The very nature of the illegal business in which these liquor carriers are engaged spells danger and excitement, consequently there are thrills aplenty. It is not merely melodramatic, because it may be characterized as true to type, reproducing a none too creditable phase of our modern life affecting especially the border people on both sides of the Great Lakes and their connecting rivers.

Incidentally it is interesting to mention here what may not be generally known, the fact that it is Jenkins who now guides the fortunes of that most interesting feature of the *Toronto Globe*—"The Bystander at the Office Window," which had been made famous by another author on the editorial staff of the *Globe*—M. O. Hammond.

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### Worth Reprinting

Everybody knows (I politely assume) that the elements of style are diction and rhythm, and that the literary apprentice must take these things in that order—that is, he must first perfect himself in the choice of words, and then must cultivate his musical ear so that he may become sensitive to the rise and fall of his sentences. Many a modern writer has earned a meretricious reputation as a stylist by the use of startling words, queer phrases, unexpected inversions, and other cheap verbal devices. But to dazzle the eye with superficial brilliance avails nothing in the long run, for the subtler and profounder appeal in prose is not to the eye at all, but through the eye to the ear (and so to the mind, where music works its magical effects and transmutations).—From a review by Gerald Bullet in *The Literary Guide*.

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### THE BIRDS' ASSEMBLY

By Florence E. Westacott

CHAUCER, in Merrie England of his day  
Hearing the small birds sing from bush  
and spray,  
And watching them as blithesomely they  
flew,  
Formed thence a tale and happy moral  
drew.

But I—alas! The stories all are told:  
Fables entrance not—how the world grows  
old!

I hear the birds, yet wis not what they say,  
That gossipped quaintly in Dan Chaucer's  
day.

## LITERARY LONDON

## A Talk About Bernard Shaw

Mr. Patrick Braybrooke, F.R.S.L., in the third of the Series of Literary Lectures arranged at Foyle's, dealt with George Bernard Shaw as a dramatist and philosopher.

Shaw, in his early work, showed by *The Unpleasant Plays* that he had, not only no recipe for happiness, but no solution as to the avoidance of unhappiness. This position was demonstrated by such plays as *Widower's Houses*, *The Philanderer*, and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. Mr. Braybrooke asserted that a great deal of dependence on Ibsen could be seen in Mr. Shaw's early work.

A detailed examination was then made of Shaw's Life Force Philosophy. The Life Force might be God, for Shaw, who looked upon this Force as a kind of impetus starting man off to the Universe and making experiments through him. Thus there was a movement in the direction of the Shavian Super-Man, but Shaw did not say much about this assumed person and it was difficult to say whether he was a more highly evolved man or a separate being.

The question of Shaw and Jesus was touched upon in reference to *Androcles and the Lion*, the play being in a limited degree an indictment against Christianity. In *Saint Joan* Mr. Shaw was inclined to be sentimental! It was not his best play. The Shavian Saint Joan was a human person with a large share of supernaturalism. It was the most impersonal play that Shaw had written. *Back to Methuselah* was a brilliant imaginative work on a Biblical story which as yet science had not entirely overthrown.

With regard to marriage, Shaw held that neither the Church nor the State had arrived at a satisfactory solution of the marriage problem. As to divorce, Shaw came to the admirable position that it was immoral for people to live together when they had destroyed the harmony of true married life.

Further points made by Mr. Braybrooke were that soldiers and journalists were heavily and unfairly satirised by Shaw, and that in the actual theatre Shaw was unequalled today.

Shaw had no doctrine of despair: he attacked men in high places and women in low places. Shaw was one of the great men of the twentieth century and had earned immortality.

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The Library of Canadiana to be built up in connection with the Canadian legation at Washington should in time prove highly useful to United States writers in posting themselves regarding subjects pertaining to Canada.

## WINS \$10,000 PRIZE

## "Atlantic Monthly's" Award Comes to Mazo de la Roche.

Another Canadian author has captured a major prize! To Mazo de la Roche, of Toronto, comes an award of \$10,000—first prize in the contest conducted by *The Atlantic Monthly*, of Boston, for her novel *Jalna*, which is a story of three generations of an English family and their life on a huge estate in the Canadian woods, the scene being somewhere in the fruit belt skirting Lake Ontario.

This prize will be supplemented by royalties and serial rights so that it is one of the most notable awards that has ever come to a Canadian author.



MAZO DE LA ROCHE  
AND "BUNTY."

In conjunction with the serialization by *The Atlantic Monthly* the novel will be published in book form by Little Brown & Co., of Boston.

Mazo de la Roche first came into prominence with her remarkable book- *Explorers of the Dawn*, published in 1922. Then came the novel *Possession* and last year *Delight*, besides the successful one-act plays *Low Life* and *Come True*, the latter of which is shortly to be produced at Hart House Theatre, Toronto.

The Canadian edition of the novel will be brought out by the Macmillan Company of Canada, who have published all her previous books.

A committee has been appointed to arrange plans for a suitable civic acknowledgment of Miss De La Roche's achievement in view of the honor she has brought to her native city.

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Our idea of preparation is the boy who took four years of journalism and then opened a newsstand.—*Green Gander*.



### Vancouver Poetry Society

Vancouver, March 5—Under the auspices of the Vancouver Poetry Society, there was presented an unusually interesting recital on the evening of March 5th. The programme was designed to introduce the poetical work of the president of the society, Dr. E. P. Fewster. Dr. (Bliss) Carman, Honorary President, acted as chairman and, in a delightfully appropriate introduction, rendered tribute to the work of Dr. Fewster, as a poet and a friend of poets. Reading selections from his own poetry which were greeted enthusiastically by his audience, Dr. Fewster gave some idea of the extent and variety of the verse which he has written. A deeply religious attitude towards life and its problems, a keen perception of beauty in nature and a kindliness warm enough to include all living creatures, were apparent in the selections chosen. Pianoforte solos by Mrs. A. M. Winlow and Miss Margaret Fewster, songs rendered by Miss Elsie Swann and Miss Fewster, formed charming interludes between the readings. At the conclusion of the programme, Dr. Lorne Pierce moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Fewster, emphasizing the significance of the event and speaking eulogistically in regard to the work of the Vancouver Poetry Society and to the achievements of Dr. Fewster as a writer and a patron of literature. Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts seconded the motion. He, too, paid graceful tribute to the personality and work of Dr. Fewster, stating that he believed the Vancouver Poetry Society to be the most vital and important organization of its kind in Canada and unique among all societies of its kind in the English-speaking world.

Before closing, Dr. Carman read a letter from an eastern author to Mrs. Annie Charlotte Dalton, in which the writer praised Dr. Fewster for his hospitality and remarked upon the charm of his personality displayed during the Authors' Convention week last year. It is interesting to note that this is the first occasion upon which Bliss Carman has acted in the capacity of chairman at a public meeting.

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### The National Viewpoint

Argument that editors of Canadian magazines favored truly Canadian articles and stories with plots laid in Canada, designed to develop a strong Canadian sentiment, was the keynote of the lecture on March 8th by Andrew MacLean, editor of *The Canadian Magazine*, this being the second in the series under the auspices of the Sigma Delta Chi fraternity of professional journalists affiliated with the University of Toronto. He advised writers to stress the national viewpoint in writing for periodicals with a national circulation.

### Canada's National Spirit

According to the view of Mr. W. J. Healy, as expressed in the first of a series of three lectures under the auspices of the Winnipeg Canadian Club, on "The Influence of the United States on Canadian Literature," the spirit of Canadianism is strong enough to maintain its individuality against such influences as the flood of printed matter from the U.S., with its alleged tendency to break down Canadian national sentiment, Americanize the Canadian people, promote imports from the United States and turn people away from good English literature.

"In Flanders Fields," the best poem of the world war, was truly Canadian, without the slightest trace of any United States influence. But there had never been a Canadian Robert Burns, Thomas Moore, Longfellow, Edgar Allan Poe, Tennyson, Carlyle, Emerson, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Matthew Arnold, Green, Parkman, Hardy, Wells, Shaw, or Kipling. Canada's growing pains had not yet reached that part of her mind or soul that was to bring forth great literature. The only native-born Canadian folk-songs were French-Canadian. The music of "O Canada," the finest symbol of Canadianism and expression of Canadian sentiment that had yet been created, was French-Canadian.

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"There has always been a place for a poet in our national affairs, and D'Arcy Magee was a poet and a dreamer who helped make our Dominion with his dreams," said Mr. Fred Landon, of London, Ont., to the Marian Keith Club, a literary organization of that city. Magee's "Jacques Cartier" would ever be remembered by all patriotic Canadians.

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Instead of the usual practice of meeting at Eastertide, this year's annual convention of the Ontario Library Association will be held in June at the time of the great convention in Toronto of the American Library Association.

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### "RED WILLOWS"

By M. Rena Chandler

BESIDE a frozen, sullen bog  
Amid the withered reeds and grass  
Red willows lift their shining wands,  
Torches of joy, to all who pass.

So glad within this barren waste,  
So gallant in their armor bright,  
Heralds of Spring, their joyous notes  
Proclaim her coming with delight.

"Red Willows" are the osier-dogwood of the Canadian swamps.

### A Literary Envoy

Katherine Hale (Mrs. John Garvin) has just returned from another successful recital tour in the United States, where she has probably done more than any other Canadian writer to stimulate American interest in Canadian literature. Other Canadian poets have toured the States, but they have given recitals of their own work. Katherine Hale not only reads her own poems, but admirably interprets the work of other Canadian poets. One of her seven recitals given in Philadelphia on this last tour was devoted to French-Canadian *chansons* and legends. While in that city, this Canadian writer and reader had the distinction of being given a place on the Washington Birthday Programme of the New Century Club, one of the oldest women's clubs in the United States. Her subject was, by request, "Canada's Old Houses."

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### Library School

The Library School of McGill University, which was founded in 1904 by Mr. C. H. Gould (president of the American Library Association in 1908-1909) as the first Library School in Canada, will hold a six weeks' session in Cataloguing and General Library Methods, beginning on Monday, May 9th, and ending on Saturday, June 18th, 1927.

The course is designed to prepare librarians for small libraries or assistants for larger libraries, and it embodies the recommendations of the Board of Education for Librarianship of the American Library Association.

The course will include thirty lectures on Cataloguing and Classification; thirty lectures on Book Selection; eighteen lectures on Administrations and twelve lectures on Reference Work.

\* \* \*

### The Open Shelf Library

The Saskatchewan Government maintains at Regina "The Open Shelf Library" available to everyone in the province who has not ready access to any other Public Library. It now has over 4,000 borrowers on the list. Out of the total of 13,166 books borrowed last year only 1512 were fiction.

\* \* \*

Not to allow Edmonton to be completely overshadowed by the literary distinction of the rival Alberta metropolis with its group of noted authors, the Edmonton *Journal* draws attention to new books by Edmonton authors, including John Hugh Regan's *The Valiant Heart*; W. Everard Edmonds' *The Canadian Flag Day Book*, and Joseph J. Duggan's *The Unforgotten Valley*. Reference is also made to the achievements of Lt. R. W. Anderson and A. de Herries Smith as short story writers.

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## Intimacies With Old Books

By Isabel Forin

THERE is a disillusion that often accompanies a close-up view of historical political events; the glamour of great deeds, of heroic figures, becomes magnified through the years so that when we read the newspaper reports that appear in the *Scots Magazine*, a monthly newspaper published in Edinburgh during the years 1739 to 1826, we feel at times vaguely disappointed. However, there is no such disappointment as we read the book reviews, the literary miscellany or the poetic contributions of these volumes. We feel a thrill of rediscovery as we see, published here for the first time, poems by Scott and Burns, reviews of well-known books, estimates of authors which the passage of time has proved to be true or false.

When *Rob Roy* was first published it was greeted with enthusiasm, and speculation was rife as to the identity of the unknown author. Scott was an illustrious figure at the time, but it was not until after his bankruptcy that he acknowledged the authorship of the Waverley Novels. At Abbotsford in the room, known as the Armoury, where Scott's wonderful collection of weapons is shown to the tourist today, is Rob Roy's gun. In the *Scots Magazine* of May, 1753, is the story of the arrest of Rob Roy's son when he surrendered this firearm to the sheriff. When the author, years afterward, became Sheriff of Selkirk, he obtained possession of the relic.

But appreciation was not always the author's reward. In a review of Dr. Johnson's works his style is termed "uncommonly vicious" and young writers are cautioned not to imitate it if they would excel! Needless to say, the reviewer's name has passed into oblivion.

In the early part of 1751 a poem entitled *An Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard* appears anonymously. It is, of course, Gray's famous poem, and in the story of the poet's life it is recorded that the *Elegy* was "impudently pirated" before Gray intended to have it printed, but that in self-defence he found it necessary to do so. The staid *Scots Magazine* must have been, no doubt unwittingly, an accomplice in this act of larceny!

In a number of 1822 an unobtrusive item informed the public that Lord Byron was at work on the 4th canto of *Childe Harold*. With what delight must this announcement have been received!

More than one of the poems of Scotland's greatest singer made their first appearance in the *Scots Magazine*. "Address to a Haggice" is the peculiar spelling of this well-known poem when it was originally

given to the public. Immortal productions are mixed at random with mediocre rhymes that likely never again saw a printing machine!

A writer highly extolled in the pages of the *Scots Magazine* is Lawrence Sterne. His *Sentimental Journey* was apparently considered a certain means of access to immortal fame. "An original letter of Lawrence Sterne" is quoted and evidently looked upon as a literary prize. We wonder what the market value of such a document is today!

Interesting, though of no literary value, is a long dialogue entitled "Burns and Byron" published in 1824. It is a description of the two poets meeting in Tartarus. They talk about their work, their aspirations, their achievements while on earth and their conversation shows that some writer, even so soon after the death of these two great geniuses, estimated them with a penetrating insight that was all too rare in early critics and biographers. He quotes Byron as saying, "I have had my aspirations after excellence, and exalted views of what humanity should be, but seeing it so often mean and low I laughed often that I might not weep." What a keen estimate is this of the poet's character! Burns' contribution to the conversation includes the sentence: "I never sat down, coolly and deliberately, to write what would inflame the passions and I think I may say that few readers ever rose from the perusal of my works with their minds in a worse frame than before; how much they may have been soothed, elevated or ameliorated it does not become me to say." Not even in the present day is the poet's noble nature always so truly appraised as by this writer whose memory has long since been forgotten.

\* \* \*

### Death of Mabel Florence Bell

The death occurred on Sunday, February 27th, of Mabel Florence Bell, artist and writer, at the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. Murray White, 577 Huron St., Toronto. Deceased had won a warm place in children's hearts for her delightful verses for and about children and had also done fine work as an artist in oils and water colors, besides turning her attention to clay modelling.

\* \* \*

### Jubilee Poetry Contest

To stimulate interest in the celebration of the Sixtieth Anniversary of Canadian Confederation, the Winnipeg *Free Press* offers \$50 for the best poem touching on this subject, with \$25 and \$10 for the poems awarded second and third place, respectively. The contest is open to Canadians everywhere. The poem may contain no more than forty lines and must be in the *Free Press* office not later than June 1st.

\* \* \*

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## Springtime on Vancouver Island

By Mary A. Macey

**A** GAIN the miracle of Spring! Again my garden, her period of somnolence concluded, has triumphantly burst into renewed fullness of life!

Although so short a space has elapsed since the first wan snowdrop timidly emerged from out her enveloping sheath and the early crocus unfurled rare polished petals to bask in the mild radiance of the sun's then tempered beams, now within the borders of my garden a thousand vivid flowerets bloom anew. Both the argus-eyed grape-hyacinth and the mild forget-me-not are reflecting Heaven's blue; ruddy tulips raise their loyal cups; rock and ledge lie hidden beneath the urgent, fast-thickening arabis; ranunculi nod on the brink of the pool. Spring's sweetness is lingering with violets, and with wallflowers of precarious foothold in clefts, whilst around dense shrubberies, aflame with the rhododendron and the ribes, fair lilies as censers yield up their perfumed breath.

Beyond my garden all hedges stand re-cloaked and beneath these verdant bulwarks, spreads of buttercups are cracking their sides with glee as their comrades, the thick-lashed daisies, open demure eyes upon the splendor of a newly-garnished world. From his lair comes the field mouse, also the beetle, heavy with protracted sleep. The snail, cote-enumbered, has already vacated his errandy, and the mole issues forth from the upper gallery of his fortress. Cowslips, companioned by daffodils, imprint the hills and dales; the blonde heads of primroses deck full-bosomed banks and embellish the skirts of forests.

About the blossoming orchards scintillating and bravely-jerked insects murmur their low-droned monotone of content. Within the woods the mosses which lie crouched upon stones are extending their limits, and the amber and the ochre-tinted lichens are vivifying their pigments upon both trunk and bole. Ungirdled shallows, which repeat the soundless glide of clouds, and ponds that lie curtained by forest tapestries, part with the tenants they have held secure from Winter's direful clutch.

Choirs of birds carol their delight in Spring's rebirth. To do her honor, the linnet trills cascading melodies, the kingfishers prattle, the woodpeckers reiterate their eulogies; the robin halts upon a bough to pursue his roundelay, while the lark, aloft in the sun's stare, pours forth impassioned praise.

Aeolus retains in durance both the North and the East winds, lest with jocund, yet ill-timed blasts, and frigid gusts, they should assail and outrage the dignity of

Spring, for of late, only mild and ingratiating airs have breathed down the chimneys of the hollow oaks; licked spume-flecks from off the lips of ripples attuned to merry canticle and song; tangled the ribbon flounces of the birch trees and ruffled the placidity of lakes. Only Zephyrus or Notus has at eventide, when wearied with play, whispered Spring's secrets into the attentive ears of caves and made melody in the dimly-lit retreats of fir and pine.

But tonight, as if a willing participator in Spring's triumph, one greater than the winds has arisen. For, while stars dance for joy, the round moon, effulgent, resplendent, glides slowly towards the zenith, and, in mounting, through open spaces rimmed by vaporous wattles, she casts fond, benignant beams upon our island lying quiescent in her springtime loveliness, asleep beneath a gossamer coverlet of fine-woven mist.

\* \* \*

*The Complete Poetical Works of G. K. Chesterton* will be published by Mr. Cecil Palmer, this season.

\* \* \*

### THE LATE AGNES MAULE MACHAR

Editor, "Canadian Bookman."

I hope that in the near future some literary friend of that gifted and veteran writer, Miss Machar, of Kingston, Ont., who recently passed away, will pay just tribute, in an estimate of her work, to her worth and character, through the columns of "Canadian Bookman."

In these stirring days when everybody is dressing his or her window, and mediocrity is blinding you with the arrows of a noisy and fictitious fame, the genuine and scholarly work of a modest and patriotic woman like Miss Machar should not be allowed to pass unheeded.

We will never create a Canadian literature by blowing bubbles, or by puffery or partisanship. Art and literature are the fine flowering of civilization and culture. Bookstalls may groan under the weight of newly bound volumes; and journals—paid journals—may shriek out the names of our budding Sapphos, our dazzling Thackerays, and our Canadian literary thaumaturgists; but meantime our souls will starve expectantly awaiting the real literary manna which falleth not.

The greatest danger to Canadian literature, today, lies in the galvanizing of mediocrity into greatness, and the cliquism which always follows a literary camp of such marauders. How many, think you, of our Canadian books published today will survive the test of time five years? Alas! alas!

\* \* \* THOMAS O'HAGAN.

### THE LIFE OF JESUS

Editor, "Canadian Bookman."

Several notices and reviews have appeared in your columns recently, regarding books written by authors who speak about the beauty of the life of Jesus, but who deny or ignore His Deity. It is quite certain that Jesus Himself claimed Deity and that He was "declared to be the Son of God with power, by His resurrection from the dead." I am not going to argue the subject here. But the alternatives are clear. Either we must accept the statements of Jesus concerning Himself or else conclude that He was an impostor.

Some writers follow Ingersoll's usage of spelling God with a small "g." But the erudite folly of such men does not eradicate from human hearts the belief in God and immortality.

Vancouver, B.C.

R. G. MacBETH.

# Canadian Authors' Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

### Halifax

ON the 10th of March Mrs. Eric Brown was a guest of honor at the luncheon held by the Maritime Branch in the St. Julien room of the Halifax Hotel.

Dr. Archibald MacMechan, branch president, presided. Mrs. Brown spoke warmly of the hospitable reception which she had received in Halifax and urged upon the gathering the possibility of making art a matter of economic benefit. In this connection she mentioned the great success which Canadian Christmas cards had achieved in London and Paris.

Mr. Harry Piers spoke briefly of the educational work carried on by the National Gallery.

Miss Elizabeth Nutt, one of whose paintings has recently been purchased by the National Gallery, and Dr. Faulkner, also spoke.

The monthly meeting of the branch was held on the evening of March 11, at the home of Miss Freda Winfield. Miss Effie Ross, of Truro, and Percy Scott, of Windsor, were guests of the club, and Dr. A. C. Jost and Mrs. Chesley Allen, were present as new members. After a short business meeting Miss Mary Fletcher opened a discussion on *The Token*, Mrs. Charles Archibald's play, and animated criticisms pro and con were given.

The literary part of the programme opened with remarks by the president on Dr. Jost's paper on the early history of Guysboro County which were presented to the meeting. The reader for the evening then read a delightful sketch of spring's coming in Nova Scotia, "The Return of the Tide," three pieces of verse about ships in Halifax, Canada and England and a short story called "The Industrious Apprentice." The members then ex-

pressed their opinions on the pieces read.

The Vice-President brought to the notice of the Association C. E. Montague's novel, *Rough Justice*, as one of the most remarkable novels suggested by the Great War, comparing it to Barbusse's *Under Fire*.

### Montreal—French Branch

Anglo-Canadian members of the Association will be interested to hear of the activities of the Montreal Branch of the French Section.

The executive for the current year is as follows:

President, Victor Barbeau, the distinguished editor of the critical review, *Cahiers de Turc*.

Vice-Presidents, Madame E. P. Benoit and M. Le Juge E. Fabre Surveyer.

Secretary, Miss Medjé Ernestine Vézina.

Treasurer, Edouard Garand.

Book Week was vigorously celebrated last autumn, especially through a week of public lectures held at the Mount Royal Hotel. The week closed with the annual dinner of the branch held under the patronage of the French Consulate at which over one hundred were present. Several meetings have been held since that time.

Two members of the branch were awarded the coveted provincial prize, "Le Prix David." One of them, Mr. Robert Choquette, has had the honor of having his book of poems, *A Travers les Vents*, translated into English by Dr. E. Binns, of Oxford.

### Montreal—English Branch

Mr. Norman Guthrie, of Ottawa, the author of *A Vista*, and *Flower and Flame*, was the speaker at the meeting held at the Ritz Carlton on March 11th.

His scholarly lecture on "The Life



and Work of Archibald Lampman" showed the poet as a master of dreams, a writer who worked so seriously that a very large portion of his poetry is of classical quality.

Miss L. E. F. Barry gave some charming personal reminiscences of the poet and his wife.

Mr. George Holden sang an aria from Handel and an old English ballad, accompanied by B. K. Sandwell, the president of the Branch.

A letter from the National Executive concerning the proposed Confederation Memorial prize was read and approved at this meeting.

A reception in honor of Mr. Hugh Walpole is to be held on the 21st of April.

Mr. Harwood Steele, author of *I Shall Arise*, and *Spirit of Iron*, is returning from England after an absence of eight months.

#### Toronto

The Toronto Branch met in the Women's Art Association rooms, Saturday evening, March 26th. At this meeting the proposed Confederation Prize for Literature was enthusiastically endorsed.

At the request of the branch, Mr. Henry Button from the book publishing field; Mr. H. Napier Moore, from the magazine world, and Mr. J. H. Cranston and Mr. Gregory Clark, from the large city weekly press, gave frank practical talks on what publishers and editors did and did not want as selectors of material of all kinds which the public will buy and read.

Deep regret was expressed at the death of Mr. Walter R. Nursey, a charter member of the Association, as well as of the Toronto Branch.

#### Calgary

The Calgary Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association had a Poetry evening recently, when the following local poets gave readings of their own verse: Mrs. Elaine Catley, Miss E. Thompson, Arthur Hallam,

W. S. McDonald and Laura Goodman Salverson. The branch is looking into the matter of bringing out a booklet containing some of these poets.

The Calgary Branch also recently sponsored a lecture by Dean Kerr of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, on French-Canadian literature.

W. A. Macleod, a former member of the Regina branch, now of Winnipeg, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Calgary branch in the Tea Kettle Inn. Mr. Macleod, who is now head of the Publicity Department and Statistician of the Canadian Co-operative Wheat Producers, gave a delightfully informal talk, bringing to the minds of those present opportunities about them that are not taken. During his visit in Calgary, Mr. and Mrs. George Salverson also entertained at dinner for him.

The Calgary branch is expecting a visit from Bliss Carman, in May. His cousin, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, was a most interesting guest in that city recently. Dr. Roberts was the guest of honor at a dinner and dance. At the former he gave many reminiscences of Swinburne and also read some of his unpublished poems.

#### Victoria

Mrs. William Henderson, Oak Bay Avenue, was hostess to the Victoria and Islands Branch Canadian Authors' Association on the evening of March 14th, when the annual meeting of the branch was held at her home, with a large attendance of members.

An address on the importance of Canadian atmosphere in Canadian poems and stories was ably given by Ira Dilworth, who stressed the point that Canadian writers must sooner or later immortalize their own country and their own locality, just as Wordsworth wrote of the Lake Country, Burns of Ayr, Dickens of London, Scott making known the legends and traditions of his beloved lands and as Thomas Hardy is still doing for Wessex.

"Lilac Time," a poem by Mrs. Mary H. Rathom, set to music by J. Douglas Macey, was sung by Mrs. F. M. Shandley, accompanied by Mrs. Clifford Warn. This song has been dedicated to Madame Lugrin-Fahey.

The annual reports of the secretary, Mrs. Ebbs-Canavan, and the treasurer, Miss M. Eugenie Perry, were presented.

Mr. Fraser thanked the members on behalf of the executive and himself, for their loyalty and support during the year, and for the pleasant relationships which have existed. A beautifully framed copy of Mrs. Rathom's poem on Victoria, and a bouquet of violets were presented to the secretary.

In the election of officers, Donald A. Fraser was made Chairman by ac-

clamation, Mrs. C. D'A. Henderson, vice-chairman, Miss Perry treasurer, Mrs. Ebbs-Canavan, secretary, with Mrs. Wallace Fraser as assistant; executive: C. C. Pemberton, Mrs. H. H. Rathom, Mrs. E. St. Clair Polgreen, Mrs. M. M. Hutchison and Alfred Carmichael.

A request was sent in through Rev. Mr. Goodfellow that any members possessed of special reminiscences of the late Pauline Johnson, particularly during the time of her residence in Vancouver, would please communicate with him as he has an inquiry from a fellow writer who is now compiling a book for which such information is desirable.

During the recent visit of Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts to Victoria he was taken to call upon his old friend and fellow poet, Dr. Charles Mair.

## Northern Spring

By Grace Avard Tomkinson

SPRING in the north comes sombrely and slow,  
A gray ghost of a season, tinged with green.  
Fall is a leaping sprite in red and gold;  
But Spring a wraith more modest and serene.

She has no flaming, full-lipped charms to fling  
Before the earth. Her tints are chaste and cold;  
The pale, bleached gray of rocks in windy fields;  
The sickly green of fern-fronds, half-unrolled;  
A silver thread of moon in a gray sky;  
A gray song-sparrow teetering on a bough;  
The sober sheen of pussy-willow fur;  
The tawny-gray of loam turned by the plow;

The timid green of new buds, in the dull  
Soft blur of naked branches on a hill;  
The bluish haze of bonfires, before dusk;  
Glooms hanging over swamps, gray breath and chill;  
The weather-beaten shades of fence and roof;  
Gray geese cutting the sky with steady wing.  
Scarlet for Autumn, bold and wild and free;  
But gray with hints of eager green, for Spring.



# The Collector

VOL. XXXI. of *American Book Prices Current*, containing a record of books sold at auction in New York and elsewhere for the season 1924-25, and compiled from the auctioneers' catalogues, comes from E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, and, as did the previous volumes, at once establishes itself as a constant source of reference for the bookman, be he dealer or collector.

The book auction season of 1924-25, as the preface points out, was marked by the high standard of prices forecast by preceding years, showing that the pastime of collecting rare books is more than holding its own, and by the initial appearance of a large number of rare books. This, with the effort to give as wide a range for comparison as possible, has resulted in the inclusion in the volume of material greater by ten per cent. than that of any preceding year; nevertheless, through a more general use of abbreviations than heretofore, the volume remains of the usual bulk.

The high price of the year was \$11,500, which was brought by a First Folio Shakespeare, otherwise *Comedies, Histories and Tragedies*, London, 1623, the Borden-Wallace copy, and perfect except that title and Leaf to the Reader were in facsimile, one page had a slight mend and another had a corner extended, with a few words in facsimile. Other high prices were:

Blake's *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*, 2 vols. in one, 54 colored plates, London (1789-94), \$5,500; Burns' *Poems*, chiefly in the *Scottish Dialect*, Kilmarnock, 1786, first edition, 2 pp. soiled, 2 marginal tears, note on "Contents," tall copy in boards, \$2,900; Defoe's *Life and Strange Surprising Adventure of Robinson Crusoe*, with *Further Adventures*, London, 1719-20, 3 vols., first issues of first editions, original calf, \$5,350; Gray's *An Elegy Wrote in a Country Church Yard*, London, 1751, first issue of first edition, \$4,650; Gray's *Odes*, Strawberry Hill Press, 1757, presentation copy from Horace Walpole, with his bookplate and many MS. annotations by him, \$3,500; Hardy's *Desperate Remedies*, London, 1871, 3 vols., his first book, \$2,100; Hardy's *The Dynasts*, 1903-08, 3 vols., Part One first issue, \$2,100; Hawthorne's *Fanshawe*, Boston, 1828, his first book, in original boards, \$2,050; Holland's *Baziliologia, a Booke of Kings*, 27 plates (7 portraits and 2 titles laid in), (London), 1618, \$2,300; Jonson's *Woorkes*, London, 1626, with por-

trait in first state inserted, \$3,000; Kipling's *The Smith Administration*, Allahabad, 1891, with note on flyleaf describing suppression of the vol. and copies preserved, \$4,100; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, London, 1667, first issue with errors in Quire L and author's name in large capitals, in original sheep, \$5,600 (three times the amount of previous record); Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat*, trans. into English verse by Edward FitzGerald, London, 1859, first edition in original wrappers and presentation copy, \$2,050; Shakespeare's *Comedies, Histories and Tragedies*, London, 1632, Second Folio, the Bridgewater copy, \$3,600; do., 1664, Third Folio, the Daniel-Hoe copy, \$7,000; Shakespeare's *Poems*, London, 1640, the Halsey-Huntingdon copy, \$4,000; Stevenson's *An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1875, \$3,200; Tennyson's *The Lover's Tale*, Trial Edition, only four copies known, London, 1833, \$6,900; Tennyson's *The True and the False: Four Idylls of the King*, London, 1859 "The only known available copy," \$7,000; Tennyson's *The Victim*, Canford Manor, 1867, "trial" copy, \$9,000, (who will continue to contend, in the face of these Tennyson prices, that the author of "In Memoriam" has become a back number!); Washington's copy of *A New and Complete Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, 4 vols., London, 1763, with his bookplate and autograph signature in each vol., \$2,600.

Books such as those named above, of course, are in a class by themselves, and not for the ordinary collector, who must find satisfaction in items within the limits of his own purse. Here, for the information of the collector of Canadiana, are some prices brought by books coming under that head:

*Copy of a letter from Quebec in Canada, to a Pr. - M - r in France.* (Philadelphia: B. Franklin (?) 1747), \$80.; Dummer's *Letter to a Noble Lord, Concerning the late Expedition to Canada*, Boston, 1746, \$47.50; Fox's *Northwest Fox, or, Fox from the North-west Passage*, London, 1635, \$210; Franchere's *Relations d'un Voyage a la Cote des Nord-Ouest de l'Amerique Septentrionale*, 1810-14, Montreal, 1820, \$51; Gibson's *A Journal of the late Siege by the Troops from North America against the French*, London, 1745, \$70; Harmon's *Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America*, Andover, 1820, \$50; Hearne's *A Journey from the Prince of*

*Wale's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the North-ern Ocean*, London, 1795, \$42.50; *Heriot's Travels through the Canadas*, London, 1807, \$36; *Howe's Narrative, Relative to His Conduct, During His Late Command of the King's Troops in North America*, London, 1780, \$38; *Impartial History of the War in America*, London, 1780, \$60; *Jesuit Relations: Relation de 1634*, Paris, 1635, second edition, original vellum, \$160; do., *Relation de 1635*, Paris, 1636, first issue, title re-mounted, last line cut, sig. cut and worm-ings, \$55; do., *Relations de 1638*, first edition, with "Bastien Einet," on last page, \$55; do., second edition, with "Estienne Binet" (correct printing), stained, \$60; do., *Relations de 1639*, Paris, 1640, second edition, original vellum, \$60; *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, Cleveland, 1896-1901, 73 vols., \$185; Kane's *Wanderings of An Artist among the Indians of North America*, London, 1859, \$30; Lahontan's *New Voyages to North America*, London, 1703, 2 vols., \$35; *Letter to the Inhabitants of the Province of Quebec*, Philadelphia, 1774, \$31; Roger's *Concise Account of North America*, London, 1765, \$30; Sabin's *Dictionary of Books Relating to America, from its Discovery to The Present Time*, New York, 1868-92, 20 vols., \$400; do., 16 vols., \$260; *Short but Comprehensive account of the Rise and Progress of the Commotion in America*, Newcastle, 1780, \$80; Thompson's *Narrative of (his) Exploration in Western America*, Toronto: Champlain Society, 1916, \$22.50; Vancouver's *Voyage of Discovery to The North Pacific Ocean and Round the World*, London, 1798, 3 vols., \$130; Walker's *A Journal: or Full Account of the late Expedition to Canada*, London, 1720, \$44.

\* \* \*

The inquiry set on foot by *The Collector* some months ago as to the authorship of *Constance of Acadia*, a novel of the La Tour-Charney feud, published anonymously in Boston, in 1886, has ended at last, thanks to the researches of E. M. A. Vaughan, Librarian of the St. John (N.B.) Free Library, who writes as follows:

"On November 19, 1926, I wrote re *Constance of Acadia* that there was a copy in our collection, but that I had not been able to get any clue as to the authorship. In the meantime, I have found out that it was written by Edward Payson Tenney.

"The American *Who's Who*, 1901-1902, says: 'Edward Payson Tenney: Born at Concord, N.H., Sept. 29, 1835: s(on) Rev. A. P. and Mary T.; ed. at Pembroke, Acad. 1851-4; 1854-5 at Dartmouth College, without finishing course (A.M.); grd. Bangor Sem.; was 18 years Cong'l pastor in Eastern Mass. . . . Author: (among other books) *Constance of Acadia*.'

"I think this establishes the authorship without any question."

\* \* \*

An interesting auction sale of books from the estate of the late Dr. Wm. Gardner and others, and comprising Canadiana, art books, and standard literature, took place at the rooms of Fraser Bros., Montreal, on March 5, the more notable items of Canadiana bringing the following prices, viz.: Masson's *Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest*, 2 vols., Montreal, 1888-90, paper, \$22; another copy, \$27; Canniff's *The Settlement of Upper Canada*, Toronto, 1872, \$11; Lighthall's *Montreal after 250 years*, (with map of Montreal, by Johnstone), \$6; Garneau's *Histoire du Canada*, 4 vols., Montreal, 1882, fourth edition, \$12.40; Begg's *History of the Red River Troubles*, 1871, \$4.25; 120 *Canadian Historical Pictures, etc.*, from Dominion Archives, \$6.50; Doughty & Dionne's *Quebec Under Two Flags*, 1903, first edition, \$4.50; de Roos' *Travels in the U.S. and Canada*, 1826, London, 1828 (full calf, richly tooled), \$7.50; Sellar's *History of Huntingdon, Chateauguay and Beauharnois*, 1888, \$6; *Hochelaga Depicta*, Toronto, 1901, limited edition, \$5.50; Notman's *Portraits of British Americans*, Vols. 1-2, Montreal, 1865-7, \$7.50; Hind's *Red River Expedition*, 2 vols., London, 1860, (perfect condition), \$15; Pope's *Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald*, 2 vols., Ottawa, 1894, \$13; Atherton's *History of Montreal*, 3 vols., Montreal, \$18; Hawkins' *Picture of Quebec*, Quebec, 1834, (contents perfect, but cover shaken), \$13; Haliburton's *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, 2 vols., Halifax, map lacking as usual, \$8; Shenston's *The Oxford Gazetteer*, Hamilton, 1852, \$5.50; Parkman's *Works*, Frontenac edition, 16 vols., Toronto, 1899, \$32.

\* \* \*

Rare incunabula and historical letters have recently become the property of the Library of the United States Congress under the will of the late Mrs. John Boyd Thatcher. The collection was a life work of John Boyd Thatcher, author and former mayor of Albany, N.Y. The book portion of the gift comprises 930 volumes printed before 1501, among them some of the choicest examples of early printing, and about 800 relating to Columbus, early explorers and early cartographers, besides 1,600 books on the French Revolution. The autographs are made up of two collections, one consisting mostly of those of royal personages, besides manuscripts, broadsides, and printed documents, and the other consisting of about 500 autograph letters of the foremost figures in the French Revolution.

\* \* \*

The British Museum Library has recently acquired an interesting book in the very



rare first edition of an account by Linnaeus of his scientific expedition through the Swedish province of Skanen in 1749. This edition contained an expression of approval of the burning up of the top soil, a custom of the inhabitants of Smaland, to which Baron C. Harleman, the patron of Linnaeus, was strongly opposed, Harleman had paid the expenses of the expedition, and he caused the withdrawal of the first edition of this work and published a second edition without the offending comment.

\* \* \*

Napoleon had an ambition to write a best seller before he aspired to conquer Europe, a fact which is shown by an autograph manuscript, which has been recently acquired by Harry B. Smith, musical comedy composer, and book collector of New York City.

\* \* \*

From W. & G. Foyle, Ltd., the London booksellers, comes their new catalogue of books on Archaeology and Genealogy, comprising both new and second-hand books. There are sections devoted to Arms and Armour, Heraldry, Names, Numismatics, Pedigrees, Folklore, Mythology, Place-Names, Parish Registers, Roman, Greek and Oriental Antiques.

THE COLLECTOR.

\* \* \*

### I. O. D. E. Prize Competitions

In the One-Act Play Competition the Blanche Macintosh Prize of one hundred dollars, presented by Preble Macintosh, esq., of Montreal, has been awarded to Merton Stafford Threlfall, 167 Brixton avenue, St. Lambert, Que., for the play called *Two Tricks in Diamonds*. It is expected that this play will be published in the June number of *Echoes*, the official organ of the Daughters of the Empire.

In the Short Story Competition the judges regretfully report that none of the manuscripts submitted reached a standard sufficiently high to merit the award of the prize of two hundred dollars offered by Mrs. R. W. Wood, and the Committee has therefore decided not to give this prize this year.

\* \* \*

### An Appreciation

John Ravenor Bullen, of Petrolia, Ont., who passed away on February 28th, 1927, was perhaps better known in writing circles as representative in Canada for the English Quill Club, and conductor of its *Transatlantic Circulator*. He was also a member of the Canadian Authors Association. The Quill Club, as many writers know, is a leading literary society of London, England, its president being Max Pemberton, while the Honorary Vice-Presidents are distinguished *literati*.

Mr. Bullen's mental outlook was always genial, thoughtful yet cheerful, ever ready

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to give and take friendly encouragement. His poetic talents were recognized by those who knew him, though he once said he did not aim to be called "a poet." But his verse possessed a distinction and charm of its own.

Several times his literary works won awards, and these occasioned him calm satisfaction. The scenes of his schooldays at Oxford and his early life in England, remaining happy memories, were depicted in much of his work.

All literary workers who knew Mr. Bullen, as well as acquaintances who either enjoyed his friendship or corresponded with him, can endorse this simple eulogy: He was a good friend.  
A.H.B.

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*A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature  
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Vol. IX

TORONTO, MAY, 1927

No. 5



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FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office: 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. IX., No. 5

TORONTO, MAY, 1927

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## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

By John W. Garvin

STEPHEN DENNIS CRAWFORD, M.D., was a practising physician in the city of Dublin, Ireland, in the 40's of last century. He married Miss Sydney Scott and had a large family. On the 25th of December, 1850, Isabella Valancy came to them as a Christmas box; and doubtless this fact inspired later her charming poem, "The Christmas Baby." As Dr. Crawford's income from his practice did not keep pace with the needs of his increasing family, the parents talked of venturing overseas to one of the British colonies. Which should it be? In 1857 the husband and father voyaged alone to Australia to spy out the land, and if satisfied to send for his wife and children. But he found no satisfactory prospects, and bad news from home reached him. He hurriedly returned to find seven of his children dead from a devastating fever, and a broken-hearted wife.

The next year the Crawfords emigrated to Upper Canada, to start life afresh in a new environment, and with new hopes; but, alas! through some fatality they were induced to locate in the village of Paisley, on the Saugeen river, in Grey county. It was a new pioneer settlement, where to them everything was crude and unfamiliar; where farm produce had

often to be taken in payment for medical services.

Isabella Valancy was in her eighth year on their arrival in Paisley. To one so keenly alive intellectually, the forest life, the felled trees, the burning log-heaps, the yokes of oxen, the varying scenes of winter—indeed, all the usual phases of pioneer life in the backwoods, must have appeared like a new kind of fairyland. And in her splendid pastoral idyl of about 1200 lines, entitled "Malcolm's Katie: A Love Story," you may read in part what she observed in those impressionable years.

Doctor and Mrs. Crawford were highly cultured folk, widely read in the classics, ancient and modern, who felt constrained to teach their children at their own fireside. This was done; and one can gather from Isabella Valancy's poems what stores of knowledge were garnered, under the wise guidance of such parents.

But the family exchequer was being steadily depleted, and six years after their arrival, it was decided to venture forth again. Lakefield, in Peterborough county, was chosen as the second location. In this burgh were cultured families and congenial society; and it was the southern entrance to the beautiful Kawartha Lakes.

Dr. Crawford's practice in Lake-



field and vicinity was not as lucrative as hoped for, but the environment was the best possible for the budding poet. All through her verse may be traced the influence of the beautiful river and lakes, with their lily-pads and islands, the canoeing, the Indians, the forest trees and animals, and the several pioneer industries.

A few years later the family moved again—this time to the rapidly growing town of Peterboro. A house was rented in the brick terrace opposite the market square, the back yard of which overlooked the Otonabee river. Isabella Valancy was now in her early 20's, and she began to think seriously of her life vocation. Her father's practice was not yielding an adequate support for the family, and it was necessary to help if possible. She began her career as a writer by seeking publicity in *The Mail*, Toronto. Her first poem to appear was "The Vesper Star," (blank verse), December 24, 1873, the day before her 23rd anniversary; and during the next seventeen months, ten other poems, also in blank verse, were published in the same journal. There was no remuneration, but her name was becoming familiar to many.

It is interesting to note that this great woman poet in her earliest years of achievement cultivated blank verse almost exclusively. And I feel sure that "Malcolm's Katie, etc.," containing many passages of remarkable strength and beauty, was written in her 25th year.

Dr. Crawford died about three years after the removal from Lakefield, and the mother and two daughters (Emma Naomi was the name of the younger sister) moved to a rough-cast cottage on Brock St., Peterboro. It was necessary to reduce living expenses to the utmost. The only son and brother was working somewhere in the forest north of Lake Huron. Emma Naomi died shortly afterwards and in 1876 Miss Crawford and her

mother moved to Toronto. They lived for three years in rooms on Adelaide St. West, and then permanently with Mrs. Charles J. Stuart, at the corner of King and John Streets. The first poem written in this city, apparently, was "Where, Love, Art Hid?" It was published in *The National*, a weekly journal which survived a few years only. The poem was dated, "Toronto, July, 1876."

In June, 1879, Miss Crawford began to contribute poems to *The Evening Telegram*, for which she was paid small sums; and by May, 1886, she had contributed to this journal over eighty poems. In the later 70's and in the 80's Miss Crawford made rapid and substantial development in the writing of fiction, and had she not suddenly died of heart failure, February 12th, 1887, there are good grounds for the belief that she would have won in a few years, as a novelist, international fame.

A genius is always original and distinctive. Apart from that kind of personality, a great poet is invariably impersonal in his or her verse. This is markedly true in the poetic output of Miss Crawford. None of the trials and disappointments of her life find expression there. She is courageous and optimistic to a degree. She sings with a radiant outpouring of her spirit, because she must sing. Her exquisite nature poems are invariably personifications. Read "The City Tree," "Said the Daisy," "Said the West Wind," "Said the Canoe," etc. Yet human joys and tragedies had their strong appeal too, for she wrote numerous poems permeated by intense human interest. She might have written, I think, poetical dramas of a high order of merit. Her blank verse is rarely equalled, and she had constructive imagination and the gift of objective characterization. But she passed a few weeks after her 36th anniversary, before her talents had reached their highest fruition, and

the loss to Canadian literature can only be conjectured.

The world has known few great women poets. Between Sappho and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whom can we name? Between the latter and 1887, who equalled Isabella Valancy Crawford, and who has surpassed her since? She wrote the first Western poem of surpassing merit, "Old Spookses' Pass." "The Helot" is of such power and quality that it makes all other poems with a similar theme sink into insignificance. But I need not enumerate further. The more Canada develops in nationhood, the more Miss Crawford's poetry will be loved and her memory revered.

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS.

*Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie and Other Poems*, by Isabella Valancy Crawford. Toronto: James Bain & Son. 1884.

*The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford*. Edited by John W. Garvin, with Introduction by Ethelwyn Wetherald. Toronto: William Briggs. 1905.

\* \* \*

### ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

By Thomas O'Hagan

THOUGH I am greatly attached to my own Province—Ontario—by birth and education, I have always believed that the Maritime Provinces have developed intellectually men of more distinctive character in the world political and literary than has our own "banner province" of the Dominion. I may, nevertheless, be wrong in this; but this thought has been borne in upon me for many years, and it has been confirmed in the literary field by the many gifted writers who have been cradled down by the sea!

Is it the system of education in Ontario that represses and stifles our individuality; or are these "Bluenoses" beside the Bay of Fundy dower-

ered with a finer vision, or do they drink a finer wine of the gods than those whose cradles are rocked and lulled here within the bounds of our great lakes between which Niagara pours her liquid notes in mighty and awful diapason?

It is at all events obvious that Nova Scotia has more than contributed her share to the upbuilding of our temple of Canadian poetry. I have been recently making a study of the poetic work of Rev. Dr. Alexander Louis Fraser, at present, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Halifax, N.S. Dr. Fraser as a poet is a follower of the traditions of Wordsworth, but by no means an imitator of the "Poet of the Lakes." His whole outlook upon life is spiritual and reverent. He does not chastize his muse, but wooes her. His thought is marked by simplicity and sincerity in which the power of expression is not less in value than the idea. There is no straining after the original or eccentric. In this age of literary fashions, bordering between bobbed hair and scanty robe, it is a tranquility to the mind and a heavenly manna to the soul, to come across such poetry as Dr. Fraser gives us—so full is it of the beauty of truth and sanity and true inspiration.

Personally, I think that our author is at his best when carving sonnets. In truth, I think that Dr. Fraser possesses the sonnet mind which excludes all obscurity, enigma and rhapsodical sentiment. In the real sonnet, the idea must shine forth like a star—"when only one is shining in the sky."

A sonnet should be grave but not heavy. It must have a severity tempered by sweetness like the breviary character of the Venerable Bede. It must linger meditatively; it must not loiter or fumble with its meaning. It must be sinuous, never headlong; feeling its rhymes delicately, not falling upon them; for these are less rhymes



than the most prominent of many assonances upon all of which the rhythm hangs.

A few of the finest sonnets in the English language are: Wordsworth's "The World is too Much With Us;" Longfellow's "Sonnet on Nature;" Keats' "On Looking into Chapman's Homer;" and Shakespeare's "Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?" Dante Gabriel Rossetti has given us a wonderfully fine cycle of sonnets in his "House of Life." Here is his introductory sonnet on the Sonnet:

"A sonnet is a moment's monument,—  
Memorial from the Soul's eternity  
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be  
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,  
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:  
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,  
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see  
Its flowering crest impearled and orient,  
A sonnet is a coin: its face reveals  
The Soul—its converse to what Power 'tis  
due:—

Whether for tribute to the august appeals  
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue  
It serve; or 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous  
breath,  
In Charon's palm it pay the toll of death."

Dr. Fraser follows—and very successfully, too—the Petrarchan form of sonnet. For his sonnet bearing the title "Memorial Tower" and read on the occasion of the dedication by His Royal Highness, Duke of Connaught, Aug. 14, 1912, at Halifax, Dr. Fraser won the sixty dollar prize offered in competition. In my opinion, no other Canadian poet equals at all our author as a sonneteer. His little volume, *Fugitives*, contains forty-three of these charming sonnets sparkling in their splendour. Let me here quote two and they, while representative, are by no means his best. Here is his sonnet "To Canada:"

Greece in Time's ancient portraiture doth  
show  
A brow of chasteness rare; while Rome is  
seen  
Beside a spoil-heaped chariot, serene:

Assyria's sinewy arms discharge a bow;  
Phoenicia's sails to alien moorings go;  
Egypt against a pyramid doth lean  
And dream; while Palestine—her face aglow  
With light supernal—'mong them sitteth  
queen.

And Canada, how shall thy visage look  
Far hence beside all these? Shall soulful  
eyes  
Thy brow adorn? And blameless hands the  
Book  
Of books hold fast? And high-wrought mind  
despise  
Mere Power and Pelf? Then in this ample  
West  
The human family may reach its best.

A good test of a poet's power is the characterization of some world poet through the medium of a sonnet. This calls for a very full understanding or comprehension of the poet characterized. Dr. Fraser is very happy in this kind of sonnetizing as is evidenced by this sonnet on Tennyson:

When in the shrine of Doubt some bowed  
their knees,  
And Faith's low voice told of a mind dis-  
tressed;  
When tireless Science came from her lone  
quest  
'Mid tractless realms, and human mysteries;  
When Empire rose broad-based on seven  
seas—  
Great agitations filled Britannia's breast;  
But the full notes of thy rich melodies,  
First caught at Heaven's gate, soothed her  
to rest.

For with unfaltering accent thou didst show  
That fadeless flowers in human gardens  
grow;  
Bade broken-hearted Sorrow dry her eyes,  
Since deepest truths are oft from reason hid;  
And pointed people to a high emprise  
More lasting far than ancient pyramid.

Nor are Dr. Fraser's lyrics of less value than his sonnets. These are marked by great delicacy and tenderness. In truth, you readily recognize that our author's mind is keyed to the lowly and divine which are the source of all great art.

Rev. Dr. Fraser has indeed made goodly contribution in his six volumes of verse, to our Canadian poetry, the

dominant note of all his work ever making for the enrichment of the spirit and uplifting of the soul.

CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS.

*Sonnets and Other Verses.* St. John, N.B.

1909.

*At Life's Windows.* St. John, N.B. 1910.

*Fugitives.* St. John, N.B. 1912.

*The Indian Bride* (A War Legend.) St. John, N.B. 1915.

*Aftermath.* St. John, N.B. 1919.

*God's Wealth and Other Poems.* St. John, N.B. 1922.

*The Drained Cup and Other Poems.* St. John, N.B. 1925.

## Lady Slippers

By Edith M. Bell

NO wonder that the fairies  
Delight in making shoes,  
Preferring them to dresses  
Or hats of varied hues:  
For there's nothing in creation  
So dainty and so sweet  
As the winsome lady-slipper,  
Just fit for fairy feet.

By moonbeam and by starbeam,  
In dim and dusky wood,  
They weave a silken gossamer,  
As neat as fairies should,  
With just a touch of featherdown,  
A tint of rosy dye,  
Then, frilled and perfumed, hang them up  
Each on a peg to dry.

I've heard there are no fairies,  
And half believed it true,  
So I searched among the bracken  
And the dripping mosses through,  
But now I'm sure and certain,  
And their pardon I must beg,  
For I've found the lady-slippers  
Each hanging on its peg.

## Resurgence

By Gertrude E. Forth

I THOUGHT that all life's loveliness had died,  
That truth stood at a bolted door and sighed,  
That Love's red robe had faded with the years  
That God but laughed at all my futile tears.

And then I looked into your eyes and knew  
Beyond a doubt that Joy still lived to strew  
Upon the blighted bloom of pilgrim souls  
An April glory—hope of distant goals;

I knew that once more towering to the sky,  
I'd build Faith's temple with unerring eye,  
And gathered there I'd store in stately pile,  
The treasures I had somehow lost awhile.



## The Quest

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

MY restless heart roams up and down the world,  
Faring along its unfamiliar ways,  
As vagrant as a wind among the hills,  
Pursuing ultimate beauty all my days.

At times I glimpse her shadow in a pool,  
Among the quiet stars that shimmer there;  
I catch the faintest echo of her voice  
In song that ripples through the twilight air.

Once, in a hushed and sacred Autumn hour,  
I seemed to sense her presence very near,  
Although perhaps 'twas Love, or even God,  
Who gave that place its holy atmosphere.

And will my quest have ending in this life,  
Or will it lead beyond imagined space  
Ere I behold what pools have ne'er revealed  
Or song expressed—the glory of her face?

## Nostalgia

By A. L. Fraser

NOW, that the Spring has come, I'd like to go  
And follow her across Acadian fields  
To well-known haunts where first the Mayflowers blow,  
And drink the fragrance that the forest yields.  
To go and sit where old Atlantic beats  
His endless music—walk beside the bays,  
Upon whose bosom Fancy saw strange fleets  
Set seaward 'neath the skies of yesterdays.

I'd like to go, straight to that dell of green  
Where Spring's first cup of colour overflowed;  
To walk till sunset, where Surprise is seen  
At every turn, upon a country road;  
Then, ere I left, once more to view the spot  
Where Time has laid our friends—dear, unforgot.

## Classifying Canadian Art

The idea, loudly expressed in Canada, that much of our art is crude and freakish, is not being endorsed abroad. The recent exhibition of modern European work shown in Toronto made many people realize that the most extreme work produced in Canada is almost academic.

The exhibition in Paris of all phases of Canadian art has not shocked France in the least. One critic complains of its timidity. Others find a native quality only in the most advanced efforts.

The London papers comment on the recent exhibit of Canadian painting at the Imperial Gallery of Art as being tame, conventional and disappointing.

In the Sesqui-Centennial at Philadelphia the most modern exhibition Canada could produce was regarded as vigorous, but rather conservative work. We pride ourselves on our mental alertness, and in all progress in science, but in art it is supposed to be a virtue to drag along cautiously, putting our little feet gingerly in the footprints giants made a hundred years ago.

\* \* \*

### Cizek, a Great Teacher

The exhibition of work by Viennese children at the Art Gallery of Toronto was a revelation. A free school open on Saturdays and Sundays to any children from five to sixteen years of age, and all the old ideas of art training thrown overboard. No models, nothing to copy. All the Greek and renaissance stuff left out, and the child left free to imagine, and with what remarkable results in drawing color and composition. The Cizek experiment makes most art training for children obsolete. The only approach to it in Canada is the fine work of the Baron Byng High School in Montreal.

\* \* \*

Little has been heard of the Canadian contributions to the first exhibition of the Imperial Gallery of Art, London. The Royal Canadian Academy were invited to send thirty of the most outstanding paintings produced in Canada. The paintings finally decided upon were by F. H. Brigden, Archibald Browne, F. S. Coburn, Clarence Gagnon, Wyly Grier, Fred Haines, Robt. Holmes, C. W. Jeffreys, F. N. Loverhoff, H. S. Palmer, G. A. Reid, Horne Russell, Suzor-Coté, Chas. Simpson and Percy Woodcock.

\* \* \*

The famous Barnes collection of modern paintings is to be moved to New York. For some years the collection has been at Merion, close to Philadelphia, but lack of appreciation has determined the doctor to move his fifty Cezannes, the hundred Renoirs, the

Manets Van Goghs, Matissees and other canvases to a more enlightened neighborhood.

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*Le Grand Silence Blanc*, with thirty color plates by Clarence Gagnon, will shortly be published by Mowray, Paris. The edition is limited to less than seven hundred copies.

\* \* \*

A new History of Art has just been published by Harper's written by Prof. Joseph Pijoan, formerly of the University of Toronto. It is in two large volumes profusely illustrated and covers the whole range of art history, including chapters on negro and Alaskan, Mexican, Eskimo and South Sea Island art. Prof. Pijoan is never dull and his style is lucid and free from the art jargon that makes so many art histories lifeless.

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### Spring Salons in Paris

Dominating the grand hall at the spring salon of the Société des Artistes Français, which opened in Paris on May 1st, is a nude painted by John Russell, of Toronto; Miss Cecelia McKinnon, St. Catharines, Ont., repeats her success of last year, among the pictures hung being her water-color "Grey Day at Concorneau," while Theodore Cube, Montreal, is represented with a picturing of the interior of a Norman farm, a companion picture to the one of his shown a year ago.

In sculpture, Canada is represented with a stone bust of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and a statue of Christ, by Jean Emile Brunet, of Montreal.

Among the Canadian artists represented at the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, are Donald Shaw MacLaughan, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Mrs. Caroline Amington, Brampton, Ont., Robert Fulton Logan, Winnipeg, and Katherine Walliss, Peterborough, Ont.

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### LAKE OF THE WOODS

By Ruth Walker

The pines are the young braves  
Standing on the shore;  
The hemlocks are their councillors,  
Old and grave and hoar.

The pines, the young warriors,  
Look across the lake  
To far-off encampments  
And teepees they could take.

Their long arms are bow-taut,  
They peer and they call,  
But the hemlocks smoke the peace-pipe  
And do not speak at all.



## It Is Reported THAT—

—a new novel, *Tarbeau*, by Sir Gilbert Parker, is to come out shortly.

—a display of travel books was made in the Hamilton Public Library in April, including about a score of entirely new travel books and forty others recently purchased.

—Stanley Turnbull, formerly of Kingston, and a native of Leeds County, has been awarded the Bok prize of \$1,000 for the finest design among hundreds submitted for the cover of a magazine. Mr. Turnbull is now living in New York.

—of the four prizes awarded the victors of the Oratorical Contest conducted by the Trustees' Section of the Ontario Educational Association, two consisted of a selection of books entirely by Canadian authors. Each prize was valued at \$35.

—the playlet, *Betty in Dreamland*, by Mrs. Gwendolyn Reed, Ottawa, intended to emphasize the lesson of losses through forest fires, will be distributed throughout the schools and girl guide organizations of Canada to the extent of 250,000 copies.

—the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology is to house the Wallace Havelock Robb collection of paintings of Birds of Eastern Canada, the work of Major Allan Brooks, to which reference has, on different occasions, been made in these columns. There are now fifty of these paintings showing sixty species.

—although there are 570 public libraries in Canada with 3,091,479 volumes, this represents only a little over a third of a book per capita for the entire population. 11,745,356 volumes were issued last year, only 1.33 per capita; \$1,745,147 was expended for public libraries, only 19 cents per capita.

—the Executive of the Toronto Teachers' Association decided to purchase a copy of Dr. Roberts' new book of poems for the library of every public school of the city. This action followed a recital by Charles G. D. Roberts of his own poems before a large and enthusiastic audience in the auditorium of the Technical School, Toronto.

—Ernest Thompson Seton has spent twenty-five years in getting together material on the land animals north of the Mexican border and the result is his monumental *Lives*, the third volume of which is to appear immediately. This series is said to be one of the most authoritative works on wild life that has ever been published. The fourth and final volume will appear in the fall.

—Mr. John Garvin, addressing the supervision and training section of the Ontario Educational Association's recent convention in Toronto, pointed out that although Canadian literature was winning recognition throughout the world, there was by no means a commensurate representation of Canadian literature in the selections published in the text books used in the schools of Canada.

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### Against Unwholesome Periodicals

Enforcement of a more rigid supervision of unwholesome periodicals was urged in a resolution presented by Mrs. F. W. Johnson, Convener of Objectionable Films and Literature, of the Women's Liberal Association of Toronto. The resolution was adopted.

\* \* \*

### A Sketch of Tarkington

A sketch of Booth Tarkington by Asa Don Dickinson, is of especial interest to writers. Tarkington's hints on plotting and working out a story can be considered with profit. Having seen much in his career, he holds style or "treatment" to be the main unit. His daily round is cheerful, thoughtful but workmanlike and philosophical. All who enjoy reading Tarkington will find pleasure in this booklet, published at 10c.

\* \* \*

### Won First Prize

Merton S. Threlfall, winner of the Blanche Macintosh Prize for the best One-Act play in the I.O.D.E. competition of this year, is a young Englishman who has been active for several years past, as actor and playwright, in Little Theatre circles in Montreal and district. He was awarded second place in a previous I.O.D.E. competition. One of his plays, *The Happiest Place*, is included in the collection printed last year by the Canadian Authors Association, Montreal Branch.

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### Not Cut to Pattern

Standardization has its monetary advantages as the present-day marketing of many commodities attests, nor can it be said that the standardization of magazines is without real advantage, but many will sympathize with the sentiments expressed in the announcement of a group in New York in connection with the launching of a publication to be "a repository for vital, unstandardized literature, and so permit to function hundreds of writers of talent and genius who are dying of literary inanition because there is no encouragement for work that doesn't fit a conventional pattern." The title is to be *The American Caravan*, to be issued only once a year.

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

News, Views and Reviews

## A MINISTER REPLIES

### To "Elmer Gantry"

IN this novel of preacher life that incomparable reporter, Sinclair Lewis, is on the wrong "beat." He is evidently utterly out of sympathy with preachers and church life and in this book does a crying injustice to the thousands of earnest, sincere and hard-working clergy of this North American continent. If one were to take the picture of preachers given in this book as accurate, one would be compelled to believe that they are a class of hypocrites and liars, subsisting by giving out in parrot fashion a fable in which they have no belief. His central figure—one would hesitate to call Elmer Gantry a "hero"—is an unredeemed cad, irretrievably immoral, insincere, without scruple, and without, as far as we can make out, one single virtue. Sinclair Lewis may know a preacher who bears some resemblance to this slimy figure of his, but the present reviewer has known hundreds of ministers of different denominations and cannot remember one who would be fairly pictured as an Elmer Gantry. Here and there is a weak brother of the cloth—ministers being but human, after all—but the poorest creature of them all has his virtues in spots and Elmer Gantry is devoid of any virtue.

What particular service Sinclair Lewis thought he was rendering to the world in writing this novel, we fail to see. If he had done for the preachers what he did for the doctors in that brilliant book, *Arrow-smith*, he would have done a good thing. That book is reasonably fair and living, worthy of being the story of a great profession, but in *Elmer Gantry* Sinclair Lewis has yielded to a common prejudice and drawn, not a picture, but a grossly unfair caricature.

As a Canadian minister, the reviewer does not wish to sound Pharisaical, but he is confident that the situation in Canada in the ministry must be vastly superior to that in the United States, if this book is even within measurable distance of being a fair picture of the ministry of the United States. The intellectual obscurantism, the self-seeking hypocrisy, the lack of downright manliness among the preachers pictured in this novel of American church life, make an unpleasant impression. Surely among the ruck of American preachers, Mr. Lewis might

have found in a big city a few men who were earnest, helpful, unselfish preachers and followers of the Christ. Are all American preachers and evangelists, charlatans? By implying that they are, Mr Lewis is not doing any service to his country. "Like priest, like people." If that applies, what about the people who crowd to hear such miserable travesties of the true preacher of the Christian Gospel?

In among the exaggeration and undue emphasis on the lurid qualities Mr. Lewis has found or *imagined*, he does manage to thrust his rapier into some weak spots in the ministerial armor. When he accomplishes this, he does a service. He might have done a real service to his country and to religion in general, if he had been fair and unprejudiced and restrained. The distorted and ludicrous picture he presents of American church life is so obviously overdrawn as to savor of the ridiculous. Mr. Sinclair Lewis is too big a writer to do himself and his readers so great an injustice as he does in this book. The mischief of it all is that the unthinking and the prejudiced will accept it as a true portrait of the preacher in general. Which makes one ask: Why did Mr. Lewis pick on the preacher? Why is it that his preacher character is the most despicable of any in his books? It is difficult to avoid the reflection that the reason is that he thought the preacher was the easiest victim to attack.

H. D. RANNS.

\* \* \*  
THE LONG DAY. By W. S. Dill. Ottawa: The Graphic Publishers. \$2.00.

This is a series of loosely-strung stories that should wile away a pleasant hour or so. There is no strenuous effort towards fine writing and the tales are uneven in quality, but for those who are interested in the Yukon and the diverse characters who gravitate towards that region there are a robust flavor and a raucy humor that make the book very pleasing.

There is an effect of casual reminiscence, also, that should evoke in the reader a mood closely akin to that in which it was evidently written. Altogether it is a book that should be enjoyed by those who care for a story with the tang of reality in it. Most of the tales are very human and written by one who has an enviable knowledge of the region with which he deals.

T. D. R.



RUSSIA IN 1926. By R. F. and M. S. McWilliams. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. \$1.00.

When Mr. and Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, distinguished citizens of Winnipeg, proceeded to Russia in the summer of 1926, after having attended international conferences at Amsterdam and Helsingfors, they had no slightest intention of writing a book about what they saw in the Russian Republic. But all who have heard Mrs. McWilliams tell of present conditions in "Changing Russia"—and as a former National President of the Federation of University Women's Clubs of Canada, she is well known to Canadian audiences—will feel that both she and her husband were well qualified to do so.

They went into Russia with open minds, spent fifteen days in the Russian cities of Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev; and by virtue of certain letters of introduction, coupled with interest in economic problems, and sympathetic observation, carried away many vivid and undoubtedly valuable impressions. The book does not claim to be a profound study, and is all the more attractive to the general reader on that account; but it does give "a picture of things there as they are at this transitional stage of affairs." In the introduction Mr. McWilliams states briefly some of the most important facts of Russian geography and history; and in the excellent Summary and Estimate he lays his finger on what we may consider the economic weak spots of present-day Communism in Russia.

Communism and Leninism are subjects of tremendous interest today. They break out more or less unexpectedly in various spots on the earth's surface, a phenomenon the more easily explained since "the thorough-going Communist believes that he has a gospel that will save the world, and he has the zeal of a missionary anxious to save other peoples from their oppressors."

Writing in *Queen's Review* recently on the subject of "Political activities among Chinese students," Miss Hilda L. Hague, B.A., secretary to Dr. J. L. Stewart, President of Yen Ching University, Peking, China, has something to say about Communistic influences in China. She draws a comparison between the progressive but excitable South, and the more sober North of China, adding, "Moreover, though Communism is having a very great influence at the moment in the South, the educated Chinese of the North is quite aware that Communism in Russia has not been the success that its adherents would have us believe, and that, however sincere the Soviet protestations of friendship to the Peking Government may have sounded in 1924, Russia has shown no sign of relaxing her grip on China's northern provinces." Recent events

in China have given us an enhanced interest in Soviet Russia. Everyone feels a certain curiosity as to just how far a modified Communism will succeed in solving the Russian problem, and how useful this gospel will be for the other countries to which it may be offered.

The greater part of Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams' book is devoted to a clear and entertaining description of those things which the traveller may see in Russia today, beginning with the punctual express trains and the orderly, if somewhat shabby, hotels, in some of which, since they are Government managed, one may be served with royal linen, glass and china. The streets, in which one may go about quite freely and safely, are thronged with quiet, serious people, many of them garbed in the workman's blouse. Trams, droshkys, and even taxis are seen everywhere; some of the war-torn streets are under repair. The government shops are full of varied food, all the product of Russia; book shops are very numerous and well patronized. Music, "summer gardens," cinema and opera are not absent. Museums and art galleries are well cared for, even well arranged. In short, travelling in Russia in August, 1926, seems to have been not only safe but interesting, and not at all exorbitant in its cost.

Interesting contrasts are drawn between Leningrad, sad, unsmiling city; Moscow, busy and well organized, where much post-war reconstruction work has been done; and Kiev, prosperous city of the south, where happy voices, even laughter, may be heard. Another strong contrast is drawn between the deserted and uncared for, unloved tombs of the Czars, from which have been taken the "fairy tale riches" which once adorned them (to be used, it is said, for famine relief) and, on the other hand, the Lenin Mausoleum, thronged with reverent hundreds nightly.

Much is told of the Communist party and what it has accomplished in Russia. One finds the arrangements made for education, outdoor athletics, co-operative clubs for employees, divorce, women's rights, maternal, infant and orphan care, all exceedingly interesting. The thirst for education is particularly to be seen and felt in Russia today, and the phrase, "the liquidation of illiteracy" is one often heard. On the other hand, it is admitted that all teaching is frankly materialistic; and there is no doubt that all education has a communistic background.

The social and educational reforms in Russia are perhaps the greatest achievement of the Soviet. The complete abolition of the old régime may be accepted as a fact; any return to it is quite inconceivable. On the other hand, in the economic sphere, what has been accomplished is not nearly so de-

cisive and clear cut. Since all that is done rests on the economic basis, the question is asked, how long will it endure? Is the ideal "from every man according to his ability; to every man according to his need," a practicable one? Some readers will find that these questions have almost answered themselves in the reading of this book.

DOROTHEA L. ROSS.

\* \* \*

THE PENDULUM. By Mrs. Burnett-Smith.

Toronto: Musson. \$2.00.

This is a rather emotional tale of a woman nurtured by the late Victorian traditions and compelled to conform to changing conditions with which she was out of sympathy.

A swing of the Pendulum to the left and we have passion, with all the problems of sex and readjustment engendered by the war. A swing to the right and we have the conventional concept of life as lived before the flood of modern unconventionality swept away the bulwarks. The balance, despite the assertion on the book cover, is not so patent and if Mrs. Burnett-Smith has found the happy mean she is to be congratulated.

Nevertheless, save for a certain emotional quality that jars somewhat, the book is interesting, and reveals a reaction to the cycle of changes that has probably been experienced by many others. But to those who recall the authors who have dealt with this theme and what they drew from it; this novel will seem rather unsatisfactory.

T. D. R.

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THE BEADLE. By Pauline Smith. New York:

Doran. \$2.50.

Arnold Bennett has lost none of his shrewdness and that his praise of Pauline Smith is justified will be readily seen by those who read her latest novel, *The Beadle*. It is a tale of that section of South Africa which she has made her own and there is a certain austere simplicity in her treatment that portrays her characters in bold relief against the mysterious background of the South African veldt.

More, perhaps, could have been made of the veldt as a protagonist, but apart from this the story is appealing by its innate sincerity and Miss Smith treats of delicate situations with a naturalness that strikes a very sane note in these modern times. Added to the undoubted interest of the story is her simple, effective prose that achieves effects that are often marred in novels more superficially brilliant.

It is a book that should have a good number of readers both for the sincerity of the treatment and the quality of the prose.

T. D. R.

FLOWERS AND ELEPHANTS. By Constance Sitwell. With a foreword by E. M. Forster. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons. \$1.50.

" . . . there is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere; and these, too, have their place in general culture."

So wrote Pater of Botticelli and this can be applied, preserving our sense of proportion, of course, to this book by Mrs. Sitwell. The book, on the surface, is a medley of things seen and done in India—scenes that have come within the vision of the writer and that evidently have left an indelible imprint.

But the intrinsic charm of the book lies in the fact that, to quote from E. M. Forster, "It is the thread on which her impressions are hung—a thread so delicate and rare that the least clumsiness in definition would snap it."

Her reaction to India is not unique; she has merely experienced the thoughts of many others in whom India has aroused a quality of unrest and a subtle antagonism that is, perhaps, the heritage of an ancient antipathy. India is a darkly-rich jewel but like certain gems there are at its heart latent qualities that exercise a strange fascination and one can readily absorb, if not understand, this lure by reading Mrs. Sitwell's book.

Beauty and color awake in her an eager response and the impressions she received in India are conveyed by a delicate, colorful prose that blends with the emotion of the moment and recaptures the magical beauty that seems always to cling to the exotic.

From the evidence, Mrs. Sitwell, consciously or unconsciously, has put much of herself into the pages and often the curtain is raised and we obtain a glimpse of a personality that, although at times remote and lacking orientation, is curiously vibrant and receptive.

She has written, ostensibly, a book of travel, but she has also allowed herself to write of intimate desires and defeats and it is these that color her reactions to the life around her and make the relations of them doubly interesting.

She writes a prose that gives pleasure by its very color and this is a gift that surely will be employed again in the near future. There are few women authors who possess such a delicate medium to convey their message and those who can read and appreciate it will be amply repaid.

T. D. RIMMER.



## LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

REVOLT IN THE DESERT. By T. E. Lawrence.  
Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons. \$3.50.

That a man of meagre physique, pronounced bodily unfit for the army, should become the military hero of his day is a romantic paradox. Such, in a line, is the career of Lawrence of Arabia.

The interest in this marvellous man has been well revealed in the enormous pre-publication demand for his book now in review and by the fact that copies of the first editions have already soared to a higher price than is demanded for those of many another figure of world-wide prominence. Thus has Lawrence won his way into the inner sanctum of bookdom in keeping with the place he has achieved in the world of action. Trust the book collector to discern the genuine!

What is it that makes it possible for a spare little man of the student type—an archaeologist delving for relics of past ages—and a Christian!—to sway practically a whole race of Mahomet's followers to whom all things Christian are anathema! Surely inspiration akin to the superhuman must have operated through this frail human medium! Picture it from the reading of the book: Lawrence tells us of having, by reason of poverty, to mix with the poorer classes in order to proceed with his travels and scientific investigations in the East, thus acquiring knowledge about the people, their language and customs, that would not otherwise have come to him and which proved most valuable in those marvellous subsequent experiences which he did not himself then foresee. It was when Lawrence was a British intelligence officer at Cairo that the big things of his life germinated. He knew of the revolutionary movement of the Arabs dating back to the Young Turk movement of 1908 and fostered by secret societies. English militarists had seen possibilities in it, should war arise, for protecting the Suez canal. Even before Turkey entered the lists as Germany's ally, Britain, through Sir Henry MacMahon, had assured Hussein, Grand Sheriff of Mecca, of British support in the event of an Arab revolt.

But Lawrence in those days was, with his impractical dreams, looked upon in the nature of a nuisance by the authorities that were and in the end he had to act on his own.

When he applied for leave it was unhesitatingly granted—with none too cleverly concealed evidence of relief, in fact.

Finding his way to Feisel, the chief Arab commander and one of the four sons of Hussein, he became Feisel's friend, and eventually his confidant and adviser, with what far-reaching results history attests, and Lawrence's book elaborates.

With such acumen did he carry on his

unobtrusive work that finally he won the whole-hearted support of the British authorities as he had that of Feisel. He became, in fact, one of the greatest of the Arab leaders, and his book is the record of his adventures and expeditions, along with the hopes and fears that accompanied them.

Merging himself into Arab life in costume and custom, he became actually a Bedouin. Speaking of routine in camp life he says:

Just before daybreak the army Imam used to utter an astounding call to prayer, and we were effectually roused, whether we prayed or cursed. As soon as he ended, Feisal's Imam cried gently and musically from just outside the tent. In a minute or two one of Feisal's five slaves came round with sweetened coffee. Sugar for the first cup in the chill of dawn was considered fit. An hour or so later the flap of Feisal's sleeping tent would be thrown back; his invitation to callers from the household.

Great enthusiasm attended the gradual acquisition of leading Arab chieftains and the coming of Auda—raider, robber and dashing fighter—was especially pleasing to Feisal. Marching with these leaders, Lawrence took to blowing up bridges, stations and sections of the Heja railway.

The intimate descriptions of the daily life between fights as well as of the actual warfare, are most engrossing and by no means lacking in humorous allusions. In fact these constitute one of the particular joys of reading the book, for Lawrence is anything but trite or unoriginal in his description of a situation.

Upon the arrival of Allenby, who was shortly to capture Jerusalem, Lawrence was sent for to see how he and his Arabs would fit into the general scheme of the offensive against the Turks.

He (Allenby) was hardly prepared for anything so odd as myself—a little barefooted silk-skirted man offering to hobble the enemy by his preaching if given stores and arms and a fund of 200,000 sovereigns to convince and control his converts.

And it is with increasing crescendo that the marvellous deeds of this veritable genius are re-enacted for the reader in Lawrence's own words. What had gone before was extraordinary, but what followed was almost superhuman. With a special bodyguard of sixty dependable stalwarts he continued to a greater degree than ever to influence and harmonize the Arabs and to lead their leader—Feisal, and to harass the enemy. Troop trains were blown up and then the Arabs would swoop down and finish off the survivors. It was usually a case of "no prisoners."

Came Allenby's sensational victories and the crumpling up of the Turks and the dramatic entry into Damascus was notable for the acclaim to the deliverers with none receiving greater homage than Lawrence, who has safeguarded himself against promiscuous notoriety by serving as a private under an assumed name with a British Tank corps in India.

J.M.

### Aldous Huxley's Materialism

JESTING PILATE. By Aldous Huxley. London: Chatto and Windus.

Some years ago when Mr. Huxley was not so well known, the curious literary enthusiast, coming upon one of his books by accident, would be thrilled at the vast promise those rather flippant pages seemed to hold forth. "Wait until this young man reaches his intellectual majority," we said, and waited. A remarkable thing about it was that no matter how immature the writing seemed (it never lacked style) there was no escaping the fascination which a peculiarly pungent intellectual flavor lent to every page.

In *Jesting Pilate* we have intimations of a serious—a very serious—Mr. Huxley. Every true artist sooner or later seems to be moved, as the result of his own special insight, to deliver some sort of prophetic message. No man can be always a cynic and yet live. Sophistication is not life. And the act of living, persisted in long enough, will compel any individual with creative intelligence to recognize and to express something of the vast potentialities of conscious existence in this marvellous world. Disillusionment is a somewhat luxurious state suited to the very young, the incurably selfish, and those whose endeavours at self-expression have proved, for any reason whatsoever, to be unavailing and fruitless.

Aldous Huxley needed the peculiar stimulus of travel. At the end of *Jesting Pilate* he observes with fine candour: "The journey is over and I am back again where I started, richer by much experience and poorer by many exploded convictions, many perished certainties. For convictions and certainties are too often the concomitants of ignorance. I set out on my travels knowing, or thinking that I knew, how men should live, how be governed, how educated, what they should believe. I had my views on every activity of human life. Now, on my return, I find myself without any of these pleasing certainties . . . convictions of man's diversity must find its moral expression in the practice of the completest possible tolerance."

"But if travel brings a conviction of human diversity it brings an equally strong conviction of human unity. . . a oneness underlies this diversity. All men, whatever their beliefs, their habits, their ways of life, have a sense of values. And the values are everywhere and in all kinds of society broadly the same. Goodness, beauty, wisdom, and knowledge, with the human possessors of these qualities, the human creators of things and thoughts endowed with them, have always and everywhere been honored."

The direction which his future work will take may be indicated by the moral basis of *Jesting Pilate*. Mr. Huxley emerges as the prophet of "Materialism." But let us not misconstrue that word of doubtful reputation. To this author, always willing to disregard those who do not make fine distinctions, materialism means placing an added emphasis upon the virtues of this world as a substitute for dependence upon a problematic heaven. Far from denying the virtue of faith, he would have us find in our present existence a vast wealth of good things, satisfying the soul as well as the body. It will be apparent that "materialism" is a rather ambiguous term as here employed. This world, says Mr. Huxley, is sufficiently marvelous without imagining another wherein trouble shall be automatically ended.

"It is for materialism that our Western civilization is generally blamed. Wrongly, I think. For materialism—if materialism means a preoccupation with the actual world in which we live—is something wholly admirable. If Western civilization is unsatisfactory, that is not because we are interested in the actual world; it is because the majority of us are interested in such an absurdly small part of it . . . most of us prefer to spend our leisure and our superfluous energies in elaborately, brainlessly, and expensively murdering time. Our lives are consequently barren and uninteresting. The remedy is more materialism and not, as false prophets from the East assert, more spirituality—more interest in this world, not in the other."

And later on he observes:

"Our mental picture of the world and its component parts is a crude symbolic affair, having about as much relation to the original as a New Guinea idol to the human body. It is precisely because it is so crude and simple that the thought picture is valuable to us. . . . Year by year our world picture becomes increasingly complicated. If the mind of man develops and grows more subtle that is due to the fact that each succeeding generation is brought up with a progressively more complete and elaborate thought picture of the world and all its details. Perfection will be obtained when mind has completely understood matter and is therefore as delicate, as complex, as variously rich as it. That is to say, perfection will never be attained."

Whether or not we agree with the writer we must admit that here is a clearly defined moral basis, a harmonizing of aspiration with reality which may well provide that inner consistency without which an artist cannot hope to accomplish work of enduring value. M. A.



IN EUROPE. By Hon. George S. Dougherty. New York: The Avondale Press. \$1.00.

The Honorable Geo. S. Dougherty, famous American, has written this book about a recent European trip. He speaks out quite frankly "in American" and in his preface says he has written the book not as a literary effort but just to interest "anyone—who has ever been there—who is going there—who never has been there and—who may never go there." He ends his foreword with the rather cheap sentiment that the biggest thrill of the whole trip was the first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty on the return voyage.

Referring to a comic opera, *The Street Singer*, in Berlin, he says: "The chorus sang wonderfully but looked like hell!" He added that they had acquired the naked leg habit in imitation of New York, but "they only bathe once a week here!"

In London it was "all wet." "It seems people in London love to walk about in the rain."

"... Had dinner at Simpson's, where they roll the roast beef right up to you and cut off the slice you like—fire underneath."

"Will you have some groovy?"

"I will, sir."

"Thank you very much, sir." or, "Right-o, there you are, sir."

Here is one of the author's reminiscences of an experience in dear old London:

"I was here for a long period in 1895, operating secretly as a detective among anarchists, communists and political offenders. I had originally, as a detective, joined the radicals in New York city, and was active with them in the days when Emma Goldman was a leader, and was one of the two detectives sent by the United States to England to follow up the work there. My co-worker, a German-American, nominated by me in New York, was elected a delegate to the International Anarchistic Convention then held abroad.

"We operated directly under the supervision of Inspector Melville, Political Offenders' Division, Scotland Yard. We were actually assigned to this duty for the German Government. There were no differences or breaches between Germany and the other European powers at this time, and they re-distributed to them the information contained in our reports about the proposed assassinations of royalty, etc. The other governments pro-rated with Germany the expense of these operations."

Mr. Dougherty offers the further information that the reason such utter freedom of speech is given all sorts of orators in Hyde Park is that, by this means, much valuable information is obtained by the police authorities.

DIGGING FOR LOST AFRICAN GODS. The Record of Five Years Archaeological Excavation in North Africa. By Byron Khun de Prorok, F.R.G.S. Illustrated by photographs. New York and London. G. P. Putnam & Sons.

This can be called a thought-compelling book. It gives a realistic yet graphic account of present-day excavating in Carthage, Utica and the Sahara that is interesting as well as revealing. Wonders of art, science, and former civilizations have been uncovered in the past five years, and it is implied that more amazing discoveries will surely follow. The reader realizes how Archaeology enriches not only the scientific world but the wide field of literature.

Count Byron de Prorok lectured in Toronto a few years ago, when the results he described delighted his hearers. Cleverly he connects his narrative with anecdote and imagination. A few up to date notes on his lecture tour in America add personal points. And tales of the tourists, who now flock Tunisia, his scientific associates, the French officials, who are always eager to help, the many unofficial "helpers," and the author's Arab friends—save the mark—all are worked in with skilful technique that would do credit to a novelist. The book's readability, the descriptions of scenery and local color, lend weight to its literary worth.

One who reads is impressed by the immense field for future "diggings," like an archaeological mine of treasure-trove. "Of this there is no doubt," the volume states, "for we are only on the threshold of the treasure house of the Mediterranean." Much remains to be unearthed. North African civilizations—even pre-Phoenician and pre-Greek—run back to possibly fifty centuries, yet excavation dates back barely fifty years. As the ruined cities attest, two thousand years ago the so-called "granary of the Roman Empire," was a flourishing, large-populated land of olive-groves, wheat-fields and rich commerce, even to the Sahara's edge, though the encroaching sands slowly drove out man's toil and trade. But now man, by means of modern irrigation, may again make the desert blossom like the rose. Ruins of pagan temples are many, showing the ancient's countless beliefs, while the signs of early Christianity are much in evidence.

Finally de Prorok's party journeyed to the Hoggar mountains, a little-known range in the Sahara. Seventeen men in three powerful, fully-equipped, Renault motor-cars made the adventurous trip, and what they excavated is enthralling to any who are at all interested in archaeology. A.H.B.

**SOME GREAT AMERICAN BOOKS.** By Dallas Lore Sharp. Chicago: American Library Association.

This little paper-covered volume, issued in the *Reading With a Purpose* series, may be said at once to be most useful for the purpose for which it is intended, namely, to meet the wants of those "who wish to know more about the literature of America." It is written, of course, by a United States writer for United States readers, nevertheless it is worth the attention of Canadians, who seek to broaden their minds by contact with everything properly entitled to be called literature. Mr. Sharp starts out by asking: "Out of a hundred American books, which every American ought to know, what ten or twelve shall I suggest for this course?" and then, after offering some excellent advice on the subject of reading, goes on to answer his own enquiry, taking up and discussing in turn a dozen books which it may be interesting to *Canadian Bookman* readers to name here: Irving's *The Sketch Book*, Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*, *American Poems* (1625-1892), edited by W. C. Bronson; *Representative American Short Stories*, edited by Alexander Jessup; Emerson's *Essays*, Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, Howell's *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer*, Frank Norris' *The Pit*, Crother's *The Gentle Reader*, Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*, and *The Life and Letters of Walter Page*, by Burton J. Hendrick.

It might be worth while for somebody qualified to do so to follow Mr. Sharp's lead and suggest, for the benefit of seeking Canadian readers, a dozen of the best (the reviewer hesitates to use the word "great") Canadian books. At any rate, the field is open.

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**DEEP ENOUGH.** By Malcolm Ross. Toronto: George J. McLeod Ltd. \$2.00.

Jerry Sands, fed-up with New York life, unemotionally kisses his fiancée good-bye, and hies himself to oil-struck Oklahoma. A few hours after arriving his \$1,000 capital he planned to invest in oil is taken by hijacker hold-up men. Returning to the restaurant he finds some crook has "lifted" his suitcase. But Jerry is a good sport, a likeable chap. He gets a job mixing mortar on a pipe line construction; then as a roustabout he goes to the Texas oil fields and the hardships and temptations encountered are met and mastered by the young man's cheerful spirit.

At length after a tragic discovery and a fight with the murderer of his sweetheart, Jerry pulls out for Bisbee, Arizona. Here he becomes a mucker or plain worker in a copper mine. The hard work underground is skilfully sketched, and if the miners'

talk sometimes seems crude, it adds a realistic touch. You follow with sympathy Jerry's course, his optimistic outlook, the glowing sunshine of his soul. He has a love affair with the mine superintendent's daughter—but again he is disappointed. Though containing many characters—men and women—it can be called a one-man book. The hero's pleasant nature is most refreshing.

\* \* \*

**TWO STOLEN IDOLS.** By Frank L. Packard. Toronto: Doran. \$2.00.

In point of popular demand one of the most successful of Canadian authors is Frank Packard. The latest of his racy novels is a tale of mystery and adventure—"breathless adventure" the jacket has it, and, as representing the generally accepted language of standardized reviewing, this is a justifiable term, because the book holds the reader's close attention throughout the piece. The mystery is set around two small ivory idols and why they should cause men to kill and to steal, weaving plot and counterplot and pursuing them through storm and ship-wreck. How possession of one of these idols nearly wrecked the life and love of the beautiful heroine, Verna Lyle, constitutes one special vein of interest.

\* \* \*

**KRYLOV'S FABLES.** Translated by Bernard Pares. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons. \$2.25.

The question of literary censorship, like the poor, we have always with us. Freedom of the press leads to abuses. A censorship is established. Worse abuses apparently follow. The old problem recently acquired a topical interest when certain tabloid newspaper enterprises frankly endeavoured to exploit morbid interests among the uneducated both in Canada and the United States. There was much argument pro and con. But before deciding in favor of any legal measure (especially if it is to be repressive) we should consider precedents. And censorship is as old as the hills.

Ivan Krylov wrote fables because his truth was not the truth favored by the censors of his time. Apparently the régime of Czar Nicholas I. was conspicuous more for good intentions than for intelligent action. At any rate, "In the universities philosophy was made an adjunct to the Chairs of theology; the censorship took as its principal object the exclusion of 'godless French books'; a commission to discuss whether learning was pernicious practically took place." The times were evidently not propitious for a deeply imaginative and slightly ironical writer like Krylov. In order that his intellectual and moral integrity might be preserved it was necessary for him to disguise every social criticism, every apt



point of ridicule, in the form popularly associated with Aesop. But these fables are not all directed at social abuses. They represent an immense amount of effort, they cover a vast range of subjects. "The public delighted in them and much passed into proverb." The translator, in his able and necessary preface, observes, "the fables of Krylov are a picture of the Russia of his time, a picture which could only be appreciated by those who have lived long in Russia, and only fully appreciated by his contemporary readers." This may be taken as a warning and a challenge. The book is out of the ordinary in every way. Its good things are to be extracted only with effort, and no western reader will comprehend the author's meaning in its entirety. But still it is worth while, a book to be left on a shelf where children will play, a book to be dipped into often and at random rather than read once through and forgotten. Those who approve the idea of a literary censorship will find food for reflection in Krylov's fables. Incidentally the paper, the choice of type, the spacing and format show care and good taste; a most attractive volume and suitable for presentation. M.A.

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### Iceland and Canada

Appealing for greater interest in the literature of Canada in the course of an address to over two thousand pupils of the schools of Ottawa, Prof. Edward E. Prince, president of the Ottawa branch of the Canadian Authors Association, cited the notable example of Iceland:

"A little country, near the Arctic Circle, 2,000 miles east of Labrador and 1,000 west of Norway, only about half the size of Manitoba, and with 3,000 fewer people than Prince Edward Island, called Iceland, surprises all foreigners who visit it by the number of book shops in its capital and small towns, and the number of Icelandic books and Icelandic writers. It is wonderful that so many poets, historians, and story-writers should live in Iceland. It is because, though the country is small, and the people poor, they are a thinking people, and value books more than dollars. The late Professor Mavor, of Toronto, tells us, in his autobiography, that nothing delighted him more than the pride of the Icelanders in Icelandic books.

We Canadians should be proud of Canadian books, should get to know all about our Canadian authors, and all about the good books written by them. Canada can give to the world a great many good things, but nothing better than a noble Canadian literature, and a noble Canadian art. Good books, good pictures, good music and songs, nothing can be greater than these."

### LITERARY NOTES

By Thomas O'Hagan

The English *Poetry Review* for March and April is on our table. As we said in a former notice of this periodical, the *Literary Digest* regards this *Review* as at the head of all Poetry Reviews. This judgment we regard as correct. The present number is up to the mark. It contains several admirable papers. Its contributors are evidently scholars and have something to say. The trouble with much of the literature of today is that it is *anaemic*, and needs the tonic of ideas. We are day by day overwhelmed with the broadcasting of literary mediocrity void of all art and taste.

Among the articles in this number of the *Poetry Review* worth noting are: What is Poetry?" by Wilfrid Merrifield; "Where Creative Writing is Epidemic;" "A Tennyson Commentary;" "Devotional Poets of the Seventeenth Century;" "Child Study in Poetry," and "Dante Gabriel Rossetti as a Poet." In all, the March-April *Poetry Review* is an excellent number.

\* \* \*

*Queen's Quarterly* for March contains, among other articles, a paper on the life and literary work of the late Agnes Maule Machar, which has been partly reproduced in London *Public Opinion*. On the whole this paper contributed by R. W. Cumberland is a just and sympathetic estimate of the work of a Canadian woman, who, within her limitations, was a conscientious artist; shrinking from publicity in marked contrast to some of the noisy mediocres who are "dressing their windows" today. Miss Machar has to her credit a good deal of substantial and scholarly work. Though not a poet of the first order, even when measured by a Canadian norm or standard, a good deal of her poetry possesses the great value of spontaneity and is devoid of dark enigma and abstraction. In the making of Canadian literature the late Agnes Maule Machar deserves an honored place.

\* \* \*

Rather a rare and unique work has lately come to our hands, and bears the title *The Modern Decorative Arts of Sweden*. It is from the pen of Erik Wettergren. This splendid work, which appeared first in French and won the *Grand Prix* at the Paris Exposition of Decorative Arts in 1925, is richly illustrated, and has been translated into English by Mr. Tage Palm, Commissioner of the Swedish Association of Arts and Crafts in America. Mr. Erik Wettergren, the author of this fine work on the modern decorative arts of Sweden, is curator of the Decorative Art Collections in the National Museum, Stockholm. The work is published by the Malmo Museum in Sweden, and is handled by the American-Scandinavian Foundation of New York.

# Splinters From a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

## III.—SEND THEM OUT

THE rejection of a manuscript by a dozen different publishers proves nothing conclusively, except that the story or article is not suited to their journals or is not required at the time you submitted it. The thirteenth editor may buy it. Or, on second submission, any one of the first twelve. When, however, every possible market has failed you it may be concluded that all the editors are crazy or that the story is not quite what it should be. The latter conclusion is slightly more probable, so look over your masterpiece and if by chance you have left out the climax or the *dénouement*, by all means put them in. Then the story may sell.

Free-lancing is a mail-order business. It has gambling aspects that delight one. Few joys are comparable to that derived from the sale of a story to an editor who once rejected it or the disposal of an article that some publishers have candidly told you was much ado about nothing. *De gustibus*. . . . One editor likes Schopenhauer; another considers Elgin Glyn a novelist. Think you they will look at your story from the same angle?

You will submit manuscripts intelligently only when you have studied the magazines and obtained a pretty clear idea of their policies. The trade-journals cover the field quite adequately and furnish market-lists and information that is usually not more than several months belated. Even at that it is valuable and the reading of it is stimulating. Once in a while, too, a genial editor writes an article on his own and lets out a few family secrets. You study him and, following Buffon's abused maxim, analyze his loves and hates and write him a

story. Your chances for success are multiplied if you have taken pains to give him what he thinks he wants.

The rejection-slip is a pricking smallsword if you let it bother you. It is best, however, to become steeled against its thrust. You can do this by papering the walls of your study with a month's crop of these dear little notes so elegantly worded and in course of time, from staring at them, you will cease to react to new ones. Every writer gets rejection-slips. They are part of the business—a large part—and to regard them sentimentally and suffer an attack of the indigoes after receiving a few of them is to overrate greatly their significance.

Several times in the jeremiads upon the doleful position of the Canadian writer, we have seen it stated that Canadians who hope to make a living by the pen must tote their portable wigwags to the States. Why so? Proximity to your markets is the only argument for such migration, and proximity, especially for the writer of fiction, is of no great import. Editors are a nation unto themselves. They care little where a story comes from, provided it is a good yarn which they can use. We are helped rather than handicapped in dealing with American editors by the fact that we are Canadians. Americans are a paradoxical people, and their chauvinism has an extreme of tolerance that is amazing.

Living in Canada has this advantage: stories of the frozen wastes, the trackless wilds, the great open spaces, as it were; Yukon rivers of gold, hinterlands over which range the intrepid centaurs in the red jackets . . . . stories of the North, in short, have an everlasting market in any number of



good American magazines. We, in Canada, are likely writers of such tales and even if you dwell in the tropics of the Niagara Peninsula your little yarn of the Eskimo's pet dog will arrive in New York stamped with the mark of authenticity. So.

A few practical points on sending them out: American stamps are often hard to get. Put only a two cent stamp on your return-envelope and pay the postman whatever is due; that saves postage in case you some day happen to sell one. Wait two months at least before you write to ask if your manuscript reached its destination, and then enquire with diplomacy. Do not attach undue significance to the gushing lady-editor who returns your stuff with a sweet note about how good it almost was and won't you please favor us again. You're just where you were before with your chances of selling her anything. Do not let manuscripts lie on your desk. Stick them in an envelope and ship them to some editor who may need material so much that he will just have to buy. That is only business and until you realize it you are not going to make much at free-lancing.

Patience should be a virtue more strongly developed in a writer than in the mother of twelve children who supports her husband. It takes some publishers a year to make enough money to pay you, but if you have a hundred irons in the editorial fires some one or other of them is reaching the critical heat every month or so, and for a while you are on top of the world. Verily it is a life of droughts and surfeits. The postman becomes your god, the arbiter of your joys and sorrows.

It is fatal to depend too much on one or two markets. For a year we sold one editor an average of ten thousands words monthly. She married, as even clever women will, and an impossible, misanthropic person

took her place and struggles along with about one-fifth as much of our copy. Another editor bought four stories in less than two months and calmly rejected the next eight; then, his powers of literary appraisal being revived, he began to buy again. And so it goes. Some of our stories have hung up a record mileage and travelled ten times farther than their writer ever will; but the game is to keep them going, send them out again and again. Eventually they all sell somewhere.

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### Ghosts in Fiction

"Weird Fiction" was the subject of a lecture delivered by Mr. Elliott O'Donnell in connection with Messrs. Foyle's Series of Literary Lectures.

Mr. O'Donnell is of old Irish stock, on his father's side, being a direct descendant of Niall of the Nine Hostages, the Arthur of Irish tradition and legendry, and has at least three historical ghosts in his family, his interest in things psychic being thus probably inherited. Having visited hundreds of haunted places, and written twenty-eight books on the "Weird," the lecturer was able to apply his own wide experience of ghosts to determine the correctness, or otherwise, of various famous ghost stories.

He gave it as his opinion, that the best writer of such stories was Joseph Sheridan le Fanu. In general, his work bears the stamp of truth. The supernatural coach, with the headless coachman and horses, for instance, which figures in one of his tales, is almost exactly similar to one seen by Mr. O'Donnell's grandmother; indeed, a comparison of dates and places might lead one to suppose that it was the same.

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### School Administration

"The study of school administration should not be restricted to any group of individuals, but should be shared in by all good citizens," says Hon. J. D. MacLean, Minister of Education for the Province of British Columbia, in his introduction to *Peace and Efficiency in School Administration*, which has been published by Dent's in a \$2.50 volume of 216 pages.

It is the report of a committee of the High School Teachers' Association which carried out an arduous and a unique task—a co-operative study of magnitude "to render easily available to teachers and laymen the wealth of suggestion on educational administration that is contained in the literature of the Dominion of Canada, the American Republic and the United Kingdom."

### The Inner Canada

Dr. Archibald MacMechan, of Halifax, has been awarded the prize of \$100 offered by the Women's Canadian Club for the best essay on "The Inner Canada: a Portrait Study," because of his outstanding imaginative handling of the theme, "revealing the lineaments of the national spirit irrespective of racial differences, as they appear in art and science, in the settled temper of daily life, and the historical crisis of the Great War."

This contest was open to the whole Dominion. Besides the contributions with the imaginative treatment responding more closely to the intention of the suggested theme, there were many which approached the subject from the standpoint of historical analysis, with suggested solutions of racial and political problems, and the judges deemed it advisable to recommend the awarding of a supplementary prize of \$100 to be divided between John L. MacDougall, of Toronto, and Wilfred Branstorn Kerr, of Seaforth, for their most able essays.

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### Vancouver Poets

The Vancouver Poetry Society met recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dalton, Granville St. South. Mrs. Alice M. Winlow gave a programme of music and original poetry and one-act plays. Musical illustrations to the poems were given by Mrs. Winlow and Miss Gweneth Humphreys, also by Miss Cave-Brown-Cave, who sang "To a White Rose" with Miss B. Cave-Brown-Cave at the piano. The play "A Flower a Day," calls for pantomime. Joyce of the Gladys Attree Dancers, by her exquisite posing and interpretation of the music played, brought out the theme of the play. The dancer posed in a flood light of changing colors.

The second play, *Venus of the Gardens*, calls for the appearance of a statue of Venus in a flood of purple light. Miss Joyce by her beautiful art created a satisfying climax.

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### Confederation Essays

In the proceedings of the regular meetings of historical societies in all parts of Canada much of literary interest for Canadians frequently arises. "History gives the young man the wisdom of age without its grey hairs," said Dr. Salem Bland at the last meeting of the York Pioneer and Historical Society in the course of an address on "The Growth of Canadian National Character." With the Jubilee Celebration of Confederation this organization is to conduct an essay contest dealing with Confederation. To the winner a silver medal will be awarded, besides a set of Shakespeare's works.

## NEW FICTION from Musson's

### I PRONOUNCE THEM:

A Story of Man and Wife. By G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, "Woodbine Willie". Author of "Rough Rhymes of a Padre," etc. Cloth..... \$2.00

In this powerful drama of hearthstone ethics Mr. Studdert-Kennedy, the soldier's favourite padre, has faced the problems of Christian marriage, divorce, and the unwanted child, with that passionate sincerity and fearless honesty of mind which are characteristic of "Woodbine Willie." A book with the greatest possibilities for an unusually large sale.

### THE MIND OF A MINX.

By Berta Ruck. Author of "Her Pirate Partner," "His Official Fiance," etc. Cloth ..... \$2.00

The story of a few months of the life of a so-called "ultra-modern" mannequin, with her three principal admirers, in London show-rooms and night clubs; in Germany and Austria and in France.

### THE MAGIC CASKET.

By R. Austin Freeman. Cloth.... \$2.00

Thrills in plenty in a mystery novel that will stand out as a headliner this season.

### THE SAVING CLAUSE.

By "Sapper." Author of "The Final Count," "Bull-Dog Drummond," etc. Cloth ..... \$2.00

The new Sapper 1927 volume of full-of-action stories, which will have a special appeal and interest in view of the author of "Bull-Dog Drummond's" forthcoming visit to Canada.

### THE ASTOUNDING CRIME ON TORRINGTON ROAD.

By William Gillette. Cloth..... \$2.00

The great Sherlock Holmes of the stage has turned his story-telling powers to the novel—producing a book that will entrance every mystery-story addict.

### THE MAN THEY COULDN'T ARREST.

By "Seamark." Author of "The Silent Six," etc. Cloth..... \$2.00

A super-thrilling tale of the underworld, by a writer who is in for a tremendous vogue as a genius for thrills.

### GRAY DAWN.

By Albert Payson Terhune. Author of "My Friend the Dog," "Lad," etc. Cloth ..... \$2.00

For everyone who loves dogs, or enjoys adventure—Gray Dawn is a great Collie and the book recounts his strange personality, adventures, courage and devotion.

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## \$1,000 UNIVERSITY FELLOWSHIP For Best Essay on An Economic Subject

THE expansion in all fields of Canadian industry and trade is taking place at such a rapid rate that the need for trained men is becoming a matter of major importance to the country. Thoughtful discussion of the internal and external problems of Canada should assist in developing an informed public opinion which will demand sound solutions and adjustments of the economic problems which confront government and industry. With a view to promoting this serious discussion of Canada's economic problems, to encouraging advanced courses in Economics, Banking and Trade, and to assisting capable students who desire to improve themselves in these fields, the Royal Bank of Canada will grant a graduate fellowship to any student in residence at a Canadian university who submits the best essay on one of several specified subjects during the coming academic year. The fellowship will have a value of \$1,000 and will permit the student to do research in the Economics Department of any of the Canadian Universities. The subjects for the essays in 1927-28 will be announced May 20th, 1927.

The following conditions have been established for the contest.

"The essay must not exceed three thousand words in length, and preference will be given to papers which are non-technical in terminology and most practical in treatment.

"The fellowship will amount to \$1,000 and may be taken in the Department of Economics or of Political Science at any Canadian University. In case a student is unable to pursue the advanced study of Economics, he may choose a solatium of \$250 in cash and a fellowship of \$750 will go to the student submitting the second best paper.

"The papers must be submitted to the Economist's Department of The Royal Bank of Canada before March 1st, 1928; they should be typewritten in triplicate and numbered. The name of the student should be submitted in a sealed envelope with the paper.

"The winning paper becomes the property of the bank, and at the option of the bank may be published as the bank sees fit. A non-winning paper remains the property of the student submitting it.

"The four subjects for 1927-28 will be announced in May, after consultation with the Economics Department of the various Canadian colleges and universities.

"The papers will be judged by the Economist's Department of the bank, and five of the best papers will be submitted for final

judgment to a committee of prominent men not connected with the Royal Bank of Canada.

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## MACLEAN'S CONTEST RESULTS

Lillian Beynon Thomas, 346 Niagara St., Winnipeg, is the winner of the first prize of \$500 in the \$1,000 Canadian short story contest conducted by *MacLean's Magazine*. Her story, "Five Cents for Luck," was unanimously chosen by the judges as the best of 936 manuscripts submitted. The second prize of \$250 goes to R. V. Gery, of North Battleford, Saskatchewan, author of "Alouette." Two prizes of \$125 are awarded, one to Mazo de la Roche, of Toronto, for her story, "Good Friday," the other to Leslie McFarlane, Haileybury, Ontario, author of "The Root House." Alberta C. Trimble, of Dauphin, Manitoba, received special mention for "Ex Nihilo Nihil Fit," (Out of Nothing Nothing Comes.)

The results represent the joint decision of Dr. George H. Locke, Chief Librarian of the City of Toronto and President of the American Library Association, and Professor M. W. Wallace, head of the Department of English in the University of Toronto. Neither of these gentlemen, nor the editors of *MacLean's*, who assisted them in the preliminary judging, had any means of ascertaining the identity of the contestants until the judging was completed. All of the stories entered in the contest were signed pseudonymously, the real names of the writers being contained in sealed envelopes accompanying the manuscripts.

The winner of the second prize, R. V. Gery, had never written for publication prior to this contest. Furthermore, as a result of the contest, the work of three of the other four winners will appear for the first time in the pages of a Canadian magazine. Lillian Beynon Thomas, first prize-winner, has contributed to United States magazines, as has Leslie McFarlane. Mazo de la Roche, of course, is well known as a novelist, her most recent success being the winning of the *Atlantic Monthly's* \$10,000 prize novel contest. Alberta C. Trimble's published work has been confined, hitherto, exclusively to the juvenile field.

The editor of *MacLean's* says: "The contest revealed the existence in Canada—in tiny but vigorous towns; on farms; amid all the exigent necessities of a life bound up with the expansion and development of the Dominion—of a considerable number of writers capable of sensing the dramatic significance of a big theme and lacking only practice and instruction in the business of knitting their material into the stuff of a well-constructed and gripping fiction. As soon as possible these promising authors will receive what it is hoped will prove to be helpful criticism of their work."

## CIVIC HONORS FOR PRIZE-WINNING AUTHOR

### Complimentary Dinner in Toronto to Mazo de la Roche

ON the occasion of the complimentary banquet presentation to Mazo de la Roche, Toronto, in the civic sense, justified itself besides honoring a clever daughter, for the city demonstrated that laurels won in the mental arena were deemed not less worthy of recognition than those concerned with physical prowess.

There have been a series of events in which Toronto organizations have paid tribute to the talented author upon her winning of the *Atlantic Monthly's* \$10,000 prize with her novel *Jalna*, the latest being the dinner at the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto on May 14th, but the most significant and most elaborate was at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Saturday, May 7th, under the auspices of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Authors Association.

In proposing the toast, "Our Guest of Honor," Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts spoke of the honor which the gifted young author had brought not only to her native city but to all Canadian writers.

Miss de la Roche's simple response delighted everyone. She recalled that it was at the Queen's Hotel that she had eaten her first hotel dinner at the tender age of six. On that occasion she had been so awed and charmed by the splendid gentleman in evening dress, who pulled out her chair and showered attentions upon her throughout the meal, that, when leaving, she had seized him by the hand and thanked him. Miss de la Roche said she found that winning a prize was a very wonderful experience, but one that required perfect mental balance.

When his Worship, Mayor Thomas Foster, had presented her with a handsome silver tea service, Miss de la Roche's words were few because, she said, her heart was very full.

In proposing the toast to "The Arts in Education," Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, said that he had been struck by the simplicity and sincerity of Miss de la Roche's words on this occasion, and that he had noticed these same qualities in the first instalment of *Jalna*; they were the two essential qualities of all great art. The speaker drew attention to Canada's geographical position in the very centre of the civilized world, and pointed out that this author's achievement was all the more impressive because she had been measured with the best of other countries. Speaking of Universities, he said that these institutions

were not only producing a creative class but another very necessary class of appreciative readers and critics.

In his reply, Premier Ferguson outlined what had been done to raise the general standard of school pupils in Ontario. He also appealed to Canadian authors to contribute stories woven around Canada and things Canadian in this Jubilee year.

Professor Pelham Edgar, proposing a toast to "Canadian Authors," expressed the opinion that Canada was on the verge of great intellectual prosperity.

Mrs. John Garvin (Katherine Hale), Miss Marshall Saunders and Hon. Mr. Justice W. R. Riddell replied. Mrs. Garvin recalled her schoolgirl friendship with Mazo de la Roche and the latter's early literary successes, while Miss Saunders made witty remarks about many of those present. Hon. Mr. Justice Riddell warmly congratulated Miss de la Roche and concluded by saying that as 1837 had laid the foundation of the present "Commonwealth of Nations," it was up to the Canadian authors to lay the foundation for the greater development of a literature Canadian in subject and sentiment.

In addition to the tea service from the City, Miss de la Roche received a beautiful basket of flowers from the Canadian Literature Club of Toronto.

During the evening music was provided by Caesar George Fynn, pianist, and Mrs. Fenton Box, soloist, accompanied by Mr. D'Alton McLaughlin.

Among the distinguished guests was Bliss Carman, who, when his presence was made known, received a flattering welcome.

\* \* \*

### Contributed

Blest be the tie of *Canadian Bookman* that binds together authors too busy to communicate with each other!

\* \* \*

### WANTED

Copies of January, 1922, March, 1922, and January, 1923 issues of *Canadian Bookman*. We will allow 50c for each copy, to apply on renewal subscriptions. *Canadian Bookman*, 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto.

\* \* \*

Sir Ernest Benn, publisher and author, after instancing comparative sales in England and America of certain books and fiction in general, much to the advantage of America, ascribed the reason not to America's greater prosperity so much as to the greater degree of happiness of the masses on this side of the Atlantic. The evidence of this was in striking contrast to the "dubious, doleful dawdle that, as an Englishman, I seem to notice in my own country."



## GEORGE CHAVIGNAUD'S PAINTING

"Do you like them?" We turned to find the artist himself, George Chavignaud, whose interesting collection of water colours has been on exhibition at the Carls-Rite Hotel, Toronto. That is the way it began, and it ended in an invitation to spend a day at his home in Kleinberg, Ontario.

In the meantime we studied the pictures. Mr. Chavignaud's work will possess historical value. For, although European pictures comprised part of the group, a large number were Canadian. He has caught the charm of Quebec towns and Ontario villages—St. Francois, Beaufort; willows drooping over the Credit River and Meadowvale's quiet street.

What seems especially admirable in his work is the fact that he has never yielded to the temptation of painting in one set way. His pictures are all "Chavignauds" but each of his subjects seems to have suggested its own treatment—which is as it should be. If it be sailboats and a stormy sea, the sombre sky and water are painted in bold and sweeping brush strokes; if a quiet village, then the technique is delicate and the color clear. He can paint a roadway sharply outlined in sunlight and shadow, or the mistiest of trees at twilight. As a whole his work is rather more soft and suggestive than brilliant in tone and hue.

A kindly little man he is, with twinkling eyes, his Frenchness evidenced in speech and the jauntiness of his moustache. He is a teacher too, who "practises what he preaches." "At least an hour every day with the pen," he says. "It doesn't matter what you do, lay-ins for pictures, copies of old masters, anything—but with the pen. It is the finest way of learning how to draw." Again, when I expressed a desire to paint in water colors, he showed his practical good sense by remarking: "If you paint in oils, stick to oils. It is better. You cannot do everything. It is easier for artists now-a-days," he continued. "They are cleverer, too, the artists. In my day we had to draw and draw, get everything perfect, like a photograph. Now it is *effect* they want. They can make more money and do not work so long. That is good!"

J. A. A.

### Moleskin Joe

Mr. Patrick MacGill, author of *The Children of the Dead End*, and other well known works, entertained a large audience at Foyle's a few nights ago with his vivid word-pictures of peasant life in Donegal, his experiences among potato diggers in Scotland, and the habits of a typical navy. Especially telling were his stories of Moleskin Joe—the navy whose original method

of selling Patrick MacGill's first book of poems suggested a title for the evening's talk, "The Author his own Publisher."

When MacGill and Moleskin Joe went hawking the book of poems from door to door Moleskin Joe did good business, because his powerful frame, uncouth words and mien were so terrifying that women-folk were glad to buy a copy of the book for 6d in order to be rid of him.

Mr. Patrick MacGill's witty descriptions of the experiences through which he struggled on the way to literary fame, reaching his goal at last, despite heavy handicaps and heart-breaking hardships, led his audience to feel that they had been in touch with an unusual personality.

## The Poems of John Crichton

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Of this poet, upon the appearance of the first volume "A Vista," Sir Andrew Macphail said:

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# Canadian Authors' Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

### National Convention

**P**LANS are rapidly crystallizing for the Seventh Annual Convention of the Canadian Authors' Association to be held in Ottawa on the 28th, 29th and 30th of June. Business sessions will be held in the rooms of the International Joint Commission, Hope Chambers, 63 Sparks Street. Arrangements are being made for two semi-public evening entertainments to be held in the Chateau Laurier on the evenings of the 28th and 29th. On the former occasion the programme will consist of songs by Canadian composers and will be in charge of Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott. On the second evening will come a series of brief lectures by such eminent speakers as Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Arthur Stringer, Dr. Scott D. Leachman, and Eva Gauthier.

There will also probably be a visit to the Dominion Archives, a garden party and a motor drive up the Gatineau.

On the evening of the 30th, the annual banquet of the Association will be held at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club and will be followed by a play *Low Life*, by Mazo de la Roche.

It will be seen from the foregoing tentative outline that the Ottawa convention promises to be one of the most successful in the history of the Association.

The interest of the gathering will be enhanced by the special celebration in Ottawa on the 1st of July of the 60th anniversary of Confederation. Virtually all delegates will remain for these Diamond Jubilee celebrations and will share in the functions of the day. In view of the inevitable crowding in the city at this time, the Ottawa branch executive is arranging to have delegates billeted in the dormitories of one of the local colleges.

### Halifax Branch

The final meeting of the season of the Canadian Authors Association took place on the evening of April 8th, at the residence of Dr. Archibald MacMechan, president of the branch, and an interesting evening, spent in literary readings of poetry and prose, was thoroughly enjoyed by all the members.

After the reading of the secretary's report, which showed a balance to the credit of the Association, the results of the James Williams prize competition for poetry and prose, which was open to all the Maritime Provinces, were announced and the sixty-six manuscripts, twenty-three of which were prose and forty-three poetry, written under

*noms de plume*, were read. The judges, Dr. MacMechan, Dr. Atlee and Miss Elizabeth Nutt, decided not to award the prize for prose. The prize for poetry was won by Miss Juanita O'Connor, a member of the association, whose work "The Good Wine," met with keen appreciation on the part of the judges mentioned. The next highest in order was entitled "Daphne, and the Governor's Wife."

Following the awarding of the prizes, an interesting paper on historic Bath, the Queen of the West of England, written by Miss F. E. Ross, was read and enthusiastically received, following which, John Mitchell's recent chapbook, *Songs*, was discussed.

The readers for the evening were Dr. MacMechan and Miss F. E. Ross.

### Ottawa

The absence of Ottawa Branch notes from recent issues of *Canadian Bookman* has not meant a season of inactivity. A belated summary of the winter's programme indicates a very successful season.

On the 8th of December, the branch joined with the Poetry Society in arranging for a recital by Mr. Wilson MacDonald, in the Ball Room of the Chateau Laurier. A large audience enjoyed the poet's readings from his recent book, *Out of the Wilderness*.

At the January meeting, held in the Chelsea Club, an enjoyable banquet was followed by an address by Mrs. Madge MacBeth, on "Misunderstandings in Literature." Mrs. MacBeth claimed that literature, fiction as elsewhere, must be candid, courageous and sincere if it were not to fail of its high purpose. Cowardice and insincerity on the author's part must result in futility and disappointment. She felt that her recent novel, *Shackles*, had been misunderstood by most critics and emphatically misinterpreted.

Following this address, a dramatic recital, chiefly from *Macbeth*, was given by Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, R.C.A.

On February 23rd the members met in the beautiful studio of Mr. Lyle Cameron Courtenay, the well known Ottawa artist and secretary of the Branch. Mr. Murray Gibbon, of Montreal, gave a charming address on "French Canadian Poetry and Song," illustrated by translations and musical settings from Mr. Gibbon's recently published book. The lecture was ably seconded by vocal selections by Mr. Marchand, the French-Canadian soloist.

On April 20, through the kindness of the



St. David's Society and its President, Mr. G. O. Griffith, an evening of "Welsh Music and Song" was provided. Mr. F. C. T. Fabry delivered an address setting forth the complex nature of Welsh verse and its technical difficulties. Mrs. Fabry and her son, Mr. J. T. C. Fabry, rendered examples of ancient Cymric music on the piano and 'cello; while Miss Ellis and Miss Phillips sang a series of charming Welsh songs, both in Welsh and in English, representative of patriotic, religious and sentimental themes over a thousand years of Welsh poetry. The evening was one of unusual enjoyment.

At this and all other meetings of the year, the President, Professor E. E. Prince, occupied the chair.

The Seventh Annual Convention of the Authors Association, to be held in Ottawa during the last three days of June, is keeping the Branch President and executive busy. As the Montreal, Quebec and Toronto branches are assisting in the arrangements, a notable convention is anticipated.

### Toronto

The first Canadian book to be translated into a universal language is *Beautiful Joe*, by Miss Marshall Saunders, of Toronto. This book has already been translated into Swedish, German, Japanese, Chinese, Czech, and Bulgarian; and now in Zagreb, Jugo-Slavia, Nichola Hohlov, assisted by James Blaikie, a graduate of Cambridge University, is rendering the story into Esperanto. He next proposes translating it into Russian and Serbo-Croatian.

### Winnipeg

The annual meeting of the Winnipeg Branch was held on April 9th in the Faculty Room of the University of Manitoba. \*After an admirable report on the year's activities had been rendered by Mr. E. K. Marshall, Branch Secretary, the following officers were elected for the coming year:

Honorary President—Mr. J. W. Dafeo.

President—Mr. Robert Watson.

First vice-president—Professor Arthur L. Phelps.

Second vice-president—Miss Carolyn Cornell.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. E. K. Marshall.

Archivist—Dr. John Maclean.

Immediate past president—Professor A. W. Crawford.

Mr. Frank Burnett, Sr., of Vancouver, then gave a stirring address on "Wanderings in the South Seas," and Professor Greaves, Victoria College, Toronto, gave some rousing readings from the Poetry of Professor Arthur L. Phelps, and Dr. E. J. Pratt.

A further branch meeting was held on the evening of Thursday, the 5th of May. Mr. John J. Moneriffe, associate editor of the

*Daily Tribune*, gave a short address on "Some Literary Neglects," in which he pointed out opportunities for the historian and the biographer in the early political life of Western Canada. This was followed by a causerie, "Some Writers through an Artist's eyes," by Miss Kathleen Shackleton, of London, England. At this same meeting, Dr. Allison, the National President, on behalf of *MacLean's Magazine*, presented to Mrs. Lillian Beynon Thomas, of Winnipeg, a cheque for \$500 as the first prize in the recent MacLean's short story contest.

### Saskatchewan

The annual meeting of the Saskatchewan Branch was held in Regina on the 9th of April. Original articles were read by each of the members presenting arguments why it would be desirable that a Confederation Prize for Literature should be established by the Dominion Jubilee Committee from a part of the funds at its disposal. The programme included a contest in identifying lines from a score of famous Canadian poems. Each member read also an article throwing light on some phase of the writer's craft. The club sent its congratulations to W. Pickersgill, Regina, who has completed a comedy drama; to Rev. R. Graham, Assiniboia, who had signal success with the production of a play by home talent; and Dr. Norman Black, Vancouver, formerly of Regina, whose text book, *Peace and Efficiency in School Administration* is winning praise.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—M. B. Cody, *The Leader*, Regina.

Vice-president—Mrs. W. G. Ross, 1038 Chestnut Ave., Moose Jaw.

Vice-president—Rev. H. D. Ranns, Biggar.  
Secretary—Miss Irene Moore, *The Leader*, Regina.

Archivist—Mr. E. C. Stewart, 2238 Elphinstone St., Regina.

Executive—G. A. Palmer, 2850 Garnet St., Regina; Mrs. J. H. Storer, *The Times*, Moose Jaw; Dr. A. A. Graham, Moose Jaw College; Rev. R. Graham, Assiniboia.

### Calgary

There has been an increase of seventeen members in the Calgary Branch of the Canadian Authors Association during the past year. This was brought out at the recent annual meeting held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Kerby.

The Association has just closed the most active year in its five years of existence, its activities comprising twenty-two gatherings in seven months, these including three public meetings, with outside speakers, two recitals, seven private meetings, three dinners, a luncheon, a reception, two dances and four executive meetings.

The new officers are:

President, Mrs. Laura Goodman Salverson; Vice president, R. B. Forsyth; Corresponding secretary, Mrs. W. S. McDonald; Recording secretary, Mrs. W. S. McDonald; Treasurer, N. Emms Read. Other members of the executive are Mrs. Nellie McClung, Mrs. Flos Jewell Williams, Mrs. Elaine Catley, Mrs. H. B. Hill, Miss Donalda Dickie, Mrs. F. G. Garbutt and A. Calhoun.

Under the auspices of the Authors Association, Professor W. Greaves, of Victoria College, gave last month a most successful recital of the poetry of Louise Morey Bowman, Arthur L. Phelps, Dr. Edward J. Pratt and Duncan Campbell Scott, in the ball room of The Palliser Hotel, Calgary. Professor and Mrs. Greaves were en route to Vancouver.

### Victoria

Mrs. M. S. Wheatley, Lampson Street, was hostess to the Victoria and Islands Branch, Canadian Authors Association, at their April meeting. During the first part of the programme Mr. Alfred Carmichael related some of the Indian legends of the West Coast of Vancouver Island, particularly the tale of the Flood, according to the Nlaka'tepa legends. Mr. Carmichael also read a dramatic short story, "The Sacrifice," founded upon a West Coast tradition. Donald A. Fraser, chairman of the local branch, explained several stories which he had had at first hand from a well-known Indian woman living near Victoria. These were poetic and symbolic, and bore out some of the traditions which Mr. Carmichael related.

Mr. Fraser introduced the second part of the programme by reminding the members that the local association had been formed six years ago in April, by Miss Marjorie Pickthall, and because of this it had been thought fitting to celebrate the anniversary by special references to the work of that fitted poet and prose writer.

Mr. Pemberton recalled having met Marjorie Pickthall in 1921, when he was introduced to her by Miss Hansford of the U.B.C. In conversation, Miss Pickthall had referred to a curious tree which she and Miss Hansford had found while walking through the Uplands a few days earlier. Mr. Pemberton, having also discovered this tree on one of his rambles, took a photograph of it which had greatly fascinated Miss Pickthall and they had spent some time in discussing this and other curious root-growths. Miss Pickthall had been an ardent lover of nature, and had seen far more than the ordinary individual would ever observe of the beauty and curious formations in the woods.

Mr. Pemberton brought to the meeting an enlarged photograph of this remarkable oak tree, with an endorsement by Miss Hansford. This photograph he is to present, on behalf of the Victoria and Islands Branch,

to the Provincial Archives in memory of the branch founder.

Mrs. William Henderson brought to the discussion some charming reminiscences of Marjorie Pickthall, with whom she had enjoyed a friendly intimacy during her stay in Victoria. Mrs. M. S. Wheatley told entertainingly her impressions of Miss Pickthall, and Miss Perry gave a graphic picture of the little shack in which Miss Pickthall wrote while in Victoria.

Supper was served in the dining room and Mrs. Wheatley was heartily thanked for a most enjoyable evening.

### THAT EVERLASTING ARGUMENT ON CANADIAN MAGAZINES

Banff, Alta., May 9, 1927

Editor, "Canadian Bookman":

I have just been reading from cover to cover the "Canadian Bookman" for April of this year. The article by Merlyn Swift has called back to me so many things I have thought, without expressing them, that my typewriter has tempted me to make a plea for the general public.

I have had a number of real frights lest some of the proposed schemes touching Canadian literature might carry and thus bring a lot of devastation to those of us who think there is GOOD literature in every part of the world.

I have never heard of any other nation which says: "We will place a high tariff on magazines from this or that country, that our own may bud and bloom." We are so very young as a nation and have such a small population that we must still look for small lists of subscribers no matter how beautifully the illustrations or meritorious the material contained in our magazines. The agitators seem to me to be asking the impossible. Of course, personally, no matter what ban might be put on some foreign publications, I would stubbornly buy them and as stubbornly refuse to subscribe to that which was bringing me nothing mentally. A high tariff will never stop a hungry reader or alter his opinion of a large amount of so-called present Canadian literature.

Often I think our writers are damaging our country in the eyes of other countries, by persistently referring to the pioneer woman left in a lonely shack on a prairie, a few wolves thrown in for color, the great Northland where those who brave the wilds, are shut for months from their kind. That pioneer woman is having a pretty good time in these days of advancement with her radio, her gramophone, and her telephone in winter and some of the smartest cars are owned by "the lonely people of the wilderness." On the prairies, to be sure, there must be days when some favorite magazine cannot be brought to a storm-bound house, but I saw that condition in New York City four years ago when pipes were burst, no trains running, turmoil far beyond anything our land would have endured under like conditions—because we would have known how to face them. Anyone who has tried it, knows perfectly well that forty below zero in our magnificently dry climate is no hardship if we have food and fuel.

Advertising of the highest type we must have to compete with other countries. I have in mind a Canadian magazine which I began to take by accident. It was very poor at first, but is slowly putting on good clothing, and as it is genuinely Canadian it shall henceforth have my support.

How can we fail to admit that a magazine today—to pay—must have its attractive advertising matter? I find it a most annoying feature, to turn a page to go on with the story and find a brand of tomatoes taking precedence on the next two pages. Those advertisements make a magazine heavy and cumbersome but a housewife picks up quite a lot of information without knowing it.



My little Canadian magazine is doing some very simple advertising, but I have gathered from it where to get certain better-class woolsens in the east, where to look for something nice in Quebec and where to locate extra fine linens and other things in England.

Perhaps my notes grow too long, but it is "Canadian Bookman's" fault. Here is Henry Button saying the English market is flooded, and the "United States consumed with its own importance and liking its own atmosphere in books." Is that quite worthy of Mr. Button? He should know that the best type of American is gluttonous for every first edition he can get of anything English, and would not own a library that did not contain the essence of the best English authors. A very long line of recent authors of England, as I learned recently, have a two-thirds heavier sale in the United States than in England. No, the Americans, as I have found them, want the best reading of any land. Being the proud owner of a Cruikshank edition of Dickens out here in this mountain country of Canada, I have had many pretty offers for it. These offers have always been made by Americans, friends always of books and good reading.

Many strands working in unison always are stronger than one. I hope the authors and editors will bide their time, copy from the best the world may offer and allow the thousands of readers of Canada as open a market as possible for all the books worth while.

MARY S. WARREN.

#### MR. EAYRS REPLIES

Toronto, May 3rd, 1927.

Editor, "Canadian Bookman":

In your last issue there appeared a paragraph under the heading "Louis Hémon Medal for Mr. Frank Wise," beginning with the paragraph:

"In acknowledgment of his having made the arrangements with the late Mr. W. H. Blake for the translation of "Maria Chapdelaine," Mr. Frank Wise, of Toronto, has been honoured by the Louis Hémon Committee of the Montreal Historical Society with the presentation of one of the few Louis Hémon medals that were struck."

I should like to say categorically that all arrangements for the publication of the translation of "Maria Chapdelaine" by the late Mr. W. H. Blake, were made between Mr. Blake himself and the Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, represented by me. Mr. Blake first negotiated on behalf of Sir Andrew MacPhail and himself, and laterly on his own behalf only, in each case the negotiations being wholly with me acting for this Company. Mr. Blake opened these negotiations in March, 1921, Frank Wise having left, summarily, the employ of this Company on February 2nd, 1921. Mr. Blake's translation of "Maria Chapdelaine" was published on August 31st, 1921.

These are matters of fact. Every move from opening negotiations to publication is substantiated.

I have received under date of April 16th a letter from Mr. Edward Montet, the Secretary of the Louis Hémon Committee of the Montreal Historical Association. I had not written to Mr. Montet. Mr. Montet says:

"I was the Secretary of the Louis Hémon Committee to which we both subscribed \$100., other subscriptions of lesser amounts having been received from all over Canada. With the funds subscribed a monumental bronze tablet was placed on the house where Hémon was born in Brest."

"The Committee, having a small balance in hand, turned it over to the Société Historique de Montréal, with the condition that 100 medals be struck to the effigy of Hémon for distribution as prizes of literature in the public schools of Montreal."

"This placed an obligation on the Société Historique de Montréal heavier than the funds it received, and, as a director of this Société, I was authorized to have 25 extra medals struck to make up the deficit. The intention was to sell

the medals at \$5 each, but about a dozen only were sold. As I had made good the balance of the deficit some \$60 or \$70, the remaining medals became my property, and I made up my mind to either sell them or give them to my friends or to museum or public libraries at the occasion presented itself.

"Mr. Frank Wise is a personal friend of mine. We were associated as joint secretaries of the National Unity Convention (Win the war) some years ago. A bronze medal, was also the outcome of this movement."

"Knowing Wise as a staunch friend of the French Canadian people, knowing his literary feelings about Hémon's masterpiece, I felt he would take pride in having a Hémon Medal in his collection. "So I offered him one as a personal token of friendship." (The quotation marks are mine.—H.S.E.)

My friendship with the late Mr. W. H. Blake is so precious to me, as indeed, is my friendship with his widow, Mrs. Jean Blake, that I have no taste for controversy over this matter. At the same time it is as well that any wrong impression created by the paragraph quoted at the beginning of this letter, and entitled, "Louis Hémon Medal for Mr. Frank Wise," should be at once corrected.

Perhaps I ought to add that Mr. Edward Montet, personally, has most kindly sent to me one of the Louis Hémon Medals.

H. S. EAYRS.

#### A FASCINATING HOBBY

By Grenville Kleiser

MANY helpful hobbies have been suggested, such as gardening, stamp-collecting, bookbinding, correspondence courses, sketching, painting, kodaking, languages, nature study, and first editions.

I commend to those looking for a new hobby that of gathering felicitous and striking sentences from their general reading. These should be recorded in a note book kept exclusively for this purpose.

Personally, I have derived great pleasure from this delightful pastime. Incidentally it is, I believe, a practical way of enlarging one's vocabulary and improving one's English style.

The following score of examples may be of suggestive value:

Repentance bludgeoned me.

The river sang with its lips to the pebbles.

Nature seemed to revel in unwonted contrasts.

Earth danced under a heat haze.

She looked with inquisitive scrutiny.

The thought smote him like a hammer.

A gesture stemmed the tide of words.

He never wears an argument to tatters.

The speaker was sunk in a phraseological quagmire.

A pang stabbed treacherously.

He spoke with oracular certainty.

I yielded to the ingratiating mood of the day.

His eloquence is like a mountain torrent.

The din waxed louder and more menacing.

He is a little old gentleman, of ubiquitous activity.

His ideas are as set as concrete.

She danced like an animated sunbeam.

She has the gift of rapid appraisal.

# The Collector

BOOK auction sales are not so common in Canada that mention of the sale of the library of the late Frederick C. Paul, for many years editor of *Toronto Saturday Night*, which took place at Jenkins' Art Galleries, Toronto, on April 26th, can be passed over by The Collector without mention. The library was not a very large, nor even a very important, one, comprising mainly sets and miscellaneous books, including a sprinkling of Canadiana. Notable among the sets were a Frontenac edition of Parkman, 1902, 17 vols., which brought \$26.35, and a set of the Thistle edition of Stevenson, 24 vols., which realized \$24. The chief item of Canadiana was *The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe*, edited by John Ross Robertson, which brought the perhaps record auction price of \$17. A copy of W. T. R. Preston's suppressed *Life and Times of Lord Strathcona*, London, 1914, offered along with Goldwin Smith's *Reminiscences*, and another volume, slipped by almost unnoticed, the three volumes bringing only \$8.70.

\* \* \*

An important sale of Americana, printed and in manuscript, took place at the auction rooms of Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, N.J., on April 2nd, at which, among others, items of Canadian interest, were sold as follows: Autograph document, signed by Severin Ameau, Royal Notary Public, Nov. 13, 1691, 6 pp., folio, inventory and division of an estate at Three Rivers, \$10; *The Canadian Magazine and Literary Repository*, Vol. 1, Montreal, 1823, the first Canadian literary magazine of any consequence, \$7; Cockings' War: *An Heroic Poem, The Second Edition, to the Raising The Siege of Quebec*, Boston, 1762, \$22; do, *The American War, A Poem in Six Books*, London, 1781, \$40; Pinchon's *Genuine Letters and Memoirs relating to the Natural, Civil and Commercial History of Cape Breton and St. John*, London, 1760, \$35; letter signed by Sir Frederick Haldimand, 3 pp. folio, Quebec, Dec. 10, 1781, to General Clinton (cataloguer's note: "Important letter relating to women and children taken prisoners by the Indians for the British, and one of the few humane documents written by Britishers during the Revolution extant!") \$60; *The Cacique of Ontario*, Stonington-Port, 1799. (catalogue's note: "An unknown issue of this extremely rare Indian narrative which, although probably fiction, is

somewhat interesting. The scene is laid in the French and Indian war"), \$21; Lyttelton's *A Letter to William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, on the Quebec Bill*, Boston, 1774, (Gagnon mentions only a third edition), \$21; *The Justice and Policy of the Late Act of Parliament for making more effectual Provision of the Government of the Province of Quebec asserted and proved*, London, 1774 (not mentioned by Gagnon and credited to both Dr. Marriott and William Knox), \$18; Shirley's *Letter to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, with A Journal of the Siege of Louisbourg and other operations during the Expedition against the French Settlements on Cape Breton*, London, 1746, first edition, \$22.

\* \* \*

Catalogue No. 4 from Van-Cleland, Ltd., Winnipeg, offers an interesting collection of old and modern books on art, natural history, Americana, Canadiana, Indians, Arctic Regions, etc. Some of the items of special Canadian interest are Bartlett's *Canadian Scenery*, 1840; Buchanan's *Sketches of History, Manners and Customs of the North American Indians*, London, 1824; Drake's *Book of the Indians of North America*, Boston, 1833; Burt and Hubbard's *Report on the Geography, Topography and Geology of the South Shore of Lake Superior*, Detroit, 1846 (priced \$40); Bouchette's *British Dominions in North America*, 2 vols., London, 1832; *Papers Relative to the Affairs of British Columbia*, Parts II., III. and IV., 1859-62; Dent's *The Last Forty Years*, Toronto, 1881; Gunn and Tuttle's *History of Manitoba*, Ottawa, 1880; *Les Communications de Mercator, sur la Contete de Selkirk et la Baye d'Hudson*, Montreal, 1817 (priced \$95); Earl of Southesk's *Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains*, Edinburgh, 1875.

\* \* \*

E. M. Lawson & Co., Sutton Goldfield, Eng., in Catalogue No. 30, offer some rather important items of Canadiana, as follows: Heylyn's *Cosmographie*, London, 1669, containing 72 pages relating to America, including interesting early account of Canada (priced £3 3s.); Simpson's *Narrative of a Journey Round the World, during the years 1841 and 1842*, 2 vols., London, 1847, Vol. I. describing travels in Far West of America and referring to Red River settlement, Edmonton House, Vancouver, etc. (priced £3); Durham's *Report on the Affairs of British North America*, together with *Copies of*



*Correspondence relative to the Affairs of Canada, and Correspondence Relative to the Affairs of Canada*, Part IV., 3 vols., London 1839-40 (priced £4); collection of 30 original large pencil drawings, 12 of them in colors, of incidents, views, etc., in Canada West and of the Canadian Indians, drawn during 1879-80, 'a unique collection' (priced £4).

\* \* \*

The latest Catalogue (No. 30) from Harold R. Halewood, Preston, Eng., offers a copy of *Poems 1830-1833*, the pirated edition of Tennyson's suppressed early poems, which was published in 1862, and the appearance of which led to legal action being taken by the author to protect his copyright, in the original blue paper wrappers, with the following note appended to the description: "This interesting little volume was compiled and edited by the late Mr. J. Dykes Campbell, whilst in Toronto, and was printed in that city." This statement is one which has been often made before, but it has been also stated that the volume in question was really issued in London by the enterprising but notorious John Camden Hotten. Personally, The Collector is more than inclined to accept the latter statement, but would be glad to hear from any reader of *Canadian Bookman* who can definitely clear the matter up.

\* \* \*

Bernard Halliday, Leicester, Eng., in a Catalogue (No. 86.) of manuscripts, comprising a selection from the Melville State papers, offers some items of special Canadian interest, for example: Ms. memorial from the Six Nations settled on the Grand River, in Upper Canada, to the British Government, praying that lands granted by General Haldimand on the Grand River, or Ouse, from its source to Lake Erie, with lands 6 miles each side of said river, be granted to the Mohawks and other nations forever (1804- or 5), signed by J. Norton, and an indecipherable Indian name (priced £6 10s.); A.L.S. of Capt. J. Monk, 4 pp., Quebec, Oct. 4, 1794, on his efforts to "prepare this colony against the evident inroads of republican faction, seditious warfare and revolution" (priced £10 10s.); do, 4 pp., Quebec, Sept. 18, 1794, addressed to Evan Nepean, Esq., giving an account of the attempted rising at Quebec, the seditious state of the country, etc. (priced £10 10s.).

\* \* \*

Catalogue No. 971, from C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, announces, over the name of Rudolph Gerluck, the death of Frederick J. Libbie, who became associated with his father in the book auction business of J. F. Libbie & Co., in 1884, and who upon the death of his father carried on the selling of libraries at auction until January, 1920. Mr. Gerluck intimates that as sole pro-

prietor he will continue under the old firm name. This catalogue as usual is devoted to Americana, but it contains a good sprinkling of books of Canadian interest, some which might be named being: Melvin's *Journal of the Arnold Expedition to Quebec* in 1775, Philadelphia 1864; one of 120 copies printed for the Franklin Club; *Papers Relating to the Expeditions of Capt. Pattison*, London, 1859; Rogers' *A Concise Account of North America*, London, 1745, fine copy of the first edition.

\* \* \*

The original pencil manuscript of Richard Wagner's *Das Rheingold*, written by the famous German opera composer in 1854, was sold at the American Art Galleries in New York City, on April 26, for \$15,000, the purchaser being Rosenbach & Co., of New York. The manuscript of *Das Rheingold* was long believed to have been lost, but was discovered by Kurt Lehan, a New York and Munich collector, a few years ago.

\* \* \*

A fine historical letter signed by Button Gwinnett and five other signers of the United States Declaration of Independence was sold for \$51,000 at the Anderson Galleries in New York City, on March 16, eclipsing all previous autograph sale records. The last previous sale of a document signed by Gwinnett took place at the same Galleries last November, when \$28,500 was realized.

\* \* \*

Charles Sessler, Philadelphian bibliophile, has secured the original holograph manuscript of Charles Dickens' *The Mudfog Papers*, written for Bentley's Magazine. Mr. Sessler, who raced across the Atlantic in order the secure the manuscript, is stated to have paid between \$15,000 and \$16,000 for it. He also bought four original Burns manuscripts, including the poem, *The Kirk's Alarm*, for which he is said to have paid \$20,000.

\* \* \*

Catalogue No. 2 from the Mackay Book Shop, Toronto, will have a special interest for many collectors by reason of the fact that it carries a cover designed by Aubrey Beardsley, which, it is stated, was done for a "London bookseller" (Leonard Smithers) 32 years ago. The catalogue is devoted to rare books, modern first editions, Nonsuch Press books, collected editions, etc., and includes, among other features, an interesting collection of books relating to Mary Queen of Scots.

\* \* \*

The "Collector" wonders whether it is at all well known to collectors of Canadiana that not only one of the rarest and most sought for of American books on fish and fishing, but also one of the rarest of all books coming under that head, is *The Resti-*

*gouche and its Salmon Fishing*, by Dean Sage, published at Edinburgh in 1888. A copy of this book, of which only 105 copies were printed, is quoted in Miniature List No. 33 from the Cadmus Book Shop, New York, at \$500. Other items of Canadian interest offered in this list include: *A Narrative of Occurrences in the Indian Countries since the connection of the Right Hon. the Earl of Selkirk with the Hudson Bay Co.*, London, 1817 (priced \$27.50), and *Statement Respecting the Earl of Selkirk's Settlement upon the Red River*, London, 1817, "a beautiful copy, with original printed label," (priced \$35.)

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FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. IX., No. 6

TORONTO, JUNE, 1927

25c a Copy  
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## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

ROBERT NORWOOD

By Marcus Adeney

WHAT is this man, Robert Norwood? Is he Poet, Minister of the Gospel or Prophet of a New Age, a man of talent or of genius, imitator of Whitman and Masefield, as some critics have implied, or a creator in his own right? Does he merely contribute poetry of more or less value to our libraries and bookshelves or is he come as a definite challenge to the modern man, an elemental force penetrating to the very heart of humanity itself? These are questions which must be answered before we can come to any terms regarding Robert Norwood. We shall find that the poet cannot be detached from the Minister of the Gospel, and the Minister of the Gospel is one with the Prophet of the New Age, and the Prophet speaks in unquestionable terms of such realities as none of us may fairly disregard. Robert Norwood is neither above nor beneath criticism; his work is outside the realm of those commentators who would gauge an entirely new and vital expression according to a tradition or with reference to aesthetic canons.

It is sometimes contended that all things exist only relatively. The statement itself, of course, contains an element of contradiction in that it absolutely affirms that nothing may absolutely be affirmed. We generally assume that a chain of causes, no matter how long, must have a begin-

ning, that if anything is allowed to exist (even relatively) a state of absolute existence, for something somewhere, must be recognized, if only as an hypothesis. This is the principle upon which our opinions, our beliefs and our conduct are actually based; but (and this explains incidentally why I must now digress) we are not conscious of deliberately exercising any powers of discrimination between matters which are obviously of relative consequence and those others which exist by virtue of some special—it may be divine—qualities, in their own right. Yet such distinctions may be of supreme importance.

When Socrates went about the streets of Athens asking questions many persons were compelled to uncover a tangle of illogical opinion, prejudice, and theological conviction that had been for years concealed beneath a blanket of mundane considerations. The result was irritating, even painful. Socrates, judged according to the standards and convictions of the times, was condemned and put to death. Today we are not much interested in the reasoning which led to the murder of a wise and just man, but we are still interested in Socrates himself, who brought into the world something which has endured *in its own right*, because its value was in some sense absolute. The greater was compared with the lesser and because



of its disproportion was condemned, blindly. Usually, we should observe, such condemnations have come from worthy citizens, men with a profound regard for the law. They were not necessarily sinful but they lacked the vision which would have enabled them to discover authenticity in a fresh contemporary utterance.

It is unlikely that Robert Norwood will be compelled to drink the hemlock, though he, like Socrates, has asked a great many disturbing questions. Today he is pastor of Saint Bartholomew's church in New York City; he has become widely known, and his poetry, which reaches into corners remote from the pulpit, ensures the survival of a profound and intensely human message. But the full force, the majesty of this man's mission, has yet to be generally understood. Robert Norwood cannot be truly estimated simply as a poet among Canadian poets; "he has been called to be a prophet, and has felt the live coal touch his lips with its altar flame . . . as an artist he has pictured the whole truth—the truth in its universal conception." So affirmed Albert Durrant Watson in his splendid "Appreciation."

How, then, are we to approach the work of this man? Shall we place it on trial, employing aesthetic yardsticks and theological formulae in hopes of obtaining a final judgment? Shall we be discreet, after the manner of one commentator who observed that owing to differences of opinion among critics, it was impossible as yet to estimate Norwood's place among Canadian poets? Shall we presume, being perhaps little and earthly ourselves, that this man is bound by our own limitations? Or shall we recognize in the thunder of his utterance a quality of being, an intensity of creative ardour, a self-forgetful devotion, a fire of aspiration, a contact with the very essence of reality such as the average mortal has power scarcely to imagine? Are we ourselves great

enough to distinguish a truly great man when he appears among us?

When the *Witch of Endor* was published in 1916, a newspaper reviewer filled a column with solemn ineptitudes. *The Piper and the Reed* fared little better in 1917. In the (Ontario) city of London, Norwood's personality evidently spoke for him more eloquently than the printed page. "He throngs his church twice every Sunday with an overflowing audience of Theosophists, New Thoughtists, Vedantists, Bahaists and other latter-day nonconformists." So records the *Canadian Courier* for March, 1917, prophesying a Bostonian future for that city. But Norwood went to Philadelphia, where his sphere of influence was greatly enlarged.

It was not that he underestimated his fellow-countrymen. No one could be more appreciative of the splendid poetry that Canada is producing in our times. He believes that our greater works rank with the masterpieces of the Old World; but regarding the somewhat complacent critics he has other and less amiable opinions. This is scarcely surprising when we consider that it was not (to the present writer's knowledge) until December, 1922, when an article on his latest work, *Bill Boram*, appeared in the *Canadian Magazine*, that Robert Norwood was honored with profound interpretive criticism. This article, from the pen of Jean S. Foley, was a masterpiece in itself. Speaking of the conversion of Bill Boram, the writer observes: "Bill is converted not from creedless living to living by creed, but to that symphonic beauty implicit in the brotherhood of souls."

I am here concerned not so much with biographical details, which any interested person may obtain from Doctor Watson's book, but with the peculiar importance of Robert Norwood as prophet and interpreter of the New Age. "The true poet—the poet we need in this land, whatever other lands may think they need—is

one who lays the foundations of universal brotherhood so firmly that they shall abide. . . . The poet who does not inspire creative and revolutionary thought, in the sense in which the sayings of Jesus were revolutionary, is negligible in this new era, when the spirit of goodwill shall be made electric in all lands."

Robert Norwood, himself a radiant personality, comes to us with a glorious message—a message so profoundly human, yet so divinely inspired, that his hearers are often in the position of those blinded by an unaccustomed light. They find it difficult to recognize the Christ-spirit when it emerges not indirectly out of an interpretation, but directly through a warm human appeal.

All great art seems at times to transcend the time element in existence. The hushed pause at the climax of some mighty drama not only possesses more significance than the most terrific clangor, but it seems, by virtue of its peculiar quality, to have arrested an apparently tyrannic rhythm. Concentration of thought and feeling upon one point, immobility and silence on stage and in auditorium, create an illusion of perfect poise, as though everything save consciousness, upon Divine Command, had suddenly ceased. Such moments (are they, after all, illusions?) do more to deepen and intensify human consciousness than anything else. They give us, it may be only for a little while, some perspective with regard to our daily enterprise, our little hopes and fears, our slavery to time-notions. The primary aim of the greater religions has not been, as some people aver, the overcoming of the fear of death. Epicurus in Greece, and afterwards Heraclitus and Lucretius in Rome, were at least partially successful at dispelling vague terrors. No, the greater object, apart from ethics, has been to liberate mankind from the time-obsession, from his little personal

hopes and fears, to enable him to live gloriously while he may, and to die with quietude in his breast. Robert Norwood revives for us the supreme importance of the Here and Now. He sings a glad song of humanity victorious over dark night, of the splendor of "Life in the love of the kinship of things." His message is as old as the Gospel story, perhaps even older; it is as new as the song of a Baltimore oriole heard for the first time in the Spring.

"The Selfhood of God," he has said "is an eternal unfolding. . . All is present. All is God. Time is but the shadow of divine consciousness obscured occasionally by the realization of the germinal processes of the soul. To take no thought for the morrow is to have arrived at the margin where, in the light of all divine consciousness, time shadows disappear."

It has been the writer's present object merely to give vigorous utterance to a personal estimate of a great man. There are many who will disagree; but this much is certain: Robert Norwood's message has come into the lives of innumerable men and women as a great white light; it has touched the hearts of the cultured and the skeptical even as it reached the fisher-folk at Neil's Harbour in the early days of his ministry. "His face," wrote Doctor Watson, "presents a happy hint of Hibernia; his heart is of the new world; his mind is universal. Such is Robert Norwood." Here, if anywhere, do we find one who, in the memorable words of Rupert Brooke, will

"Move

Sure as a flood, smooth as a vast wind  
blowing;  
And, gathering power and purpose as he  
goes,  
Unstumbling, unreluctant, strong, unknow-  
ing,  
Borne by a will not his, that lifts, that  
grows,  
Sweep out to darkness, triumphing in his  
goal."



## BIOGRAPHICAL

Robert Norwood is a native of New Ross, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, where he was born in Christ Church rectory, March 27, 1874. His father was Rev. Joseph W. Norwood, whose wife was Edith, daughter of Captain Harding. He was educated at Coaticook Academy, Quebec, Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, and King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, graduating in Arts in 1897. In December of that year he was ordained deacon in Halifax, and in the following year, priest.

It was during the time that Charles G. D. Roberts was professor of English literature at King's College that Robert Norwood took his course there.

In 1899 he married Ethel, a daughter of Dr. George McKeen, of Bad-

dock, N.S. They have two daughters and their only son met with a fatal accident in 1924.

Dr. Norwood filled notable charges in London and Philadelphia before going to his present incumbency at St. Bartholomew's in New York.

## CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

*His Lady of the Sonnets.* Boston: Sherman, French & Co. 1915.

*The Witch of Endor: A Tragedy.* Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. 1916.

*The Piper and the Reed.* Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. 1917.

*The Modernists.* New York: George H. Doran & Co. 1918.

*The Man of Kerioth.* New York: George H. Doran & Co. 1919.

*Bill Boram.* New York: George H. Doran & Co. 1921.

*Mother and Son.* New York: George H. Doran & Co. 1925.

## Sonnet

By Nathaniel A. Benson

YOU are the perfect garden where, sweet-growing,  
 The fairest flowers, wakened with the wind,  
 Renew a radiance of faith, unknowing  
 The benison that unbelievers find.  
 The virgin jonquils' breathing purity,  
 The gold-cupped daffodils that dance and move,  
 Orchids and violets nodding fragrantly  
 Are flowers of your spirit; these you love.  
 I cannot tell what magic crown you wear  
 Nor name the varied buds of loveliness  
 Kept silently by Love, who guides you where  
 You light this long, lone road to nothingness.  
 Love clothed a spirit brighter than your hair  
 In beauty, courage, faith and tenderness.

## Canada

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

I FLED the shadows of an older world,  
Along the track of setting sun and star,  
Until I came where gracious Canada  
For such as I had left her gates ajar.

With touch as tender as a mother's own,  
She laid her healing hands upon my heart,  
And wrought such magic with her loveliness  
As banished all remembrance of my smart.

When setting sun and star have lured me on,  
Along a trail that leads to worlds apart,  
Scatter my dust in woods of Canada,  
For hers the holiest love of all my heart.

## Karamayel

By L. Bullock-Webster

I F I should die on the mountain side,  
Take no heed where my bones shall rest;  
But, tiniest chipmunk, jewel-eyed,  
And caperoti, bulbul's bride,  
Grant ye my last request.

If I should die in the angry sea,  
Let me float with the drifting tide;  
But corals and gems collect for me,  
And shells, and fairest pearls, that she  
May have beauty on every side.

If I should die in the battle-line,  
Let the next shell dig my grave;  
But, silkworm—spin so pure and fine  
As never before. A form divine,  
Shelter of you may crave.

My love shall lie on a petal-bed,  
Where the snowdrops kiss the dawn;  
With the sweet bird singing overhead:  
A furry friend with fairy tread,  
Guarding her till the morn.

Wrapped warm in silken shroud shall rest  
Her perfect limbs; a string  
Of gems and pearls upon her breast.  
Her lips, by perfumes rare caressed,  
Shall bid the soul take wing.



## What Is Criticism?

By Thomas O'Hagan

THE rôle of the critic, it will readily be admitted, is a difficult and delicate one. He cannot very well be universally popular, for the popular man is he who likes everything, has no severe canons of taste, is easily satisfied and is most elastic and accommodating in his judgments.

It is Ruskin who says that a strong critic is every man's adversary. It is felt that his business is to seek out the foibles and lay bare that which lacks the virtues of soul and intellect, summing up fearlessly the man and his work.

Yet critics we must have. They are a necessity. What would art and literature be if we had no critics to appraise the work of pen and brush—to extol or condemn, to differentiate between what is of value and what is worthless? Before we are satisfied that a poem or painting is great we like to have the opinion of connoisseurs as to its value and merit.

But there are critics and critics, and today our intellectual life is so full of veneer and pretension that not every one who offers judgments on art and literature should be regarded as qualified or acceptable to fill the rôle of critic. In fact while the creative gift in art and literature here in America is not at all conspicuous today, I am not quite sure but that it exceeds the critical gift amongst us. This is largely owing to the fact that the intellectual *parvenu* has gained and holds such a prominent place in the limelight.

I think we can all say of the true critic, as we say of the poet, *nascitur, non fit*. That is, the true critic is born with endowment of a critic—with taste, insight, fine natural discrimination, sense of beauty and judicial poise. Of course all these are developed by study and wide reading, but

the faculty must be already there, otherwise all study and reading will be in vain.

Matthew Arnold sets down disinterestedness as the one great rule of criticism. No partisan, however sincere may be his convictions, can be a good critic, for he has but one viewpoint and that he has taken as a partisan or interested judge. Friendship and cliquism are death to true and valuable criticism, for both imply partisanship and exclude an impartial judgment. Both render a criticism narrow and biased, for they shut out all consideration of literary or artistic merit save within the radius of a chosen few. Witness to this fact is found in the hundreds of criticisms that fill the pages of our reviews and journals, revealing on their very face the partisan spirit of the reviewer.

Yet it is extremely difficult to avoid, as a critic, the literary, artistic, religious or political influence of one's birth, environment and education. Look at what an important part race plays in our judgment. For an Anglo-Saxon to understand Latin genius or Latin institutions seems to be well-nigh impossible; and you might reverse this and be as close to the truth. Just read, for instance, Voltaire's judgment on Shakespeare, or James's valuation of the poet Tennyson. So every school, too, of political thought, as well as every school of art and literature, has its gospel and ten commandments, and if you would hope to have your work proclaimed it would be well that you would enrol yourself first as a member of the esoteric circle. It is hard to get anything like justice and stand outside the door of the temple.

No wonder, then, that the nineteenth century, especially its first half, was characterized by a continu-

ous war among the critics who fired from behind the ramparts of an *Edinburgh Review*, a *Blackwood's Magazine*, a *Quarterly Review*, or a *London Times*. Nor was it any better within the literary fortifications of Paris. The winged shaft that the Frenchman shoots in literary anger is sure to have much poison on its point, though directed with a death-dealing Gallic grace as it reaches and rankles in the heart of an opponent. For the first half of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly not only an age of religious controversy but an age of literary controversy as well.

Here in America we have commercialized criticism as we have commercialized well nigh everything. If the reviewer can see any dollars ahead with a hint from the business manager, he will readily find complimentary adjectives for the work under review, and speak of the "promise and potency in this young rising author." Nay, more, he will insert in the literary columns a cut-and-dried review of a book sent by its publisher though the puffery give this "green goods" author a place beside the great literary immortals—all this, of course, provided there is any money in it for his journal.

I have spoken of the fact that it is difficult to get critics who represent a particular school of thought to do justice to those who are not of their esoteric circle. The tendency is to magnify the merits of a work because it expresses the critic's own gospel of thought. And this is equally true in the political, philosophical, religious and art world. We need not, in criticism, subscribe to a man's principles or tenets in either the literary, religious or art order and yet despite this we should be able as critics to do absolute justice to his work.

One of the most interesting things in the history of criticism is the contradictory character of the judgments that have been delivered. Greene,

a contemporary dramatist, called Shakespeare "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers;" Dr. Johnson wrote of Milton's "Lycidas:" "The diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain and the numbers unpleasing;" Horace Walpole compared Dante to "a Methodist parson in Bedlam;" Byron once spoke of the poet Cowper as "that maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet;" *The Edinburgh Review* said of Wordsworth's "Ode to the Daisy," that it was "flat and feeble;" while the *Athenaeum*, after Carlyle had published his *French Revolution*, wrote the author down as "a blockhead and strenuous failure."

As regards Canadian literary criticism, it is woefully lacking in scholarship, poise and judicial discrimination. All our goslings are swans. While there is an ardency in the air, we are wanting in a literary standard, as we are wanting in canons of taste.

In our great northland there is the potentiality and promise of a worthy literature but we must first shed our pin-feathers before we wear the plumage of a nation.

As to Canadian poets, have we really amongst us seventy-five of these *rari aves*? Have we half the number? Nay, have we even one-third of the number who have written *veritable* poems, and made good by poetic contribution to the literature of our country? Canadian writers should not be camouflaged.

There has never been a great poet in the world who did not begin his poetic dreaming in the very cradle. At what age, for instance, did Shakespeare, or Wordsworth, or Browning, or Longfellow, or Keats, or Tennyson, hearken to the whisperings of the muses? Even in our own day, Francis Thompson and Rupert Brooke, two of the most gifted souls of the last fifty years, began writing poetry in their early youth.



## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, of Vancouver, has won the third prize of \$250 in the three-act play contest conducted by the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, with her play, *Two Too Many*.

—Dr. Locke, Toronto's chief librarian, quotes statistics which go to show that automobiles, moving pictures and radio have not presented the serious competition to reading that so many feared they would. "Canadians are reading more assiduously than ever before and they are reading better books."

—the Summer School for the study of Canadian Literature will reopen at the Muskoka Assembly on the 11th of July, and that Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts and John W. Garvin, are re-engaged for lectures and seminar conferences. Last year the class had between 20 and 30 registered students, of whom 6 were university graduates. The school opens on Monday and closes on Saturday of the same week.

—The Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood, distinguished Canadian author, and rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, New York City, and Mrs. Norwood and daughters, are spending three months this summer in Europe and Asia. Dr. Norwood is writing a life of St. Paul for publication next autumn, and intends visiting Athens, Greece, and several cities in the Orient.

—Victor Forbin, noted French author and journalist, is to tour Canada from Halifax to Victoria, having been nominated to do this by the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* for the purpose of preparing a series of articles dealing with Canadian affairs and the people, more particularly those of the French tongue. One of M. Forbin's novels, *La Fée des Neiges* has a Canadian inspiration, while *Les Fiancées de Soleil* has been accepted for use in the French course of High Schools and Universities in the U.S.

—An English author of prominence, Major Bernard Hamilton, M.D., is at present sojourning in Victoria, B.C. His latest book, *One World at a Time*, is a reply to spiritualists, Major Hamilton having been much in the lime-light in his recent controversy with spiritualists in England. History, however, has been the subject of greatest importance in his work as an author. Among his best books are *The Giant*, dealing with the French revolution, and *The Queen*, a love story of Columbus and the Queen of Spain.

—Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, one of *Canadian Bookman's* contributors, left for a trip to Europe on June 11th, his objective point being Denmark, Norway and Sweden. When in the latter country Dr. O'Hagan will make a special study of Swedish life and art and while sojourning there will be the guest of the Swedish Government.

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### The Passing of Sir John Willison

In the passing of Sir John Willison in Toronto on May 27th, in his 71st year, literary Canada sustained a great loss. He was a past president of the Canadian Authors' Association, Toronto Branch, and an author of distinction, his *Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party*, being one of the most discussed of Canadian books. Other of his important works were: *The Railway Question in Canada, Lessons from the Old World, Anglo-Saxon Amity, United States and Canada, The New Canada, and Reminiscences, Political and Personal*.

He first came into prominence as a journalist, especially as editor of the *Toronto Globe* from 1890 to 1902, when he became editor of the *Toronto Daily News*.

The date of his birth was Nov. 9, 1856, on a farm at Hills' Green, Huron County, Ontario.

A notable fact in his career is that he received no college education, his learning and erudition being acquired in his journalistic career, which began in 1880 as a reporter on the *London Advertiser*.

Sir John received his Knighthood in 1913. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, a Governor of Upper Canada College for fifteen years, and a Trustee of Queen's University. Queen's conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

\* \* \*

### Poetry Society Officers

At the annual meeting of the Poetry Society of Toronto, held at Victoria College on Tuesday, May 10th, officers were elected as follows: President, Wilson MacDonald; Vice-presidents, Bliss Carman, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Canon Frederick George Scott, Dr. E. J. Pratt, Mrs. H. C. Osborne. R. H. Hathaway was re-elected treasurer.

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### Bird Lovers' Badge

The Girl Guides of Canada have adopted the course prepared by Wallace Havelock Robb, of Belleville, Ont., for the awarding of the Bird Lover's Badge. These badges will be awarded to Girl Guides in all parts of Canada. Mr. Robb is now handling the outdoor department of the official publication of the Boy Scouts organization.

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

News, Views and Reviews

## A CONFEDERATION ODE

By Wilson MacDonald

ODE ON THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF CONFEDERATION. By Wilson Macdonald. De luxe editions, with art decorations. \$1.50.

A SIGNIFICANT addition to Canadian literature in this year of the Diamond Jubilee of the Dominion is the beautifully gotten up volume which gives so fine a setting to Wilson Macdonald's noble *Ode on the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation*, which ranks with the finest poetry that Canada has yet produced.

It is a poem of eleven stanzas of ten lines each. The poem begins with a poetic conception of the richness of maturity as exemplified by

"England, my mother; rich storehouse of the mind!

Your dust is powdered history, your trees

Are temples wherein ages are enshrined.

Your rocks are scripted records of the seas.  
Upon your head rests well a shining crown

Fashioned by golden hammers of bard and seer.—  
For all you gave the earth we hold you dear—

The glory of a long and bright renown,  
Song, and the blood of martyrs, and those hands  
That led us to our own beloved lands.

"Your wings are strong and sure from ancient flight;

We are young falcons at our journey's birth.

Yet some of our strong brood are high in air,

Trooping along the clouds abreast with thine."

\* \* \*

"Now sixty years have passed into those shades

Wherein nor sun nor moon shall light them  
more,

And through these dim and richly-stored arcades

I lift my torch with reverence and explore.

The startled grottoes sing around my feet,

And stalactites of memory catch my fire;

And all our dead, like one awakened choir:

Emergent from those cold caverns of retreat:

Macdonald, Brown, McGee and Laurier

Stand there erect, expectant of this day."

\* \* \*

"Theirs was the probing vision that discerns,

In fog and rain, the sunlight breaking through,

And theirs the seership and prophetic powers

To sense the rise of these amazing hours."

\* \* \*

"Arise, then, O my Country, this great day,

And light your eyes with that crusading flame

Which burns all evil obstacles away—

The pigmies of our malice and our shame.

We have been cowards, traitors, fools and knaves;

We have been fine, heroic, strong and true,

So, in this purple hour, let us renew

Our strength and fold our hatreds in their

graves—

A Kingdom, with crescendo of the sea

Sounding the golden age that is to be."

TECUMSEH, A DRAMA, AND OTHER CANADIAN POEMS. By Charles Mair, with memoirs and reminiscences. Toronto: The Radisson Society. (Vol. XIV. in Master-Works of Canadian Authors, 25 vols. \$100.)

IT is fitting that *Tecumseh, a Drama, and Other Canadian Poems*, a de luxe volume of the works of Charles Mair, should appear in this year of Canada's Diamond Jubilee, for he is Canada's grand old man of letters and was the first poet of Confederation.

This book, a voluminous one of 470 pages, has just appeared in the series of *Master Works of Canadian Authors* and, while it would in any event have come out this year, the co-incidence of this being jubilee year is fortunate as well as fortuitous.

While all critics do not agree with Robert Norwood in his introduction, where he acclaims Mair as Canada's leading poet, Mair's drama *Tecumseh* stands as a major work and is of historic value, for the light it throws upon the romantic chapter in Canadian history in which the great Indian chieftain played such a heroic part.

The frontispiece is a portrait of the poet in his 88th year, reproduced from a photograph taken early in 1926 in Dr. Mair's present home city, Victoria, B.C.

There is a portrait of his wife, Elizabeth Louise Mair, who died in Victoria in August, 1906, and thirty other illustrations and script reproductions. The illustrations include several in sepia half-tone. Among these is Old Fort Garry; a portrait of Charles Mair in Indian costume in 1869 reclining on a Burdash robe; *Tecumseh* and Sir Isaac Brock. Other notables whose pictures appear are the rebel, Louis Riel, his adjutant, Ambrose Lepine; Dr. Schultz and Father Lacombe. A half-tone made from an old tin-type taken at Fort Abercrombie, in March, 1870, shows Charles Mair, with John J. Setter, Dr. Lynch and William Drever, in quaint old costumes just after crossing the plains on snowshoes.

These, with pictures of Winnipeg in 1868, Fort Fond du Lac, Red River ox-carts and the house where Mair was born, serve to indicate the wealth of interest portrayed in these pictures.

The editor of *Master-works of Canadian Authors*, Mr. John W. Garvin, in his foreword, refers to the fact of *Dreamland and Other Poems* having appeared in 1868, the



year following Confederation, as marking Mair as the originator of Canada's famous "School of Nature Verse," seconded by Isabella Valancy Crawford in the seventies and followed by the notable group comprising Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, Frederiek George Scott, Wilfred Campbell, Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, E. Pauline Johnson and Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Besides the drama *Tecumseh*, and *Dreamland and Other Poems*, the book includes Mair's important prose works, *The American Bison* and *Through the Mackenzie Basin*.

These references will serve to indicate the notable character of this most interesting new contribution to Canadiana. J.M.

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**TWILIGHT SLEEP.** By Edith Wharton. Toronto: George McLeod Ltd. \$2.50.

"Lita's face was something so complete and accomplished that one could not imagine its being altered by any interior disturbance. It was like a delicate porcelain vase, or a smooth, heavy flower, that a shifting of light might affect, but nothing from within would alter. She smiled in her round-eyed, unseeing way, as a little gold-and-ivory goddess might smile down on her worshippers."

This is one of Mrs. Wharton's striking descriptions. She has ever been capable of an irony far from dull; but seldom has she whetted it to such sharpness as in the present book, which abounds in passages of infinite delight. The engagement-pad of Mrs. Pauline Manford (kept, of course, by her secretary), is by no means the least, although the first, of such passages: "7.30, Mental uplift. 7.45, Breakfast. B, psychoanalysis. 8.15, See Cook. 8.30, Silent meditation. 8.45, Facial massage. 9, Man with Persian miniatures." And when Nona, Mrs. Manford's 19-year old daughter, requesting an interview, suddenly appears, one quite understands the secretary's deprecating, "Your mother didn't expect to see you before lunch, now, did she?"

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**THE SAVING CLAUSE.** By Sapper. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

Here we have a series of stories by the inimitable Sapper, of *Bull Dog Drummond* fame. The books of Sapper have attained the status of a "vogue," and this collection of stories is replete with the craftsmanship, the drama and the surprises that have gone to constitute that vogue. There are eight tales in addition to the one which gives the book its title.

\* \* \*

**RIVERS TO CROSS.** By Roland Pertwee. Toronto: Thomas Allen. \$2.00.

Sparkling, thrilling and swift-moving, this is an ideal book for those going on holiday. The hero, Nigel Praed, is an upstanding

young Englishman who was a secret service agent in Germany during the war.

The island of Ponta Rica, north of the Azores, taken from Germany in the war, is now under the military governorship of General Sir Francis Prothero. On this island our hero seeks a flying field concession. Not only does Sir Francis signify greatly in Praed's plans, but so does his daughter. Among other charming women is the American girl Nancy, and there is a persistent and resourceful villain and other men of mystery. It's a witty and ingenious tale, with a more than ordinary measure of literary merit.

\* \* \*

**GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN.** By Harold Bell Wright. Toronto: Ryerson Press. \$2.00.

Dan Mathews appears again in this new novel, bringing to an end the adventures begun in *Shepherd of the Hills*, and carried forward in *The Calling of Dan Mathews*.

\* \* \*

**EXTREME OCCASION.** By Alec Dixon. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

Men and women at their best and at their worst are found in this book just as they are reputed to be characteristic of the isles of the South Seas, which, along with Shanghai, in China, form the setting of the novel. Keith Frensham is an attractive hero and in Shanghai, he comes to be known by other Europeans as "more Chinese than China."

"Sensitive to the inherent beauty of the world and its people, he sought to meet the Celestial on common ground—as an artist with a brother artist. Beauty, he realized, knows neither limit nor obstacles. It speaks every language and refreshes alike the soul of cowherd and king. Beauty, Hope, Death—were not these the first true Democrats?"

Frensham's whole being was keyed on this note and his story is a refutation of the postulation that anywhere East of Suez spells degeneration for Europeans.

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**THE STORY OF CANADA.** By Ida Emma Baker. Toronto: Musson Book Co. 50c.

Beginning with the commission given to Jacques Cartier by Francis I, King of France, through all the outstanding historical episodes connected with the winning of Canada, down to the famous picture, "The Fathers of Confederation," the story of Canada is told, ending with a triumphant grouping of the nine provinces of the Dominion and the singing of "O Canada."

There are in all twenty-four tableaux. These have been carefully chosen for their historical, dramatic and artistic values and they present no difficulties in the way of production. Where a speech, song or dialogue accompany the group, the words are historically correct.

ALLAN AND THE ICE GODS. By Sir Rider Haggard.

This new story chronicles the further adventures of that famous young man, Allan Quatermain. The deceased wife of his best friend left Allan several million dollars and a small silver box engraved with the figures of Isis and Osiris and filled with Taduki leaves. He disposed of the money easily enough, but the Taduki leaves were another matter, for he did not have the courage to leave them alone, these leaves whose fumes had the power to project one into another cycle of life. But he did wait until his friend Captain Good visited him. Together they inhale the fumes and go off on the strangest of ventures. Through an eternity of time and space, they are hurled into the northland before the great glaciers had begun to move.

What they saw in their vision; the dwarf Pag Wi, the sea witch Laleela, and others of the northern tribes who find themselves being pulled irresistibly southward by the force of the glaciers, makes this story one of the most breathless of all Allan Quatermain's experiences.

WHO'S WHO IN CANADA, 1927. Edited by B. M. Greene. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$10.00.

The 19th Edition comprises a record of the men and women of the time in the Dominion of Canada, as well as Newfoundland, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Trinidad, British Guiana, Jamaica and the Bahamas.

DECADENCE. By Maxim Gorki. Translated by Veronica Scott-Gatty. Toronto: Cassell & Co. \$2.00.

It is ten years since a novel by Maxim Gorki appeared, and there will be profound interest in his new novel, for it traces the fortunes of one Russian family from just after the emancipation of the serfs down to the revolution. The closing chapters, in particular, will hold the reader, for they show the Russian of today unchanged at heart—childlike, fatalistic, sad. This book has a value far beyond its great merits as fiction, for the family of Artamonovs is a microcosm of Russia in the past fifty years.

YVONNE OF BRAITHWAITE. By Marie B. Owen. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$2.00.

The picturesque southern negro and his quaint philosophy of life! The imperial Mississippi River with its flood-tide catastrophes, its cypress brakes and hanging moss, its love stories proving incontestably that scars are worth their keeping; the distribution of the most universally used product in the world—cotton! A hero who exemplifies virile, constructive manhood, and an enchanting heroine, Yvonne D'Aubigne,

possessed of a "fine madness" that is synonymous with loyalty to ideals and unreasoning love, a madness that sweeps even the most levelheaded of men from firm resolutions and brings about a situation that satisfies the ends of justice.

RADIO LISTENER'S BOOK OF OPERAS. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

Now that broadcasting stations have turned to standard operas for a great deal of the material for their musical programmes, listeners will welcome this book giving simply and clearly the stories of the well-known operas, indicating with each the most popular arias, duets and orchestral selections. There is, however, not a note of music in the book. An article on "Opera and Lyric Drama" by H. E. Krehbiel, forms the introductory chapter.

THE CANADIAN FLAG DAY BOOK. By W. Everard Edmonds. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 75c.

Appropriately enough, this book appears in Canada's year of jubilee. It's avowed object is "to develop in the minds of our children a heartfelt love for Canada and a just pride in the great Empire of which this Dominion forms a part."

The book includes twenty-four essays commemorating outstanding events in the history of Canada and the Empire. For the convenience of Schools, two Flag Days for each month have been chosen and in addition to the essays, lists of selected poems and tentative programmes have been provided.

The author takes pains to observe that the suggested observance of these anniversaries "should in no wise develop in our young people a militaristic spirit. On the contrary it is suggested that the Flag Day exercises will teach them that bravery may be shown each day on life's battle-field; that kindness to the weak is the duty of the strong; that true patriotism is based on a recognition of justice for all humanity."

THE LOVELY SHIP. By Storm Jameson. Toronto: Macmillan's. \$2.50.

Storm Jameson, among the younger English novelists, has several excellent pieces of fiction to her credit, chief among them being the novel, *The Pitiful Wife*. This new story impresses one with its reflection of the solidity of English life; it has the solidity of background which is so integral a part of the best in English fiction. The reader feels that he has been in contact with real men and women, that he has sojourned in a community which really existed, that he could go to the precise locale, where he would find himself confronting the very landscapes of the writer's pen. Yet all is



fiction, the author states, in this book, which has the realism of biography and the actuality of a guide. But the story is not of the present. Therefore, whatever may be Miss Jameson's firsthand knowledge of the country, her depiction of persons is born of imagination; in other words, her art is sure.

\* \* \*

DEAR OLD TEMPLETON. By Alice Brown.  
Toronto: Macmillan's. \$2.50.

After forty is not usually an age for the attractive personality suitable for the hero of a novel, but here we have one who, as he saw it himself, had not really lived until reaching that age.

The sense of awakening that came to him suddenly—"a sharp conviction of being surrounded by a magic, a mystery, which is for all men, if they will it, and which few men ever guess at"—is the motive of this story which, by the way, is a thought-provoking study in the relations between parents and children—the parents and the children of this high-strung modern day when the rising generation has to assimilate the daily grind of Life at a far faster clip than was required of youth of any previous generation.

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MY GARDEN DREAMS. By Ernest P. Fewster.  
Ottawa: Graphic Publishers. \$2.00.

That a Garden Book should be bound in a delightful shade of green might be expected, but the marginal illustrations of flowers on every page (by E. W. Harrold) constitute a delightful surprise. The format of the book has in fact been altered to accommodate them; it is wider, but on a library shelf it stands agreeably at the height of its neighbors. Cover and jacket were designed by Alan B. Beddoe.

One wonders if this really delightful book were long in the making; it has such a charming—and rare—air of unhurried ease, just as a book of essays on flowers should have. Someone said not long ago—during Book Week I think it was—that when Canada produced more essays we should feel that her literature had advanced a further step. Several Canadians essay-books have been published this season, all excellent, but *My Garden Dreams* is probably the most original.

Dr. Fewster has embodied the spirits that may dwell in lovely blossoms, and let them tell us their delightful histories. It is whimsical, but it is charming. And then the author slips almost unnoticed into the sober realities of life and tells us of his neighbor's dog; or of what to plant in some favorite shady nook. This diversity of style only serves to enhance the elusive charm of the book.

Do you wish some practical advice on

early spring blossoms? Here is a bit about snowdrops:

"Snowdrops dislike moving. They love their old home. Put them in a light soil with good drainage with plenty of leaves scattered over them in the winter for leaf mould and they will greet you year after year when you least look for them."

This is practical enough, but see what follows: "They are the surprise flowers of the garden for they rarely say 'We are coming' as so many flowers do, but 'Good Morning, you see we are here' . . . only two things you must not try to do with them. They will not be forced nor will their bulbs live very long out of the ground. You may punch holes in your lawn and drop the bulbs in them, or far better, plant them in clumps in your woods or among the shrubs of your garden and be certain of their blooming. They are contented flowers."

Among the most attractive passages to my mind are those describing rain or dew or starlight in a garden:

"There was a heavy dew in my garden this morning and every plant had a sheen upon it like faint gossamer. The Nasturtiums wore pearls of it on their leaves and tiny globes dotted their petals. But my Lady Rose . . . is a disdainful beauty and dislikes a wet gown."

I should like to quote more of that passage, but here is one about rain:

"This morning it was raining . . . all my little Pansies had their faces washed and they look like a group of children at a party."

How delightfully this recalls that wonderful and world-famous pansy garden in San Diego with its myriad lovely flower faces, a very large party indeed one would say!

Real children enter the garden story too:

"Children make chains from all sorts of flowers—Clovers, Dandelions, Bennets . . . and they fill their dimpled hands with Buttercups, Primroses and Violets; but for very little children nothing can equal a Daisy chain around their necks, nor a posy of Daisies for the hot chubby fingers to clasp."

The chapter on Lilies contains this sentence about the stars:

"My garden under the stars is not the same garden it is under the sun . . . There come sweet spirits to my garden at night."

But this chapter in its turn is eclipsed by that which describes "My Canterbury Bells." There is a fine bit of philosophy here about the first garden and its two gardeners. "The fact is," says the author, "that because of their tainted vision Eden had ceased to exist for them."

The things Dr. Fewster can relate about the real names of plants, their meaning and origins add a good deal to the interest of

the book. But some people who have been mis-calling a number of the flowers all their lives are going to get a tremendous shock. Let us hope it leads them to mend the error of their ways! Dr. Fewster suggests a remedy, "I am not advocating a special course in botany or flower-nomenclature, but I think that the average man and woman should have what one may call a general working knowledge of their surroundings which would naturally include flowers . . . . Our children are all educated to be teachers, and poor teachers at that, and not to be men and women with a commonsense knowledge of the world. Fifty years ago practically all the country folk and a large percentage of city people knew not only the wild and garden flowers by name, but most of the birds as well. They had few schools then."

You will have seen that the essays are many-sided; that may be because they reflect several sides of the personality of their creator; a great deal of the time the poet speaks, sometimes the amateur gardener, occasionally the physician, often the scholar, more than once the keen critic of modern civilization.

But it is as the raconteur that this essayist excels, and strange to say, the terms in this instance are not in the least contradictory. The stories seem to tell themselves! Stories of knights of old, armour-clad, leaving for the wars, the father saying farewell to his loved ones, taking a sprig of wall-flower from the wee fat fist of the baby daughter he was never to see again; stories of the shepherd kings known to the early crocus of old; stories of the lover and the fat friar who gave him a spray of wild aster as a token from his lady fair; stories of the little children of Babylon who plucked the tulip blossoms by the shores of the Euphrates. But I must leave some of the stories for the reader to discover.

There is only one fault about Dr. Fewster's altogether likeable book; that is, most of us will find our gardens disappointing after reading it, for after all, not many of us can dwell in a climate so very suitable for flowers as that of British Columbia.

D. L. ROSS.

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**BACK OF BEYOND.** By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00.

An African jungle is the scene of this thrilling new tale by a globe-trotting author, whose feet seldom touch the beaten path. He knows how to weave most interesting tales about the out-of-the-way corners of the earth which he seeks out.

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Meaford, Ont., has an organization known as "The Literary Discussion Club."

**STAR DUST AND OTHER POEMS.** By Elaine M. Catley.

In this collection are poems redolent of the Canadian West—the prairie lands—and others expressing memories of England. All Canadians will appreciate:

#### INDIAN SUMMER

High summer has her votaries, young spring  
All down the ages lacks no meed of praise,  
While sturdy souls to winter gladly sing—  
And yet I think these perfect autumn days  
Are clothed in beauty more than all the rest.  
For as a gracious lady past her youth,  
Attains an air revealing all the best  
Of noble womanhood, of love and truth,  
And wins us by her tender ways serene—  
E'en so, oh, lovely Indian summer mien,  
You have an air of peace, a gracious mien  
Of calm maturity; your blue sky showers  
A quiet benediction on the earth,  
You point past winter to the spring's re-birth.

\* \* \*

**RANDOM RHYMES.** By Elizabeth and Grenville Kleiser.

In this collection there are some inspiring poems for optimists which, by the same token, should circumvent the influence of at least some pessimists. In "Contrast," those who "take what they can get and peer around for more," saving and stinting "behind a miser's door" are contrasted with the generous people who give and "seek to give still more."

Six of these inspirational poems are by Elizabeth Kleiser and fourteen by Grenville Kleiser.

\* \* \*

**WHERE AND HOW TO SELL MANUSCRIPTS.** By William B. McCourtie. Springfield, Mass.: Home Publishing Co. \$3.50.

For writers and for the many more who aspire to write, this is a veritable mine of things worth knowing. It is a guide to the literary markets of the whole English-speaking world. Not only does it tell where to find the markets but how to approach those who use novels, short stories, articles, plays, photo-plays, poetry, humor, photographs, greeting card sentiments and all sorts of matter suitable for syndicating.

It tells, too, how to prepare manuscripts and gives most valuable data regarding authors' rights, copyright, etc. The whole business of writing is explained in careful detail. This is an entirely revised edition of a book that has long held a high place among books having to do with authorcraft.

\* \* \*

**BILL THE SHEIK.** By A. M. Williamson. Toronto: Doran. \$2.00.

An English hero and an American heroine and what befell them in Africa figure in this raucy novel.



**SUPERPERSONALISM.** The Outer Consciousness. By W. D. Lighthall, LL.D. Montreal: Witness Press.

Dr. Lighthall introduces the hyperpsyche, not as the prime symbol of a new religious cult, but as a prospective scientific hypothesis. Mysticism is ostensibly repudiated and the entire theory has an evolutionary base. The author's researches have evidently been exhaustive and his conclusions are not to be lightly accepted or repudiated; yet, even so, the reader will probably detect a quality of special pleading about this book which seems not quite in accordance with a purely scientific attitude.

We are asked to subscribe to a doctrine involving the *Outer Consciousness*, a sort of world-consciousness which is superior to individual awareness and is expressed through instinct and affective sensibility, the welfare of the mass being preferred to that of the individual. Dr. Lighthall takes into consideration the latest findings of Natural Science and the theories of psychologists. His book is distinctly modern and thorough. Moreover, a powerful tendency, of which the hyperpsyche is only a single manifestation, must be recognized in the world today. On these grounds a general recognition of the *Outer Consciousness* might reasonably be expected; but this book, being didactic rather than speculative in tone, aiming to establish Superpersonalism on a logical basis, will probably have more attractions for the ready enthusiast than for the critical investigator. M.A.

\* \* \*

### Poetry Year-Book, 1926-27

The Poetry Group of the Montreal Branch, C.A.A., encouraged by the success of their first Poetry Year Book, published last year, have just issued a second. In his preface, Mr. Warwick Chipman says:

"There is, we think, something to be done for this country by poetry: and if genius be not here to do it, other hands may at least prepare the way.

"To relate the foreground to the background of life, the personal to the universal, the incomplete to its completeness; this is the function of poetry, as of all art.

"How far short of this they come, none can be more conscious than those who have met together in this volume. But they, and all who further such efforts, may help to make it possible for noble verse, true passion, magical form, to find their due response: and may serve in some measure to remind this generation that there is always more to life than its prose."

The little volume contains thirty-one poems, four of which are in the French

language. Among the outstanding poems in English are: "November," by Stella Bainbridge; "Poetry and Science," by Lily E. F. Barry; "Credo," by Frank O. Call; "Gargoyle," by Leo Cox; "A Blind Man Fears Death," by Margaret Oakley; and "Early Splendour," by Marjorie Weir. Miss Weir's poem is selected for quotation:

### EARLY SPLENDOUR

Who would believe there is no God  
Who once had seen a cherry tree  
When all its blossoms, glowing white,  
Awoke in splendid ecstasy!

And, when beyond—the sky is blue—  
And when beneath within the grass  
Shy violets breathe their fragrant prayer—  
Who could but see His footsteps pass!

Who could but worship with delight  
The song that through the orchard stole,  
And with that orange flash—feel Joy—  
Fly upward with the oriole!

\* \* \*

**PHEASANT JUNGLES.** By William Beebe.  
Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$3.00

This is the story of another of Mr. Beebe's romantic scientific quests. His hunt for rare pheasants took him up into Ceylon, Burma and the Himalayas, and down into the Malay Peninsula and savage Borneo. With gun and camera he tracked his quarry through untrodden regions, amid tangled forests, along mountain ledges made treacherous by ice and snow. He stood on the divide which shunts its eastern waters into China and its western into the great rivers of Burma; within sight of Everest he flushed the most elusive of birds; and among the head-hunting Dyaks he pursued the pheasants of the Mijong River. Such are the adventures of which this author writes with mingled wisdom, beauty and humor, his prose style adding immeasurably to the appeal of the book.

\* \* \*

### CANADA

By Kathleen J. Earle

**G**OLDEN fields of Canada—  
White peace that in them lies—  
Here a weeping willow tree  
Against Canadian skies,  
And there a robin fluting  
Out where sunset dies.

Glowing fields of Canada,  
And light that in them lies—  
The kiss of sun across them—  
Oh, when I close my eyes,  
I pray that it may chance to be  
Beneath Canadian skies.

## FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

By E. Frances Jones

WOMEN have always been keenly interested in bookshops, especially in those for children. As long ago as 1740 such places were to be found in the Old Land, and we are told that in 1800 there were at least four "Juvenile Libraries" in London. Charles and Mary Lamb were interested in one kept by the wife of William Goodwin, and wrote their *Tales from Shakespeare* for that library. In England and in Switzerland before the war I visited some very interesting little book centres managed by women. The first independent women's bookshop in New York was established in 1916. This has now developed a most varied and interesting programme of services of various kinds, undertaking to arrange lectures and exhibitions of prints, textiles, bindings, book-plates, and the thousand and one things connected in some way with the book business.

Many of the bookshops run by women have a distinct aim in view, that of being quiet corners for real booklovers. The two factors that must enter into the building up of such centres are time and personality, and without a strong combination of these two, success seems very uncertain.

The real booklovers must be encouraged to frequent such places, and give their loyal support to such efforts, for in a country like ours where there is no "leisure class," the number of those to whom the possession of real books means much is comparatively small. The greatest enemy that books have today is the motor.

Gissing gives us some delightful reading on the subject of love of books. His favorite bookshops were not, of course, the up-to-date affairs we know today as the place where the crowds buy books. He preferred to haunt bookstalls or linger at a bookseller's window. He tells us that often he was torn by conflict of intellectual desire and need because "at the very hour of dinner, when my stomach clamored for food, I have been stopped by the sight of a volume so long coveted that I could not let it go." The actual possession of books meant so much to him. "I could see them, of course, at the British Museum, but that was not at all the same thing as having and holding them as my own property, on my own shelf. Sometimes I added the labor of a porter to my fasting endured for the sake of books." Once, he came upon a first edition of Gibbon in several volumes, the price an absurdity. He bought the books, and three times made the trip to and from Euston Road to the outskirts of Islington, first to get the money, and then to carry home his treasure. He was asked why he did not take the bus with his heavy load. "I did not feel able to

afford that day one penny more than I had spent on the books."

He gives us a delightful picture of what his library meant to him. "See how friendly together are the fire and the shaded lamp—the fire purrs and softly crackles—another sound is the gentle ticking of the clock. I could not endure one of those bustling little clocks which tick like a fever pulse, and are only fit for a stock broker's office; mine hums very slowly, as though it savored the minutes no less than I do, and when it strikes the hour its voice is silver sweet, telling me without sadness that another hour of life is reckoned. When I have reached the door, I always turn to look back—I could imagine that, as in a fairy tale, the books await my going to begin talking among themselves."

Today such real lovers of books seem few and far between, and the spirit that calls for paper table napkins because they mean less work, is perhaps partly responsible for banishing books from the homes because of the work that they entail.

It would seem as though if we could reach a broad platform of social and industrial justice, it would be possible for our nation to develop distinctive groups of shops where individuality and taste might have a chance to grow and express themselves without imitations, often very poor ones, springing up to right and left. Bookshops of the highest type should stand for all that makes for nation-building of the highest ideals, and should establish atmosphere where thought would find a quiet spot to grow in beauty and strength.

May I close with reading to you that charming sonnet of Rupert Brooke's?

## THE BUSY HEART

Now that we've done our best and worst,  
and parted,  
I would fill my mind with thoughts that  
will not read.  
(O heart, I do not dare go empty-handed)  
I'll think of Love in books, Love without  
end;  
Women with child, content; and old men  
sleeping;  
And wet strong ploughlands, scarred for  
certain grain;  
And babes that weep, and so forget their  
weeping;  
And the young heavens, forgetful after rain;  
And evening hush, broken by homing wings;  
And Song's nobility, and Wisdom holy,  
That live, we dead. I would think of a  
thousand things,  
Lovely and durable, and taste them slowly,  
One after one, like tasting a sweet food.  
I have need to busy my heart with quietude.

(Editor's Note.—This is an extract from the address given by Miss Jones at the Booksellers' Convention in Toronto on June 14th.)



## Gifts

By Lotta C. Dempsey

YOU have so many wondrous things to bring  
To these, our quiet evenings by the fire:  
Those high-born thoughts that rise, like birds outlined  
Against the dullness of an April sky  
And sing rich melodies of deep desire;

White hopes that stand, like sky-clad mountain peaks  
Caught in the glory of a distant sun,  
And Vision strong and swift as gleaming sword  
The Kingly Arthur took from that fair hand  
Raised in the lake;  
Dreams, frail as dust, and soundless as the glow  
That circles us, and makes our shadows one.

All these you have to lay upon the fire  
That I may breathe its fragrance—  
Yet for me  
What is there left to bring?  
I can but be  
A voiceless lyre with a broken string.  
I have no gift that would be worthy of  
Your pulsing genius, unless you take  
(It is for you alone to keep or break)  
A woman's love.

## Cedars for Friendship

By Clare Shipman

I HAVE loved words,  
but to me  
they have suddenly become  
dull, meaningless sounds.

I have rested in the golden glow  
of a rare companionship,  
and it has crumbled away  
like the soft ashes of our campfire.

Only in the cool silences  
of cedar-fringed sky-trails  
do I now find promise  
of soothing peace.

# Splinters From a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

## IV.—ABOUT METHOD

**I**N writing, as in golf, one masters the general principles, then evolves his own particular way of applying them. Some writers work from an outline, others graph their plots. Those who "see life steadily and see it whole" need no chart. But, *o fortunati*, who can start with a significant line, like "Hades was popping at the Bar-X," and on that line build a story. There are those . . . self-proclaimed . . . who can. But then there is also Ananias.

One's first short-story is usually an inspired affair that, without any rack-ing of brain or consulting of sources, just found itself there seeking utterance. It is written easily, smoothly, exultantly; typed with fond care and sent forth with the optimism of a four-year-old asking pennies of a Scotsman. Then, luckily, it comes back. We sweat much over the next one, make it painful, laboured; make a task of it. And after a dozen such there begins to be hope for us. It is when we sit at our desk before a blank pad and petulantly reject a dozen suggested ideas that we are progressing. We are developing then a selective power that may enable us to pick out an idea really worth-while. This does sound didactic, but excuse it on grounds of truth. Even to the rare genius comes a flood of trite thoughts that he has no right to put down and give to his public. The public expects originality and freshness—of presentation at least—so if you must write of the impending mortgage on the old homestead, do make it a stucco bungalow or a very special house, also an important mort-

gage. All the good plots have appeared at least a dozen times in every magazine that lasted over a year. It is all in the way the story is told. Do not, therefore, worry too much that your idea has been used before. It surely has, but not in the way you will use it if you, conceiving it independently, stamp it with yourself.

Beware of precepts; remember that fetishes are characteristic of low-grade intelligence, and be not circumscribed by the monster of technique—*verbum horrible!* There is more hope for the tyro who starts an epic with a pocket-lexicon for sole adjunct than for the pedant who writes with the ten commandments of plot and the six precepts of style perched like birds of ill-omen on either shoulder, pecking with their vetoing bill—ornithological, of course—every other line he pens. If you continue to write intelligently your code will shape itself. If, particularly, you study the literary virtues and sins of others you will profit much thereby. A dozen flourishing correspondence-schools to the contrary; writing is the one art wherein self-instruction is best and surest. Let the bricks fall where they may!

But, to be practical; a word, a look, a gesture may be the nucleus of a story; even such an implacable thing as a shadow. For instance: the house where we harass the muse lies full often under a heavy umbra; indeed, we have to go out and walk around several blocks to see the sun. It suggests a title: "The House in the Shadow." That may have been used before? Doubtless was; but we thought of it independently and we are going to build our own story on it. Like this: a sunless spot is unhealthy and



in this shadowed house dwells a maiden, most beautiful, of course—her we shall call Rose. She is perforce a pale Rose. Now the shadow is cast on the house by a tall grim old rookery of a mill, owned partly by Rose's mother, mostly by a wretch who wants to marry Rose and is aided in his unwelcome demands by the fact that he owns a mortgage—good old mortgage!—on the house in the shadow. Rose's mother is too poor to take her pale, sickly daughter to a sunny home. She has some money tied up in the old mill, but the mill is not working—more of the villain's machination. Also, the mother has insurance on the particular buildings of the mill that belong to her. She has no money to pay the next premium and decides to let the policy lapse.

There is about the house in the shadow a half-wit, who, like most half-wits, is just half-a-wit ahead of whole-wits. He hates Rose's suitor, who has a playful habit of flaying him with a whip. Well, it ends soon. The suitor comes for a showdown, tells the old lady she must give him Rose or the proverbial mortgage begins to mortgage. Rose's mother tells him briefly what she thinks of him and announces that in a few weeks she will sell her part of the mill to a gentleman who has asked for it, and thus pay off her mortgage. The rejected suitor foams at the mouth. He knows that the lady's insurance has lapsed; she was foolish enough to tell him. So one dark night before she can dispose of the property the old mill goes up in smoke. Horrors! What will become of poor Rose and the unhappy mother with all hope of paying off the mortgage gone. Must Rose become the bride of a scoundrel? The villain laughs hoarsely. Then come the insurance people to pay Rose's mother the amount of her policy. "But I did not meet the last premium," says she. "Oh, yes, you did, madam," they tell her. "Your hired man, the half-wit,

paid it in pennies and greasy one-dollar bills." So he had; his life's savings, and no one knew anything about it. Rose's mother receives a goodly sum.

Then the half-wit accuses Rose's persecutor of setting fire to the mill and adduces proof through a friend of his. The villain is cornered, loses his insurance and his liberty. "And how did you happen to be in the mill that night, Half-wit?" asks Rose's mother.

"Oh, I went there," naively answers he, "to set fire to it myself, but he saved me the trouble. Now the house is no more in shadow, you have money to pay your mortgage, Miss Rose can have the sunlight and—ah—we'll all live happy ever after." And so, to be sure, they did.

Now, you may think that an unusually inane story. It is. It sold on its first visit to New York at a place where they expected better things of us. That isn't all, either. Shortly after it was published, a writer-friend in Chicago—there are a few persons there not engaged in banditry and assassination—wrote us thus candidly: "Whence did you purloin the plot of that yarn? I read the identical thing in a French magazine some years ago." But we had thought it out alone—yes, really—and the method was easy: there wasn't any.

Still, this much lies at the base of it: Out of shadow into sunshine and the how and why of getting out make up the story. You go from one place to another and if you fight over obstacles and meet hostile people and are aided unexpectedly by others—well, what more would you? There is method for you and if you practise it enough you may—God forbid!—write a story like that one.

Yes; there are those who read with their tongue in their cheek; others who likewise write.

## A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY IN BIRDLAND

The following story was related to the writer by Wallace Havelock Robb, the poet, and champion of the feathered world:

The wedding was over and life had settled into its customary quiet for Mr. and Mrs. Catbird. Like all newly-weds, they had set up housekeeping hopefully and optimistically in a newly-feathered nest. Mrs. Catbird, with sweet, old-fashioned notions of the female's responsibilities, had dutifully laid an egg each day until there were five.

This zealous activity was not unobserved by the parasitic Mrs. Cowbird, who had no objection to laying eggs herself, provided she could escape the trouble and expense of hatching them. One day, when Mr. and Mrs. Catbird were absent from their home, Mrs. Cowbird saw her chance. She flew over to the Catbird nest and stealthily laid an egg among those already there.

Mr. Catbird returned first and, finding his wife still absent, stood on the edge of the nest, head on one side, looking down at his embryo family with paternal pride, no doubt feeling particularly pleased with the size of the sixth egg. Whatever his reflections, they were rudely disturbed by the arrival of his wife, who took one look at the six eggs. Her neck feathers rose in a frenzy of indignation. She made a vicious attack on the startled Mr. Catbird, who spread his wings and flew away, uttering vehement protestations of his innocence in the affair. But Mrs. Catbird returned from the pursuit unconvinced, and took drastic action. With beak and claw, she destroyed every egg in the nest, then fled from the scene of carnage. Circumstantial evidence had wrecked another home.

C. D.-W.

## We have found a big public for the PEOPLE'S LIBRARY

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- 4 **The Poetry of Architecture.** By Frank Rutter, Art Editor of the "Sunday Times."
- 5 **The Story of the Renaissance: A History of the Age and the Man.** By Sidney Dark.
- 6 **Atoms and Electrons.** By J. W. N. Sullivan, Scientific Editor of "The Nation."
- 7 **How to Read History.** By H. Watkin Davies, M.A., F.R.H.S.
- 8 **Our Debt to Greece and Rome.** By E. B. Osborne, Literary Editor of the "Morning Post."
- 9 **How to Enjoy Life.** By Sidney Dark.
- 10 **How to Enjoy the Country-Side.** By Marcus Woodward.
- 11 **How to Enjoy the Bible.** By Canon Anthony Deane.
- 12 **How to Understand Philosophy.** By E. A. Baker, M.A.
- 13 **The Old Masters.** By Frank Rutter.

### Some New Titles for 1927

- 14 **The Middle Ages.** By E. B. Osborn.
- 15 **Jesus Christ.** By Canon Anthony C. Deane.
- 16 **Shakespeare.** By J. C. Squire.
- 17 **Queen Elizabeth.** By Sidney Dark.
- 18 **How to Understand Poetry.** By Edward Shanks.
- 19 **Coal and Its Story.** By E. A. Martin, E.G.S.
- 20 **Plant Life.** By Grant Allen.
- 21 **A People's Life of Christ.** By Archdeacon Paterson Smyth.
- 22 **How to Enjoy Wild Flowers.** By Marcus Woodward.
- 23 **That Body of Yours.** By Dr. J. W. Barton.
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- 27 **Dr. Johnson and His Circle.** By Robert Lynd.
- 28 **Men of Letters.** (Collected Essays, Vol. 1.) By Philip Guedalla.
- 29 **Men of Affairs.** (Collected Essays, Vol. 2.) By Philip Guedalla.
- 30 **Men of War.** (Collected Essays, Vol. 3.) By Philip Guedalla.
- 31 **Still Life.** (Collected Essays, Vol. 4.) By Philip Guedalla.
- 32 **What I Saw in America.** By G. K. Chesterton.
- 33 **Cardinal Newman.** By Canon William Barry.
- 34 **St. Teresa.** By Mrs. A. E. Chesterton.
- 35 **The Greatest Book in the World.** By T. H. Darlow.
- 36 **The Everlasting Man.** By G. K. Chesterton.

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## CANADIAN INTERPRETATIVE BOOKS

### Literary Cement

That one of the best ways for Canadians to reach a national understanding and political unity was by reading books which enlightened them on other provinces as well as their own, was one of the chief points of an address on "Canadian Literary Cement," before the Women's Canadian Club, of Hamilton, by Rev. Canon Alan P. Shatford in that city last month.

The writers of Canada were all spreaders of literary cement, their works going to bind the ideas and sentiments of Canada's cosmopolitan population into a corporate whole. In this the poets were in the forefront.

"The Fathers of Confederation," said the speaker, "lived in a day when men were giants and grappled with giant problems. They all had visions of the day when Canada should stretch in peace and harmony from ocean to ocean, and it is our obligation to see that these conditions shall not cease to be."

Canon Shatford dealt with the distinctive styles and types of literature obtaining in the different provinces, and described the writer who sought to present the viewpoint of their own people to those in other provinces and in other lands as "literary liaison officers." Prominent among such writers was the late E. Pauline Johnson.

Other liaison officers in literature were those who studied other people than their own, and interpreted such people for their own countrymen. Such an one was Frank Oliver Call, who had written *The Spell of French Canada*, revealing the traditions, habits and social customs, the characteristics and beauties of the French-Canadian race. Then there was the translator, to whom every one owed a debt of gratitude, for such translations as *Maria Chapdelaine*, by W. H. Blake. There was also the writer who endeavored to give one a view of the whole, rather than of any one section. Roberts was typical of this class, and he had written a most classic history of Canada. He presented the nation in its entirety.

Among other Canadian writers to whose works he referred, were L. M. Montgomery, who reflected life in Prince Edward Island; F. W. Wallace, who wrote of the seafarers of Nova Scotia; Marshall Saunders, whose books included *Rose of Acadia*, *Susanna Moodie*, whose *Roughing It In the Bush*, and *Pioneer Life*, dealt with the early settlement of Upper Canada; Adjutor Rivard and M. Victorin, reflecting life in Quebec; Arthur Stringer, with his trilogy of *Prairie* life, and others who depicted various phases

of Western life, including Ralph Connor, Robert W. Service and Martha Ostenso.

\* \* \*

### Sidney Dark on Dickens

In lecturing on "Dickens in Modern Life," at Messrs. Foyles' Series of Literary Lectures, in London, Mr. Sidney Dark showed himself to be an enthusiast, not only for the Dickens novels, but for the Dickens spirit.

Charles Dickens was an unique example of a literary man, born of the masses, who in his literary work, did not go beyond the ordinary people who were his peers. Keats, the son of an ostler, did not use the language of the stable in his work, but Dickens, the Cockney, used the language and expressed the thoughts of the Cockney. Mr. Dark ran through the gallery of Dickens characters, showing how they displayed the author's rich, abundant humor, his hatred of cant and hypocrisy, his wonderful sympathetic insight. These faculties are the ordinary possessions of the English people, and Dickens expressed them in a truly English way. Mr. Dark did not hold Dickens up as an idol for unrestrained admiration. He pointed out his faults, as well as his merits, but like the Cockney, Dickens is equally lovable for his faults as for his merits, being vividly human.

A Dickens relic was displayed on the platform—the Goldbeater's stone belonging to the Goldbeater of Manette Street in *The Tale of Two Cities*. Owing to demolition work, the son of the Goldbeater, who lived many years in Manette Street, has recently had to move, and in return for assistance, he gave the stone to Mr. Gilbert Foyle. Speaking as Chairman, Mr. William Foyle told the audience of his interesting experience in driving to Rochester on the occasion of the Pickwick Centenary.

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### Canadian Literature Contest

Miss Winifred Webster, Wetmore school, Regina, was the winner of the first prize in a Canadian literature contest held before the close of the teachers' convention, at Regina in Easter week. Lists were given to the teachers containing the names of more than 60 books by Canadian writers. These were supplied by the Canadian Authors' Association, Saskatchewan Branch. The teachers were asked to write down the name of the author of each book. Miss Webster had a total of 32 correct names.

J. R. McMonagle, Estevan, won the second prize with 29 correct names of authors out of 60; and A. G. Vale, Kincaid, and W. Clark Sanderoock, Biggar, tied for third place by naming correctly the authors of 23 of the 60 books. The prizes for the four were books by Canadian writers.

## WHY NOT BEAUTIFUL BOOKS?

By Norah Thompson

Long ago, all books were beautiful. The scribes who wrote and illumined them were scholars and artists. The beauty of their work reached its climax in the XV Century at the time of the introduction of printing into the western world. There was an intense struggle between the two factions. The old world of monk and scholar jealously hoarded their knowledge. Something told them a new world was being born—a world which they did not want—a world in which greater opportunities of acquiring knowledge would give to the masses greater freedom of thought. They fought hard, but printing was here to stay.

It began in 1452-6 in Germany, with the printing of the Bible by Gutenberg, which is still considered by many the most beautiful book in the world. From then on the great printers follow the cultural centres of Europe. It would be pleasant to tell you this story. It is one of the most fascinating pages of history that I have ever read, but there is not time, so I shall merely indicate to you that you may find this story told with extraordinary charm in William Dana Orcutt's *The Quest of the Perfect Book*. I have unbound enthusiasm for this book. It is written by a man who knows the book world and who has the devotional feeling of the artist-printer and bookmaker for his books.

Perhaps a few outstanding printers should be mentioned: Nicholas Jenson, 1470, (Venice); Aldus Manutius, 1490, (Venice). These two Frenchmen make Italy stand supreme in the history of typography.

Robert Etienne, 1540, (Paris), *Royal Greeks*. Christopher Plantin, (Antwerp), 1550, *Biblia Sacra*. Elzevir, small format, clear small type, copper plate title. England, 1757, Baskerville's *Virgil*; Didot, (Paris), *Racine*, English Renaissance, William Morris, *Kelmscott Chaucer*, 1890, master decorators' taste and skill in public libraries.

T. J. Cobden Sanderson, one of England's greatest printers, followed William Morris. *Dove's Bible*—page in autobiography (read page 100 of *Perfect Books*)—Dove's Bindings in British Museum.

And now we are into the world of today, into the modern renaissance of printing. In France, in England, in Germany, in the United States, there is an amazing enthusiasm and interest being taken in good books and good printing.

The creation of a book begins with the author's idea. This grows and gradually

builds itself into words and sentences, paragraphs, chapters, etc. Then the printer builds this in book form as an architect would build a house if he were an artist, then the book will have a feeling of unity and harmony. In judging a book the opposite process takes place. One begins with the jacket—it is like the storm door of a house—then the binding, end paper and title page—this is the door that lets you in. Then the contents, etc., and then you are into the printed page and you know whether or not the book is for you.

There is a wonderful opportunity awaiting the Canadian artists and decorators in the book world—that is early Canadian history. If this feature of Canadian life were developed in distinctive and distinguished Canadian books they would be sought after by book collectors from all over the world.

\* \* \*

### "In a County Churchyard"

Of Duncan Campbell Scott's poem, "In a County Churchyard," included in the newly published collection of his poems, *Public Opinion*, London, which reproduced ten of the sixteen verses, pays this tribute: "Here certainly is a poem that for music must rank among the great poetry of our language."

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### Ontario Leads in Libraries

W. O. Carson, superintendent of Public Libraries for Ontario, in his annual report stated that there was a growing demand for books by Canadian authors at the public libraries. Ontario has the proud record of having the largest number of public libraries, in proportion to population, of any province, state or country in the world.

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TORONTO

(Editor's Note.—These are extracts from an address delivered at the convention of booksellers in Toronto this month.



## Art

FOR the Luxembourg Gallery of Paris has been purchased "Melting Snows," a fine canvas by Albert H. Robinson, of Montreal. Last year Mr. Robinson was awarded a medal at the Sesqui-Centennial. A few more international honors and he may qualify for the Jessie Dow prize, which is awarded annually to Montreal artists; that he has not received it merely infers bigotry on the part of the judges.

\* \* \*

Mr. Arthur Lismer, Vice-Principal of the Ontario College of Art, has resigned from that institution and will devote himself to painting. During the past few years Mr. Lismer, with vision and enthusiasm, has been making art an important factor in education in Ontario. Mr. Lismer will continue to lecture at the Art Gallery of Toronto and to conduct the summer course for teachers.

\* \* \*

The Paris correspondent of the *American Art News* sends the following review of the Canadian exhibit in Paris:

At the Musée Jeu de Paume the exhibition of Canadian art, which will remain on view until May 11th, is worthy of sympathetic attention. It reveals a young art that is still timid, given to the representation of austere and desolate landscapes. In this respect the large decorative panels of Tom Thomson appear to us very characteristic. The Canadians consider him as one of their artistic pioneers. He lived the life of a solitary trapper and died mysteriously at forty in the virgin forest. His painting, however, has nothing of the primitive. It is largely decorative, less harsh and less powerful than the work of Lawren Harris and A. Y. Jackson, who seem to be the most original landscapists of this school.

Also worthy of notice are the solid figure paintings of Edwin H. Holgate, the delicate notations of Albert Robinson, the picturesque watercolors of Paul Alfred and the dazzling snow scenes of Clarence A. Gagnon. This last painter, together with M. Eric Brown, director of the National Gallery of Canada, and M. André Dezaure, Curator of the Jeu de Paume, was an active organizer of this exhibition.

A room has been reserved for the paintings of James Wilson Morrice (1865-1924), a Canadian-Scotch artist whose career was almost entirely Parisian and whose works were shown last year at the Simonson Galleries. Morrice was an infinitely sensitive painter and had the most refined taste. He felt both the influence of the French impressionists and of Whistler. The landscapes which he painted in Cuba, in the last years of his life after the voyage he made to Morocco with Henri Matisse, mark a strange flowering of his talent.

But James W. Morrice is not at all characteristically Canadian, nor are the examples of contemporary Canadian sculpture shown at the Jeu de Paume. In their style, powers of invention and plastic force these cannot compete with the fine productions of the natives of the Canadian Northwest—figures in clay, masques and totem poles which have been placed together in a showcase. It is interesting to compare these with African sculpture, despite their profound differences.

\* \* \*

## Walter Phillips' Wood Blocks

Walter J. Phillips, A.R.C.A., has made a portfolio of ten wood blocks in color. Mr. Phillips lives in Winnipeg, and his wood blocks are all Canadian, covering a wide range from the Muskoka Lakes to Red River scenes and the Rocky Mountains.

One may wonder after reading what the artist has to say on the subject, why anyone should devote a lifetime to producing works of art (and they are little masterpieces in their way) by means of such a difficult medium. One must have special paper specially prepared. After the first impression is caught and perfected by the artist, a block must be cut for each color, and from cherry wood, whose nature it is to shrink and crack. But the printing, Mr. Phillips assures us, is the most difficult part of all, and it is the quest of the perfect print which forever lures the artist on.

These wood blocks are very lovely in design, and the grain of the wood shows up to advantage in several, particularly in "Water Lilies," (the block for the water in this print had to be cut five times before it was satisfactory.) It is wonderful how such a range of effect and color can be carried out through so tedious and elaborate a process. "Mount Cathedral from Lake O'Hara" is clear and fresh compared with the exquisite softness of "Moonlight, Lake of the Woods," and the undeniable rain of "Cathcart's Island, Muskoka." Mr. Phillips agrees that every wood block printer is in some degree indebted to the Japanese, and although he has tried to get away from this influence as much as possible—his prints are essentially Canadian in subject and feeling—yet "Muskoka Sunset" and "The Mountain" remind one, like an echo, of the rare old prints of Japan.

J.A.A.

\* \* \*

THE INTERLOPER. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.  
Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.00.

This is a startling and stirring new Oppenheim story set about a very disturbing element personified in the Italian-born son of an English Duke, when he succeeds to the title with the English possessions.

# Canadian Authors' Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

### Annual Convention

According to the latest available information, the programme for the C.A.A. Convention at Ottawa is as follows:

**Tuesday, June 28th, 12 noon.**—Registration at Chateau Laurier.

12.45 p.m.—Luncheon.

2.30 p.m.—Reports of National Officers.

Report of Copyright Committee.

Session in rooms of the International Joint Commission, 63 Sparks Street.

8.30 p.m.—Evening of songs by Canadian composers, arranged by Dr. Duncan Scott. Held in banquet room, Chateau Laurier.

**Wednesday, June 29th, 9.30 a.m.**—International Joint Commission Rooms. A symposium: "My methods of work in fiction-writing," by R. J. C. Stead, Robert Watson, J. M. Gibbon, Madge Macbeth, Lillian B. Thomas, Arthur Stringer and Archibald P. McKishnie.

11.30 a.m.—Musical Copyright Committee report.

12.30 p.m.—Luncheon by Canadian Club.

2.00 p.m.—Committee reports continued.

4.00 p.m.—Visit to Gatineau power plant.

8.30 p.m.—Ball room, Chateau Laurier.

Lecture open to public. Speakers: Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Arthur Stringer, Dr. Scott D. Leechman and Eva Gauthier.

**Thursday, June 30th, 9.30 a.m.**—International Joint Commission Rooms. A symposium: "Conscious Canadianism in Literature," by B. K. Sandwell, Lorne Pierce, Austin Bothwell, Howard Angus Kennedy and Watson Kirkconnell.

11.30 a.m.—Report of Resolutions Committee.

2.00 p.m.—Resolutions Committee continued. Election of Officers.

4.00 p.m.—Garden party.

7.30 p.m.—Concluding banquet at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club, to be followed by a play, "Low Life," by Mazo de la Roche.

\* \* \*

### Halifax

On Friday, the 29th of April, the Halifax Branch entertained Dr. Lorne Pierce, of the Ryerson Press, Toronto, at a luncheon in the Halifax Hotel. Professor Archibald MacMechan presided.

In his brief address Dr. MacMechan spoke of the publisher and author as the capitalist and the laborer; while authors, however, could exist without publishers, publishers could not exist without authors. In refer-

ring to members of the Association throughout Canada Dr. MacMechan referred to Miss de la Roche of Toronto, who has recently won the *Atlantic Monthly's* prize of \$10,000 for the best work submitted to their judges.

Dr. Pierce spoke on the theme of the writings of Canadians as viewed by publishers. He held that one proof that Canada had the essentials of beauty and worth was to be found in the attachment which the Indians had for this country, and he advised Canadian writers to study closely the traditions and life of the Indians, and find therein much that would give deeper color to their writings.

The speaker paid tribute to the work of Dr. MacMechan, carrying weight of thought, beauty and clarity of expression, and finish of form.

After the luncheon, the party visited the Nova Scotia College of Art where Miss Nutt had her paintings on view.

The Halifax Branch is specially gratified to learn that its President, Dr. MacMechan, has just been awarded the one hundred dollar prize offered by the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto, in an annual literary competition. The theme was: "The Inner Canada: a Portrait study."

### Montreal (French)

The Montreal French Branch of the Association recently elected the following executive for the coming year: President, Hon. Judge E. Fabre Surveury; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Donat Brodeur and Mr. Robert Choquette; Secretary, Miss Medjé Vézina; Treasurer, Mr. E. Garand; Councillors, Mr. Victor Morin, Mr. Victor Barbeau, Mr. C. M. Boissonnault, Mrs. E. Circé-Côté, Mrs. H. Tassé and Miss H. Charbonneau.

Judge Surveury, the President-elect, was recently the guest of honor at a dinner tendered him by the English Section, Montreal, a gesture which is typical of the entente which prevails between the two sections.

### Montreal (English)

In honor of Mr. Hugh Walpole, the Montreal Branch held on April 21st a reception, for which a special programme of French folksongs and music had been arranged by Mr. Murray Gibbon. Mr. Floyd Dell was also a guest of the branch on this occasion.

On May 17th Mr. Charles de Belle, A.R. C.A., entertained the branch at a very delightful tea at the Ritz-Carlton, where his guests had the pleasure of a private view of his latest exhibition of paintings and pastels.



The Weredale Dramatic Club presented four one-act plays by members of the Montreal Branch on May 18th in St. Stephen's Hall. These were "The Signal," by M. S. Threlfall (the prize-winning play); "The Turn of the Road," by Elizabeth Jerrold Church; "Lily Rose," by P. B. Perrigard; and "Laid Away in Lavender," by Miriam Steia.

The annual meeting was held on May 31st. Reports were rendered by the Secretary and the Treasurer, and the Drama, Poetry, and Short Story groups. The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year: President, Bernard K. Sandwell; Vice-President, Howard Angus Kennedy; Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Church; Treasurer, Leo D. Cox; Committee, Leslie G. Barnard, Miss Lily Barry, Mrs. Louise Morey Bowman, Miss Mary Brooks, Warwick Chipman, K.C., Murray Gibbon, Norman Rankin, Miss Mary Saxe, Judge E. Fabre Surveyer, and Mrs. Fenwick Williams.

### Toronto

On Saturday evening, the 7th of May, a banquet was given in the Queen's Hotel by the Toronto Branch of the Association in honor of their fellow-member, Miss Mazo de la Roche, who, with her novel, *Jalna*, won the \$10,000 prize of the recently concluded *Atlantic Monthly* competition.

After a toast to The King, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, President of the local branch of the Association, proceeded to propose the toast to "Our Guest of Honor, Miss Mazo de la Roche." In this he said: "We Canadian authors owe more than I can tell to Miss de la Roche because she has proved beyond a doubt that there actually is something called Canadian literature." The speaker also eulogized *The Atlantic Monthly* for its staunch support of Canadian literature, even in cases where this had brought financial loss to the magazine. In stating that "we of Canada belong to a literary race," Dr. Roberts stressed the importance of Miss de la Roche's achievement, on the ground that it could not possibly be overlooked, and further said that in achieving such victory, distinction and excellence, the young authoress had brought honor to all Canadian writers, to her Province and to Toronto.

This toast was responded to by Miss de la Roche, who lingered on the coincidence which this dinner constituted, inasmuch as the Queen's Hotel was the place where she, as a six-year old tot with her parents, had partaken of her first hotel dinner, and, in commenting upon the writing of novels, she stated that the experience was a most wonderful one, and the winning of a first prize was a most extraordinary one, and one which needed much mental balance. In conclusion, Miss de la Roche stated that she had never

finished a novel without looking back to the beginning, to the darkness she had had to pierce and in which she had seemed to live with her characters.

After Caesar George Finn had rendered Chopin's "Polonaise" as an instrumental solo, and, as an encore, one of his own compositions, an arrangement of William Blake's poem, "The Nurse's Song," his Worship Mayor Thomas Foster on behalf of the City of Toronto, presented the authoress with a silver tea service. In response to this, Miss de la Roche said that if her words were few, it was because her heart was very full, and she solemnly promised to treasure the gift of the city of her childhood and part of her womanhood, Toronto—her Toronto—to the end of her life.

The "Arts in Education" was the toast which was proposed by Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, and responded to by Premier G. Howard Ferguson. In proposing the toast, the speaker praised the sincerity and simplicity of Miss de la Roche, two factors, he said, which were vital necessities in creating originality in art, and he went on to say that what Miss de la Roche had done was merely further indication of the advancement in and realization of art in Canada. That Canadians were no longer a pioneer people, but out in the world, in the very middle of the civilized world, was Sir Robert's contention, and the victory of Miss de la Roche was thus the more impressive, as she had been measured with the best writers on this continent.

In his response to this toast, Mr. Ferguson remarked that for his subject he would rather have had, for instance, "Art in Politics." Paying tribute to Miss de la Roche for her selection of a Canadian subject for her prize-winning novel, Mr. Ferguson appealed to Canadian authors to contribute stories in this Jubilee Year with subjects woven around Canada and things Canadian.

After a floral presentation had been made to Miss de la Roche from the Canadian Literature Club by its President, Mr. Pryne, who paid high tribute to Miss de la Roche, and thanked her because she had so amply justified the faith which had been felt in Canadian authors, a charming vocal solo—Bliss Carman's "Daffodil Comes Home Today"—and an encore were rendered by Mrs. Fenton Box, with D'Alton McLaughlin at the piano. Next, the toast, "Canadian Authors," was proposed by Prof. Pelham Edgar; and in this he gave it as his opinion that the time was near when the Canadian public would demand Canadian literature in greater measure. Miss de la Roche, he said, had been of great assistance in bringing this about, and he proposed this toast in confidence that Canada was on the verge of

great national intellectual prosperity.

This toast was responded to by Mrs. John Garvin (Katherine Hale) and Miss Marshall Saunders, who, in witty, impromptu speeches made more or less flattering and embarrassing comments on many of the celebrities present.

In his response to the same toast, Hon. Mr. Justice W. R. Riddell heartily congratulated Miss de la Roche on her victory, and wittily discoursed on the capabilities and natural gifts of an author, and, in conclusion, said that, as the Canadian Revolution long since had laid the foundation of the present great Empire, it was now up to the Canadian authors to found the basis for a great development of literature with special references to Canadian soil, sentiment and subjects.

Others at the head table included: Miss Agnes Swinarton, Miss Clement, R. A. Pryne, E. J. Hathaway and Hugh S. Eayrs. The two prominent Canadian authors, Bliss Carman and Rev. C. W. Gordon, (Ralph Connor), were also present.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Branch was held at the Central Y.M.C.A. on the evening of May 26th. Reports showed that the past year had been a very active one. A resolution was passed recommending the creation of a national adjustment committee, to assist in eliminating difficulties between publishers and authors. Another resolution demanded a greater measure of branch autonomy. At the close of the business session, Mrs. Florence Livesay read a florilegium of poems published during the year by members of the association.

The branch executive elected for the ensuing year is as follows: Hon. President, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts; President, John M. Elson; First Vice-president, Miss Marshall Saunders; Second Vice-president, John W. Garvin; Secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Horace Parsons; Assistant Secretary, Miss M. E. James; Executive: Mrs. Ballantyne, Weston; Miss B. G. Ferguson, Hamilton; J. W. L. Forster, D. G. French, M. O. Hammond, Dr. E. A. Hardy, E. J. Hathaway, O. E. McGillivuddy, Archie McKishnie and Mrs. G. E. Pringle.

### Calgary

On Saturday night, the 7th of May, members of the Calgary Branch tendered a farewell dinner to Mrs. L. G. Salverson, who is taking up her residence in Kamloops, B.C., in the near future. There were several speeches of regret and goodwill after which Mrs. Nellie McClung, on behalf of the branch, presented Mr. and Mrs. Salverson with a handsome parlor lamp in a Viking ship design.

Literary activity still continues in the branch. Mrs. Salverson is busy on her novel

for next autumn entitled *The Lord of the Silver Dragon*.

Mrs. Nellie McClung has just received her first copy of *The Finnish Girl in America*, a translation of her *Painted Fires* into Finnish, by Vaino Lyman, published by the Kirji Publishers, Helsingfors. This novel is also running serially in two Finnish papers in the United States.

*Yellow Clay*, Mr. R. B. Forsyth's story which recently won the first of four prizes offered by the *Writer's Monthly*, Springfield, Mass., in a contest open to teachers of Canada and the United States, and which appeared in the March issue of *MacLean's Magazine*, is to be published in England shortly by *The Quiver*.

### Vancouver

During the recent visit of Dr. Lorne Pierce to Vancouver, he lectured at Glencoe Lodge under the auspices of the Vancouver Branch of the Association. His subject was "Some Canadian Women Writers." There was a large and enthusiastic attendance. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides, and many beautiful and interesting pictures were shown, from photographs of pioneers in Canadian literature with excellent reproductions of wood cuts from their books, to photographs of present-day writers. Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay was in the chair.

Musical numbers were given by Cicely Page, L.A.B., who sang "The Pitiful Turquoise," by Annie C. Dalton, set to music by Alice M. Winlow, L.A.B., and "Indian Lullaby," by Pauline Johnson, set to music by Edith Pratt-Stuart, A.R.A.M. Mr. A. Gillespie sang "Duna," by Marjorie Pickthall, set to music by Josephine MacGill.

After the lecture, Dr. Pierce was informally received by the members of the branch.

Dr. F. E. Dorchester, of the Vancouver Branch, is contributing a series of articles on Hygiene to the *Morning Star*, Vancouver.

### Victoria

The May meeting of the Victoria and Islands Branch, Canadian Authors' Association, was held last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Carmichael, St. Ann's Street, Oak Bay, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The main feature of the evening was a presentation to the local branch of the poetic works, "Tecumseh" and other poems, and memoirs of Dr. Charles Mair, Canada's oldest living poet, who has made his home in Victoria for the last two years. The volume, which is one of a series, "Master Works of Canadian Authors," is a deluxe edition issued by the Radisson Society of Canada, and is one of the first twenty-four copies from the press. It is thus inscribed by John W. Garvin, and the inscription by Dr. Mair is as follows:



"To the Island Branch Canadian Authors' Association in appreciation of many kindnesses."

This gift was greatly appreciated by the branch and a resolution of thanks to Dr. Mair was unanimously passed.

Mr. Donald A. Fraser read an amusing article from *The Writer*, entitled "Confessions of a Contributor," by M. S. Mansfield, and Mr. Carmichael gave the very interesting history of an old volume, *The Holy State*, published in London in 1684, and dealing with the Crusades. This volume was in circulation through a lending library in 1781. Mr. Carmichael also showed some rare Indian curios and some beautiful etchings.

In the musical part of the programme, Donald A. Fraser sang and played an original song, both music and words of his own composition, entitled "Poppies," which was first written to be sung by the Chinese children of his class, and in which they did very well in one of the school entertainments. Mrs. Wallace Fraser also contributed some piano selections.

Supper was served in the dining-room, which was beautifully arranged with white broom and pale pink and yellow tulips, Mrs. William Henderson and Mrs. Ebbs-Canavan pouring tea and coffee. A vote of appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael for a very enjoyable evening was voiced by the entire assembly.

### Jane Austen and Her Work

According to Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, the well-known critical writer on the woman novelists, Jane Austen was essentially a realist and a feminist.

Giving, under the title of "Jane Austen and Her Work," the ninth of Messrs. Foyle's Literary Lectures, Mr. Johnson traced the growth of the modern novel from its birth in Richardson and Fielding to the time when Jane Austen began to write. By that time it had become a vehicle of impossible romance and puppet characters, and reacting against this, her work attempted to delineate character and circumstances as they were. The apparent limitations of her realism are due to the same factor to which probably her novels owe their success: she wrote only of the life she knew.

The main theme underlying her work was the superiority of women over men—a daring theme at the time when it was considered almost immoral for a woman even to write a novel. She must therefore be considered as a pioneer of women's rights, despite her probable lack of interest in "Votes for Women."

In the course of his remarks as Chairman, Mr. W. C. Megroz contributed a very brief but very penetrating analysis of Jane Austen on the lines of modern psychology.

## The Poems of John Crichton

(Norman Gregor Guthrie)

Of this poet, upon the appearance of the first volume "A Vista," Sir Andrew Macphail said:

"This new writer has a new way of saying things. The manner is free and fresh; there is a knowledge of the meaning of words and a sense of their sanctity."

Next came "Flower and Flame" and then his newest collection, "A Pillar of Smoke."

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### Vancouver Poets

At a meeting of the Vancouver Poetry Society at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Winlow, Mrs. Mabel Rose Stevenson, and Dr. Lionel Stevenson, lecturer in English, Berkeley University, were guests of the Club. The evening opened with the singing of "God Bless Thee Canada," the words, which were sung with great enthusiasm, being by Mrs. Annie C. Dalton, Vice-President of the Club. Dr. Stevenson gave a delightful address on "Modernity in Canadian Literature," dealing with definitions of modernity and the work of Canadian poets and prose writers. Readings of original poems were given by Mrs. Irene Moody, Mr. A. M. Stephen, Miss M. Maltby, Miss Rae Verrill and Dr. E. P. Fewster, President of the Club. Miss Kate Eastman read from Dr. Roberts' new book of poems. A rondel, "Oh, Take My Wish," written by May Perceval Judge, was read by Dr. Fewster. Miss Judge wrote the poem for Mrs. Winlow, who is leaving with Mrs. Kathryn Pocklington after the Authors Convention at Ottawa, for Europe. Mr. D. A. Chalmers, editor of the *British Columbia Monthly*, gave a talk on "Poetry and the Magazine." A sonnet written ("To A Poet, A.C.D.") by Mrs. Jean Kilby Rorison, an read by Mrs. Irene Moody, was much appreciated by the members.

# The Collector

MISS A. M. GOING, of Kingston, in a recently published newspaper article, tells an interesting story of the discovery of an important book some sixty-seven years ago. Joseph Haycock, of Adolphestown, then a young lad with a deep interest in books, bought at an auction sale of the household goods of Archdeacon George O. Stuart, who had recently died, a book case filled with books. On examining these, he found among them a volume containing the Gospel of St. Mark, the story of the creation from the first chapter of Genesis, the story of the birth of Christ from St. Matthew's Gospel, sentences of scripture setting forth the principal truths of Christianity, and most of the Book of Common Prayer, with a translation into a strange language opposite each page. Enquiry developed that the translation was in the Mohawk language, and had been made by Rev. John Stuart, D.D., founder and first rector of what is now St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, for use among his Indian converts. Mr. Haycock, while on a visit to his son, Joseph Haycock, the well-known Canadian labor member of the British House of Commons for Battersea, last summer, learned at the British Museum that his book was a treasure, and one of a very few copies in existence. A small edition was printed in England and was the first consignment of missionary literature sent to Canada by the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Joseph Brant, the well-known Mohawk chief, is said to have aided Rev. Dr. Stuart with the work of translation. Miss Going unfortunately omits to give the title of the volume, or the date of its publication, but it may be interesting to note here that *The Book of Common Prayer*, translated into Mohawk by Joseph Brant, London, 1787, is apparently neither specially rare nor valuable, several copies having been sold at auction in New York in recent years at prices ranging from \$17.50 down to \$11.

\* \* \*

The last journal of General James Wolfe forms a part of a collection of American books and documents belonging to a Swiss woman, described as Miss D—, who lived in London, which is to be sold at auction in Paris June 14-17. The journal, which covers 103 pages of fine handwriting, opens with military orders given by Wolfe in Scotland in 1748, and concludes with his last order,

dated Sept. 12, 1759—the eve of the battle of Quebec. This latter, as dramatic a paper as is to be found anywhere in British history, after announcing the determination of the General to “carry the business through with as little loss as possible,” declares that a “vigorous blow struck by the enemy at this juncture may determine the fate of Canada,” and then goes on: “The officers and men are to remember what their country expects from them and what a determined body of soldiers are capable of doing against five weak battalions mingled with disordered peasantry.” Here the thrilling record abruptly stops, for Wolfe was killed on the Plains of Abraham next day in the moment of victory. It is not known what happened to this journal after the battle, but it subsequently came into the hands of an American collector named Zadock Pratt, whose whole collection, including the Wolfe journal, after his death, was purchased by the Miss D— mentioned in the foregoing.

\* \* \*

The only known autograph manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's famous poem, “The Raven,” was sold recently by the family of Mrs. Edith D. Whitaker, of Philadelphia, to New York dealers, who value it at more than \$50,000. The manuscript had been in possession of the Whitaker family ever since Poe penned and signed it at the wishes of Dr. Samuel A. Whitaker, a college companion.

\* \* \*

One of the five known personal passports printed by Benjamin Franklin, on a press set up in his house at Passy, France, when he was envoy to that country, was sold at auction for \$1,775 at the Anderson Galleries in New York City on April 4. The passport was issued to Elkanah Watson to carry to England confidential despatches relating to the independence of the United States.

\* \* \*

What is described as “a wealth of historic documents, maps and other material dealing with Canadian affairs many years ago,” was discovered recently by Sam and E. T. Charlton, of London, while visiting a state-ly old mansion at Stamford, not far from Niagara Falls, formerly the residence of Gov. Maitland, first Governor-General of Upper Canada. The grounds of this residence are now being converted into a motor tourist camp, and great piles of papers and documents were about to be destroyed when



the Londoners, who were seeking information for use in the compilation of a booklet for motorists, came upon them. Among other things was found a map, dated 1800, prepared by William Smyth, at the request of Gov.-Gen. John G. Simcoe, showing Western Ontario Peninsula in detail, and also an earlier map dated 1777.

\* \* \*

The action of the Royal Society of Canada, at its recent meeting in Ottawa, in awarding the Sir Joseph Flavelle medal for the outstanding contribution to science during the past year to Dr. A. G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist, is one which will be endorsed by all who know anything of the great work he has done in the collection and preservation of material relating to Canadian history. Dr. Doughty is, of course, not a scientist in the precise meaning of the term, but he can be said with truth to have applied the methods of science to the task of assembling and cataloguing the astonishing mass of historical material which is to be found in the Dominion Archives at Ottawa.

\* \* \*

The Champlain Society of Canada has recently issued Vol. III., Part I., of *Select British Documents of the Canadian War of 1812*, edited, with an introduction, by William Wood, which puts students of Canadian history, and particularly the War of 1812, further in its debt. The edition, as usual, consists of 550 copies, of which 500 are supplied only to members of the Society and to subscribing libraries. The documents contained in this volume concern the operations in 1814 at Montreal, on Lake Erie, Lake Ontario and the Niagara Frontier, and in Western Ontario; the British counter-invasion of the United States, and the end of the war.

\* \* \*

The Collector is strongly of the opinion that the time is ripe for the organization of a society of book collectors in Canada, or, at any rate, to begin with, in Toronto. We, it is true, already have the Champlain Society, but it is purely a publishing organization, while the kind of society The Collector has in mind is one which would serve to bring together all collectors, whatever their individual "lines"—Canadiana, printing, first editions, or even bookplates!—for their mutual benefit and for the promotion of book collecting generally. He has been stimulated to make this expression by the announcement of the organization of The Collectors' League of New Jersey, at a meeting of representatives of the principal museums of New Jersey, called recently by the Newark Museum. The purposes of the league, as set forth in the announcement, are "to promote the habit and

art of collecting, preserving, displaying, material of any and all kinds; to encourage the habit of hobbies," and to act as clearing-house for collections and collectors. These are the very purposes such an organization as that suggested for Canada might fulfil. Will somebody set the ball moving?

\* \* \*

Henry E. Huntingdon, of Los Angeles, Cal., owner of what undoubtedly is the greatest collection of rare books and manuscripts ever gathered together by one man, died in an hospital at Philadelphia on May 23, following an operation. Mr. Huntingdon, who was 77 years old, and one of the United States' leading railway men, turned his attention to the collecting of rare books early in the century, and so thoroughly did he go about it that his collection is today valued conservatively at \$15,000,000. Mr. Huntingdon often bought whole libraries for the sake of a few books, selling the others at public auction. His collection, with the magnificent building at Pasadena, Cal., which contains it, now becomes public property, under the terms of a trust to Los Angeles. It may be interesting to add here that Mr. Huntingdon, having secured practically all the books of the English and American writers of the past, began a few years ago to collect the first editions of the most important contemporary writers, and that among these he included our own Bliss Carman.

\* \* \*

An interesting revelation of the way in which the pursuit of book collecting is spreading was the opening in the Yale University Library at New Haven, May 17, of an exhibition of rare books, all owned by Yale undergraduates, and some of them of a rarity and value unusual in private collections. The collection is divided into six main units, comprising illuminated manuscripts, incunabula, fine printing, English literature, Americana and miscellaneous. The early manuscripts are chiefly Latin, but there are several Oriental manuscripts among them, including a fifteenth century Dervish book of poetry, and three Koran manuscripts. A page of the Gutenberg Bible, printed in 1450, is among the specimens of early printing, which also include an editio princeps of Homer, a copy of Horace's works, printed in Venice in 1483, and a copy of the famous Nuremberg Chronicle, printed in 1493, the first book to contain a reference to America having been discovered.

\* \* \*

The original manuscripts of "Tam O'Shanter," "Scots Who Hae Wi Wallace Bled," and "For a' and a' That," by Robert Burns, are included in a large collection of Burns manuscript poems, autograph letters and books which Dr. A. S. W.

Rosenbach, bookseller of New York and Philadelphia, has recently bought from R. B. Adams, of Buffalo. Dr. Rosenbach, in commenting on his purchase, said he regarded it as one of the most important transactions he had ever made, because the Adams Burns collection is the largest in existence. The collection was made over a period of fifty years by Mr. Adam and his father.

A copy of Homer's *Iliad*, printed in Greek by Bartholomew di Libri in Florence in 1488, less than half a century after the discovery of printing, has been presented to the Library of U. S. Congress by Gabriel Wells, of New York City. This edition of di Libri, although not specially rare, is prized by collectors as the work of one of the ablest of early printers, and copies in perfect condition have sold as high as \$3,500. This particular copy bears the bookplate of Lord Mansfield, the famous British jurist.

Maggs Bros., London, announce that they have in preparation *Catalogue of a Collection of Early Portuguese Books in the Library of H. M. King Manuel of Portugal*, described, with full collations, and with historical, literary, biographical and bibliographical notes in English and Portuguese, by H. M. King Manuel of Portugal. This work, which will contain more than seven hundred facsimile reproductions, will be issued in a limited edition only, at £16 16s net, with a special edition limited to 45 copies, each signed and numbered by H. M. King Manuel, at £35 net.

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*A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature  
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Vol. IX.

TORONTO, JULY, 1927

No. 6



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

*125 Simcoe Street*

*Toronto, 2, Canada*



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*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. IX., No. 87

TORONTO, JULY, 1927

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## Is Canadian Poetry Modern?\*

By Lionel Stevenson

IN choosing the word "modern" to express a literary criterion, I may seem to be aligning myself with the present-day philosophers who regard relativity as the sole truth. But such is not the case, for what I mean by "modernity" is an absolute quality rather than a relative one, and I use the term despite its ambiguity because I know of no better way to convey my meaning with brevity. An immediate definition is accordingly essential, that thereafter I may be sure that my adjective is understood in my chosen sense.

The relative sense of the word "modern" can also be used in literary criticism, but the quality which it describes is not particularly admirable. John Lyly's *Euphues* was modern in Shakespeare's time, Matthew Gregory Lewis's *Monk* in Wordsworth's, Gertrude Stein's *Composition as Explanation* in our own. In such cases "modernity" consists in a startling extreme of a current fashion, sweeping into temporary notoriety by ostentatious novelty, making an almost physical assault on the sensibilities of the reader. But when the brief thrill of astonishment is over, and the buzz of gossip has subsided, the books become mere curiosities of literature and monuments to the frivolity of popular taste. They are interesting to the investigator of literary history, as revealing the background from which the greater fig-

ures emerged, but to the casual reader their only value is in the mirth-provoking failure of their pretensions. The reason is simple: they are the work of *poseurs* who depend on superficial eccentricity to conceal the lack of sincere and original genius.

But in the other sense, modernity is the essential characteristic which distinguishes true and permanent literature from mere word-spinning, a "touchstone" not applicable, like Matthew Arnold's, to isolated passages, but testing the very spirit of the work to which it is applied. It is "the test of time," which the perspective of generations alone can verify; but it is not therefore utterly inapplicable to contemporary productions; in part intuitively, but also with a certain degree of rational analysis, one can attempt to apply it with some hope of success.

A survey of the accepted evidence must be the first step. Homer and Chaucer and Shakespeare are modern, for their work is as actual to us today as that of our contemporaries; and this permanent modernity promises to survive as long as the human race retains its capacity of enjoying literature. Can we decide upon any quality exemplified in common by these and their peers, which might be accepted as a clue to their greatness? Surely the reason for their perman-

\*Mr. Stevenson's address, as given before the Poetry Societies of Toronto and Vancouver.



ent modernity is simply that they were completely and genuinely modern in their own periods, fully interpreting the actual vital spirit of their times, free of outworn conventions and yet avoiding self-conscious affectations of revolt; their eyes were turned neither toward the past nor toward the future, but were absorbed in the entrancing spectacle of life around them, and their transference of that life into art was immortal because the spark of actual life was in it.

So the most important element in true modernity is independence and progress. Direct identification with the spirit of any age means necessarily a severance from moribund traditions, even though they are still formally observed by the majority; for no age can justly estimate itself, and the cultivators of independence are frequently as far from the actual spirit of the age as the clingers to tradition are. Self-consciousness is the last attribute which that elusive spirit can manifest, self-consciousness being an indication of pose and artificiality. So it remains for the insight of the true creative artists to reveal the spirit by their direct identification with it, they, too, being free of self-consciousness.

Of course, if the spirit of the age is revolutionary, its literary manifestation will be equally so; but this is an accidental and non-essential attribute, and Shelley's pæans of "the world's great age" are neither more nor less modern than Jane Austen's records of the placid provincial aristocracy. The sole quality to be recognized as held in common by those two writers—taking them as random examples of the infinite variety inhabiting the literary pantheon—is that of utter certainty. There is nothing apologetic or experimental or defiant in the attitude of the true modernists; whether the topic be the creation of the universe or the betrothal of a vicar's daughter, the sat-

isfying effect of utter reality and assurance results from the author's complete identification with the immediate subject-matter. Reverting, as one so frequently can do, to Aristotle's wise analysis, one sees that this is the "embodiment of the universal by means of the particular," and one realizes why he laid equal stress on both elements of the formula. The absence of "the universal" is responsible for the superficial and affected novelties which do not survive; the absence of "the particular" is responsible for recondite abstractions which—however momentous to philosophers—are beyond the comprehension of the uninitiated, and therefore do not enter the category of art.

The difference between genuine modernity and revolutionary innovation is excellently illustrated in the matter of forms. Very few of the great writers have originated the mechanical structure of their modes of expression. Metrical types develop either from obscure sources in folk-song or from the stilted experimentation of minor poets who devote their attention to technique because they lack any essential vitality of subject-matter. Through such antecedents, the external characteristics of a metrical form become familiar to the public, with the result that the masters can use it to attain that directness of contact between author and reader which is destroyed if either party is deflected by strangeness of structure. If Shakespeare had not been brought up on the stiff blank verse introduced by Surrey, dramatized by Sackville, and glorified by Marlowe, he could never have developed it into that plastic, dignified, melodious music, capable of infinite variation to accord with every nuance of mood and theme, which does not ostentatiously demand one's attention but which impresses one as the ideal vehicle for the material which it embodies. Such a perfect wedding of form and content can only occur when the poet in-

stinctively employs the form because of his thorough and long-practised mastery of it. And just as the true poet can use a single metrical pattern for diverse effects, so many poets can use the same pattern without sacrifice of individuality. Rather the individuality is accentuated by the common basis of comparison. Shakespeare's priority casts no reflection on the blank verse of Milton or Tennyson, and the heroic couplets of Chaucer, Pope, and Keats are as dissimilar as the men themselves. Rupert Brooke's sonnets and Robert Frost's blank verse are as modern as the few genuine poems in *vers libre*, and immeasurably more modern than the vast mass of affectations in that mode.

Subject-matter, also, is a secondary consideration in estimating true modernity. To discuss the most recent foibles or adopt the newest slang does not necessarily identify a writer with the genuine spirit of his age. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and Carlyle's *French Revolution*, are in the category of the permanently modern, whereas countless ephemeral satires and "best-sellers" of their contemporaries are forgotten. Those books are works of literature rather than mere textbooks, not because they meticulously reproduce the exact details and atmosphere of the periods they depict, but because they express the viewpoint and emotions of the periods in which they were written. Gibbon's book is modern because it was a manifestation of the spirit of 1776, and Carlyle's because it was a manifestation of the spirit of 1837; they draw their lasting vitality from the living force amid which they were begotten.

The most formidable foe of modernity is excess of intellect. Too much logic alienates its possessor from real life, which is a blatantly illogical thing; and too much education enslaves him either to the past or to the future, makes him analytic or didactic instead of interpretative. Either he

is conservative, applying to his material the standards abstracted from the practice of his predecessors, or else he is radical, seeking to remodel them closer to visionary ideals. His philosophy is an extraneous thing imposed upon his observation; he is deductive instead of inductive. Of course, the great writer has to know what has been already thought and said; but only so far as it can serve his purpose of giving expression to the living spirit of his own generation; and from that point of view there is an infinity of worthless lumber in the curriculum of formal education. The man with the fire of genius in him does not fail to make himself master of so much of the past as is pertinent, but it is by his own self-directed efforts, more strenuous but also more profitable, than those of a pupil. By natural affinity he recognizes the secret of the genuine moderns among his predecessors, and when he is saturated in that, he will be equipped to speak the thing that flames and writhes within himself. The past lives again in his work, because it is viewed through the magic window of the present.

One of the surest distinctions between the genuine modernist and the mere journeyman of literature, is in continued development and exploration. The mercenary of literature happens upon a type of story or poem or play that appeals to the public, and continues to exploit it for the rest of his career, comfortable in the ease with which he can reiterate and confident of popularity among those readers who like to renew familiar sensations and abominate surprises. The true modernist, on the other hand, is perpetually seeking new expansions of his territory, testing fresh devices of technique. He may not always succeed, but his very failures are more vital than the periodic successes of the best seller. With the latter, whichever of his books you chance to read first is your favorite,



and his others seem but echoes of it; with the former, you have to survey his production in chronological sequence in order to discover the progressive enriching and expanding of his genius. Shakespeare, Dickens, Browning, Kipling, all passed through definite and dissimilar periods as their art matured. Even Keats packed a whole cycle of evolution in his few productive years. And with all of these the motive was never self-advertisement or ostentation, but rather a modest realization of the infinite possibilities still unattained, and a diligent devotion to the service of their art.

An attempt to apply this criterion of true modernity to Canadian poetry may serve a double purpose: the examples selected or rejected may supply a specific illustration to reinforce the vague generalities which I have enunciated, and on the other hand the appraising of Canadian poetry may be furthered somewhat by such a test.

Its first obvious application explains why the earlier generations of Canadian poetry are negligible: the author of *The Rising Village* admittedly modeled his poem upon that of the English poet with whom he claimed kinship, and the other pre-confederation writers, chiefly of Irish and Scottish birth, were almost equally faithful to their exemplars, Moore and Burns. With regard to later poets, its application must be more invidious, and I am not going to undertake a complete separation of the sheep from the goats in the present discussion; leaving that process to your own ingenuity and predilections, I shall merely offer a few disconnected suggestions.

A pathetic example of a unique opportunity lost through insufficient modernity is to be found in Pauline Johnson. Probably no one else will ever be in so favorable a position for interpreting the soul of the Indian—since every year removes him more

irrevocably from his original characteristics—but she was content to accede to a sentimentalized convention. Her pleas for justice, such as "A Cry from an Indian Wife," are too eloquent to be convincing, and her narrative poems, "Ojistoh," "Daw-endine," and others, are as romantically unreal as "Lara" or "The Bride of Abydos." Hence it comes that her best poems are the lyrics, "The Song My Paddle Sings," "In the Shadows," "The Lost Lagoon," wherein she was not oppressed by the duty of representing her race, and therefore could be more genuine.

Again the criterion of modernity may be brought to bear on the opinion which most people entertain on the basis of mere instinct: that Archibald Lampman is a greater poet than Wilfred Campbell. Both wrote on the natural scenery of their native Ontario, with fairly frequent excursions into philosophic and apocalyptic themes; both were masters of the accepted forms of English prosody. And Campbell has the greater range and variety of theme and form. But in reading Campbell's poems one is always aware that he is consciously poetizing, selecting his words and his images with academic care; again and again one can attribute a poem definitely to the influence of Tennyson, or Swinburne, or Poe, and when a poem entitled "Autumn" has for its opening lines

Season of languorous gold and hazy drouth,  
Of nature's beauty ripened to the core . . .

one is disposed to lay the book aside and go back to Keats, confident that he has done it so much better. So long as Campbell uses "doth" and "'twixt" and "'mid wildernesses 'neath the sun and moon," he seems comfortably assured that he is writing admirable poetry, whereas by such formalizing, by such an ostentatious adherence to "the grand tradition," he precludes just that intimacy with the subject which spells true modernity. Lampman, on the other

hand, makes the realization of his subject the first concern. Whether it be a landscape or an imaginary concept, he presents it with incisive, economical distinctness, and the poetic expression is beautiful for that reason, not for its echoes of previous poetic beauties. The two poets so often wrote on identical themes that comparison is easy. Take Lampman's poems to the Ottawa River—one beginning:

Dear dark-brown waters full of all the stain  
Of sombre spruce-woods and the forest fens,  
and the other:

O slave, whom many a cunning master  
drills

To lift, or carry, bind, or crush, or churn,  
Whose dammed and parcelled waters drive  
or turn

The saws and hammers of a hundred mills,  
and contrast them with Campbell's to the Rideau:

You wander, shining, down all happy places,  
You kiss the over-airs with misty lips,  
You mirror in your depths all earth's glad  
faces,

While low to you in love the heaven dips.

These poems are not the best that either author wrote, but they illustrate excellently the modernity of Lampman and the more melodious but more conventional manner of Campbell. Their respective poems on "Winter," "Storm," "Dusk," are equally revealing, as is the fact that Lampman's admirable group of sonnets on "The Frogs" does not have a parallel in the other poet's work.

One further crux of Canadian criticism may be subjected to the test, namely, the literary rank of Robert Service. At first glance he may seem to be sufficiently on intimate terms with his subject, presenting the crudity and violence of northern life with appropriate vigor, interpreting the spirit of the particular scene which he represents. Nevertheless, his vogue is already passing, and his classification is almost certain to be that of a meteor rather than a planet. It is on the other requirement of my definition that he proves unsatisfactory—that of continued development and

exploration. Any one of his poems can stand as the archetype for all his poems; the exaggerated, primitive virility which is effective in the first poem you read becomes dull in the tenth, and nauseating in the twentieth. And if his work is surveyed chronologically, it reveals a steady decline into mechanical repetitions of his first successes.

There remains the more pleasurable task of displaying the criterion of modernity in its approbatory function, again selecting only a few out of many available examples of Canadian poets whose work survives the test. In the work of Carman and Roberts, as I have sought to demonstrate elsewhere, the underlying identification with the spirit of the age is to be found in their particular form of mysticism, a creed of man's spiritual kinship with nature which is directly derived from modern scientific theories. In formulating a faith to reconcile the doctrines of science with the intuitive religious tendencies of the human mind, and in presenting it not by didactic generalities, but by lovely lyrics and images, they are fulfilling one of the highest and most permanent functions of poetry. Even should the scientific concepts of today be supplanted by others, and the hypothesis of evolution become as obsolete as the Ptolemaic astronomy, their poems will not be discredited any more than Dante's or Milton's are, in which that antiquated theory is involved; honest effort to reveal the spiritual significance of current cosmology, whatever it may be, is one of the most frequent manifestations of modernity.

As an example of the more scholarly type of poet, who has nevertheless the quality of modernity in him, Duncan Campbell Scott is unique in Canadian poetry. Like Robert Bridges, he practices a subdued and subtle style which will never command wide popularity, but which is a delight to the discerning for its rich, yet fully assim-



ilated, hoard of culture. Assuredly modernity of outlook can be applied to the intellectual and literary heritage of the race, as well as to any other subject. The resultant poetry will be of more restricted appeal than that which deals directly with real life; but if the poet's sympathy with the work of his predecessors and insight into their essential qualities be intimate and genuine, his literary expression of it will be an individual and valuable contribution to permanently modern literature. The emotion and the visualization have the convincing actuality which can be drawn only from the poet's own life in his own era, even when the manner reproduces that of some former period. The skilful technique of Dr. Scott, whether he is imitating an archaic style or experimenting with radical irregular forms, is never mere superficial display, but a sincere respect for the manifold intricacies of his vocation; and it bears fruit in those other poems of the most direct simplicity and deceptive *naïveté*, which are recognized by the discriminating as that faultless art which conceals art. And a survey of Dr. Scott's poetic output—extremely restricted in contrast with that of most of his contemporaries—reveals the fact that he has given distinguished expression to a wider range of distinctively Canadian themes, presented with the vividness and assurance of first-hand observation, than his more copious and celebrated confrères.

His one rival in diversity of theme is Wilson MacDonald, who lacks some of Scott's delicate virtuosity, but replaces it with a gusto and poetic fervor that have a wider emotional influence. There is no doubt about Wilson MacDonald's modernity. The life of his own country in his own years, interpreted through his own highly-sensitized personality, inhabits all that he writes. From the long and solemn odes on themes from nature to the striking compromise between free

verse and the classical hexameter which he seems to be evolving for himself, from mordant satire to graceful whimsy, from pæans in praise of the ski and the snowshoe to ardent condemnations of social injustice, his theme is always the world of our immediate present, seen from the viewpoint of a Canadian, and embodied in forms which seem to be the inevitably right ones. Therefore his poetry has its powerful effect on everyone who encounters it, and, therefore, it promises to win a hearing beyond his native boundaries—for it is only by loving and understanding his own country that a poet can speak a language comprehensible to the whole world.

The same genuineness and certainty, though utterly different in mood, is displayed by Tom MacInnes. Wilson MacDonald's fervor and exaltation gives place to debonnaire irony and fantastic embellishment. MacInnes's best poems are in the ornate restricted verse forms, ballade and villanelle; his most original compositions are in wilful and irregular but hauntingly rhythmic metres all his own, and depict weird visionary lands more bizarre than Dunsany ever dreamed of; but his jaunty ballades reveal a philosophy based on profound and independent experience, and his grotesques are as convincingly real as a street car or a coal bucket, and therefore his poems find a true emotional and imaginative response in the reader, not a superficial tribute of admiration for cleverness.

The latest vital force to show itself in Canadian poetry is that of E. J. Pratt, whose poems, ostensibly on nautical subjects, are actually a daring effort to reproduce in poetic impressionism the real heart of our current intellectual life, with its weltering mob of confused and often conflicting ideas, facts, visions and ambitions. The breathless rush and extensive sweep of the poems, the digressions, the humor and the brutal-

ity, form the completest interpretation of the present-day mentality that Canadian poetry affords.

A few of the women poets of Canada are beginning to practice the gift of appealing to our sense of reality and personal experience. With a grace and quickness of perception that seems to be a monopoly of their sex, they can produce brief glimpses of emotion or description which have the naked directness and fascinating individuality that bespeaks the modern touch. It does not mount to prolonged ecstasies, or penetrate to profound passions, but within its limited territory it provides delight and revelation. Katherine Hale, for example, in the slender collection called *Morning in the West*, and Florence Randal Livesay, in *Shepherd's Purse*, have enough of the elemental vision to make them more than the desultory triflers that their deceptive delicacy and simplicity at first glance suggests. Distinctive and modern in another way are the poems of Alice M. Winlow—those in which she interrelates the emotional effects of music, color, and such every-day things as food and clothing, thus keeping pace with the present-day development toward synthesis of all aesthetic appreciation. An excellent instance of the continued alertness of true modernity is S. Frances Harrison, "Seranus." Over thirty years ago she was the first English-Canadian writer to realize the romance and picturesqueness of *habitant* life, reproducing it in a form admirably suited to the subject. And now she has again discovered the vivid, untouched material at her very door, embodying in her *Songs of Love and Labor* the immigrant fruit dealers and barbers of the city in a remarkable sonnet sequence. It is noteworthy, too, that Mrs. Harrison's inspiration is always from human beings, rather than from abstractions or traditional themes; this is one of the surest evidences of modernity, and one that rarely appears in Canadian

literature.

It may be that with the rapid emancipation of women which is in progress, there will come to be many who can give these intimate confident utterances of the independent feminine point of view, instead of the sentimentalized tradition to which they were formerly expected to conform. Even the greatest—Mrs. Browning, Christina Rossetti, our own Marjorie Pickthall—are blemished by that restriction; not that it was a conscious pose, but simply that their whole upbringing had established it as a subconscious inhibition. Emily Dickinson, alone of her generation, escaped it, by the happy chance of writing with no view to publication, and so her modernity is assured.

For passionate vigor, however, and undaunted challenging of life's gravest problems, the outstanding woman in Canadian poetry is Annie Charlotte Dalton. The earnest searching of present-day philosophic questions in her book entitled *Flame and Adventure*, was a fitting prelude to her newest volume, *The Silent Zone*, which contains more daring and successful exploits, both in subject-matter and in treatment, than any Canadian book of recent years. All that I have been trying to explain about the direct and passionate identification of the poet's personality with his theme, and the resultant rightness of expression, cannot be better illustrated than by this book. Not only has she a theme which has never been satisfactorily presented before, but she makes its presentation a dynamic thing that the reader cannot repulse.

Out of a few random examples of what is, in my opinion, modern or not modern in Canadian poetry, I hope to have made clearer what I mean by the term; to have, perhaps, shed light on some of the baffling difficulties of Canadian criticism; and to have implied a very encouraging estimate of the permanent value of Canadian poetic achievement.



# Plot vs. Character

By C. F. Lloyd

IN one of Mr. Mencken's trenchant essays reference is made to a critic who had said in some journal: "Unless John Henry Plot is introduced into the story at the very beginning the majority of readers will have nothing to do with it." Now, this may be true or it may not. I have long harbored a suspicion that the vast majority of readers take whatever the great god Chance sends them in the way of music and literature, making the best of it, knowing little and caring less about what small artistic coteries call technique and thanking the same deity that it is no worse. As for style, the ordinary reader knows and cares quite as much about it as a pig knows about the Darwinian hypothesis.

Be that as it may, I have for my part always insisted that what is called plot in a novel is a wretched mechanical contrivance, often employed to conceal bad craftsmanship in other directions, and never indispensable except in a detective story, which is one reason why I do not think much of detective stories from the artistic standpoint, however much I may like reading them. A mystery story of any kind is the Caudine Forks of literature. Once committed to the writing of that kind of a book, there is no retreat possible. The mystery must be solved somehow. The author may display great cleverness and ingenuity in preventing the reader from foreseeing the *dénouement* and also in unmasking the villain or laying the ghost in the last chapter, but there is only one possible end to the story so far as the basic requirement of clearing up the mystery is concerned.

Now, what do I mean by a plot? I mean such a rigid framework of circumstances as shall very largely deprive the people of the book of the character of free agents, relegating

them to the condition of puppets or figures in a Greek drama, wooden dolls for the gods to sport with at will. I know of only one natural girl in the Greek drama, Antigone, and she pays for her naturalness with her life. The Fates are inexorable.

"And as the prompter moves the puppet squeaks."

A very large percentage of second-rate novels have a rather clever plot—witness the works of Dumas and Mr. Oppenheim—while nearly all the first-rate novels that I can call to mind at the moment have not a trace of plot, as I have defined it.

Where is the plot in *David Copperfield*, in *Vanity Fair* or *The Newcomes*, in *Liza or War and Peace*, *Jorn Uhl*, *The Story of an African Farm*, *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, *Eugenie Grandet*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*; *Lord Jim*, *Madame Bovary*, or a hundred others? To be sure the incidents, situations and characters of these books are subordinated to a particular end, because the story must end somehow, but there is not one incident or situation in any of them that is absolutely indispensable, and one can easily see how the story could have ended in any one of a hundred different ways. The same is true of some recent good novels, *Arrowsmith*, for instance, and *Maria Chapdelaine*.

Must *Leora*, in *Arrowsmith*, die of the plague? That she does so die is natural, but that she should have escaped would have been equally natural. It is quite proper for *Arrowsmith* to marry Joyce Lanyon, but it would have been better for him to have remained a widower. There is no paramount necessity for Dobbin's marriage with Amelia, and David might have gone on calling Dora Doddie to the very end, which would, to me at any rate, have been preferable to her death and David's subse-

quent union with the tiresome and impeccable Agnes. Emma Bovary need not have poisoned herself because there were other and wiser ways out of the difficulties that beset her. Liza might, and I think should have, married Lavretsky instead of going into a convent. All these people are free agents, living men and women, not dolls; and that they behave in the manner they do is due not to any cast-iron requirement of plot structure, but to the fact that their creators chose, out of innumerable situations, those which seemed most likely to disclose the hidden strength or weakness of a particular character.

And now we come to the true, severe test of a novelist's fitness or unfitness for his calling, the power to create living men and women and to make them act consistently throughout three or four hundred pages, or the lack of this power. A character in a book must never once emerge from the sheath of his or her own personality, must develop in innumerable directions and be subject to every sort of stress and strain, yet never do or say anything out of keeping with what his first appearance shows him to be. He must develop, but not undergo, a radical change. For the benefit of the multitudinous folk who think that the writing of a novel is easy I may say that this creation of character is a ticklish task, for it means nothing less than that the novelist shall become, by turns, any one of twenty or perhaps fifty people, of either sex or different ages, races and social grades, and that he must pass backwards and forwards from one to another without once transferring a quality or trait from this character to that, or any of his own to any of them. If any reader of this thinks the task I have outlined an easy one, just let him try it.

There are two ways of creating character in literature. The first is the Dickens method of sketching in boldly a few superficial traits and

making them do duty for the whole man. The result of this method may be very vivid and amusing and life-like, but will not bear close analysis. The other and much more difficult method is to develop your character from within outward, building up with a myriad acts, words and gestures—each extremely trivial if taken separately—a complete, complex personality, with a distinct, pungent individual flavor, quite distinct from any other in or out of fiction. This is what Flaubert has done in the case of Emma Bovary, Thackeray in the case of Becky Sharpe and Sinclair Lewis in the case of Leora.

Even Homer nods. Readers of that fine novel, *A Bachelor's Establishment*, must have noticed that there are in it two distinct Phillip Bridaus, the shambling, lackadaisical ne'er-do-well, who steals Madame Descoings' small savings, and the formidable, resourceful and utterly remorseless ruffian who tames La Rabouilleuse and kills Maxence Gillette. It may be urged that all the qualities of the second Phillip are dormant in the first, requiring only change of scene and incentive to action to bring them out. But I refuse to accept this solution of the difficulty and firmly believe that in this excellent story Balzac made one of his very infrequent major slips.

In conclusion, whatever the public may or may not want in its novels, I demand in mine living characters, woven of one piece throughout, and strongly and completely developed. Herein lies the true test of a novel and a novelist.

### SIRENS

By Alan B. Creighton

OUT of the fog—the veiling fog—the  
sirens swell,  
Some sounding deeply, a low, mighty  
growl  
Gruffly complaining;  
Others more tiny—thin, piping and high,  
Shrilly explaining.  
Distantly there comes the clang of the  
harbour bell.



# Splinters From a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

## V.—THE SHORT SHORT STORY

**M**OST editors have a warm welcome for very short stories and chances of selling them are better than in the case of conventional-length yarns. The competition in the little story field is not so great; few writers who can sell longer material bother with storiottes, unless directly commissioned by publications which make a feature of them. It would, therefore, seem wise for the beginner to try his hand first at writing tabloids. To save arguments we shall call tabloid any story under two thousand words.

Because we recommend tabloids to the beginner is no reason to suppose they are easy to write. Surely they are not so difficult as stories of five thousand words, but there is a real knack in turning out good ones. There is this, too, about them: editors differ much on what such a story should comprise. Some magazines will take the thousand-word synopsis of a novel, call it a short short-story and pay you well for it; others want only a deft miniature, a mere glimpse of life, but treated with fullness. Some dote on a dangling finish where the reader works out for himself the suggestion of the story; others demand that an O. Henry fire-cracker explode in the last line and will have nothing else.

When you know your editors you will know what type to send each individual. Newspapers and newspaper-syndicates use a great number of tabloids, but offer a very limited market for the reason that, while they may employ no definite staff, they stick to their old-guard writers usually and a newcomer has to be exceptionally good to enter the circle. Still, it is no harm to try them, and some of them may turn out to be the beginner's best bet.

First, however, send your stories to the magazines. Practically all the adventure and romance magazines will consider tabloids and will pay far better than the syndicates. From the magazines you may expect a cent to two cents a word or better, whereas the syndicates pay a low flat-rate or less than a cent. You have always, however, the chance of selling the English rights to your stories and with good management you can make them pay.

The ideal tabloid, to our mind, deals with one definite, clean-cut and vital incident in the life of one person—a girl who all her life has been an invalid experiences a moment of bliss when she is mistaken by a man she secretly and hopelessly loves for his own sweetheart: the words of an old song heard over the radio influence a man in a moment when he is about to do wrong; the choice between loss of honor and loss of her one loves best—if the incident be striking, significant and moving, it will make a good story.

Writing tabloids has this advantage: no possible waste of words, no wandering away from your scene, incident and character. It pins you down even as you must pin down the incident and cut away everything that does not vitally belong. It teaches you to be accurate and concise, it demands sustained drama, an unwavering focus or the tale falls flat. And you can produce some exquisite, cameo-like effects.

It is a mistake, should you happen to have a fair initial success with tabloids, to keep on writing them even to the partial exclusion of longer work. They tend to get in the blood and are hard as a bad habit to break away from. Too often, instead of turning out the long story you planned, you finish the day with two

or three tabloids on your desk. Your money is surer, perhaps, if you look at it from that point of view; you have a quicker and readier market for your miniatures. But if you keep up this practice of doing five-minute sketches you will find it amazingly difficult to paint great pictures in longer stories and novels. You acquire a power of condensation that is remarkable but awkward; so that soon anything over two thousand words begins to look to you like a waste of paper.

Artistically and financially no one can afford to write tabloids alone, and no one should wish to. They are just little darts of flame from the fire that with more stirring will give off a roaring blaze and much heat. No writer should neglect them entirely; they are valuable to counteract the verbosity that may come from writing novels, they strengthen and build up the faculty of visualizing plot and furnish relaxation after the travail of prolonged work. They pay well, also, and are easy to sell.

Many large papers run one each day, and all the Sunday supplements have one or more, usually by very well-known writers. The daily stories are furnished almost entirely by syndicates like McClure and King Features. Some dailies, the *Chicago News*

for example, purchase their own. In these markets the free-lance writer has a fair chance of selling his work. The stories used range from nine to twenty hundred words, and should be of the happy, wholesome, domestic type, with a generous dose of the supreme passion and incidental music of the "Hearts and Flowers" type. They are read by romantic girls, tired mothers and other people who should know better. But they fill a genuine want and exemplify a happy form of realism. Of course, the garden variety of newspaper tabloid-story is often open to be designated by the sophisticated as so much "tripe." But the best magazines in the land use their share of that plebeian dish, even if it be the honeycomb variety.

The tabloid is increasing in popularity. The average magazine-reader makes a ready dive for the story he can finish in a few minutes without the boring command to turn to page sixty-four and from there to ninety-one. The tabloid is a sort of literary quick-lunch; but quick-lunch does not connote poor food. A writer should put his best into a tabloid. We are judged by little things and in a thousand-word story faults are more likely to stand out, and tiniest purple patches have the richest Tyrian hue.

## Retrospect

By Nathaniel A. Benson

I HAVE such power in me for happiness,  
 For full reception of one hour's sweet.  
 I have lain lonely with dead loveliness  
 So long, so long, and hoped far ways might meet.  
 Forever I am parted from the breast  
 That promised joy and quiet, ripe with years,  
 With age-long dreaming unto death-stilled rest—  
 And I am left alone with fruitless fears.  
 My heart's a flagon meant for love's rich wine,  
 Forever left unfilled. I only see  
 The moonlight beaming on a darkened plain  
 Of many years ago, where there were mine  
 Long days of rapture that did not remain,  
 That once have been and nevermore shall be.



# Sidelights on the Authors' Convention

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

**A**MID towering skeletons of extinct monsters the Canadian authors met in solemn conclave at Ottawa, the convention opening on June 28th. The colossal antiquities of the national museum lent an air of romance that was lacking from the coldly judicial halls of Vancouver, where last year's convention was held.

Owing to the deplorable acoustics of the lecture room of the Museum, we had only to close our eyes to imagine ourselves in the Catacombs, for voices echoed eerily among the rafters. (If only Frederick Philip Grove could have been there! How his Olympian thunder would have rolled and reverberated around those galleries and rattled the dry bones of those antediluvian skeletons!)

At the luncheon given by the Ottawa Branch of the Association, the Prime Minister was the guest of honor, and it may have been in deference to his confirmed bachelorhood that there were no ladies present at the head table. (That reminds me—a member of the Government whispered to me that the Rt. Hon. Mr. King was such a perfect host that he did not need a wife!)

Mr. Lloyd Roberts, President of the Ottawa Branch, opened his address of welcome with these remarks:

"This is not a highbrow gathering; it is not a political gathering. Authors are not given to speech-making or speech-giving, but to writing features at so much a word." (Bang!—Not an applauding salute of cannons, but a blasting operation occurring at the psychological moment.)

The speaker introduced Premier King as a member of the C.A.A. hiding his literary light under a political bushel. "His political opponents might dub him a fiction writer," said Mr. Roberts, "but we would say he

was a writer of history—modern history of absorbing interest."

Looking around the tables, he pointed out other Canadian authors who were hiding their literary lights under other bushels—some clad in the gowns of pedagogues, others wearing the aprons of housewives. Referring to four vacancies in the Senate, the speaker suggested that these might be filled by four poets, since the latter had become resigned to looking for their reward in the next world!

According to Premier King, lack of appreciation is infinitely truer in political life than in the literary world. (Let the Canadian poet take heart! His butterless crust should taste a little sweeter, his barren attic feel a little warmer this coming winter if he will keep in mind the fact that he is in such good company—that hatless poets and silk-hatted politicians are "brothers under the skin," with equal reason to fear the baleful glare of the Public Eye.)

"There is no lack of Canadian history," said Mr. King, "but a lack of appreciation of Canadian history. There has been a very great development of art and letters in Canada, and, as Canadians, we have everything to be proud of and nothing whatever for which to apologize. The development of art and letters in Canada has pretty well kept pace with the development of nationhood."

Dr. W. T. Allison, in his reply on behalf of the delegates, related an anecdote that had to do with a \$50 bill. Now, unless that \$50 bill came from under the pedagogical bushel, there is every reason to believe that the Canadian author's day of salvation is at hand.

By the way, Mr. B. K. Sandwell is of the opinion that Canadian authors are getting rid of their inferiority

complex very rapidly. He is right. Gone are the romantic times when antics were the order of the day and crusts were looked upon with respect; when undernourished authors cringed before plump and blasphemous critics. Verily,

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Today, tuxedoed and be-jewelled, the authors move freely in the best circles, dining at ease in the sumptuous atmosphere of such places as the Chateau Laurier and actually looking as if they belonged there. (Under these circumstances, was it any wonder at all that I took the new French Canadian poet?) Mr. Sandwell drew attention to the emblem at the bottom of the badges worn by the delegates. This was the Thunderbird, looking like a penguin flapping its wings arrogantly in the face of all who deny the existence of a Canadian literature. Quite the wrong bird for a Canadian literary emblem, thought Mr. Sandwell: it should have been a diminutive wren or a meek little lark.

This Thunderbird was a great bird at the Ottawa Convention. With its black wings outspread against a crimson ground, it announced to all and sundry: "This is an author!" and was an "Open Sesame" to various social functions. Last, but not least, it proclaimed a temporary truce between rival publishers.

A symposium, "Conscious Canadianism in Literature," was most interesting. Professor Watson Kirkconnell declared that the true function of literature was the enrichment of human life and that literature transcended the bounds of nationhood. H. A. Kennedy, answering the questions: "What is Canadianism?" and "Are We Called to be its prophets?" gave some amusing excerpts from what were supposed to be "Can-

adian" stories: one blissfully ignorant writer had even put battleships in the Saskatchewan Wheel Pool! (Next, please!) Austin Bothwell made witty references to some of the recent books; he described Bruce Barton's *The Book Nobody Knows* as "God in the American Image." He prophesied a score of *Jalnas* for the future, but did not think we would have many Tattooed Countesses or Gentlemen who prefer Blondes. Among the very few really good books Mr. Bothwell included *Pilgrims*, by Ethel Mannin, and also expressed the hope that some publisher would be sufficiently enlightened to publish Professor Kirkconnell's remarkable studies of European poetry in forty different languages, with translations of the more important poets by the professor, himself. His conclusion was that there was no stamp of a national literature.

When W. A. Deacon rose to speak, there was such a burst of applause that he was moved to remark: "An honest critic has no right to have so many friends among the authors!" In Mr. Deacon's opinion, "encouraging Canadian authors to write on Canadian themes is an impertinence, for what is encouragement but coercion? . . . the Canadian who knows and loves his country will write of it, anyway."

To all Canadian writers-for-so-much-per, the word "Copyright" is as familiar as the word "Love," and about as explicable. To misquote Shelley:

"One word is too often explained  
For us to explain it."

But though few, if any, of us know what it is all about, we are very much interested. At the recent Convention, the word "Copyright" was fraught with deep meaning. Every time those three syllables pursued each other among the rafters and through the prehistoric anatomies, the effect on



the audience was electrifying. We looked for something to happen, and indeed there were moments when an international riot appeared imminent. It is a pretty safe bet that none of us knows any more about the subject than we did a month ago—like Omar. We have come out of the same door by which we went in—but after hearing M. Rinfret's amusing anecdotes in connection with Copyright Bills, we need not take our ignorance so much to heart. According to this witty orator, an unnamed member of Parliament once gave a free luncheon to several other members in order to be assured of their support for a certain Copyright Bill. The next day, on re-reading it, he found that its meaning was not what he had thought it to be, and lost no time in summoning the same members to a second free luncheon in order to persuade them to vote against it!

But if the visiting authors did not gain much additional information about Copyright, they learned a little more about geography. They now know the distance between Ottawa and Hull and the principal industries and customs of the latter place. Moreover, thanks to Mr. L. J. M. Fortier, they know that Ottawa has a population of 120,000 people, together with 167 miles of sewer and a splendid hospital.

The new National President of the C.A.A. is Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, while the other officers are: Judge E. Fabre Surveyer, vice-president; Dr. E. A. Hardy, of Toronto, secretary; Mr. J. M. Elson, of Toronto, treasurer. Dr. Roberts and Mr. Elson should change places, for, next to a Scotsman, a poet makes an ideal treasurer, being, by force of circumstances, notoriously thrifty.

Further details of the Ottawa Convention will be published in the C.A. Bulletin, only one number of which will be issued, as last year.

## *It Is Reported* THAT—

—the Ottawa Collegiate Board has decided to replace medals with books as prize awards. The winner of the John Thorburn award therefore gets \$25 worth of books instead of a medal.

—the new Memorial Library at the Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B., was formally opened last month. It perpetuates the memory of the seventy-two students and graduates who gave their lives in the World War.

—a campaign is to be carried on by the I.O.D.E. through the leading newspapers of Canada to foster the reading of Canadian books, along with wider reading of Canadian magazines, in order to foster a stronger Canadian spirit and help to mould properly the characters of Canadian boys and girls.

—at the annual dinner of the Canadian Historical Society in Toronto, speakers said that, while Canada has a fascinating history, Canadians do not value their history as they should. "Canadians should re-discover Canada," said Senator Belcourt. Dr. A. J. Doughty, Dominion archivist, Ottawa, was elected president of the association, and Prof. Chester Martin, Winnipeg, vice-president. The executive includes A. S. Morton, Saskatoon; A. L. Burt, Edmonton, and W. L. Sage, Vancouver.

—the Confederation of the Societies of Authors and Dramatic Composers at their first international congress in Rome decided to ask for representation at the Diplomatic Congress to be held in Rome next October for revision of the Berne Convention with the purpose of unifying the copyright laws of all countries. The Congress went on record as believing that an author's copyright should last at least fifty years after the author's death.

—following the appointment of Dr. G. R. Lomer, librarian of McGill University, to the additional post of professor of library administration, the calendar of the new McGill University Library School has been issued. The school will open on Sept. 29th. The courses given cover the technique of library work, and in addition courses are offered which consider the problem of literature for children, library work with children, story telling, special libraries, book-crafts and binding, extension and publicity, exhibits and museum work. Among the plans made for the school is a special trip for the students to New York on April 5, of next year, to visit various institutions there and gain certain information for various courses.

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

THE LAND OF SINGING WATERS. By A. M. Stephen. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. \$1.50.

To Canadians who are justly proud of the fact that Canada has produced an authentic body of literature—albeit small in volume as yet—and to students and lovers of poetry the world over, the publication, this month, of *The Land of Singing Waters*, will be recognized as a literary event of more than ordinary significance.

In quality of content and in range of expression, Mr. Stephen's poetry challenges comparison with the best work of other poets of today, not only in Canada, but in the other English-speaking countries.

The vitality of the message which characterized *The Rosary of Pan*, the first published volume by this poet, pulses even more forcefully in this later work. It is the virile voice of one who is a prophet of the New Age, proclaiming man to be the master of his own destiny. It is the voice of one who sees God veiled in the flesh of common humanity and who would build a heaven on earth instead of in regions that are remote and shadowy.

Nowhere does Mr. Stephen become didactic, but, in his poetry, there is both strength and spontaneity, an inevitability which betokens the spiritual insight which is the hall-mark of true poetry as distinguished from mere versification. This poetry does not soothe by any soporific sweetness, but it challenges us to meet the mightiest forces of life fearlessly.

With the maturing of the poet's genius has come a greater mastery of his instrument, so that throughout lyric and rondel, sonnet and ballade, all the varied verse forms, old and new, which are employed, there is always that complete accord between content and expression which is so satisfying. Nowhere is there the halting rhythm, the forced rhyme, the otiose adjective or *cliché* which mark the amateur in literary craftsmanship.

The book is divided into two sections in the first of which are poems widely varied in form and subject. Especially worthy of notice are: "Orison," "Dreams' End," "The Golden Helen," "The Troubadours," "The Romaunt of the Rose," and "Apotheosis." In his passionate insistence that human love is a spiritual quest, Mr. Stephen has voiced the most potent truth upon the

realization of which humanity's progress must be founded, and we feel that he speaks truly in "The Quest" when he says that

" . . . Love is Truth—the gleam  
We call Romance is God's own face,  
The splendid grace  
That clothes dull earth with glory and  
delight  
Beyond the gamut of our sense or sight."

In the first part of the book are also contained a number of patriotic poems which are notable for strength and beauty. Only a deep love of our own country could have inspired such poems as "My Canada," "Dawn in Canada," and "Canadian."

In the second section of the book are narrative poems which deal almost entirely with events in the history of the early days in British Columbia. Westerners will recognize several well-known figures in "Father Pat," "The Squaw Man," and other poems in this portion of the volume. Mr. Stephen has been a part of the West in his experience of ranching, cow-punching, prospecting and lumbering, and these poems are vivid with the color and romance of the Pacific Coast. These poems, concrete and filled with action, are assured of a widely popular appeal.

It is difficult to choose from such an opulent treasure house of poetry as this book proves to be, but "Dreams' End" may afford a glimpse of the wealth in store for the reader.

"This end have dreams—to know all things  
a veil

Wherethro' eternal Beauty, as a star,  
Shines o'er the glimmering tides of time  
and space;

To know man both as God and Avatar;

To touch, in wistful flesh, the spirit's wings  
Still poised for sudden flight beyond our  
earth;

To sense, in simple words, the cosmic fire  
That brought the universal dawn to birth;

To feel, in dewdrop or in crystal rill,  
The fluent stream that laves the distant  
shore

Of mysteries more deep than our desire  
Which, suppliant, stands in wait at  
Beauty's door;



To hear in winds, adown the dark ravine  
 The harpstrings of a world beyond our  
 sight—  
 The muted murmurs of a larger life  
 That stir the shadows of some hidden  
 light;

To hold our gift of life in fee for Love  
 And Loveliness which bodies forth the  
 soul—  
 This is the end of dreaming—this the  
 crown  
 Immortal on the Dreamer and his goal."

The publishers are to be congratulated  
 upon the attractive format of the volume.

M. M. NASMITH.

\* \* \*

### FIRST FRUITS

TWENTY AND AFTER. By Nathaniel A. Benson. Ryerson Chap-Book Series. 60c.  
 POEMS. By Nathaniel A. Benson. Toronto: F. W. Robertson. \$1.50.

These two volumes are the first fruits of a poet who assuredly has his feet set upon a path that winds in the right direction. In the chap-book, published by Ryerson, he has his "Twenty and After," which, incidentally, won the Jardine Memorial prize for English—a straw, perhaps, but one which shows the trend of the wind.

This poem occupies fifteen pages, an oddity in these days of the miniature, but, save for a lack of discipline here and there and an occasional liberty, it is a poem of much beauty of expression. One stanza will perhaps be representative:

"The simple things, the small, sad jewels  
 we knew,  
 Are magic opals that renew awhile  
 The hallowed lands of life, the sacred  
 groves,  
 The Morris-circles where a vanished dance  
 Long, long ago was traced in fragrant  
 woods  
 Now riven by the tempest-strokes of time—  
 What is this life, beloved? Collection made  
 Of smooth white pearls of sorrow, and of  
 red  
 Faint-glowing rubies that betoken joy;  
 We gather these and thread them solemnly  
 Upon the hidden cord of years' fixed length.  
 We drop them slowly, one by one, and hear  
 The clear small sound their little falling  
 makes.

\* \* \*

The other poems are somewhat overshadowed by the title-poem, though "Revelation" and "Dirge for Poesy," have a distinct charm.

Of the second book, *Poems*, much of it seems rather a reaction to literature than to life, and finds a fulcrum in the conven-

tional poetic themes. But when this is said and a complaint made of his avoidance of the definite article, there is enough charm in the remainder to make the reading of it a pleasure. He is at his best in the love poems, for he has a genuine lyrical gift that enhances the emotional content. One poem, "To a Jewish Butcher-Shop," strikes one as merely a gesture, but "Eclipse," "Epithalamium," "To E. B." and "Victory" are poems that will repay the reading.

Altogether these two books lead one to hope for more from the same source. If the shoots are any criterion, there should be a pleasant flowering.

T. D. RIMMER.

\* \* \*

### BEEBE AGAIN

PHEASANT JUNGLES. By Wm. Beebe. With 60 illustrations from photographs by the author. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons. \$3.00.

One takes up a Beebe book almost with affection. This author has written of so much that is intensely interesting, so much of the exotic wilds, and in so excellent a prose, that one knows beforehand there will be no disappointments in store. The book under review does not fall, in point of interest, below his standard. It may not possess altogether the descriptive beauty of his *Jungle Days*, but that, of course, is due primarily to the fact that *Pheasant Jungles* is concerned more with action than was *Jungle Days*. The latter was made delightful by the author's unique gift of vivid portraiture and in it he gave to us the jungle with its arcane beauty, its flowering exoticism and its ruthless adherence to a ruthless code.

It is difficult to reconcile the two elements in Mr. Beebe's make-up. One the cool, dispassionate appraisal of the scientist, the other the passionate love of beauty in its variant forms—and with it all is the nervous prose which is so pliable and so enhances his narratives that it is with a reluctant hand we put down the book. Two excerpts from *Pheasant Jungles* will suffice to reveal the pliancy of his style:

"In the centre of this part of the cave . . . was a curious, gigantic stalagmite . . . The first casual glance showed it vividly to the eye as two weird unnameable beasts struggling with each other . . . Virile with the strength of a Rodin, the lime-saturated water had splashed it into visibility, depositing the swell of muscles and the tracery of veins through all the passing years, to the musical tapping of the falling drops."

And then he comes to the evils that infest the cave: "The sighing, gibbering, squeaking spirits or devils were there in multitudes, brushing my face or fighting among them-

selves as they cling to the slippery fissures high, high overhead . . . (a bat) had recently fallen and lay like fallen Lucifer gnashing his teeth and helplessly turning from side to side. More than this, two gnomes fled at my approach—a long, sinuous serpent, white from its generations of life within the cave, and a huge centipede, pale, translucent green, sinister as death itself."

But there are other and more pleasurable experiences and whether he writes of Cinghalese, Tamil or Dyak, leopard, lemur or pheasant, he brings to the writing a heady enthusiasm that is contagious. He has reserved his coldly analytical report for the monograph or whatever it was he wrote for his society, and has poured out in this book his reactions to and appreciations of the multi-colored and iridescent life of the jungle.

Also there are the innumerable incidents that crowd thickly around him in his quest. He writes of the young British officers who alone in isolated places carry on a work that is barely appreciated by the layman. With Britain Mr. Beebe finds himself peculiarly attune, and as a result makes *en passant* a very courteous bow to that country.

Altogether this is a book that will strengthen the affection of his readers and will make a convert of those who in its pages meet for the first time with Wm. Beebe.

T. D. RIMMER.

\* \* \*

GEORGE AND MARGARET FOX. By W. King Baker; foreword by William Strang; illustration by Sophie Fox. London: George Routledge & Sons, Limited.

King Baker is a native of Canada now living in England. This book is in verse—an account of the great religious teachers, George and Margaret Fox, of the Society of Friends. A religious system that has been a real power in England for over 300 years was centered about the activities of George Fox, for more than any other man, he made the Johannine interpretation of the Gospel into a practical religious system.

The present book deals with the life of the Foxes, giving a portrayal of the spirit of their work. The reader is given a realistic conception of the man and his message, and the enormous troubles with which he had to contend. Among the famous characters introduced is another great Quaker, William Penn.

\* \* \*

I PRONOUNCE THEM. By G. A. Studdert Kennedy. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$2.

"Phyllis and I were made man and wife by God," declares the central character of this arresting book, a priest of the Church

of England, whose wife has proved unfaithful.

The inner conflicts of which the priest is the victim are based upon this premise, which identifies the Church—and the Anglican Church at that—with the Will of God. Granted that God, through the Church, united him to his faithless wife, he cannot convince himself that he is free to divorce her and to take unto himself another wife, the young girl, Robin, herself the victim of an unhappy marriage. And moreover, he applies the same stern logic to the cases of various of his parishioners. In spite of the fact that the Church has condoned some glaring inconsistencies in the marriage relation, he still clings to his "faith" that God, through this very Church, has set the seal of finality upon his marriage and the marriages of other sufferers. It is this stand that makes up the dramatic interest of this striking novel, because over and over again, inevitably, it comes into conflict with existing conditions. But even the faith of the priest threatens to become undermined when he reflects that:

"A man can come, and thousands do, to the altar after years of sensual license and the Church will unite him to a maid, and it will be marriage, but if Robin comes with Cecil they will be turned away. In God's holy name what is the meaning of that?"

The average broad Churchman or progressive thinker might venture to reply that the "meaning" probably is that the Church, being a human organization, has erred in not sufficiently condemning "sensual license" on the part of the male—or in condoning the "double standard," which in the light of science has been shown to be most detrimental to the race; but the priest, who still clings to his premise, in spite of agonizing doubts, finds a solution only in the doctrine of vicarious suffering.

"Phyllis and I are one flesh, and I must bear her sins, bear them in my body till I die . . . Christ still calls for sin-bearers, and there never had been men and women lacking to the call. All the gallant women who for Love's sake, and its fine, relentless loyalties, bear with brutal, cruel, weak, vindictive, passion-haunted men, who, being reviled, revile not again, who, being deserted, suffer in uncomplaining loneliness, all these answer to the call. All the high-souled men who for Love's sake still cling to ailing, hysterical, selfish, bitter, wayward women, or, being forsaken, fight the flesh and go in honorable desolation to their death, all these obey the call . . . That is the truth, the highest Christian truth."

Much the same reasoning, based on the same assumption, is applied to another problem—that of the unwanted child. While, through the mouths of other characters, the author does full justice to the evils arising



from the Church's attitude towards this problem—an attitude which has enabled her "for years to tolerate with apparent indifference the disgusting and degrading physical conditions in which multitudes of her children are obliged to live," and "made her also completely indifferent to the physical fitness to bear children of those whom she joined in wedlock"—yet he makes the priest still cleave to the faith that the Church, as the Voice of God, must be superior to the judgments of men. One more than suspects, however, that the author, while not wishing wholly to commit himself, has made the priest the symbol of his own sorely-tried faith, and that his real views find expression in the opinions that he puts so effectively into the mouths of some of his minor characters.

H. M. R.

\* \* \*

### AN ARTISTIC PILGRIMAGE

PILGRIMS. By Ethel Mannin. Toronto: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50.

By this book alone Miss Mannin takes her place among that worthy band of authors who can really write. This really brilliant novel has a breadth of treatment, a sophistication, to use a cheap word for emancipation, and a grasp of values that make it a book to be read by all.

Louis Van Roon, who wears the bar sinister, is the symbol in Miss Mannin's novel for the artist type who is always on the quest for the flame within the flame and for whom there is always a veil, even after the seventh is parted. She treats of his life from childhood, through adolescence to the place where he comes face to face with the realization that art to him is mother, sister and wife. Even in his most poignant emotions he finds himself a little aloof and translates love in terms of paint.

There are two important aspects in this book. One is the manner in which the artist type is analyzed and the other is the depiction of Bohemian, or pseudo-Bohemian, life in Paris. There is none of Murger's sentimentality or George Moore's stylistic confessions in the delineation of the latter. On the contrary, there is a casual cynicism, a satirical tolerance, which may possess more verisimilitude and is certainly more astringent.

We get a Paris of interminable conversation, of cliques and enthusiasms, of *poseurs*, and of salons whose true definition may be found by the addition of an "o" to the noun. And in this atmosphere Louis Van Roon strives to express in terms of paint his reactions to the rhythm and beauty of the world he sees around him, and that lies apart from the narrow school. The story

of his first love is one of the most interesting in the book, though the sequel is a little improbable and seems unnecessary, not from the viewpoint of morality, but from the standpoint of logic. The other affairs that occupy Louis are treated, in two instances, at least, with a clear-sightedness and detachment that edge the point very effectively.

"But marriage . . . demands faithfulness—if it is not to be a paradox, but a marriage in the true sense of the word; and your true artist is temperamentally unfaithful; convention or his own conscience may impose faithfulness upon him, but then he is smothering his true nature, his artistic conscience, and committing what our friend here calls artistic suicide."

There is nothing in Louis Van Roon's life as portrayed by the author to prejudice this viewpoint, and the turning of each page brings us inevitably to the vindication of her contention. As a novelist Miss Mannin has done splendidly with a splendid theme. There are very few discrepancies and there is a mature treatment that succeeds in being abreast with, if not ahead of, current trends and yet retains a sense of proportion and reticence that enhances the force of the novel. Such an achievement is worthy of more than passing notice.

T. D. RIMMER.

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MONTREAL

So THIS IS MONTREAL! By Norris Hodgins.  
Montreal: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. 25c.

"The mother of a continent," is the rather unique title given to the three-centuries-old Canadian metropolis, as referred to in another characteristic book by Norris Hodgins. Further claims to fame for this city, as set forth in the preface, is that it is the home of Mederie Martin, Norma Shearer and Dow's Brewery.

In his "Irrelevant Introduction" the author apprises us that from the fact that marine shells, bits of sponge and a number of sardine tins found embedded in the summit of Mount Royal, it was formerly submerged, according to geologists with beards, who also devine that in that period, sharks infested what is now the down-town financial district. The following footnote appears on the same page:

"It is only fair to state, however, that other scientists with whiskers of even greater length, take this as proof not of the mountain's subsidence, but of the fact that fishes and other sea beasts were formerly land animals."

No reader will accuse the author of being a prohibitionist, but even ardent temperance workers will appreciate the humor of some of his sly digs.

There is in fact a wealth of fun in this companion book to *So This is Quebec!* There are a series of humorous drawings by Cecil Brownlee, a typical one being that of two benign and be-striped inmates of Bordeaux "who have not been on Sherbrooke Street for twenty years." J.M.

\* \* \*

LOVE TRIED AND TRUE. By Adelaide Glyn Edmonds. London: Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd. 2s. 6d.

Although put out by a London publisher, this is a book by a Canadian author, a novelette following to a happy conclusion the romance of a charming hero and heroine who had been separated through circumstances which occasioned a long search by a diligent and faithful lover, whose first clue was the bare information that the maid of his heart had "gone to Canada." Most varied and frequently exciting, are the experiences through which the principals of the tale pass ere the ultimate happy reunion. Incidentally, there are passages having to do with interesting Canadian historical lore, such as those about the frontier country, which was the scene of the struggle of over a century ago, culminating in the fall of Detroit. "All is peaceful in the old town of Sandwich, where once only riot and incendiarism prevailed. The old Baby Mansion is still there, as it stood in the days when Brock passed through it with his troops and when General Harrison's troops burned the old church at Sandwich."

## TRAINING GUIDES TO READING

THERE is so much to read and one has so little time for reading that it is tragic to spend that time except to the best advantage.

It is the ideal of library science to assist the public to make the best possible bargain when they spend their leisure hours (or business hours, either, for that matter) for the information or enjoyment to be gained from reading.

Today there are so many books by so many authors on so many subjects that it is practically impossible to make a wise selection except on the basis of a life's study. Modern library training is directed towards placing at the disposal of the public the services of specialists competent to act as guides to the vast country of recorded ideas—a country where there are Sloughs of Despond and Mountains of Transfiguration.

Therefore, it should be a matter for congratulation to all literate Canadians that a regular one year course of library science has been added to the educational facilities of McGill University. This additional service to the community has been made possible to the University by the Carnegie Corporation acting in conjunction with the Board of Education for Librarianship of the American Library Association.

This course will be of immense advantage alike to Canadian commerce and to Canadian culture.

Industry is awakening to the fact that to make intelligent judgments, to keep abreast of the swiftly moving current of events, it is necessary to employ minds trained to analyse and classify the flood of information contained in technical works and periodicals; and to place the data thus selected and accumulated where it can be found instantly upon the demand of executives. All over the continent, industries, commercial institutions, and professional associations are organizing and equipping reference libraries; and the position of "librarian" is becoming increasingly important and remunerative, offering a comparatively new field in industry for persons of scholastic mind and academic training.

The library and the librarian are recognized as playing vital parts in community culture also. There are books and periodicals by the thousand which are good for men and women, for boys and girls, to read.

Thus, a course of study which, year by year, will place at the disposal of Canadian communities and Canadian industries, corps of librarians trained to assist in finding the right book for the right person at the right time is a service which should not be under-estimated in weighing the mental and industrial potentialities of the Dominion.



## SONGS OF THE SAGUENAY AND OTHER POEMS.

By Alfred Bailey. Quebec: 1927.

Alfred Bailey is a young Canadian poet whose work has appeared in *Canadian Bookman* and other periodicals, and he has now to his credit a volume containing twenty-seven poems, most of them inspired by the Saguenay. Among these, the lyrical "Night on Isle des Allouettes" would be a gem but for a flaw in one of the lines of the last stanza. "Night" is a fine poem and so is "Lost Love," with its haunting notes.

Perhaps as good an indication of the quality of this young poet's work is:

## SOLACIA.

When I look back through fading years,  
As ships pass out to sea,  
A purple mist seems, golden kissed,  
To follow after me;  
But when I gaze, the dimming maze  
Bathes all with mystery.

There was a day when all was gray  
And not a tear was shed;  
When sobbing grief stole like a thief  
Upon a heart that bled;  
And like a sage of broken age,  
It drooped its shaggy head.

But then the mist grew golden kissed  
And sped those dark alarms;  
Then Love with eyes as blue as skies  
Revealed her virgin charms;  
And ere I heard her raptured word  
I held her in my arms.

\* \* \*

## The Passing of Charles Mair

Charles Mair, the dean of Canadian poets, passed away on July 7th in Jubilee Hospital, Victoria, B.C., in his 89th year. He was a native of Lanark, Ontario, born there September 21st, 1838, the son of James Mair, one of the pioneers of the old square timber trade of the Ottawa valley.

Charles Mair himself was an active exponent of sturdy Canadianism and truly one of the makers of Canada, as told so well in the article by Mr. John Garvin in his sketch of Mair in the November, 1926, issue of this magazine.

It is a great satisfaction to pass on to our readers a touching message from Rev. R. G. MacBeth, telling of an hour spent with the poet a few days before his passing:

Vancouver, B.C., July 8, 1927.

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

Through your magazine which, I presume, reaches most of the people who are interested in literary work, I would like to say that I had the privilege of spending an hour with our late beloved Charles Mair a few days before his passing. He was won-

derfully clear and alert mentally and was manifestly in touch with current events, although he spoke quite freely about his going forward very soon to join those who had gone before. He said he had "fulfilled his days" and that he had tried to do his little share for his beloved country.

He was particularly pleased and grateful at receiving the telegram sent by Prof. W. T. Allison, on behalf of the Canadian Authors' Association. He was glad to have seen the handsome edition of his works just published by the Radisson Society and appreciated greatly the interest taken by J. W. Garvin in bringing out the volume.

I send simply this personal word to Dr. Mair's wide circle of literary friends.

R. G. MacBETH.

\* \* \*

## American Library Association

Carl B. Roden, of the Chicago Public Library, succeeds Dr. George E. Locke, of Toronto, as president of the A.L.A. The other new officers are:

First vice-president, Charles H. Compton, Public Library, St. Louis, Mo.; Second vice-president, Charles E. Rush, Public Library, Indianapolis; Treasurer, Matthew S. Dudgeon, Public Library, Milwaukee, Wis.; Treasurer of Endowment Fund, Harry A. Wheeler; Members of Executive Board, Louise B. Krause, H. M. Byllesgy Co. Library, Chicago, and C. C. Williamson, Columbia University Libraries, New York City.

Members of Council: W. O. Carson, Ontario Department of Education; John A. Lowe, Public Library, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Charles V. Park, Stanford University Library, Stanford University, Cal.; Mildred H. Pope, Girard College Library, Philadelphia, Pa.; Nell Unger, School Libraries Section, Library Extension Division of the State Department of Education, University of the State of New York, Albany, N.Y.

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## Walt Whitman Fellowship

The Walt Whitman Fellowship of Toronto held its twelfth annual meeting on May 31st, and a most interesting programme included the following addresses:

"Some New Whitman Books," by H. S. Saunders; "The Christianity of Whitman," by Dr. Salem G. Bland; "A Whitman Wheel," by Catherine Duncan Kenney; "Whitman's Influence in Europe Today," by Emma Goldman. Miss Elsie Pomeroy gave two readings from Whitman's work: "Darest Thou Now, O Soul," and "Gods," while piano and cello solos were played by Miss Elsie Bennett and Mr. H. S. Saunders respectively, Mr. Saunders' accompanist being Mrs. T. Rutherford Robinson. The following officers were elected: H. S. Saunders, President, and Miss Margaret Lawrence, Secretary.

## The Exile

By Gostwick Roberts

WHEN I am gone I'll not forget  
The blue-white dawn on pastures wet  
And pink with weed, on purple crest  
Of hill, or jagged pine where nest  
The ragged crows; I'll not forget  
The springtime alders' dripping net.

I'll not forget the spruce-tops, jet  
Against a sky as blue as sleep;  
Nor shadows deep between the steep  
Dark flanks of crags; nor yet the sweep  
Of rounded pastures flecked with sheep.

At blue of dawn I shall depart—  
With all my country in my heart.

## At Beauty's Shrine

By Lereine Ballantyne

WHY do you call tonight, dear one,  
Your voice an echo of some far sea—  
There's so much beauty beneath the moon,  
That tonight she holds the heart of me.

Is it your plea that the night bird makes,  
So plaintive, low, that it seems a sigh?  
I may not hearken to joys as sweet  
As memories that buried lie.

I must go on—there is no retreat.  
'Tis vain to call, though the moon be gold,  
For out where the sky and waters meet,  
I've found that Beauty is very old.

So old, she knows all that life can give;  
So old, she knows what to take or leave—  
So I kneel down at her shrine tonight  
That Beauty's wisdom I may receive.



## Art

AT present there is a summer exhibition at the Toronto Art Gallery of modern Canadian art, not new, but well worth seeing. Here are many pictures that in their time have irritated Toronto critics, "The Tangled Garden," "Above Lake Superior," and others. The pictures most condemned are usually those that wear best and prove their quality by time.

There are also sketches by Tom Thomson, real Canadian jewels brought down from the north. This show should be a good one for the summer visitors and tourists, for there is real Canada in it, bright, wild and clear.

\* \* \*

In the London *Times* for July 1st there is an article on art in Canada showing that Canada cannot always be painted in the same way as the older countries:

"The Canadian landscape is sharper in outline; its distances are deeper and clearer. The country is more rugged and wild, grander in contour, brighter in tone, more vibrant with light. The Canadian winter, too, has its peculiar qualities, and they formed an irresistible attraction to the new painters.

Adequately to interpret this scene, a new technique and a fresh outlook were needed—a technique broader and more vigorous than that used for the misty hillsides and tranquil pastures of the Old World. Canadian art, as a result, passed through a third period, a period of almost revolutionary change. There was an impulse towards experimentation and a revolt against the standards of classicism. Toronto and Montreal were the centres of activity in the newer movement. The leaders of it were, and are still, denounced, but they go on painting, and beginners are influenced by them.

In Toronto, a number of artists who eventually became known as the "Group of Seven" came forward. They were either hated or worshipped, and still are. Associated with them was Tom Thomson, who, though never a member of the "group," exerted a strong influence upon its members. He is now looked upon as a sort of landmark in Canadian art.

It was the work of these artists and certain others of the more academic tradition that caused such a deep impression at

Wembley in 1924 and moved one London critic to exclaim:

"These Canadian landscapes, I think, are the most vital group of paintings produced since the war—indeed, this century."

The outlook for Canadian art today is most hopeful. A growing public appreciation of the arts is not the least encouraging of the signs that mark the present period in the culture of the Dominion."

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## ARTIST-EXPLORER

Mr. A. Y. Jackson is now en route to Ellesmere Island, which is just 750 miles from the North Pole. Mr. Jackson said, in the course of an interview, that he was going to paint in the far north, "because I think that ordinary pastoral painting, as practised now, is a dead letter. New art forms are necessary if the artist would develop. I believe that the development of Canadian consciousness is going to come through painting. Many people believe that it is coming now.

"There is a country to the north of us which is unique and distinctly Canadian. Let our artists turn explorers; let them go up into this territory and interpret it for Canadians. Much has already been done. We have heroic landscapes of Hudson's Bay and the Labrador coast. Thomson's 'West Wind' will serve to explain what I mean by 'heroic landscape.' Canada's great background for heroes has been treated too often as a stage for a mere Punch and Judy show."

Mr. Jackson said he first got the idea of going to the Arctic to paint, in conversations which he had with the late Tom Thomson. Through the help of Mr. Findlay, of the Northwest Territories and Yukon board, Ottawa, he has finally realized his ambition. He expects to return about the end of September.

\* \* \*

## THE CHINESE ROOM

By Margaret Hopkins

THE golden lanterns waver to and fro  
In the scented gloom  
Of the Chinese room,  
And the little naked gods laugh low.

The crimson dragons round the tables twine,  
Sinister and wise;  
Their age-old eyes  
Read every passing thought of thine.

The painted lady on the shadowed fan  
Smiling there,  
Faded, fair;  
Vanished her joys e'er ours began.

They pass away, the jasmine-scented hours—  
Forgotten things!  
Tomorrow brings  
Another day, with fairer flowers.

# Inside Stuff . . . .

## The Who's Who Series

OWING to the press of other articles of a timely nature, it has been deemed advisable to postpone until August the next of the series: "Who's Who in Canadian Literature." We publish this paragraph to assure our readers that this will continue to be a regular feature. It has been so well received that many suggestions have been made that the complete series be published in book form.

\* \* \*

## "Morning Dew of Literature"

One of the great pleasures of publishing *Canadian Bookman* is the frequent receipt of messages of genuine appreciation from subscribers, and we cannot refrain from quoting from a letter sent in by a Banff subscriber who, after speaking of the interest with which *Canadian Bookman* had been followed, assures us that "one soul in our wild and lovely Rockies is thankful for a bit of morning dew of literature."

\* \* \*

## Where is Canada?

Mr. C. E. Carroll, writing from Berlin, Germany, offers the suggestion that efforts should be made to induce prominent British literary reviews to run regular Canadian letters. Mr. Carroll was for a time a neighbor of *The London Mercury*, and remarks that it was at that time that *Canadian Bookman* came his way for the first time.

"I showed it to some of my Fleet Street friends, who drifted up to me from time to time, and they seemed rather surprised that Canada had any writers at all."

One prominent writer, when asked by Mr. Carroll for an opinion on Canada's present-day literature, asked, with an apparent but evidently only a slight exaggeration, "Where is Canada?"

\* \* \*

## Thank You!

A subscriber writes pointing out an error in the quotation from Rupert Brooke's "The Busy Heart" in the article "From a Woman's Viewpoint," in the June issue. The line "O heart, I do not dare go empty-handed" should have read, "O heart, I do not dare go empty-hearted."

From Victoria another subscriber writes:

"*Canadian Bookman*, June, 1927, 'What is Criticism?' by Thomas O'Hagan, page 169. 'As to Canadian poets . . . *rari aves*?' '*Rari Aves*' is good: rather rare.

"Let such teach others, who themselves excel,

And censure freely, who have written well.'

—Pope."

## PHRASE COLLECTING Its Attractions and Dangers

Berlin, Germany, June 20, 1927

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

Grenville Kleiser's suggestion in the May number of *Canadian Bookman* is both good and time-honored. Many young English writers make a hobby of collecting striking phrases, and one or two older ones do so as well. In his recent book on *English Prose and How to Write it*, Robert Blatchford, who is one of the very big noises in Fleet Street, St. John's Wood and Chelsea, devotes a lot of space to phrase collecting. This is what he says, among other things:

"Never miss a good phrase. Study phrases, seek them, hoard them, prize them; keep them bright. Collect and treasure them as you would collect and treasure the oldest pieces of rare blue china. I will give you a page from a book in which I stored up a lot of phrases thirty years ago."

Here are a few of the phrases he gives: Some green afternoon.

Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star.

Here will I spill my soul.

Lightning and Tempest.

Plague, Pestilence and Famine.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.

Like a blown flame that flickers in the air.

The grace of lofty pines.

How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night.

The wine-dark sea.

And thank the gods amiss.

Along this darkling labyrinthine street.

\* \* \*

I have done the same thing myself for years. On my desk are two little leather-bound books. In one I write phrases; in the other, prose passages and poems that strike me either on account of their beauty or their humor. Opening the latter at random, I find Carl Sandberg's

"I cannot tell you now:

When the wind's drive and whirl

Blow me along no longer,

And the wind's a whisper at last—

Maybe I'll tell you then—

Some other time."

Then Stevenson's

"I will make you brooches and toys for your delight

Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night. . . ."

Then some French and German things, and, among the more recently entered items, this by Laurence Binyon:

"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.



At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them . . . "

It is from the poem, "For the Fallen." I know of no more beautiful tribute to "those who did not come back."

My little books are fat, and I dip into them often. But there is a danger in collecting striking words and phrases. All those who, like myself, have from time to time read through mountains of manuscripts for publication, know it well. Many a would-be writer with a style like mud, believes that by hanging it with borrowed plumes he can make it beautiful. Manuscripts of that kind always remind me of a fat and bovine Jewess I once came across in a Soho café wearing, among a wealth of other jewelry, a beautiful pearl in each ear. It was not a beautiful sight, and the memory of it has remained with me as a warning. A writer must improve his style always "out of himself." And a man's style should be, if possible, simple, strong, purposeful, and above all things natural. If a glittering phrase comes easily to the pen and carries the writer's thought along with ease and grace—then *tant mieux*. Otherwise, let the writer keep it for himself. He will not be accused of egotism.

Blatchford makes another suggestion of more than passing interest. It concerns the study of words, and the advice he gives is almost elementary. But how few writers look their words in the face and know them well? A good exercise is to write down a word and try to collect after it a full list of synonyms; visualizing at the same time their exact shades of meaning and the differences between them. So, for instance:

Solace: Comfort, console, alleviate, soothe, assuage.

Fashioned: Formed, wrought, moulded, made, shaped.

Endeavor: Effort, attempt, essay, achieve.

Cleave: Split, sunder, rive, rend.

Cleave: Cling, hold, clasp, adhere, cohere.

No one can become a good writer without practice and much application, although some people achieve their ends more easily than others. Collecting words, phrases and passages is of course not an infallible way to excellence. But it is certainly a most interesting pursuit and cannot fail to have some kind of beneficial effect on those who practice it.

C. E. CARROLL.

### \* \* \*

#### Another List

Toronto, June 23, 1927

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

In a recent number of *Canadian Bookman* I saw a list of quotations the collecting of which the writer suggested would be an in-

teresting hobby. Oddly enough, it has been my practice for years to cull interesting lines and copy them out. So I send a "rough and ready" page out of my collection, if you care to make use of them. Personally I adore them, every one, and have dozens.

NELLIE AYERS.

The list sent in by Miss Ayers is as follows:

"He was very wet, for the Fairies in the tall wet grass had clung tight to his thighs and insteps with dripping fingers, and the Pixies in the bush had doused him with tiny pails of water as he had floundered by."

"A whiff of loveliness from a Japanese poem;

An old moor, a leaping frog; the sound of water."

"We are told that high above us, all the sounds of this earth—be they lovely, terrible, discordant; the trampling of feet, the chiming of bells; the cry of a babe; the moan of a beggar—all, all blend in curious, wonderful harmony."

"So the day blew itself red in the face, and then purple; with a tender rose-violet haze under its one drooping eye. And at last, it wrapped itself in its royal, gemmed robe, and settled quietly down to sleep."

"Whose choirs are in the tree-tops; whose censor is the sun."—Bliss Carman.

"She knew that houses with lighted windows whispered and nudged each other when people passed them in the dark."

"As an Aeolian harp does in a high straining wind, or Birch Trees in the moonlight, you've seen them, all silver and green, like Wood Women whirling about together."

"There goes a whole wing of the palace of our life," Robert Stevenson said on hearing of a death.

"A punctual creature who ever errs on earliness."

"The sun had begun to redden with the efforts required to finish a good day's work."

"Every leaf in place, and painted with the master-artistry of Nature."

"The month of May had trailed its flower-embroidered scarf thro' many fragrant days."

"The Cathedral-like whisperings among the tall tree-tops."

"The snow-flakes came down with an appearance of much-ado, and noiseless clapping of ecstatic hands."

"Who shall say that Trees do not think, or even feel, after a fashion we know not of?"

"Crimson-tippit daisies in their window-boxes."

"And the Trees waved indifferently; and the water murmured monotonously by."

### Won Jubilee Medals

The winners of the Diamond Jubilee Gold Medals awarded by the Ontario Department of Education for the best essays based on incidents of Canadian history were Gordon Lennox, Continuation school, Sandwich, Ont., and Marion Tait, of the Collegiate Institute, Galt, Ont. The other winners were: Silver medals—Marion Clarke, Coniston; Isabelle English, Sarnia; Jack Holmes, London; Walter G. Rice, Collingwood; William A. Sutherland, Goderich. Bronze medals—Thelma Adams, Owen Sound; Gordon Bairon, Paris; Edward M. Childs, Woodstock; Joseph S. Delaney, Prescott; Donald Heeney, Kitchener; Rody MacDonald, Nepean; Agnes Quinn, Brighton; Roy Reynolds, Penetanguishene; Wilfred Sutcliffe, Chesley; Lyndon Thompson, Humberstone Collegiate, Toronto.

### 1613 Bibles Not Rare

With reference to the paragraph in a recent issue referring to a 1613 King James Bible, Mr. P. B. de Crèvecoeur, librarian of the Fraser Institute, Montreal, writes as follows:

"This Bible is not rare nor valuable. It is generally sold in London for about one pound, and there are many copies in the libraries of the United States. I know two or three King James' Bibles, 1611 or 1612, in Montreal, and the Fraser Institute possesses the first edition, 1611, valued at about \$8.00 or \$10.00."

\* \* \*

### Short Story Contest Winners

First prize in the short story contest conducted by the Canadian Authors Association (Montreal Branch) has been awarded to Gertrude Macaulay Sutton, for her story, "Theft from the Devil," and second prize to T. M. Morrow, for "The Number of Perfection." The donors of the prizes were Mr. E. W. Beatty and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor. The judges gave honorable mention to the following stories (arranged in alphabetical order): "Cornmeal," by Margaret Eliot Barnard; "Red," by Louise Morey Bowman; "Corby's Quarter," by E. L. Chicanot; "Half Time," by R. S. Kennedy; "At the Sign of the Black Fox," by W. A. Tremayne; "Living I Had No Might," by Frances Fenwick Williams; "The Lure of the Land," by Ruth Wood.

\* \* \*

### Library Notes

The *Brandon Sun*, in an editorial on "Books for the People," refers to the establishment of a Public Library at Niagara in 1800 and adds, "Brandon hasn't got one yet."

The Public Library of Welland, Ont., is over a hundred years old. The Welland

## The Poems of John Crichton

(Norman Gregor Guthrie)

Of this poet, upon the appearance of the first volume "A Vista," Sir Andrew Macphail said:

"This new writer has a new way of saying things. The manner is free and fresh; there is a knowledge of the meaning of words and a sense of their sanctity."

Next came "Flower and Flame" and then his newest collection, "A Pillar of Smoke."

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*Tribune & Telegraph*, in an article on this institution, said in part in a recent issue: "There is no section in Ontario of the same area that has more places of antiquated historical interest than the Niagara district. There is no city, town, village or hamlet but what has its ancient historical institution in some form, and Welland is no exception—for it has one of the most ancient institutions in the Niagara district in the Welland Public Library, which was founded on November 26, 1825."

The Owen Sound Public Library was established in 1885 in a stationery store conducted on Union Street by Richard H. Hill. Today it comprises 10,169 volumes for adults and 3,610 for children.

\* \* \*

### An Interesting Recital

The C.A.A. Convention celebrations at Ottawa included a recital of Eskimo, Indian and French-Canadian folk-songs, given by Mlle Eva Gauthier de la Verendrye, and among the guests were Lord and Lady Willington and Premier King. With reference to the programme, the Premier said: "The Authors' Association, I feel, has done well thus to honor in its proceedings the primitive races, the original inhabitants whose presence here in the dawn of Canada's history, despite their savagery and aboriginal limitations, has given to our country's past a background that in its picturesqueness is unsurpassed."



### More Confederation Poems

Among the poems inspired by the observance of the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation was a short one by Bliss Carman as read by Margaret Anglin and broadcast from Ottawa as part of the Jubilee celebration programme, and a long ode by Charles G. D. Roberts. In the latter the following are selected as among the best lines:

And are we worthy these heroic sires,

The twain world-mastering peoples whence they sprang,

Doth still the breed run true,  
Still in our veins upflame the ancient fires?  
Make answer, Fields of Flanders, Fields of France,

Where late our young battalions marched and sang,

Our airmen soared the shrapnel-shattered blue!

Bear witness, Ypres and Vimy, with what cheer,

And courage clear,  
And high contempt of fear,  
Embattled at the grim old Lion's side  
Our scarred battalions triumphed, laughed and died!

\* \* \*

In the *News*, of Nelson, B.C., appeared a Confederation ode by Francis Cecil Whitehouse, some of whose work has had original publication in this magazine. Following is the final stanza of his poem:

For, to this structure, at some future day,  
A hungry world must look if it would live;

Ours then to serve, and serving to repay

The bounty of Thy hand superlative:

Bid us be strong and guide us in the way,  
For, did we fail Thee then, could'st Thou forgive?

Without Thee Lord, we know not what to do:

O give us faith,—the faith our fathers knew.

\* \* \*

### Encouraging Canadian Poetry

The little poem, "Canada," by Kathleen Earle, which appeared in the June number of *Canadian Bookman*, played an unique part in the Jubilee celebrations of Toronto's book-world. Miss E. Frances Jones, of "My Friend's Book and Gift Shop," conceived the novel idea of pasting this poem over the blackboard in a picture showing several little rabbits at school. The picture was then placed in the front of her store window and Miss Jones offered a book-prize to any child who could come into the store and recite the poem. A little girl named Rita Goldenthan was the first to learn the lines by heart, enter the store and recite them perfectly, and she came out the proud possessor of *The Ewing Book*.

## An Unusual Canadian Book

The Poetry of  
**ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN**

by

**NORMAN GREGOR GUTHRIE**

THE publication a few weeks ago of Archibald Lampman's "Lyrics of Earth," a volume containing his Sonnets and Ballads, was a notable event in a Canadian publishing season which saw the first publication of many distinguished Canadian books. Lampman died nearly thirty years ago, and the issue of such a volume at this time, therefore, is an extraordinary tribute to the value and enduring quality of his poetry, and an evidence that Canadian literature is acquiring a background of splendid achievement and tradition.

Included in this volume was an informative and sympathetic biographical introduction by Duncan Campbell Scott, the distinguished Canadian poet, who for many years was one of Lampman's most intimate friends and his literary executor.

This reissue in such attractive form of the work of one who is generally regarded as Canada's greatest nature poet, seemed to Norman Gregor Guthrie the opportune time to make a critical survey of Lampman's work, with a view to establishing his place not only in Canadian literary annals, but also in the literature of our time.

Mr. Guthrie is himself a poet of distinction, having, under the pseudonym of John Rychton, issued three volumes of verse which have been widely recognized: "A Vista," "Flower and Flame," and "Pillar of Smoke;" and his keen penetration and wide sympathies have enabled him to make a broad and comprehensive study of Lampman's works. He believes, and there are many who believe with him, that a large percentage of Lampman's work will stand with the best examples of poetry in the English language, and that he has achieved a "sure and distinct place in English letters."

In order to bring Mr. Guthrie's fine critical study to the attention of those who love and appreciate Lampman's work, The Musson Book Company Ltd., have issued his monograph in book form; and in keeping with the fine character of the work and the subject of which it treats, they have had it produced as a choice and attractive piece of bookmaking, and one that it will be a joy to possess. The Edition is limited to 250 numbered and autographed copies, of which 210 are for sale. It is printed on a fine quality of deckle edged paper, bound in attractive paperboards and enclosed in a slide case.

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# The Collector

A REMARKABLE illustrated catalogue (No. 260) of fine and rare books, illustrated manuscripts, historical documents, autograph letters, etc., which comes from Myers & Co., London, has, among other items of Canadian interest, under the head of Americana, the following, viz: Mathia Tanner's *Societas Jesu Usque ad Sanguinas, etc. Vitae Professionem Militans in Europe, Africa, Asia, et America* (containing long accounts, among others, of the doings of Fathers Joques, Daniel, de Breboeuf, Lallement and Garnier, among the Hurons and Iroquois, with notices of Quebec, Montreal, the St. Lawrence, etc., from 1636 to 1649), Prague, 1675, (priced £31 10s); large folio scrap book containing 181 "highly interesting and well executed" drawings of views made by a member of the Marsham family of Stratton Lawless, in Norfolk, between 1827 and 1848, including 17 in Canada, 1837, three of these being of Niagara Falls, one of Quebec and vicinity, and two of Montreal and Queenstown, U.C. (priced £75); *Plan of a Code of Laws for the Province of Quebec*, reported by the General (James Marriott), London, 1774, (priced £10 10s). The star item of the catalogue, it may be added, is what is described as a magnificent early XVth Century English illuminated Ms. *Sarum Horae* on 150 leaves of fine white vellum, written in a large, bold Gothic letter in red and black, and decorated with 12 very beautiful miniature paintings of large size, with a large and ornamental initial opposite each. The price asked for this treasure is £2,100.

\* \* \*

Catalogues from E. M. Lawson & Co., Sutton Goldfields, Eng., may be regularly depended upon to offer out-of-the-way items of interest to the Canadian collector. Catalogue No. 39 is no exception to this rule, offering among other such items, the following, viz: *Copies of Memorials printed by Inhabitants of the Red River Settlement Complaining of the Governorship of the Hudson's Bay Company*, London, 1849 (priced £4 10s); Entick's *General History of the Late War*, 5 vols., London 1765, etc.; Major W. Ross King's *The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada*, London 1866; Dawson & Hind's exceedingly scarce *Papers Relative to the Exploration of the Country between Lake Superior and the Red River Settlement*, with all the maps, London 1859,

(priced £6 10s); MacFee's *Vancouver Island and British Columbia*, London 1865.

\* \* \*

A catalogue of a collection of old maps of America dating from 1575 to 1820, and including many of rarity, comes from L. Chaundy of Oxford, Ltd., London. Not a few of the maps offered, naturally, have a Canadian interest, some which may be named being as follows: *North America, from Lake Ontario to Panama*, Amsterdam, 1722 (priced £10 10s); *Nouvelle France*, by Guillaume De Lisle, Amsterdam, 1720, brightly colored, beautiful impressions, (priced £7 10s); *River St. Lawrence*, by Thos. Jefferys, 1775, an exact chart from Fort Frontenac to the Island of Anticosti, (priced £7 10s); Vaugendy's full colored map of Canada and Newfoundland, with map of Great Lakes inset, 1775 (priced £5 10s); *Bleu's Map of Canada*, with Newfoundland, etc., 1646, (priced £7 10s); *Ortelius' America, Known as the New World*, showing the word "Canada," almost in first appearance in print, in large letters, 1587 (priced £15 10s).

The catalogue also offers a few interesting books on America, among them Hoven-den's *A Journal or full account of the late Expedition to Canada*, 1720, (priced £12 10s); *The History of the British Dominions in North America from their First Discovery, of that vast Continent by Sebastian Cabot to its present glorious establishment*, 1773, rare (priced £12 10s); Douglass' *A Summary, Historical and Political, of the First Planting, Progression, Improvements and Present State of the British Settlements in America*, 2 vols., 1755, (priced £10); Anburey's *Travels Through the Interior Parts of America*, 1789, (priced £12 10s).

\* \* \*

A catalogue of Canadian books, offered for sale by R. Douglas, Ottawa, contains the following, among other interesting items, viz.: Bouchette's *The British Dominions in North America*, and *Typographical Dictionary of Lower Canada*, together, 3 vols., London, 1832; do, *Map of Lower and Upper Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, etc.*, London, 1831; Christie's *History of the Late Province of Lower Canada* 6 vols., Quebec and Montreal, 1849-55; Dent's *The Last Forty Years*, 2 vols., Toronto, 1881; a good run of the works of Haliburton (Sam Slick), first and other editions; Hearne's



*Journey from Prince of Wales Fort at Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean*, French edition, translated by Lallement, Paris, 1799; *Report from the Select Committee on the Hudson's Bay Company*, with the maps, London, 1857; Kane's *Wanderings of an Artist*, London, 1859; Meare's *Voyages*, French edition, 3 vols., Paris, 1795; Moberly's *The Rocks and Rivers of British Columbia*, London, 1885; *Canoe Voyage from Hudson's Bay to Pacific*, by the late Sir George Simpson, in 1828, Ottawa, 1872; Robson's *Account of Six Years' Residence in Hudson Bay*, by T. Downman, 1853, (excessively rare).

\* \* \*

Albert Britnell, Toronto, in a catalogue of "valuable, important and interesting books about Canada," offers, among other items, the following, viz.: Complete set of Yearly Reports of the Department of Ontario Archaeology, from 1886 to 1920, 34 vols., with the extra pamphlets, wrappers as issued; Sulte's *Histoire des Canadiens Francais*, A.D. 1608-1880, 8 vols., Montreal, 1882-84; Tanguay's *Dictionnaire des Familles Canadiennes*, 6 vols., Montreal, 1871-90; Bengough's *Caricature History of Canadian Politics*, 2 vols., Toronto, 1886; Christie's *History of the Late Province of Lower Canada*, 6 vols., Montreal, 1866; Cruickshanks' *Documentary History of the Campaign on the Niagara Frontier*, 9 vols., Niagara, 1902; Richardson's *War of 1812*, edited by Casselman, Toronto, 1902; *Canadiana: A Monthly Review*, complete, 2 vols. in one, 1889-90; Dent's *The Story of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837*, 2 vols., Toronto, 1885; Daniel's *Histoire des Grandes Francaise Familles du Canada*, Montreal, 1867; *The Canadian Annual Review*, 16 vols., Toronto, 1902-1917; Robertson's *Landmarks of Toronto*, 5 vols., Toronto, 1894-1914, (priced \$50.); *Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada*, from first issue to Vol. 22, with index for Vols. 1 to 9, Toronto, 1891-1919.

\* \* \*

Noah L. Morrison, Elizabeth, N.J., in a catalogue of Americana, offers a number of Canadian items of interest, among them: Dainville's *Beautes de l'Histoire du Canada*, Paris, 1821, (Dainville only loaned his name for this work; the author was M. Gustave Bossange, a celebrated librarian of Paris, who took a great interest in Canadian history); *Historical Documents Relating to the Early History of Canada*, the five series, 2 vols., issued by Quebec Literary and Historical Society, 1873-77; *Reponse a l'Auteur d'un Pamphlet sur les Procédures d'une Cour d'Enquete sur plainte du Lieutenant Colonel Bourdages, contre le Lieut. Jos. Cartier, Quart. Mait., ordonnes par son Excellence le Lieut. General Drummond, et*

*tenu a Chambly le 1<sup>r</sup> L Juin, 1815*, Montreal; Nahum Mower, 1815; *Considerations sur les effets qu'ont produit en Canada . . . les moeurs, l'éducation, etc., de ses Habitants*; et . . . *Rapport aux interets de la Grande Bretagne. Par un Canadien M.P.P.* (I. B. Viger) Montreal, 1809, (one of the first political publications of any importance published in Canada by a Canadian. An answer, written by M. Cuthbert, advocate, was published in same year).

\* \* \*

The much touted Charles Hunter Rogers collection of books and pictures, the former including a number of books alleged to be of Shakespearean association interest, after having been carted about London and thence to New York and back again, without result, was disposed of at auction at the King Edward Hotel, in Toronto, on the evening of May 27, and realized a total of \$3,879. A "Breeches" Bible, with an inscription on the fly-leaf reading, "To my loving kinsman, William Shakespeare, from William Walker," brought \$35; a love letter purporting to have been written by Shakespeare to Anne Hathaway, was knocked down for \$10, while a letter supposedly written by Bacon to Shakespeare brought \$6. A copy of Clement Edwards' *Julius Caesar*, 1604, supposed to have been used by Shakespeare while writing his play of that name, brought only \$25; a copy of Roger Ascham's *The Scholemaster*, also said to have belonged to Shakespeare, was knocked down for \$10, and Tottel's *Expositions of the Terms of the Lawes of England*, 1572, signed on the fly leaf "John Bernard" (the second husband of Shakespeare's granddaughter Elizabeth) sold for \$15. Several other books, described as originally in the possession of members of the Shakespeare family, failed to fetch bids, and were withdrawn, as were four ancient leather portfolios alleged to have been Shakespeare's personal property.

Among the other books sold at this auction were some of Charles Dickens' works, a copy of *Pickwick Papers*, 1837, bearing the author's signature, bringing \$35, and *Dombey & Son*, *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit*, and *Our Mutual Friend*, in the original paper covers, bringing \$45, \$44, \$50 and \$40, respectively.

\* \* \*

An extraordinary collection of the works of Joseph Conrad, formed by his friend Richard Curle, was sold on April 28 at the American Art Galleries, in New York City, 232 items bringing a total of \$38,512. The high price of the sale was \$2,225, paid for an autograph presentation copy of the first issue of the first edition of *Chance*, London, 1913, of which only about fifty copies were put in circulation. Conrad's original manuscript, signed, of his *Christmas at Sea*,

brought \$1,650, an autograph copy of the first edition of *Almayer's Folly*, Conrad's first book, realized \$1,200, and \$1,050 was paid for an autograph presentation copy of the first, privately printed, trial edition of *Some Reminiscences*, other prices running from \$1,000 down. It was generally thought, after the famous Quinn sale of some years ago, that Conrad prices had reached their peak, but the Curle sale, although it was nothing like so rich in original manuscripts as the Quinn sale, has conclusively shown otherwise.

\* \* \*

A new book entitled *Joys of Life*, by a Woman of No Importance, author of *Memories Discreet and Indiscreet*, is announced for publication shortly by Mr. Murray, of London. In this volume she writes of many people—fashionable, literary, and sporting—whom it has been her privilege to meet at home and abroad. Included among the chapters are some specially interesting ones on Bhopal and the successive Begums, whom the author has known well.

\* \* \*

A copy of what is asserted to be the oldest accounting text in existence has been recently acquired by the Business Historical Society, of Boston. The volume was printed at Venice in 1494, and bears the title *Summa de Arithmetica, Geometria Proportioni e Proportionalita*. It was written by a Franciscan friar, who called himself Frater Lucas de Burgo Sancti Sepulchri, but whose proper name was Lucas Pacioli. This rarest of early business books contains about three hundred pages.

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Editorial and Business Office: 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. IX., No. 8

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1927

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## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

L. M. MONTGOMERY

By V. B. Rhodenizer

MRS. Lucy Maud Montgomery Macdonald was born at Clifton, Prince Edward Island, whence, in her early infancy, the family moved to Cavendish. After attending the district school there until she was sixteen years of age, she spent a year each at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia. In 1911 she married and moved to Leaksdale, Ontario, her present home.

She inherited with her Scotch blood a strain of poetry, and has written nature verse, particularly of the sea, characterized by play of fancy rather than by descriptive vividness. There is a deeper poetry of life in her prose than in her verse. In her short stories and in her novels, especially in her treatment of child life, by throwing "a certain coloring of imagination" over the humor and pathos of the incidents of common life as lived in a picturesque rural environment, she achieves a rare combination of truth and beauty that may best be described as poetic realism.

Her most important short stories have been published in two volumes. These are the cameo work or the miniature painting in her house of life. In them she shows a fine sense for the story values in single tragic or comic incidents or episodes in common life, and for idyllic settings and artistic

skill in giving her material fictional form.

Her novels come under the classification "community novel." She is distinctive among the authors of this type of Canadian fiction in that she usually links her novels in series by continuing the story of important characters. *Kilmeny of the Orchard*, an idyllic love story, is complete in itself, but *The Story Girl* and *The Golden Road*, are linked, the series connected by the character Anne contains six books, and there are two Emily books. Each series pictures realistically the life of young people, and yet there is freshness and originality of treatment in every volume.

The Anne series is a *comédie humaine* unparalleled in Canadian fiction. The first book of the series, *Anne of Green Gables*, is widely known as a fascinating story of the childhood and young girlhood of a remarkably sensitive and highly original character. In it, as the title indicates, the central interest is the influence of Anne upon the home into which she is adopted. *Anne of Avonlea* shows her sphere of influence widened to include the whole community in a special way, for she is now the teacher of the public school. *Anne of the Island* shows the heroine reflecting glory on her native province by her distinctive work in college. The last



three of the Anne books give us glimpses of Anne's life as a woman. In *Anne's House of Dreams* she is the young wife of her former schoolmate, now Dr. Gilbert Blythe. In *Rainbow Valley* the interest shifts to Anne's children. She has six of them, and they make things as interesting as we should expect the children of such a mother to do. Moreover, they are ably supported by the four children of the manse. In *Rilla of Ingleside*, Anne's daughter Rilla is the central figure. The mother's personality, nevertheless, exerts an important influence throughout the series. To write such a series is a work of eminent literary distinction.

The Emily series shows an improvement on the Anne series in some respects. Anne's characteristics were not accounted for. Emily's are. She inherits from her father the Starr emotional temperament and sense of beauty; from her mother the Murray strength of will and gift of second sight. In *Emily of New Moon*, the dramatic moments in Emily's life are the logical result of her inherited tendencies and the environment in which she is placed. Characterization and plot are an organic unity. The interest aroused in Emily's literary ambitions is continued in *Emily Climbs*, to the end of her high-school period. Rejection slips make her realize the necessity of continuous practice in writing. A necessary promise to write no fiction for three years corrects her highly imaginative style by confining her to the writing of prose facts, and near the end of the book she is well on the way to literary fame. The characters, both juvenile and adult, are as vividly drawn in this as in the preceding volume, and fit as logically into the situations which constitute the plot.

Skill in logical characterization, as revealed in the Emily books, was a necessary prerequisite for successful fiction dealing primarily with adult

characters. This our author first attempted in *The Blue Castle*, the story of a repressed, inhibited, introverted woman who, on being told by mistake at the age of twenty-nine that she will die of heart disease within a year, becomes emancipated and extroverted to the extent of marrying a Muskoka mystery man, author of nature books and son of a patent-remedy millionaire. Though the romantic plot makes the novel less poetically realistic than its predecessors, the characterization fulfills the promise of the Emily books, and the idyllic handling of the setting does justice to the Muskoka country and to the author.

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

- Anne of Green Gables*. Boston, 1908.  
*Anne of Avonlea*. Boston, 1909.  
*Kilmeny of the Orchard*. Boston, 1910.  
*The Story Girl*. Boston, 1911.  
*Chronicles of Avonlea*. Boston, 1912.  
*The Golden Road*. Boston, 1913.  
*Anne of the Island*. Boston, 1915.  
*The Watchman and Other Poems*. Toronto, 1916, New York, 1917.  
*Anne's House of Dreams*. Toronto, 1917.  
*Rainbow Valley*. New York, 1919.  
*Further Chronicles of Avonlea*. Boston, 1920.  
*Rilla of Ingleside*. London, New York, and Toronto, 1921.  
*Emily of New Moon*. London, New York and Toronto, 1923.  
*Emily Climbs*. London, New York, and Toronto, 1925.  
*The Blue Castle*. London, New York and Toronto, 1926.  
*Emily's Quest*. London, New York and Toronto, 1927.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—Since the receipt of this article from Prof. Rhodenizer there has appeared the new Emily book, *Emily's Quest*, which has been added to the foregoing check-list, and which will be reviewed in the next issue of *Canadian Bookman*. It takes up the thread of Emily's story where *Emily Climbs* ended, and tells the love story that started there.

The attention of readers is directed also to the further reference to Mrs. Montgomery as appearing on page 251 of this issue.

Prof. Rhodenizer, who wrote this article, is familiar to our readers by reason of previous contributions. He is a member of the faculty of Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

## In a Western Garden

By C. F. Lloyd

IT is only a tiny garden wherein innumerable cats solemnly curse their gods and one another on sweet spring nights, until they are dispersed by indignant, night-walking dogs who trudge between one garbage can and the next. But though my garden is so small that it would almost seem as though a not-too-large giant, Fin-ma-Coul for instance, might cover it with his boot heel, marvellous things go on in and about it, so that viewed through the eyes of imagination, it becomes a world in itself. It is surrounded on a side and one end by a ramshackle fence of unpainted wooden palings, inclining as much from the perpendicular as a politician from righteousness, while along the other side runs a prim, upright board fence. The remaining end is bounded by the back-kitchen wall that plunges down into the garden, like a yellow cliff among green breakers. This of course refers to summer, for in the winter the snow is piled as high as the kitchen roof, while the garden becomes a miniature arctic wilderness of dirty gray-white.

With the advent of the first really warm days of spring the snow disappears, disclosing first an occasional patch of brown earth, then a small expanse of the same useful material, and, finally, towards the tenth of May, I begin rummaging in the attic for the fork, spade, rake and hoe, reading seed catalogues, examining bulbs and watching for the first green shoots of rhubarb and the delicate horns of the tulips. Presently I turn to digging leisurely, as grandfather Adam did in Eden, being careful to avoid turning out peonies, delphiniums and the other perennials that are yet below the surface. When growth at last begins in this bitter North-West it is astoundingly rapid,

so rapid that you soon fall to fancying that you can actually see the plants expanding in all directions under your astonished gaze.

I plant a few vegetables every spring, but am so passionately fond of flowers that I grudge ground devoted to lettuce and pungent radishes, much preferring violets, tulips, mignonne, sweet-williams, many-colored balsam and fiery plumes of snapdragon to the tenderest and most toothsome greens.

First to appear among the flowers of spring are the gold and scarlet cups of the tulips, flaunting their glittering livery like outriders at a royal procession. Having a tropical love of vivid colors, I have been partial to these bold heralds of Maytime ever since I played, a grubby small boy in Russian blouse and short trousers, in the old garden at home, a good many thousand miles from here. Along with the tulips the sweet and tender blue of violets peeps from beneath delicate arches of wild bracken, an excellent protector of small, shade-loving plants.

A little later than the tulips and violets the peonies burst into great globes of white, pink and crimson beauty. About the same time my big lilac bush adorns itself with heavy spikes of purple, honey-sweet flowers, true lovers' bouquets nodding encouragement to sentimental cats that are all too often feeling the sweet influence of the season in the moonlit reaches of the back lane.

As there is a rhythm in poetry, in music, in the rise and fall of the tides and in life, so there is a distinct and recognizable rhythm in the growth, decay and rapid succession of blooms in my garden. It is at first a rapid, lilting rhythm, reminding one of



those dainty lyrics of Herrick and Crashaw; later, towards midsummer, it swells to the full, bold and majestic movement of Homer while, when autumn sets in, it gradually subsides into the melancholy or plaintive music of Collins' "Evening Ode," or the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

Keeping pace with this rhythmical movement and illustrating it as a book of travels is illustrated by the pictures, the various flowers present in turn the hues corresponding to the rapid, majestic or slow-paced beat of this floral poem. There is as much difference between the gay and delicate beauty of May's lilac and violets and the fervent splendour of July's marigolds, snapdragon and lobelias, as there is between these last and the paler blossoms of autumn, the ghostly white balsam and late-blooming mignonette, or as there is between the fresh complexion of a girl and the withered cheek of age. Only the dahlias flaunt splendid banners in the teeth of winter like a vigorous country squire who rides to hounds in a red jacket on his eightieth birthday, and is found dead in bed the next morning.

If my garden is full to overflowing with flowers from late May to early November, there are many other things in it quite as well worth noting. Among the stems of snapdragon and phlox crawl beetles with formidable jaws and metallic coats of shining blue-green mail, splashed with dots and crescents of gold and silver. These are the knights of the insect world, their armour hidden beneath rich surcoats, like heroes of romance.

Birds, too, visit the garden, the bold, inquisitive robin, the noisy, ubiquitous sparrow, the industrious crossbill. Occasionally on sultry midsummer afternoons I catch a flying gleam of gold and know that the wild canary has come. Still more rarely I see the ethereal plumes and uncanny, volant beauty of the humming bird. All these dainty wild things add to

my tiny oasis of peace and color set amid the drab brutality of too noisy streets, a touch of that old garden, a breath from far spaces, wide horizons, the cool, green aisles of the forest and that far time when cities with their perilous problems still lay hidden in the womb of the future.

There are no moles or gophers in my garden, nor is there a pond, else I might claim that it was the world in miniature. But as my dog and numerous cats inhabit it by times, I have quadrupeds, at any rate. A tortoise, a garter snake and a bowl of goldfish would supply the missing links.

On clear nights in late summer or early autumn the garden is more lovely than by day. The flowers sleep. Only the delicate white moonflower is awake, courted by a spectral moth that flits from cup to cup, or pauses hovering on vibrant, leashed wings. A little wind stirs the curved fronds of the fern. Something of mystery hovers over the garden at such times. The stored heat of the day lingers among the sleeping flowers. A black cat, sacred to witchery and the powers of darkness, leaps the fence silently, as though riding a broomstick. And suspended above all the fragrance and beauty hangs the serene glory of Luna or, if she be absent, the wan splendour of the northern lights make the face of heaven a wonder and delight.

Only two years ago I could say of my garden:

"There is a power in this sweet place, An Eve in this Eden, a ruling grace, Who to the flowers, do they waken or dream, Is as God is to the starry scheme."

But, alas, the waves have gone over the head of my loved Lyeidas. The garden walks are silent, deserted. No light footstep falls there any more. and the great briar rose bush hangs heavy and unpruned for lack of a

white hand that will gather its delicate beauty no more forever.

At last the frost comes, the snow falls thick and the garden is deserted save by the ghostly leaves ashiver on dry stems and a subtle note of passionate regret, for lost beauty makes of it a place of dreams and sadness. Night comes to poor humans too.

"Nor can the sweetest delights of gardens afford us much comfort in sleep, wherein the dullness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odors and though in the bed of Cleopatra can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose."

*Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.*

## Splinters From a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

### VI.—FRIENDS AND CRITICS

THOUGH there was between Dickens and Thackeray no pronounced brotherly affection, and though all the literary world does not love Mr. Wells, it is a pleasing truth that a drop of ink makes many people kin; that writers are bound to one another by strong and subtle ties.

Perhaps it is because a writer's thoughts are directed so often inward, because his emotions travel such hidden, secret ways, that he turns avidly to another who haunts the same mazy by-paths, and who, having seen things much the same and felt the same winds blow, can sympathize intelligently.

And one who writes can help another in untold ways. Most valuable of all is the friendship of the old hand for the fledgling. He is happy in the beginning of his work who has the advice and encouragement of some other who has fought and won. There are many things that the young one must do for himself, but there are countless aspects that he, for want of perspective, cannot see. With some wise, kind, but firm adviser the way is made smooth and while the tyro's own independence of thought and effort is not harmed, he is immeasurably comforted to feel that there is behind him a tower of strength. He writes with less fear and even if the other man is ten thousand miles away

his influence is no less potent. Stevenson often reveals himself in his letters as pathetically dependent on "Weg" and Colvin. Indeed with the characteristic simplicity of literary folk he would make father- and mother-confessors of persons who were almost strangers to him. That is the result of long isolation of mind.

Editors are all friends to a writer. In the inelegant words of the current argot, "Laugh that off!" Whether they reject, buy, get mad or insulting, they are your friends, because if they buy or reject they act for a reason. Find that reason and you have saved the fees of several mail-order literature courses. Editors are great teachers, whether they speak with cheques or with rejection-slips. Best and most loved of all these genial monsters—to him may a triple halo and a self-playing harp be given in the editor's Hereafter—is he who writes you, tells you in forthright fashion just what is wrong with your work and how it were best amended. We have found some few like that and would that all who callous their finger-tips on the keys of a typewriting-machine might meet them, too! But we are frightfully jealous of them and treasure them to ourself.

There comes to every writer a time when, more important than the actual sale of his work, is the bettering of his style and form. Then, in truth,



is the letter of editorial criticism most valuable and satisfying. You see: the faults your editor-critic will show you in one story are very likely to exist fundamentally in others. His remedies, then, are real panaceas. You feel for him a gratitude that tries hard to manifest itself in the production of work that will please him.

It is an axiom that the individual's social experience is a cross-section of his civilization; so, too, with one's literary experience. What we write here has been written numberless times and it is only with the hope that there may be a variation of strata in this particular cross-section that we give it you.

We have found it helpful in undertaking a literary career to write very short stories; not exclusively, of course, for the returns are in proportion, but very many of them just the same. They help you thus: you learn to condense, to tell dramatically, to chisel incidents out strongly, to waste no time in rambling, to touch deftly and unerringly. All these lessons, applied to longer works, are helpful—very. There is this drawback, though: from drawing your pictures in miniature, from saying in twelve hundred words what might be written in much greater space, you may often find your book-length novel ending snappily in the third chapter or your epic poem coming to a surprise-finish in the first canto. But when you have a grand theme and have learned that lesson of making quick, clear pictures, they will all dovetail splendidly and you will have a compact and moving tale.

At first we wrote many of them. It was a friend in the game who showed us the evil of our ways and bade us draw larger pictures before the little virus was too strongly in our blood.

There are friends who do not enter upon the writer's professional life except to say: "Your last story was fine," or, "That was a splendid art-

icle." Often they are sincere, let us charitably believe, but unless they know a fine story or a splendid article when they see one, you must remember that, as friends, it's rather hard for them to remark: "That last story was awful drivel," or, "That article was a frost. Why don't you give up writing and go to work?" But the friend who is also an honest and capable critic—oh, cherish him as you would an aged aunt with six millions! Take no offence when he tells you straight that your work is poor or weak and advises you to better it. He is a real friend; otherwise he would not bother running the risk of antagonizing you. He is the father with the shingle who sincerely says: "This hurts me, son, as much as it does you." If you would be wise, regard lightly the applauding many, but give all attention to the chap who frowns a little and makes a slight reservation with his praise.

No sane writer will resent the suggestions of a disinterested, qualified critic. His recommendations may not harmonize with your own ideas; he may counsel a compromise with public taste. But you must respect public taste; there is not so much in it to be scorned or sneered at as many pseudo-literati would pretend. You are free to write what you wish, but if you would have your work read, you must put it in the form the public requires—simple, direct, forceful. And if you think it's easy—try it!

You have other friends, too—dead, immortal friends. Any time of day you can smoke a pipe with Stevenson and he will do all the talking for you. But he will make you think.

There was a man! And if in him throve any fault it was his very faultlessness. He will teach you the value of sustained work—work when your head swims a bit and your eyes are drowsy and, outside, the sea is very blue and the gulls screech at you to throw away your silly pen and come down to the green rocks on the shore.

There is time for that—when the task is done.

He will teach you, too, the pleasure of idle hours of dallying by the roadside when the brooks have broken free and birds pipe boldly and the buds of spring are bursting. He will teach you the lesson of a full and noble life and if you cannot imitate, you can at least admire.

And the others—Dickens, a bit too earnest and likely to talk of work for the work's own sake; jolly old Fielding, inclined to laugh up his sleeve at you; sad, smiling Dick Lovelace and Landon, mourning for the Rose Aylmer of his dreams.

They are of all time, these friends. And then there are some grim, black-browed Russians and gayly wicked Frenchmen. They are companions to call around you in the late, breathless hours when all the world but you seems sleeping.

They are critics. Are not their thoughts, their words, a continual challenge to you? Can you take your place with them? Differ? Learn? They were men such as you can be if you do as they did. Some of them looked first for Beauty—Yet no! We think it was Truth—always Truth. And none shall say theirs was a futile searching. Only Truth lives long.

Throughout the land are critics for hire at the usual rate of fifty cents or to the same amount plus one or two dollars. Many of them are sincere, some capable; but their pronouncements are not too much to be relied on and their criticisms are not often intimate; very often mechanical. Too

many beginners cherish the hope that there is some short-cut, some magic guide-book to quick and consistent sales. There is neither. Schools and critics can certainly help you by their guidance, but they cannot do the trick for you.

The inferiority-complex, whatever that is, develops early in writers when they see their stories rejected here, there, and everywhere. But, Lord bless us! that's all in the game. If everyone sold everything he wrote there would be no making a living out of it for anyone save the printers. That's one way to look at it, eh? And surely you can't hope to accomplish overnight or in a year or two what others have spent half a lifetime in doing? You see a medical student spend five years or more in training. You watch him starve for a few more when he comes out with his degree and a lust for homicide. Do you think he is up against a harder game than you are? Editors are the hardest persons in the world to prescribe for.

You cannot, of course, get teaching such as the doctor gets and finish with the degree of author, all ready to write fiction by the ream. Standardized courses in such an art as writing are anomalous and the products of such courses are pathetic. Writing is an individual matter and only the very general principles of form are teachable and had much better be got for oneself. A friendly critic is really your best bet; failing one, you should adopt those ever-ready friends between the covers of your books, try to observe Life as clearly as they observed it and to interpret it as gracefully as they.

### CANADIAN BOOK WEEK

In November will come the annual Book Week. This yearly event has been a subject of contentious discussion ever since its inauguration in 1921, but there is a big idea behind it and the columns of *Canadian Bookman* are open for constructive discussion. Is the desired result to be attained by continuing the plans that have been followed thus far, or is there a bigger way of carrying forward the laudable work of getting more people interested in the great part that books may play in building a larger life for the present and rising generation of Canadians?



## When Winds Are Hushed

By A. M. Stephen

OVER the lonely places in my heart  
 There is a wind flowing today,  
 Filled with wistfulness.  
 Brown, withered grasses—  
 Frail, fluttering rags of old desire—  
 Are whispering now.  
 Gaunt straining arms, lithe branches, throw  
 Dark-swaying shadows on a stream  
 That murmurs on beneath a sky  
 Curtained, aloof, impersonal as fate.

Oh, it will come, I know,  
 Within the poignant pause  
 When winds are hushed—  
 The voice of Spring—bright flame to sweep  
 These yearning solitudes!  
 This mute expectancy, this trembling breath,  
 Are preludes to the storming tides  
 Of Life.  
 The singing spray, before Love's prisoned flood,  
 Bears music of some far imperious dawn.

## The Gift

(To G.H.)

By Nathaniel A. Benson

YOU ask me what is in this ivory chest?  
 "Love" graven on the lid, a fragile word  
 Tongues often tell, and yet, my sweet, 'twere best  
 To leave such easy chord unplayed, unheard.  
 Raise up the cover of my gift and find  
 Upon a little scroll of my thought's making  
 What your dear memory, a remembered wind,  
 Has blown to being, these brief words awaking:  
 "Beauty, unconscious of her own true self,  
 A smiling heart, an inborn tenderness  
 And Happiness, a joyful gold-winged elf.  
 Clothing all else with her own loveliness,  
 Deep understanding like some fabled stone  
 Reflecting heart-deep things I felt alone."

## At Very Dawn

By Elizabeth Nuttall

HAVE you then truly heard the voice of Dawn—  
The simple, fluted music of the birds  
Transmuted into elfin song; long drawn  
Beyond all telling of our heavy words?

Have you then watched the rose bloom through the  
grey  
Where in the jewell'd roundure of the sky  
The stars still hold their secret from the Day,  
And like a wraith the wistful moon goes by?

## Fruition

By Cecil Francis Lloyd

"TILL Death us part." And why such limitation  
To what must boundless and eternal be?  
Or why assign man's beggarly duration  
To the best attribute of Deity?

For God is love and if man's love be broken,  
At times, by paw of the intrusive brute,  
He may aspire to hear this message spoken,  
By lips Death rendered mute.

"In the old days, when you and I together  
Laid each to each a passion-troubled heart,  
Came, like a cloud, across the sweet June  
weather,  
"Till Death us part."

"But now beyond relentless Time's dominion,  
In this calm place no chance or change may know,  
'Till Death us part,' seems like some old opinion  
That moved us long ago."



## Death

By Gostwick Roberts

I WAS so young to stand  
There on the threshold of death,  
Between me and the sudden turning of the knob,  
One breath  
One sob  
Left me of life.  
I was so young to stand  
My head over my shoulder looking back,  
My hand  
Slipping from between your anguished fingers.  
“I don’t want to go in.  
It’s this thing—sin,  
I am afraid of it!”  
I had grown small with pain,  
You big with pity.  
You were promising me they’d understand.  
Your hand  
Slipped suddenly away.  
I was asking you, “What shall I say  
When the door opens?”

## The Jungle

By Gostwick Roberts

I HEWED out the heart of the jungle: tendril and fern  
And creeper were cleared by the cane knife; each in its turn  
Crashed the vine-wrapped palm to my axe blow, and clump by clump  
The bracken was beaten back, and the sap-wet stump  
Was torn from its bed with the black earth clutched in its roots;  
And the smothering growth gave way to the stirring shoots  
That sprang from the seed I scattered so free to the soil,  
And a house green-thatched in the sunlight answered my toil.

I hewed out the heart of the jungle, and then I slept  
With the sweat and dirt on my body; and while I slept  
In on me, stifling, reclaiming, the lush tangle crept  
To suck at the fruit of my work, strangle and smother;  
And over my roof the great trees reached to each other.

I hewed out the heart of the jungle; close ever close  
Crawled in the vine and the tendril to cover my house.

## Azrael

By Kathleen J. Earle

She came  
 With lilies of the morning bound about her brow,  
     And in her hand  
     A swinging censer clouded with fine dew  
     That poured itself upon me.  
     And when I said,  
     "I know you not,"  
     She smiled.  
 "I am the angel of the weary couch,  
 I am the guardian of the inner one,  
 I am custodian of bewildered souls—  
     I am Azrael,  
     I am Death.

Breathe of my incense; thou shalt lose all care  
 For flesh; and a divine delight  
 Shall breast the portals of thine inner gates,  
 And, entering, claim all  
 For its embrace.  
 There is no ecstasy to equal this—  
 Hold, hold thy lips towards my censer's kiss!"

I caught a lily from her swinging hair—  
 "Withdraw thy censer, Azrael most fair!  
 There is an ecstasy but once removed  
 From that thou provest; these slow fingers must  
 Create still further; grant me but a year,  
 And I shall follow thee without a tear."

She smiled.  
 "For that Creation is a blessed thing,  
     Of flesh or soul, however 'tis begot,  
 This shall I grant thee; one year mayst thou toil—  
 One year translate the singing of the spheres  
 Into a harmony shall haunt the years  
 To be, and fill them with a fruitful store—  
 Then shalt thou stand and sing at Heaven's door—  
     'God of Creation,  
     This of my dreaming  
     Well have I spent.  
     Starring a nation,  
     My jewels are gleaming—  
     Art Thou content?'

And unto thee shall come Creation's best—  
 The Touch of God on thy transformed breast!"  
 She smiled; I found a fragrance on the air—  
 A guerdon from the golden lips of Prayer.



# Echoes of Two Great Conventions

Held in Toronto

ONE result of the recent American Library Association Convention in Toronto was the decision to form a Canadian Library Association. This action was reached at a gathering of all the Canadian delegates, representing all parts of the Dominion. The proposal was made by John Riddington, Librarian of the University of British Columbia, and seconded by Dr. George H. Locke, Chief Librarian of the Toronto Public Libraries, and President of the A.L.A.

Fred Landon, President of the Ontario Association, was selected as temporary President of the new Canadian body, the name for which will be chosen later.

Mr. Riddington emphasized the need for national co-operation to develop *esprit de corps* among Canadian librarians. The object of the new association, in general, is set forth in the following resolution:

"The promotion and furtherance of library service throughout the Dominion by public education as to the value and need of libraries; by co-operation between existing libraries and library organizations in Canada and elsewhere; by investigation and demonstration of library work and methods in general, and, in particular, as to those problems that are characteristic of and peculiar to Canadian libraries as such; by the holding of conferences, institutes and public meetings for the interchange of professional information for the promotion of effective library legislation; for the compilation of material, the publication of which will be of value to librarians and libraries, and will assist in the extension of the library movement throughout all the provinces in Canada, and by such other means as may from time to time be thought advisable in order to promote the same."

A resolution was also passed that the Canadian Library Association should co-operate to the farthest extent with the American Library Association and take full advantage of the researches and the organization of that international body in all

those directions in which these may be used to the benefit of the library movement in Canada.

Among the interesting personalities at the A.L.A. Convention was a native of Toronto who is now assistant to Dr. Guppy of the famous John Rylands Library, of Manchester, England. Speaking of this great library Miss Rankin said it was the most striking example of Gothic architecture in all England. In vivid fashion she described the library's treasures—a clay tablet of the time of Nebuchadnezzar, beautiful leather Hebrew rolls, Greek vellum and Roman ivory records.

"We owe the deepest debt of gratitude to the monks, for they were the ones who preserved this literature for us," said Miss Rankin in explaining the fifteenth century manuscripts in another special collection. The early printing room was never opened except by Dr. Guppy, who is director of the library, and an authority over the whole world in the art of printing.

"The library specializes only in books that are likely to live," declared Miss Rankin, who explained that they waited until the future of an author's work was assured before giving it a home. "But we have some of Chesterton, Bernard Shaw, E. V. Lucas, and Barrie, for all that," she said.

An indication of how public libraries are progressing with the times was the discussion on the advisability of having these institutions adopt the show window method of displaying books.

Dr. George Locke, of Toronto, was a strong supporter and announced that the new branch library building on St. Clair avenue would have a window on Yonge street for displaying books.

American librarians declared that, in experiments made, they had in some cases been unable to meet the demand following a display.

Arthur E. Botswick, of the Public Library, St. Louis, Mo., stressed this point. When lighted up at night, he said, the "store" type of library presented a fine sight and was the best possible sort of advertisement. Impressive entrances and wide staircases frequently meant wasted space.

\* \* \*

Flags representing eighty-five countries were displayed at Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, on the occasion of the Congress of Educationists.

"I am glad that there are no national boundaries to friendship."—President Augustus Thomas of the World Federation of Educational Associations in his opening address at the great convention in Toronto.

From the Presidential message: "It is the chief objective of the Federation to secure international co-operation in educational enterprises, to foster the dissemination of information concerning the progress of education in all its forms among peoples and nations, and to cultivate international good-will and justice."

They were discussing the proposed publication of a directory of the officers and organizations interested in education for peace and when the motion named English, French and German as the languages to be used, Dr. Chaturvadi, of India, protested. "Why not an oriental language?" he asked.

"How many would it reach?" asked the chair.

"Two hundred million," came Dr. Chaturvadi's response, whereupon Canada's only woman M.P., Agnes Macphail, was moved to remark: "I think we English people are the most stupid in existence in regard to language. We don't learn the other languages, yet we expect all other

people to learn ours."

Will the influence of the World Federation of Educational Associations lead to new methods of teaching history in our schools?

On this subject, one of the speakers was Alderman M. Conway, the Lord Mayor Designate of Bradford, England, who advocated reform in this direction.

"To limit the teaching of history in the schools to one's own country," said this noted educator, "is one of the greatest and gravest dangers to future intelligent international understanding.

"It's a particular frame of mind that's needed in the world," he said, "and it's the task of the teacher to cultivate it."

He urged the teaching profession of the world to get imbued with the need of a world understanding, and suggested that the World Federation of Educational Associations reach some plan to submit to the different nations for their co-operation.

The teaching of geography, also, he maintained, should be revised, emphasizing the human consideration of the subject as the rock basis.

These revisions, he thought, might be carried on through a clearing house of experts.

"The teaching profession throughout the world," he said, "should first of all set its own house in order. It needs a new orientation.

"There is an essentially human factor in all international problems common to all nations."

Instinctive sympathy, culture and travel, he believed, could break down the barriers of narrow nationalism. "We can no more get away from national sentiment than we can get out of our skins," he declared. "And distinctive national culture is good for the progress of humanity. What we have got to fear is not national sentiment, but national sentimentality."



## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—Morley Roberts has returned to London following some months spent in British Columbia. He is writing a book on the Pacific Province. The title will probably be *British Columbia Today*.

—the paper read by R. L. Reid, K.C., of Vancouver, at the American Library Association Convention in Toronto, on "Bibliography of British Columbia and the Yukon," is to be published in pamphlet form.

—a new novel by Mabel Dunham, to appear shortly, deals with a later generation of the people whose migration from Pennsylvania inspired *The Trail of the Conestoga*. The title of the new book is *Toward Sodom*.

—Florence Randal Livesay has written a series of sketches dealing with the lives of a little settlement of Irish folk in Ontario. The customs, traditions and superstitions of this quaint community have been woven into a story which is shortly to appear under the title, *Savour of Salt*.

—two awards of \$500 each have gone to Mr. J. E. H. Macdonald and one of an equal amount to Mr. Gustav Hahn for designs accepted for the new silver coins to be minted to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Canadian Confederation. Mr. Macdonald's designs will adorn the 5c and 25c pieces, while that of Mr. Hahn will feature the one-cent coin.

—an unusual film attraction is coming to Canada in November—"The Immortals of Bonnie Scotland," with glimpses from the lives of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott. The entertainment will include an extensive musical programme by eminent Scottish artists. Miss Isobel Macdonald is now addressing various Scottish organizations in connection with this undertaking.

—The President of the C.A.A., in his interesting address before the recent annual convention in Ottawa, erred in saying that no book of Canadian life had succeeded until Ralph Connor published his *Black Rock*. Gilbert Parker's *Pierre and His People*, published in 1892, had sold in Canada, United States and England, to the number of over 300,000 copies, before *Black Rock* appeared. It had also been issued serially in *Collier's Weekly*.

—Carroll Aikins, founder of the Home Theatre at Naramata in the Okanagan

Valley, B.C., has been appointed by the syndics of Hart House Theatre, Toronto, to direct the theatre for the 1927-1928 season. Among the plays to be produced are: *The Swan*, by Molnar; *The Doctor's Dilemma*, by Bernard Shaw, a play founded on Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, and Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. One or more Canadian plays will be produced as usual, the policy of the theatre being to encourage Canadian national drama.

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### GOES TO MACMILLAN'S

After an association of over two years with *Canadian Bookman* as general editorial assistant and as editor of *The Reading Lamp*, Mrs. Constance Davies-Woodrow has resigned to accept an important post with the Macmillan Company of Canada, a position in which many of her rare qualifications will find expression.

Her first contact with *Canadian Bookman* was as contributor of the first of the series of fine poems of hers which have occasionally graced the pages of this journal since that time. This, it is sincerely to be hoped, will prove to be a connection going on without being interrupted by the change as regards her ceasing to be associated in the active work of publishing these two journals.

We know that all our readers will join *Canadian Bookman* in the heartiest expression of good wishes to Constance Davies-Woodrow in her new sphere. *Canadian Bookman's* loss is an inestimable gain for the Macmillans.

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### A STIRRING APPEAL FROM RUSSIA

A stirring appeal signed: "A group of Russian writers," under date of May, 1927, has been smuggled across the borders of Russia and was published in the Russian newspaper, *Vozrozhdenie*, of Paris.

The dire plight of these Russian writers is indicated in the following excerpts from this unusual letter:

"We are perishing. The coming dawn of liberation is not yet in sight. Many of us are no longer capable of passing on to posterity the terrible experiences we have lived through. Learn the truth about us; write of it, you who are free, that the eyes of the present and coming generations may be opened. Do this—and it will be easier for us to die.

"We are sending this letter as from a subterranean dungeon. At great risk we are writing it; it will be carried across the border at the risk of life. We do not know whether it will ever reach the free press. But if it does, if our voice from the grave is heard by you, we bid you listen, read, think of what we say."

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

## CANADIAN PERSPECTIVES

By Marcus Adeney

NOT the least interesting phase in the growth of Canada's new national consciousness is the endeavour to acquire historical perspectives. The land of the future is realizing a past; the young country in accepting responsibility and a form of maturity seeks to link her aspirations with memories. As with an individual so it must be with a nation; the enlarging consciousness desires to comprehend more and more of the underlying roots and causes of things as they are, and together with this thirst for knowledge is developed a simply human or antiquarian interest.

The author of *Ottawa, Past and Present* has had access to new and valuable material. The book reveals care and thoroughness in preparation. Canadian history is often concerned with fairly recent rather than remote events. Prior to 1826 the city of Ottawa had not even a theoretic existence; one hundred years ago "the land was covered by a dense forest, interspersed with cedar swamps and beaver meadows." This circumstance may in part account for the elaborate listing of early settlers, detail which will possess only local interest. The general reader will, however, be fascinated by the experiences of Philemon Wright, heroic leader of the great pioneering venture which led to the founding of Hull. Inspiring, too, is the story of the Rideau canal. "Only those who are familiar with the conditions that prevailed during the first quarter of the nineteenth century can adequately realize either the nature of the difficulties or the importance attached to its construction. Excepting the ice in winter there were no roads for the transportation of the men, tools and materials required for such an undertaking. To the dangers and discom-

forts incident to life in a forest wilderness there were added the blistering heat of summer and the frost and snow of winter; whilst, along certain parts of the route fever and ague took a heavy toll of human life. For August, 1830, the monthly report shows that out of 1316 men employed between Kingston Mills and Newboro, no less than 787 were sick and 87 had relapses; the number of deaths being 56."

The splendid achievement of Colonel By, under whose direction the canal was built by the Royal Engineers, did not meet with unmixed appreciation. "Certain members of the House of Commons complained that the outlay had been excessive, and that the latter part of the work was done before the necessary Parliamentary grants had been passed; so Colonel By was recalled to answer the charges of extravagance and of exceeding his authority." The story is not a little tragic. "His sensitive nature was cruelly wounded, and only his most intimate friends ever knew how deep the hurt was." Excellent illustrations add greatly to this book's attractiveness.

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The modern world, not content with reshaping itself, must make its own approaches to the past. History, being the story of man's contact with man, or with his environment, should, if properly narrated, prove the most interesting thing in the world. That at any rate is a common assumption, and historians are doing their best. Marion I. Newbigin tells of the discovery and development of Canada down to the taking of Quebec, tells the story from an unfamiliar angle. "While the great facts of relief cannot be changed by man's action, their significance varies with his stage of development. Thus part of the fascination of looking at man and place together and not as separate entities is that the possibilities of the combination are endless. The whole drama of existence unfolds itself, enabling us to trace in the endless becoming the realities which lie behind appearances. The story we have tried to tell . . . becomes an epitome of world history. It is more even than this; for man's effort to adapt himself to particular parts of the earth's surface may be said to be but one side of that struggle for fitness—with a consciousness of purpose added—which seems the essential mystery of the universe."

I quote at length because this one para-

OTTAWA, PAST AND PRESENT. By A. H. D.

Ross, M.A., M.E. Toronto: Musson, \$3.

CANADA: THE GREAT RIVER, THE LANDS, AND

THE MEN. By Marion I. Newbigin, D.Sc. London: Christopher's. 12s. 6d.

THE CANADIAN SCENE. Sketches: Political and Historical. By Hector Charlesworth. Toronto: Macmillan. \$2.00.

THE GROWTH OF CANADIAN NATIONAL FEELING. By Stewart Wallace. Toronto: Macmillan. 75c.



graph suggests a whole philosophy of history. It would be unfair to expect any author consistently to live up to his fairest ideals. The actual book is not as original as the foregoing paragraph would lead us to expect. But it is an effort in the right direction—toward the establishing of a necessary relation between the thing that was and the thing that came to be, toward the conception of history as the spectacle of a logical unfoldment, governed by the interplay of various forces. Man in relation to his environment! It is a theme treated not so often as another—man, conqueror of the earth and fellowman!

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Hector Charlesworth presents a sheaf of essays and sketches reprinted from various periodicals. "For the most part the purpose of the writer has been to acquaint Canadians born in this century . . . with certain romantic phases of the development of their native land." The calibre of a writer is often indicated by his commentaries upon great men. It requires some measure of greatness properly to appreciate greatness in others. The essay on Sir Wilfred Laurier and his biographers is particularly significant in this regard. "The position which he (Sir Wilfred) achieved was the triumph of a great personality, combined with the highest order of political talent. Unquestionably he was in his prime a great orator whose speeches swayed audiences not by demagogic or sectional appeals, but by their persuasive eloquence and moderation. He sounded the note of philosophic wisdom; and approached controversial issues with a sense of detachment that was as marked as his humane warmth and splendid imagery." Now this is the sort of thing that reflects as favorably upon the writer as upon the person written about. Mr. Charlesworth is equally capable of terse criticism. "Until Canada becomes civilized enough to eliminate creed prejudice there will always be something gross and disheartening about her politics." Social criticism, to be effective, should be pungent and brief. There is zest and no little penetration in this paragraph from an essay on Franklin K. Lane's letters: "Lane was by temperament the best type of Progressive. Countless folk of both sexes imagine themselves Progressives, when they are merely Mutationists, enamoured of change—change of religion, change of economic system, change of matrimonial partnerships. California is the chief stamping-ground of Mutationists. What makes most self-styled Progressives so fafuous and such a drawback to real progress is the fact that very few of them have a background of culture, and consequently no power of self-criticism."

Differences between French-Canadian and British-Canadian have given rise to many difficulties since Confederation; but these same differences have doubtless helped to mould our statesmen to a nobler pattern and, as E. Stewart Wallace points out in his admirable little book, *The Growth of Canadian National Feeling*, "a state which contains within it two or more varieties of national feeling is in some respects in a more advantageous position than a state which contains within it only one type of nationalism. In the latter state nationalism is apt to become intolerant, to regard itself as the sole basis of citizenship; whereas in a composite national state people are likely to be forced to learn the lesson of toleration. A psychological phenomenon like national feeling is no more fitted to be the basis of the state than a psychological phenomenon like religious feeling. It has taken the world many centuries of religious wars to learn the lesson of religious toleration; and it is apparently going to take it some centuries of national wars to learn the lesson of national toleration." The story of Canadian nationalism is one of peculiar interest in that solidarity, for Canada, is an inclusive rather than an exclusive thing. Any British-Canadian who has lived for a time in the province of Quebec, known the warm hospitality of the *habitant*, experienced the difficulties of communication and realized the wide contrasts of temperament and viewpoint will sometimes wonder at Confederation and its undoubted success. "Canadians are peculiarly fortunate in that they have at the source of their national history a federal compact itself founded on the principle of toleration." First appearing in the *Canadian Historical Review* in 1920, this essay has been revised and expanded. As the author says in his preface, it affords "a brief but comprehensive view of what may reasonably be regarded as a vital development of Canadian history."

\* \* \*

THE DEEP END. By Patrick Miller. Toronto: Nelson. \$2.00.

The human drama becomes more fascinating by far as the interest moves from the circumference of a man's affairs into the very centre of his mind, and the sources of his emotions. This novel is an endeavour to show all that one man can apprehend of a situation and characters. The odd and perverse behaviour by which a man may deny himself the very necessities of his emotional life rouses one's curiosity. We can never fully explain our inconsistencies, but the attempt to unravel them is an endless preoccupation, an excitement in itself.

The struggle to harmonize the aesthetic ideal in love with the actual experience is probably one widely shared but seldom expressed.

STORE OF WOMEN. By Louis Golding. New

York: Knopf. Toronto: Macmillan. \$2.

Coming into the hands of the reviewer just when the collections of phrases as published in recent issues of *Canadian Bookman* were claiming his interest, the idea suggested itself of applying the hobby to this book, which is a captivating comedy. Here are just a few of scores that might be chosen:

"There was no Greek temperance in the constitution of Jimmy Burton. If he did not slumber peacefully till long after noon and awake by slow and luxurious gradations, he sprang out of bed like a bullet at the moment of the chill dawn."

"... an observer might have taken him for one of these exemplary and inhuman creatures who begin at the lowest rung of the ladder and by more than heroic application become at length the managing directors of the companies in which they were once humble but tireless servants. They become millionaires. They endow their native cities with parks and libraries, stuffed respectively with deer and incunabula."

And then there was the almost automatic maid whose "lips opened as if someone had squeezed a button in her stomach." All her actions were of equal precision.

And Rex Horsham... "he was not likely to marry. He adored women, but the thought of their lovely variety condensed into one woman horrified him."

Then this, from one of Jimmy's many picturesque tales of his own fistic prowess:

"So I've gone up to him and I've said: 'oo are yer lookin' at?'"

"You!" he sez cool-like. "You wuz, wuz 'oo are yer looking at?'"

Then I lams 'im.

"First I giv' 'im a little jab on the jore wiv' my left, then anuvver wiv' my right. Then I starts!'"

Golding dedicates his novel to G. B. Stern and Rebecca West: "Two witty and luminous Ladies."

\* \* \*

WILD HORSE RANCH. By Reginald Barker. Boston: Page. \$2.00.

Jack Harmon, a wealthy young Easterner, makes a visit to his Uncle's ranch. He is hardly settled before he finds himself in the middle of a tangled skein. He is unable to tell friend from foe, and to make matters worse the heroine, an attractive and lively Western girl, is apparently involved in a series of holdups and rustling parties that have aroused the entire state. It is hard to believe that the heroine's splendid young brothers are the desperadoes that Jack has conceived them to be.

And things get worse and worse until—well, no fair reviewer discloses what the author has up his sleeve.

THE NORTH AMERICAN PHILATELIC YEAR BOOK. Compiled by William Butler, including Thompson's 1927 Canadian Pre-cancelled Catalogue, 1927 Edition. Kitchener, Ontario: Stamp Herald Publishing Co. \$1.00.

This is a creditable compendium of information regarding philatelists and their activities in North America. There is a directory of the stamp collectors of Canada, Newfoundland, the West Indies and Mexico; a directory of the stamp trade; a Philatelic Bibliography of Canada; articles on philatelic exhibitions, the rise in value of Canadian stamps and many other subjects of interest to collectors. There is also a fund of information about a subsidiary hobby—"Pre-cancelled Stamps." Altogether this book represents considerable application and research, and it is a thorough credit to the compiler.

\* \* \*

GRIST. By Edwin Carlile Litsey. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. \$2.00.

An artist, a doctor and a beautiful woman are the trio who are the principal characters in this tale. The artist owes his life to the doctor, his best and closest friend. But he finds himself "irresistibly and fatally attracted to the doctor's wife." Follows the struggle of an idealistic and sensitive nature to overcome what he conceives to be a base and dishonorable passion, his flight to a monastery and a series of dramatic incidents and situations which make the story.

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WALTER GARVIN IN MEXICO. By Gen. Smedley Butler and Lieut. Arthur J. Burke.

Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. \$1.75.

This is a book of adventure based on the historic achievements in Mexico in the days before the World War, by one who earned a firm place among American heroes—Walter Garvin. It is an inspiring book for boys, addressed more particularly to the youth of the United States.

\* \* \*

LOST ECSTASY. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Toronto: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

In characterization and in incident this new novel ranks with the best of this author's work and, added to the genuine story-interest, there is an amazing fund of information about cattle ranchers and agriculturists in the west.

Tom McNair and Kay Dowling, who provide the love interest, are all that could be desired in hero and heroine. Tom is a dare-devil, the best rider on the L-D. ranch, handsome, high-tempered, prone to drink and gamble. He also has a reputation for being "a devil among the women." But it was the real thing when he met Kay, the



daughter of a millionaire's home and granddaughter of the "Old Lucius," successful rancher.

Kay has to face poverty and misfortune when she throws in her lot with Tom, but all this is as naught in the face of their over-powering love for one another. The only trouble with the book is that their story ends all too soon.

It is not to be understood that this is a love story of billing and cooing from the beginning to the end of the romance. By no means! There were misunderstandings and even separations. But they were always superseded by yearnings and re-unions—all to the accompaniment of vigorous action making up an ideal tale of the west.

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**RUBBER HAND STAMPS**—The Manipulation of India Rubber and The Preparation of Rubberized Fabrics. By T. O'Connor Sloane. New York: Henley. \$2.00.

This book gives full details of all points, treating in a concise and simple manner the elements of nearly everything it is necessary to understand for a commencement in any branch of the Indian rubber manufacture. The making of all kinds of rubber hand stamps, small articles of India rubber, dating hand stamps, the manipulation of sheet rubber, toy balloons, India rubber solutions, cements, blackings, renovating varnish, and treatment for India rubber shoes, etc.; the hektograph stamp inks, rubberized fabrics, rain coats, rubber glove making, fire and garden hose manufacture, miscellaneous notes, with a short account of the discovery, collection and manufacture of India rubber are set forth in a manner designed to be readily understood, the explanation being plain and simple. Fourth edition. The volume has nearly 200 pages and is well illustrated.

\* \* \*

**LIGHT, MORE LIGHT.** By James Francis Cooke. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. \$1.50.

Here is a book by a man of affairs who believes in living his religion, and this book is but one of the evidences of his desire to carry to others the Light that has come into his life by reason of the principles which have guided his life—devotion to the Spirit of Good (God.) Beginning with a chapter on "The Light of the Ages," he follows with "The Light of Faith," "The Light of Courage," "The Light of Tolerance," "The Light of Patience," "The Light of Effort," "The Light of Achievement," "The Light of Reason," "The Light of Joy," "The Light of Beauty," "The Light of Sympathy," and "The Light of the World." Throughout, he fortifies his findings with quotations from the great men of all ages—philosophers, poets, and great leaders of men.

**OUT OF DOORS IN CANADA.** Poems. By Bertha Weston Price. Sherbrooke, Que.: Page Printing & Binding Co.

This booklet of poems, written with a purely Canadian background, contains some of the finest of Mrs. Price's work. The poetry is alive because Mrs. Price has lived in it. Simple words infused with reality and romance. The book is of many moods. The opening poem sounds the note for the rest of the pages—essentially Canadian, though unfortunately rather local in that it refers often to the Eastern Townships. Mrs. Price is certainly a loyal daughter of "the good old E.T."

Mrs. Price published a few years ago a beautiful gift book, *Legends of the Lakes*, and has contributed essays and poems to outstanding magazines.

The poems "Sugar on Snow" and "My Daily Walk" are really delightful and picturesque. While the two prose contributions, "Autumn in the Eastern Townships" and "The Old Pine," border very near to poetry, so delicately chosen are the words.

There are two fine pictures in the book, "The Old Pine" and "Sunset on Brome Lake." The pen and ink drawings by Mr. Gordon McKay are well executed.

C. RITCHIE-BELL.

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**QUICKSAND.** By Esme Wynne-Tyson. London: W. Collins & Sons. 7s. 6d.

Here is a novel which champions the younger generation and ascribes to it a searching for a more solid happiness "than is offered by the world's panaceas of friendship, marriage, love-affairs, work and fame."

Behind their cynicism and frivolity, a divine discontent presses on toward an anchorage which is not *quicksand*.

\* \* \*

**THE SCIENCE OF NUMEROLOGY.** By Walter B. Gibson. New York: George Sully & Co. \$1.00.

What do numbers mean to you? The author essays to disclose the relation of numbers to the lives of men. Numerology is explained as immediately applicable. The material is logically arranged, beginning with the numbers and their meanings, and then the laws by which they are applied to the individual. One chapter is devoted to an account of the relation of numbers to the lives of great men.

While this volume has come into the hands of a reviewer for whom numerology, astrology, etc., have but a quiescent interest, even he can appreciate that it will prove most interesting to the thousands of people who attach great importance to this particular subject.

THE POETRY REVIEW. July-August. London: 1s 3d.

Not less interesting than the always worthy issues of this periodical is the current number and for Canadians special interest attaches to the distinction gained in the Lewis portrait premium contest by Miss Lily E. F. Barry, of Montreal, who shared first prize with Dr. Bertha Skeat, whose contribution was "Her Portrait."

Miss Barry's poem follows:

YOU.

You of the velvet eyes and golden skin,  
I like the pattern you were fashioned in,  
Nimble and neat and knowing as a bird,  
(Always a little better than your word),  
Cheerful and constant, smiling as you go,  
Brother to every creature, high and low;  
Loving to give and serve for love alone,  
Counting the highest joy a duty done,  
Nor sooner done than by the next effaced,  
In well-filled days with generous ardour  
traced,

Faithful in greater things, faithful in small,  
Shall you be found the faithfulest of all?  
You of the velvet eyes and golden skin!  
God bless the pattern you were fashioned in!

Lily E. F. Barry.

\* \* \*

MOONRAKER. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Toronto: Macmillan and Company. \$2.50.

This is a unique story. Miss Jesse has made a boy, Jacky, a mouthpiece through which to relate the story of a woman pirate. Jacky sails on the pirate ship and takes part in many piratical excursions.

Miss Jesse has entered fully into the spirit of the tale and she has, besides, a curiously complete mastery of technical terms that creates a very convincing atmosphere. Lest anyone imagine this is mere juvenilia, it would be better to state that it is not. Sophy, the woman pirate, is an extraordinary creation—so swashbuckling and attractive in her pirate's costume and suffering such a pathetic metamorphosis when she dons the garments of her sex and becomes a spinster, slightly *passé*.

Two figures stand out clearly against the picturesque background of this tale. One is Sophy herself and the other is Toussaint L'Overture, a gentleman of color, and a perfect one at that. These are the two who influence Jacky and these are the two of whom he thinks when his day is almost done and he is safely and sanely married, with the Moonraker days a thing of the past.

It is a delightful book all through and one well calculated to while away an hour, for there are touches of poetry throughout that, perhaps, are there because of Miss Jesse's ancestry, and the prose is what one would expect from the writer of *Tom Fool*.

T. D. R.

## THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

Reviewed by Austin Bothwell

WHAT is magic in Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* is the art of the novelist which makes of the life in a Davos Sanatorium an image of the world. He conducts thither Hans Castrop, a young man whom he describes as simple, but prepossessing. The theme is simplicity itself; Hans Castrop learns to think. The process is perhaps speeded up in an environment where the idea of death is omnipresent—where the rôle of the temperature chart with its curve is a "fat" one—where time is of no account—the measure of the physicians being six months—"perhaps in six months."

Two patients are largely responsible for Hans Castrop's mental development; Settembrini, the skeptical Italian writer who believes, nevertheless, in the progress of mankind, in civilization, and Leo Naptha, the Jew turned Jesuit, who is a communist, (destroy mankind and bring men back to God) who stands for culture. The novel is very largely conversation, but fruitful, *geistreich*, momentous talk. Love has a place—in the peculiar febrile worshipful attitude of the young man toward Claudia Couchat, the sensuous young Russian who is the Venus of this Venusberg.

It is in pre-war days that the scene is laid. We take leave of Hans Castrop in the trenches in Flanders—where perhaps he will meet that death which he has now learned to accept. The strife of youth has, earlier than it otherwise would but for his seven years' stay in the magic mountain, given place to that knowledge of a quiet kind, that philosophy which, if it has not solved the riddle, is composed. In this ordinary young man Thomas Mann has portrayed his own inner strife and its solution in a compromise. More significant than death is the freedom of the intellect; more significant than life is the uprightness of the heart. To an Aldous Huxley, a Beverley Nicholls, to reach such a conclusion at the end of 1200 pages would no doubt seem the most colossal joke of all. But Thomas Mann means it in all honorable earnestness. In contrast with Theodore Dreiser's everlasting "No!" there is Thomas Mann's inspiring "Yes!"

THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN. By Thomas Mann; translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada. Two volumes, boxed. \$6.00.



THE ABSOLUTE AT LARGE. By Karel Capek.  
Toronto: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A young engineer engaged in research work discovers a method by which he is enabled to extract the utmost power from coal. Unfortunately by so doing he releases what he terms *The Absolute*—a boundless energy which eventually throws civilization into chaos.

This discovery would have been an admirable one, had the Absolute remained as pure energy, but unfortunately it was compact of divine properties with the result that everyone with whom it came in contact became seized, as it were, with the Holy Ghost. The miraculous became the mundane, healing became a common gift and levitation could be indulged in at will.

There ensue the gradual overthrow of civilization, the disruption of commerce and industry and the annihilation of finances until at last the Karburator is banned and relegated to the bootlegging world.

Mr. Capek certainly has a vivid imagination, and the subject around which he has built his tale has immeasurable ramifications. He falters noticeably, however, in the wider conception. Many of the chapters are highly interesting, but some of them, also, are merely foolish.

To an hypothesis such as he conceived there were few limits. An atomic energy released and at large in a highly organized civilization, with unbounded possibilities and limitless powers! And yet men experience the same reactions, a little heightened, perhaps, as they would at a revivalist meeting. Why such a conventional reading? However the book is entertaining and no doubt many will enjoy the gradual elaboration of the author's theory. T.D.R.

PINAFORES AND PANTALETES. By Ada Claire Dorst. Boston: Page. \$1.75.

This story is based on the author's childhood experiences, and one of its merits is the admirable retention of the child's point of view. The South, with its hospitality, courtesy and gentle flow of happy life, forms a loving subject for a daughter of old Dixie. The story is that of a family of orphan girls who face the world bravely, secure in mutual love and helpfulness. There is one of the genuine old mummies, faithful, loyal and beloved of the South, now all but forgotten, excepting in the din of the inane mammy songs emanating from tin-pan alley.

Needless to say, there is a great fund of quaint plantation humor.

UHARNA. By Gerves Baronti. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. \$2.00.

The heroine of this tale is represented by the author as the first "world woman"—Orient and Occident blended in one person,

having the poetry and occultism of the Orient and the more animate characteristics of the Western aesthete.

We have the author's own word for it that he was driven to boredom by many things, including love, religion, the investigation of poetic morality, the study of psychic inhibitions and the healing of Chinese and foreigners in China. "I cured sin and disease in China by suggestion plus effrontery, all the while laughing at the credulity of native and foreigner."

Then came Awakening, with this book among its fruits—it is different!

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ASPECTS OF SCIENCE. (Second series) J. W. N. Sullivan. London: Wm. Collins Sons & Co.

To those who have observed the larger movements of modern science even from afar and rather vaguely, it may seem strange that there still exists an urgent need for popular scientific interpretations. It is an astounding fact that the peoples of this Western civilization, in reality owing every perceptible advantage to scientific research, should still be content to accept utterly prejudicial and often erroneous statements regarding the scientific position—both pro and con. While each new triumph of the human mind is immediately incorporated into the nation's complex existence, to be exploited by the advertisers and generally adopted by the multitude; while quietly, unobtrusively, but with infinite labor, a few valiant souls are gradually extending the light of human knowledge within the darkness of an immeasurable ignorance; while men who would appear to be the by-product of another and more primitive age, go on making steady preparations for the next *annihilating* war; while the most gigantic drama, with possibilities such as the world has never known, spreads out vastly before us—while all this is going on, steadily preparing the way for human triumph or catastrophe, the great majority of the people have taken so little trouble to understand the forces at work in our modern world that they do not even know what science—the prime mover of civilization—does actually stand for and whither it is leading us.

There is still, incredible though it seems to those who have given the slightest thought to the question, a battle being waged between so-called scientific materialism and religious mysticism. Notwithstanding the fact that the most inspired of modern preachers recognize in science as it exists today, the very spirit of the age and a prime factor in deciding our racial future, notwithstanding the most emphatic statements from scientific authorities to the effect that, as Mr. Sullivan puts it, the ma-

terialist philosophy is now a matter of purely historical interest, there are still vast numbers of well-intentioned persons belaboring each other with wordy cudgels long after the principals have come to see each other's viewpoint and have agreed to co-operate.

"Mysticism and science can quite well live together. Except on the basis of a rationalism whose foundations have long since crumbled there is no conflict whatever between mystical insight and science. And the man who prides himself on the complete absence of mystery in his view of the world is not only not representing the scientific outlook, but will speedily become quite unable to understand it." Thus Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan states the modern position. He also calls for support in his endeavor to induce a public awareness of this position. "Scientific men must impress their ideals, as well as their ideas, upon the public. If scientific ideas are to gain any hold on the community it must be by vigorous propaganda. There should be lecturing campaigns and periodicals devoted solely to this end. As it is, writers are able to say, with some show of justice, that science touches only the fringe of life, that it has no bearing on the centre of life at all. Science has a spirit as well as a body, and it is its spirit even more than its body which is the potential saviour of mankind." So much as an indication of Mr. Sullivan's intellectual (and moral) position. Here is a man whose conception of science is anything but mechanistic; his latest work fairly pulses with vitality.

Something of the difficulty of writing scientifically for the ordinary man may be indicated by the following: "Most people, when they ask for a simple explanation, mean an explanation in terms of entities with which they are familiar. These entities are usually very complex, and truly simple entities are usually very strange. One of the merits of Einstein's theory, for instance, is the simplicity and precision of its necessary assumptions. They are certainly not familiar and for that reason most people find them very difficult to grasp." But Mr. Sullivan does not balk at difficulties. His essays on the relativity theory and the structure of the atom are as readable as those concerned with much more general and more familiar aspects of science. He is an artist, in a very deep sense, and for this reason his approach to the scientific position is at once logical and actively imaginative. The broadest implications of modern scientific research, more than separate exploits in themselves, are of vital concern to the lay reader. Mr. Sullivan is a visionary with a strong intellectual footing. "A science," he observes, "is a constructed work of art, not, as some writ-

ers seem to think, something ruthlessly imposed upon our minds from without."

For the psycho-analysts he has very little use. "Obviously, if it can be shown that there is no reason other than the results to believe the theories, and if it can be further shown that the results do not require the theories, then nothing whatever is left of psycho-analysis." I wonder what would be the outcome if this same rigorous test were applied to all systems involving metaphysical quantities in one form or another.

In an essay on Art and Science, Mr. Sullivan touches upon problems which will demand attention more insistently as time passes. The necessary relationship between all the higher forms of human activity has yet to be clearly shown. That the old clear-cut boundaries between the various Arts, even between the arts and science, are largely provisional, even misleading, is not hard to demonstrate; but we must beware of establishing facile analogies just because these happen to accord with some special theory. One thing is certain, "The artist-explorer and his colleague, the greatly intuitive man of science, are in the vanguard of humanity. These two, the artist and the man of science, are indeed advancing towards the same end by two different paths. Herman Melville has said that 'From without no wonderful effect is wrought within ourselves, unless some interior, responding wonder meets it.' We may say that it is the interior wonder that is explored by the artist and the exterior that is explored by the man of science. And the human consciousness grows through successive revelations in each of these directions." And further on: "Truths which are mystical and truths which are scientific must equally be accommodated by the fully developed human consciousness. Any difficulties we at present experience are an expression of our limitations."

Now, writing such as this contains within it the elements of greatness. Mr. Sullivan combines a tremendous faith in the scientific method with a fine discretion in making specific claims. "The commonest facts of life, such as heredity, are mysteries before which the mind grows dizzy. If they are judged in relation to any reasonable ideal of comprehension, the sciences of life and mind have hardly begun. And even in the sciences of matter there are hints that we may be reaching a region where we cannot yet imagine truly."

J. W. N. Sullivan is the sort of man this age needs. He is the sort of man that every age needs, for he is the prophet of his own time. Life is no static, motionless, final and irrevocable thing. It is a great moving and a becoming. The great men of any period are those who can sense the main



currents of human progress and can interpret them, who can indicate possibilities, recall men from idle dreaming to a consciousness of actual values, and lend their own vision of a mightier future to those who would otherwise dwell in darkness and despair. Such men are far ahead of their time. It remains for us to accept them in all humility and profound gratitude.

M. A.

\* \* \*

CONTEMPORARY POETS. An Anthology of Fifty. Edited by Grace Dorrance. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. \$2.00.

This is a volume giving the best selections of the contemporary minor poets represented in the series known as the Contemporary Poets of Dorrance, in which fifty-five volumes have now appeared.

\* \* \*

### DEATH OF MALCOLM GEDDES

From Calgary comes the sad intelligence of the death on August 2nd of Malcolm D. Geddes, of the *Farm and Ranch Review*. He was a veteran member of the Alpine

Club of Canada, and a member of the Canadian Authors Association. It was while he was conducting a private party at Lefroy Glacier that he met his death, plunging 2000 feet over a precipice when it became impossible to change his direction on the deceptive glacier.

*Canadian Bookman* recalls the occasion of a visit to this office by the late Malcolm Geddes on the occasion of which he related interesting and thrilling experiences of mountain climbing, including a notable ascent of Mount Logan.

\* \* \*

### THE NATIONAL HYMN

Editor's Note.—Another setting for "O Canada," the work of Frederick S. Crossman, appears herewith. In an accompanying note he says: "I have endeavored to bring patriotism as well as the deeper religious note into these stanzas. In the chorus I have kept to the spirit of the standard version, which is quite appropriate." He adds a comment on the general recognition that the tune itself is worthy of being our national anthem.

## O Canada

By F. S. Crossman

O CANADA, thy lands from sea to sea  
Shall ever stand for truth and liberty;  
Ne'er shall oppression's yoke defile,  
Nor tyranny profane  
This fairest land, O Canada,  
For which thy sons were slain.

*Chorus:*

O Canada! O Canada!  
Thy sons united stand from sea to sea,  
Ever on guard, O Canada, for thee.

O Lord of Hosts, may here Thy kingdom reign,  
And may the right fill all this vast domain;  
May east and west be joined in one,  
And Canada be free  
From pride and boast, and all her sons  
Be bound in love to Thee.

## MORE PHRASES

Toronto, Aug. 6th, 1927.

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

I have been greatly interested in the lists of phrases which have been appearing in recent issues of *Canadian Bookman*. I had thought that the hobby was peculiarly my own, but one never can tell what others are doing. I have been collecting quotations for years, arranging them in alphabetical order, and am sending herewith about twenty taken from the first four letters of the alphabet. I shall leave it to your own good judgment to make use of them, or not.

Your magazine is always very welcome.

ALFRED PRICE.

## Phrases

"Anger is a weapon that is handled by the blade."

"A lark in the sky is worth two in the pudding."

"A fortune without a man behind it is misfortune."

"A man is neither so happy nor so miserable as he imagines."—La Rochefoucauld.

"After all, the best thing one can do when it is raining is to let it rain."—Longfellow.

"As lovely as heart can worship."—Hunt.

"A woman is as old as she looks, and a man is old when he stops looking."

"A soul greater than its doings."

"A diamond may fall into the mire, but it will be a diamond still."—Farrar.

"All the audibility of life withdrew itself."—Marjorie Pickthall.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."—Charles Lamb.

"The air was full of the night noises that taken together make one big silence."—Kipling.

"A star will glow like a note God strikes on a silver bell."—Masefield.

"A joy to the heart of man is a goal that he may not reach."—Swinburne.

"A hen is the only thing on earth that can sit still and produce a dividend."

"Be a lamp in the chamber if you cannot be a star in the sky."—George Eliot.

"Begin now the life that you would be proud to live forever."

"Contentment consists not in great wealth, but in few wants."—Epicurus.

"Deeds are fruit, words are leaves."

"Do what you can, being what you are; Shine like a glow-worm, if you cannot like a star;

Work like a pulley, if you cannot like a crane;

Be a wheel-greaser, if you cannot drive a train."—Judge Payne.

"Difficulties are things that show what men are."—Epictetus.

## A PROTEST

Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 2, 1927

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

Somehow I do not like to see in a journal "devoted to literature and the creative arts," an article like that appearing in a recent number, "What the Public Is Said to Want." At least I do not like to see such things as those in the last paragraph.

If Canadian writers are to be guided by such advice there is small use in anticipating a Golden Age in Canadian literature.

May I quote the offensive paragraph? "Therefore, the wise writer who writes to please the public will first meet the taste of the average reader, or vice versa. To the best of his ability he will make his story technically perfect—in plot-structure, theme, style, and all the other 'points.' Then he has a chance of pleasing the editor. If his material is built on these requirements he can send it forth like an old-time Argosy, fairly sure that in time it will reach a haven."

By way of contrast to this guide to success, here is John Galsworthy's bit of inspiration, from the Foreword of his fine volume of short stories, *Caravans*

"Like some long caravan bearing merchandise of sorts, the tales of a writer wind through the desert of indifference towards the oasis of public favour. Whether they ever arrive, or drift to death among the shifting sands of popular taste, lies on the knees of the gods—their author has no say. When he has mustered and sent them forth, he may retire and squat afresh on the carpet of vision, having done all he can.

"The fiction market is supposed to require of short stories a certain pattern full of 'pep' and sting in the tail. The scorpion, it is said, if sufficiently irritated, will sting itself to death. So will the short story when worried by the demands of editors. The inveterately independent will resist these blandishments, go their own ways, imitate no one. They may achieve results as little to the taste of the market as are these tales, but at least they will fail after their own hearts and probably end by getting very high prices for their merchandise.

"Independence is the state best worth having in life, and such as believe they can achieve it in their later tales by servitude to fashion in their youthful efforts are doomed, I fear, to the drinking of bitter waters. If the writer of the short tale submit himself to the discipline demanded by the crisp and clear expression of his genuine fancies and his genuine moods, he has submitted to quite enough.



"As the untaught spider spins his delicate rose-window and assures it against wind and rain by sheer adjustment—not a thread too many or too few—so let us writers of short tales try to spin out of our own instinct and vision the round and threaded marvel. If in it we catch some hopeful editor and hold him to ransom—all the better for us; but if we don't we have none the less fulfilled our being, and that is our real end in life."

What does it matter how full the woods are of writers who can sell Canadian stories? If there is to be a fine tradition in Canadian literature it is the spirit of a Galsworthy that will count.

STELLA BRUNT.

\* \* \*

### JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD PASSES

James Oliver Curwood, the novelist, died on Saturday, August 13th, at his home in Owosso, Mich., after a week's illness, following streptococcus infection. Owosso was his native city. He was in his 50th year.

Before becoming a novelist James Oliver Curwood was a journalist. An incentive to the writing of books was the fact that he was a descendant of the famous writer of adventure tales, Captain Marryat. Curwood's first novel, *The Courage of Captain Plum*, was published in 1908. Twenty-three others followed, most of them with Canadian Northwest settings. One of the very best of his books, however, was *The Black Hunter*, a tale of Old Quebec. Every year since he began his career as an author in 1908 he passed several months in Canadian northlands, frequently travelling as far north as the Arctic Coast. He is said to have been the only United States citizen ever employed by the Canadian Government as an exploratory and descriptive writer.

A zealous crusader for conservation of natural resources, Curwood was appointed a member of the Michigan Conservation Commission, and he fought vigorously for conservation of the Michigan forests.

### LOVE-GARDENS

By Mary Matheson

A WISTFUL wind  
Is in the trees.  
Beside the path  
My peonies  
Droop in a thoughtful  
Tender mood  
Within the garden's  
Solitude.

I know they think  
Of other days  
When happy hearts  
Sought lovely ways  
And down these pathways  
Lightly sped,  
—Each gentle maid  
By lover led.

The aspens tremble  
In the light,  
And glisten palely  
As the night  
Hides with his shadows  
All the gay  
And merry comrades  
Of the day.

But slowly-swaying  
Evening flowers  
That flaunt their joys  
In day-time hours,  
Then in the arms  
Of breezes lie  
Soft-slumbering 'neath  
The twilight sky

Tell me sweet secrets  
They have known  
And treasured as  
The years have flown,  
Of sprightly youth  
And maiden shy  
Who, other eves  
Went whispering by.

They ne'er forget,  
Because I know  
These still unseen  
Walk to and fro,  
Haunting the paths  
Of perfume rare  
And lightly touch  
These petals fair.

Then as they leave  
On silent wing  
Flowers smile—and keep  
Remembering.

# Inside Stuff . . . .

## FROM "A SCOTTISH EXILE"

Toronto, Aug. 22, 1927.

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

As a Scottish exile who has recently arrived from the Old Land may I be permitted to offer my sincere thanks to *Canadian Bookman*.

For some time I searched (I use the word "searched" advisedly) for a Canadian magazine that would keep me in touch with real art and give me some idea of Canada's place in the realm of literature. My heart was filled with joy and my almost insatiable appetite for the things that count in life was to an extent appeased when I came across your magazine. Truly it can be said of it: "Those who have souls meet their fellows there."

Thank you very much for the magazine, which now means a great deal to me and which alleviates in no small measure the loneliness of an exile.

ISOBEL J. MACDONALD.

\* \* \*

Complementing the article about L. M. Montgomery in this issue, it is interesting to record on the basis of a message from Cavendish, P.E.I., that she was obliged to shorten her annual vacation at her old home by the sea in the Island Province, in order to bring about the realization of the wish expressed by Premier Baldwin, of England, to meet the author of books "which have given me so much pleasure." He had expressed a desire to see the "green gables country," but regretted that his Canadian itinerary prevented his doing so. The sequel came when Mrs. Macdonald (L. M. Montgomery), was a guest awaiting entrance to the garden party given by the Lieut.-Gov. of Ontario to the Royal visitors and their party, a messenger came to her from Premier Baldwin informing her that he was looking for her arrival and would see her at once. Waiving ceremony, there followed a memorable half hour's chat with Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, in itself a significant tribute at any time but the more notable under the exacting circumstances, and one to stir the pride of the least self-conscious.

\* \* \*

Our thanks are due Mrs. C. L. Parker, of McAdam Jet., N.B., for a list of influential people whom she thought would be interested in getting what she described as "Your rather wonderful magazine."

## The Poems of John Crichton

(Norman Gregor Guthrie)

Of this poet, upon the appearance of the first volume "A Vista," Sir Andrew Macphail said:

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## THE CALL

By Amy Campbell

SEE an outgoing ship by gulls attended,  
Leaving a languid smoke-plume on the sky,

Taking its way to quiet of strange harbors,  
And color of new ports where sea-paths lie—  
I heed no rush of motor, trail of laughter—  
The voices of the street are strangely

thinned—

My ship calls and I am all for going  
When I watch curtains blowing in the wind.

\* \* \*

## VANCOUVER POETRY SOCIETY

At the closing meeting of the Vancouver Poetry Society during the present season, held at the home of the President, Dr. E. P. Fewster, Mr. A. M. Stephen read selections from his latest book of poems, *The Land of Singing Waters*. This western poet possesses a voice which has deep, rich tone, is flexible and sympathetic, and, apart from his merit as a poet, he has the essential qualities of an interpretative reader.

Among other poems presented were some dramatic narratives embodying incidents gathered during the poet's varied experience when he was homesteading, cow-punching, trapping and prospecting in the Far West. These, naturally, contain more of popular appeal than the more purely lyrical work and added a pleasant variety to the evening's programme.



## PICTURES OF RURAL QUEBEC

What Coffin and Eberlein have done for Normandy and Brittany is being done for rural Quebec by Miss M. Stevens Ayres, who has made innumerable pictures of different types of French-Canadian architecture; quaint cottages, thatched roofed barns, old wildmills, watermills, churches, chapels, wayside shrines and crosses. These pictures also show something of the life of the *habitant* in hamlets, at home, and elsewhere, affording a wealth of material for more than one book.

Miss Ayres' pictures are the result of several years of research work both literary and pictorial, and summers spent in touring the Province of Quebec from one end to another, always with her cameras.

\* \* \*

## APPASSIONATA

By Robert Hazlemere

LOVE called me and I came  
To hear his whispered offer;  
Prepared to hear my name  
Denounced by him as scoffer.

O, Tintoretto, you  
Held beauty, panting, breathless!  
In two deep pools of blue  
I saw Love, deathless.

At the third general session of the American Library Association, held Thursday evening, June 23rd, being the evening devoted to work with boys and girls, the John Newbery Medal for the most distinguished book of the past year was awarded to Will James for his book, *Smoky*. On account of Mr. James' absence, owing to a recent operation, the medal was accepted on his behalf by Mr. William Copp, vice-president of the Copp Clark Co. Limited, Toronto, who are the Canadian publishers of *Smoky*.

\* \* \*

## ON A SUNNY DAY

By D. L. Sanders

SEE, where the city lies,  
Smoke stacks make  
Shawls as of Shetland  
For the Lady Lake.

These shall the Lady wear:  
A blue frock sweet,  
And white frills of organdy  
About her little feet.

Gulls shall her jewels be,  
Cloud wreaths her crown  
And silken her cover  
When the sun goes down.

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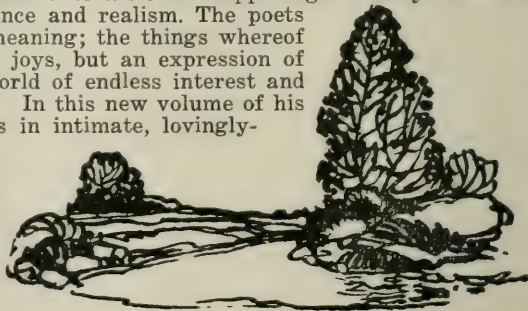
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# The Collector

BULLETIN No. XV., from the William L. Clements Library, University of Michigan, bearing the title *Early American Printing*, details briefly but interestingly, the history of early printing in America, with particular reference to the numerous examples of such printing in the possession of the Clements Library. The first book issued in the New World is believed to have been printed by Juan Pablos in the City of Mexico in the year 1539, but no copy of it survives. From there printing spread to Peru, where the first printing establishment in South America was founded by Antonio Ricardo, his first book appearing in 1580. A century after books were printed in Mexico a printing press was finally set up in the English colonies, the first printer being Stephen Daye. The first document issuing from its press was probably a single sheet, *The Oath of a Freeman*, but no copy of it is known to exist, nor is there a copy now existing of the second imprint, which was probably an almanac. The third imprint of this press was the famous *Bay Psalm Book*, which has often been called, but, as will have been seen, erroneously, the first American book, of which only ten copies are known to survive. There is no space here to trace the further development of printing in America as set forth in the Bulletin, but room must be found for the paragraph headed, "Canada":

"The story of American printing would be incomplete without a consideration of two rare books, the products of the second, if not the first, Canadian printing press. The researches of Phileas Gagnon have suggested the possibility of broadsides having been printed at Quebec and Montreal as early as 1759. Of the Canadian books which survive, bearing an undoubted imprint, the prayer book printed in the language of the Montagnais Indians, and entitled *Nehiro-Irimui* (Quebec, 1767), is certainly one of the earliest printed in Canada. Of greater rarity is *The Trial of Daniel Disney, Esq.* (Quebec, 1767). Of this curious volume M. Dionne in his *Inventaire Chronologique des Livres . . . de Quebec* (Quebec, 1907), has aptly remarked: 'On remarquera sans doute la longueur du titre, qui est hors de proportion pour une brochure d'aussi courte haleine.'"

Sir Leicester Harmsworth made some remarks at the 15th annual dinner of the In-

ternational Association of Antiquarian Booksellers, held in London on January 27 last, in proposing the toast of "The Association," which, even at this late date, should interest every one who takes the trouble to read these notes. Sir Leicester, after saying that a great deal had been heard about the deplorable transference of rare books from Great Britain to America, declared he did not share that feeling. It was a good thing they were finding their way to America—subject to qualification. It was far better that America should derive her inspiration from English books than from foreign books. But there was a qualification. It was a matter of great regret that while America was forming great libraries there were apparently no great libraries being formed in the other English-speaking countries. There were one or two great libraries in Australia, but there was no great library in Africa and no great library in Canada. The opportunity of getting great libraries was passing away, and unless those Dominions or some patriotic individuals took up the question they would be left in the future without these libraries.

\* \* \*

Catalogue No. 3 from the Mackay Book Shop, Toronto, is devoted to Canadiana, and offers an interesting assemblage of books under that head dealing with biography, exploration, history, etc. Some of the more important items are: Bartlett's *Canadian Scenery*, 2 vols., London, n.d.; Beggs' *History of the North-West*, 3 vols., Toronto, 1894; Bengough's *Caricature History of Canadian Politics*, 2 vols., Toronto, 1886; runs of *The Canada Monthly* and *The Canadian Magazine*; Christie's *History of the Late Province of Lower Canada*, 6 vols., Montreal, 1866; Dent's *Story of the Upper Canada Rebellion*, 2 vols., Toronto, 1885; Daniel's *Histoires des Grandes Familles Francaise du Canada*, Montreal, 1867; various works of Haliburton ("Sam Slick"); Kane's *Wanderings of an Artist*, London, 1859; Kingsford's *History of Canada*, 10 vols.; Leveigne's *Echoes from the Backwoods*, 2 vols., London, 1846; Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, Ottawa, 1867; Pope's *Memoirs of Rt. Hon. Sir J. A. Macdonald*, 2 vols., London, 1894; West's *The Substance of a Journal during a residence at the Red River Colony*, 2nd edition, enlarged, London, 1825 (priced \$35).



The Cadmus Book Shop, New York, offers in Miniature List No. 35, some interesting items of Canadiana, including the following, viz: Knox' *An Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America for the Years 1757-60*, 2 vols., London, 1759, (priced \$125.); Labat's *Nouveau Voyage aux Isles de l'Amerique*, Paris, 1722, Burgoyne's *A State of the Expedition from Canada*, London, 1780; Anbury's *Travels Through the Interior Parts of America*, 2 vols., London, 1791; Chastellux' *Travels in North America*, 2 vols., London, 1787, original English edition, with all the maps and plates; Heriot's *Travels Through the Canadas*, London, 1807; *Sketches in New Brunswick*, 12 full-page lithographic plates, original wrappers bound in, London 1836 (priced \$45); Bishop Baraga's *A Theoretical Grammar and Dictionary of the Ojibpue Language*, second edition, 2 volumes in one, Montreal, 1878; Burpee's *The Search for the Western Sea*, London, 1908 (priced \$40).

\* \* \*

A catalogue (No. 617) of "scarce and interesting books," which comes from Wm. J. Campbell, Philadelphia, offers under the head of "Americana," among other books with an appeal to the collectors of Canadiana, Geo. Catlin's personal copy of his exceedingly rare *Views of Niagara*, 8 plates drawn on stone and colored from nature, including a view from the Canadian shore, one mile below the Falls, and a chart of the river between Lake Erie and Ontario, 1831. A note by Catlin written on the front cover says: "From the difficulty of coloring these views a very limited number has been struck off, & they will be nowhere found in the print stores." The price asked for the volume, of which there is no record of any copy having ever been sold at auction, is \$100.

\* \* \*

List No 49 from the Antiquarian Book Co., Birkenhead, Eng., is devoted to old colored maps of the American continent, among others of Canadian interest being: John Speed's *Map of America*, with 10 panels portraying natives, 8 views of cities, and colored cartouche containing sailing ships and sea-monsters, London, 1626 (priced \$50); Ortelius' *Map of America*, with colored cartouche containing numerous sailing ships and a sea-monster, Amsterdam, 1587 (priced \$50); Hondius' *North and South America*, with 10 panels of native costumes, 6 panels with views of cities, numerous sailing ships and sea-monsters, Amsterdam, 1631 (priced \$50); Moll's *A New and Correct Map of the Whole World* (Mercator's Projection), with colored cartouche showing native warriors, animals, etc., 1719 (priced \$50); *North and Central*

*America and West Indies*, with cartouche portraying great naval battle in progress and traders on shores, Scutter, 1744 (priced \$22.50); *English and French Canadian Colonies*, with colored cartouche, Delisle, Paris, 1703 (priced \$20).

Some interesting details about the library of the Law Society of Upper Canada were given before the American Association of Law Libraries at its recent convention in Toronto, by J. J. Daley, Chief Librarian at Osgoode Hall. The first attempt at a collection dates back to 1800, and the first catalogue was issued in 1829, showing 264 volumes, chiefly reports. There are now 70,300 volumes in the library. Reports of cases cover not only the British Empire, but also every state in the U.S., and include even the rare Kirby's Connecticut reports, issued in 1789. Other rare possessions of the library include a set of *Manuscript Precedents*, dating from the commencement of the 18th century, in eight volumes; Baxter's *Advancement of Learning*, Oxford, 1640, and the decrees of Pope Gregory IX., printed at Lyons in 1613.

\* \* \*

The interesting information comes from Vancouver that half a dozen volumes of the famous "Cottonia Library," compiled by Robert Southey during the industrious years spent by him at Greta Hall, Keswick, have come into the possession of William Anderson, of that city, together with much other interesting Southeyana, through his grandmother, who was a close friend of Edith Southey, the poet's niece. Southey was a tireless reviewer of books, and it was his habit to make extracts from the books coming before him for judgment, subsequently stitching the sheets together and binding them in white cotton. The greater number of the slim volumes comprising this "Cottonia Library," several hundred in all, are preserved in libraries and museums in Great Britain.

\* \* \*

The original manuscript of Kipling's *Absent-Minded Beggar*, a song which in the days of the South African war had a rage not equalled by that aroused by *Tipperary* in the Great War, was sold at auction at Sotheby's in London recently for £340. The manuscript also bears the music, written and signed by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Kipling wrote the song and Sullivan the music on the commission of *The London Daily Mail*, in support of that newspaper's appeal for funds to assist the families of reservists and others serving in South Africa, and was the means of bringing in no less than \$250,000 for that purpose. The inscribed Ms. of *The Harlot's House*, by Oscar Wilde, brought £90 at the same sale.

A first edition of Rudyard Kipling's *Schoolboy Lyrics*, printed for private circulation at Lahore, India, in 1881, was sold at Hodgson and Co.'s auction rooms in London recently for £420. The copy was one of a brown paper cover issue, of which only twenty-five were published. The entire edition was limited to fifty copies, of which number only a comparatively few, perhaps, are in existence today. The book contains only twenty-four small pages measuring five and a half inches by four inches.

\* \* \*

Lord Leigh's set of four folio editions of Shakespeare, 1623-85, from Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwickshire, was sold at Sotheby's, in London, on June 29 for \$30,000, Gabriel Wells, the New York book and art dealer, being the purchaser. The copy of the first folio forms number 82 in Sir Sydney Lee's "Census" and has various minor imperfections.

\* \* \*

The magnificent tenth century German manuscript on vellum known as the Anhalt Gospels, was sold at Sotheby's, in London, on May 31, for £9,000. Gabriel Wells, the New York book and art dealer, being the purchaser. The manuscript, which came from the library of the Dukes of Anhalt-Dessau, where it had been for nearly 400 years, consists of 128 leaves and is bound in the original boards. Its chief features are the Eusebian canons; a full-page miniature of St. Matthew writing his Gospel; an initial word "Liber," occupying a page, painted in gold and colors, and miniatures of the Evangelists.

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Vol. IX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1927

No. 9



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

*125 Simcoe Street*

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FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office: 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. IX., No. 9

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1927

25c a Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

By John Macklem

PRIZE-WINNING had come to be quite a habit with Mazo de la Roche even before her recent success in carrying off the \$10,000 prize for the best novel submitted in the contest conducted by the *Atlantic Monthly* of Boston. The previous awards, however, had been for one-act plays. There are various estimates, all the way up to \$50,000, as to the total amount accruing from *Jalna*, and it is particularly pleasurable to be able to chronicle the indubitable fact that in this case the winner was a native-born Canadian, Toronto being her birth-place. I do not know whether this event has much significance for others, but I have, in recent years, run into a lot of pooh-poohing of Canadian letters. If a writer, who had come to Canada a babe in arms, grows up in thoroughly Canadian surroundings and in due course achieves literary success, this author is "after all not really a Canadian." A prize-winning novel clearly inspired by experiences of living in Western Canada cannot possibly be classed as Canadian—the author is Norwegian, although she came to Canada at the age of three—and so *ad nauseam*.

It was with *Explorers of the Dawn* that Miss De La Roche first came into prominence and the fact that it had a foreword by Christopher Morley was in itself a distinction. Her

work had already been appearing in such magazines as *Harper's* and *The Atlantic Monthly*, and this book was marked by the piquancy, fantastic coloring and clever characterization which have accounted to so great an extent for her later successes.

The novels *Possession* and *Delight* gave promise of that greater achievement now realized in *Jalna*, which will be taken to heart by Canadians not only for its innate merits, but because of its justification of Canada's claim to a less cramped place in the literary sun.

No estimate of this author's work should fail to emphasize her outstanding success with one-act plays. She has several of these to her credit which are of a very high order, the best of them being *Low Life*, which is a contribution of no mean significance to Canadian literature. Ever since its first appearance it has taken a large place in the activities of community theatres in different parts of Canada. I repeat that this is an achievement of more than passing interest. It is a forward step in a distinct branch of the development of Canadian literature.

Retrospectively, the work of Mazo De La Roche is an interesting subject for students of Canadian literature, but it is the significance of the growth and accomplishment revealed



in what she has done that convinces one that her star is in the ascendant and that there are still finer things to come from this source.

Miss De La Roche is of French, Irish and English ancestry. The De La Roches were a French Royalist family who fled to Ireland at the time of the French Revolution.



MAZO DE LA ROCHE  
From her latest picture.

Born in Toronto, she attended public school and Parkdale Collegiate and

subsequently the University of Toronto. Later, with an ambition to become a black-and-white illustrator, she took a course in the College of Art, but the acceptance by *Munsey's Magazine* of a story about French Canada, turned her attention to literature as a career, with the result so eloquently attested by her experience with *Jalna*.

Miss De La Roche is a great lover of outdoor life, and her snug little summer cottage near Clarkson, on the shore of Lake Ontario, is said to be in the very *locale* of more than one of her novels.

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

*Explorers of the Dawn*. New York, 1922.

*Possession*. Toronto. 1923.

*Delight*. New York. 1926.

*Low Life: A Play*. Toronto. 1925.

*Jalna*. New York. 1927.

*Come True: A Play*. Toronto. 1927.

## At Joseph Conrad's Grave

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

THE nerveless clay,  
Like an old cloak forgotten, takes its rest  
And does not know the Captain's sailed away  
Upon his splendid quest.

Here is the dust. Afar, the spirit flies  
And lifts new landfalls, all of pearl and fire,  
New worlds away from these lamenting skies.

Beyond these trees,  
Beyond the little ports of young desire,  
Beyond the murmur of his seven seas

He passes . . . High and far  
He sets his course (who asked not praise nor rest)  
By some white star (still hands across still breast)  
And follows, as of old, his endless quest.

# Lampman and Leconte de Lisle

By S. C. Swift

AS time goes on and our appreciation of what constitutes the true worth of poetry grows clearer, it will become increasingly evident that Archibald Lampman is, by right of the distinctly individual nature of his work, the greatest English-speaking poet which Canada has thus far produced.

By *individual* I do not mean that Lampman expresses his own ego in any obtrusive fashion: quite the contrary. He brings himself directly into his field of vision to a less extent than most others. But he has a distinctive character both of presentation and style, which is his exclusive province among his fellow verse makers. His pictures are as clear-cut as steel engravings; his vocabulary is as carefully chosen as the gems of a costly necklace. Restraint, simplicity, and a high degree of impersonality are the chief features of his style and content.

The quality of Lampman's work is much more nearly classical—in the humanities sense of the term—than is the case with any other Canadian poet, with perhaps the exception of Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts in his earlier periods. This is seen in his conciseness, his careful choice of modifiers, the general high level of his thought; but it cannot be said that his classical studies offered him any large body of actual subjects for poetic treatment.

As I have already said, Lampman has been in the forefront of Canadian writers who are most largely independent in subject matter and expression. And yet it is evident that Lampman, like every other human being of intelligence, was influenced by what he read. De Musset says that "A man must be as ignorant as a school-

master if he thinks he is capable of initiating a single thought which has not already been brought to life in other brains. Even to plant cabbages is to imitate someone." Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, to mention one who first comes to mind, proves this assertion in his poem, "Epitaph for a Sailor Buried Ashore," which is evidently inspired by Horace, Book 1, Ode 28; and his "Grey Rocks and Greyer Sea," the patent result of Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break." Lampman, however, shows, so far as I am aware, but one instance of direct *imitative attraction*—and that is confined to the matter and not to the form. I refer to his poem, "Heat," which, I have little doubt, was inspired by Leconte de Lisle's "Midi."

Now, I have never heard that Lampman was familiar with the French language, but living as he did in a *mileau* as much French as English, surrounded by cultivated French *littérati*, having access to splendidly furnished French libraries—taking these things into consideration, it is rather absurd to believe for a moment that our poet did not possess at least a thorough reading knowledge of our sister Canadian tongue. This being the case, then, it is almost equally certain that he was fully conversant with the Parnassians of France, whose chief and greatest poet was Leconte de Lisle. The principal character of the Parnassian School—faultlessness of form—was exactly the quality which would attract Lampman, who, in that respect, was a very good Parnassian himself. The classical chastity of the work of the French poet must have appealed to Lampman's love of chiselled beauty, and this would have predisposed him to a sympathetic study of the Parnas-



sian's verse. It is not strange, notwithstanding this presumed appreciation of de Lisle, that but one of the latter's poems should have directly inspired Lampman with creative fire. "Midi" is, in its topographical features and, in fact, in its whole picture, a scene as much Canadian as French, while the impression of the intense heat emanating from the Frenchman's lines reminds one of Canada on a blistering July day. On reading "Midi," Lampman would immediately have called up before his mind's eye a somewhat similar vision which he, too, would feel the urge to immortalize in verse. There might also have been present in his mind an impulse of rebuttal, so to speak; for de Lisle's poem closes on a note of complete pessimism, of a deep longing for oblivion, or, to use the expression of the distinguished French critic, M. René Doumic, "*pour la plus complète aspiration au néant.*" Such feelings were utterly foreign to Lampman's serene soul, and he might very well have closed his own poem in a tone which was tantamount to a quiet rebuke.

But let me place before you certain comparative passages from the two poems I have been discussing. From these quotations I leave you to draw your own conclusions as to the soundness of my deductions. Let me insist, however, upon the fact that Lampman would naturally transmute the thought of the French poet into Canadian and Lampmanesque feelings. My thesis is not that our own poet translated or plagiarized de Lisle, but that the latter furnished the impelling cause.

Leconte de Lisle opens "Midi" with a powerful picture of intense heat and its effect upon the earth. Lampman, at greater length and with the addition of animate life so essential to him, does the same thing:

"Midi, roi des étés epandu sur la plaine,  
Tombe en nappes d'argent des hauteurs du  
  ceil bleu  
Tout se tait. L'air flamboie et brûle sans  
  haleine;  
La terre est assoupie en sa robe de feu."

\* \* \*

"From plains that reel to southward, dim,  
The road runs by me wide and bare;  
Up the steep hill it seems to swim  
Beyond, and melt into the glare.

"Upward half-way, or it may be  
Nearer the summit, slowly steals,  
A hay-cart moving dustily  
With idly clacking wheels.

"By his cart's side the waggoner  
Is slouching slowly at his ease,  
Half hidden in the windless blur  
Of white dust puffing to his knees.

"This waggon on the height above,  
From sky to sky, on either hand,  
Is the sole thing that seems to move  
In all the heat-held land."

\* \* \*

In four Alexandrines de Lisle has—minus the elements of motion and the limiting road—produced upon us the same impression of great heat and silence which Lampman develops in four short line stanzas. The idea of extent of space expressed by the Canadian in the line "From sky to sky, on either hand," is found in the opening of the Frenchman's second stanza, "L'étendue est immense . . ."

The element of silence, tersely expressed by de Lisle in the words, "tout se tait," is elaborated by Lampman in his fifth verse:

"Beyond me in the fields the sun  
Soaks in the grass and hath his will;  
I count the marguerites one by one;  
Even the buttercups are still."

The second first lines of this stanza, together with the next complete quatrain and the first two lines of the following verse, are fully reproduced in de Lisle's second stanza:

"L'étendue est immense, et les champs  
  n'ont pas d'ombre,  
Et la source est tarie où buvaient les  
  troupeaux;  
La lointaine forêt dont la lisière est sombre,  
Dort là-bas, immobile, en un pesant repos."

"On the brook yonder in a breath  
Disturbs the spider or the midge;  
The water-bugs draw close beneath  
The cool gloom of the bridge.

"Where the far elm-tree shadows flood  
Dark patches in the burning grass,  
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,  
Lie waiting for the heat to pass."

Here again Lampman introduces the elements of life which de Lisle so utterly eliminates from his picture—except in one vital point. In his fifth stanza the Parnassian says:

"Non loin, quelques boeufs blancs, couchés  
parmi les herbes,  
Bavent avec lenteur sur leurs fanons épais,  
Et suivent de leurs yeux languissants et  
superbes  
Le songe intérieur qu'ils n'achèvent  
jamais."

The picture is the same, though its details are differently expressed and variously ordered. De Lisle's spring is dried up, Lampman's brook is motionless. The Frenchman's shadow is that of the distant wood, the Canadian's is that of the "far elm-tree." De Lisle's white oxen slaver, Lampman's cows chew the "peaceful cud." Again I say, the picture is essentially the same. Lampman goes on to add elements neglected by de Lisle, but which are natural and inevitable when one considers the different temperament of the two poets. But the inspiration is seen even to the end.

Note the two conclusions. De Lisle, in his utter disillusionment:

"Homme si, le coeur plein de joie ou  
d'amertume,  
Tu passais vers midi dans les champs  
radieux,  
Fuis! La nature est vide et le soleil,  
consume;  
Rien n'est vivant ici, rien n'est triste on  
joyeux.

"Mais si, désabusé des larmes et du rire,  
Altéré de l'oubli de ce monde agité,  
Tu veux, ne sachant plus pardonner ou  
maudire,  
Goûter une suprême et morne volupté:

"Viens! Le soleil te parle en paroles  
sublimes;  
Dans sa flamme implacable absorbe-toi sans  
fin;

Retourne à pas lents vers les cités infimes,  
Le coeur trempé sept fois dans le néant  
divin."

What answer does Lampman give to this cry of the pessimist?

"From somewhere on the slope nearby,  
Into the pale depth of the noon  
A wandering thrush slides leisurely  
His thin revolving tune.

"In intervals of dreams I hear  
The cricket from the droughty ground;  
The grasshoppers spin into mine ear  
A small innumerable sound.

"I lift some times mine eyes to gaze;  
The burning sky-line blinds my sight;  
The woods far-off are blue with haze;  
The hills are drenched in light.

"And yet to me not this or that  
Is always sharp or always sweet;  
In the sloped shade of my hat  
I lean at rest, and drain the heat;

"Nay more, I think some blessed power  
Hath brought me idly wandering here,  
In the full furnace of this hour  
My thoughts grow keen and clear."

The closing stanzas of the Canadian's poem are almost a translation with commentary of the French verses:

"If you happen to pass through the fields about noon," says de Lisle. "I have been led hither by some secret influence," states Lampman. "Nature is empty and the sun devouring and pitiless," groans the Frenchman. "Though the sun's glare blinds me," replies the Canadian, "yet is his light a drenching beneficence to the hills and the distant hazy woods." "Absorb the sun into your inmost being," counsels the Parnassian. "I drain the heat," exults the singer of the *Lyrics of Earth*. "Here all is dead and without emotion," weeps the materialist. "Here the thrush sings, the cricket chirps, the grasshopper shrills," smiles the idealist Observer. "Go back with your soul steeped in sevenfold nothingness," mourns the pessimist. While out here in this hot noon all emotion is deprived of its cameo-like clearness of outline, counters the ser-



ene optimist, "My thoughts grow much more lucid and I feel myself much closer to the eternal heart of the universe."

Yes, it seems more than probable that Lampman's most frequently quoted poem is the direct inspiration-child of de Lisle's masterpiece.

"Heat," is the only one, perhaps,

of all our author's pieces whose impelling cause is plainly and unmis-takeably stamped upon its countenance. Its soul is, in my humble judgment, purer, brighter, more tender; its form less perfect, less brilliantly beautiful, but nevertheless, "Heat" is, I believe, the direct and legitimate offspring of "Midi."

## The City Trees

By Muriel Kennedy

THE trees are Nature's poets. When the wind  
Blows through their leaves, as though caressing them,  
They sigh and make soft music to the earth,  
And gently sing and whisper to each other.  
They sway, and dream again of days long past,  
When other generations passed them by,  
And they were growing in the verdant fields  
Where now the grimy city hems them in.

But when Night drops her mantle o'er the earth,  
And smiles at Nature with her starry eyes,  
A sudden stir goes through the rustling boughs,  
And as the moon-ship sails across the sky,  
And mounts up waves and banks of silvery clouds,  
Each city tree is suddenly transformed  
Into a fairy creature of the night,  
Holding a close communion with the stars.

Even the ugliest trees are beautiful  
When moonbeams paint them with a silver light,  
And Darkness spreads a carpet at their feet,  
Of deepest shadows and pale starlight made;  
When gentle zephyrs sport among the boughs,  
Bearing new tales of clover-laden fields,  
And, over all, the mystery of night  
Hangs like the subtle fragrance of a rose.

# The Little Gray Church

By C. F. Lloyd

"Through the narrow paved streets where  
all is still,  
To the little gray church on the windy hill."

IT stood on a wind-swept knoll overlooking the Welsh coast with the moan of the wind and of the incoming or outgoing tide constantly drifting up and down its one narrow aisle or lingering round its rude old altar of gray stone, like the voices of the drowned sailors whose memorial tablets nearly covered the walls. There was a worn stone seat against the south side of the squat tower where I often sat of an evening in summer reading or day-dreaming, chin in hand, while great thunder-clouds, purple as a king's robe, marched growling, with voices like chained lions, along the tops of the hills across the bay.

Towards sundown the fisher boats used to commence running swiftly across the bay and up the narrow estuary of the river to the wooden landing stage below the village of Ferryside. They had to pass the church quite close in-shore, on account of some sinuosity of the channel or something in connection with the incoming tide, I forget just which, so that as they swept past, like great broad-winged birds, I could almost see the weather-beaten faces of the crews as they moved about, hauling on the ropes or handling the heavy nets that had been brought on board and emptied as they crossed the bay. It was a pretty sight on a warm, calm evening to watch these graceful craft with their broad mainsails and tall topsails bellying in the brisk wind that came up with the tide. As the sun sank the sails seemed to fill with blood as though dyed with the red rain of battle. Presently the inshore wind would sink to a dead calm or

come only in fitful gusts, to be succeeded in a little while by the offshore wind that blew strongly all night past the little gray church, setting the cracked bell swinging in the tower and filling the aisle with sounds even more eerie than those heard by day, if indeed that were possible.

There was nearly always at least one woman praying in the church and she was frequently accompanied by a young child just able to walk, who, while his mother was at her devotions, would go toddling up and down the aisle. Sometimes the child would stand before the altar gazing open-mouthed up at the quaint reredos, with one chubby finger on his pink lip, then having gazed his fill would drop on all fours, like a small pig, to grub in the loose sand that nearly covered the floor. As the door of the church always stood open, even in the wildest winter weather, the sand was continually blowing in over everything and unless the dead people came by night to sweep it out I cannot conceive how the little building escaped being buried up altogether.

Often the face of the kneeling woman was wet with tears, bearing eloquent testimony to some recent tragedy, disclosed or anticipated, but more often it was a calm countenance that I saw peep from beneath the rim of the high Welsh hat. These fisher folk have their emotions under iron control, as they would need to have, for the sea is as capricious as a savage, fierce as a wounded lion, terrible as an army with banners. During one brief summer that I spent in the neighborhood of the little church five smart fishing smacks ran out with the morning tide to sail in no more at evening. Thirty as brave and sturdy men as one would care to see disap-



peared in a smother of foam along with these five boats. One or two of the bodies were washed ashore to receive burial in the bleak churchyard, but they were the exceptions. The rule with those who die or are lost at sea is that the great, green, restless monster swallows them and they are seen no more by living eyes forever.

But if there are casualties among the inshore fishermen who return to their wives and babies every night, if they return at all, what of those who set sail in the early spring for the banks off Iceland or Newfoundland, to remain away till the lengthening nights, the browning leaves in the deep woods, the southward flight of the wild geese and the jewelled belt of Orion swinging higher and higher in the frosty night sky turns anxious eyes seaward, straining to catch a first glimpse of the homing ships?

Alas, life is short and hard, joy is brief and parting long. Of the little ships that sail out so gallantly on the spring tides there are always one or two, sometimes several, that see Tenby light and the frowning ruins of Lanstefan castle no more. They and their sturdy crews are wedded to the sea. The women mourn in silence, the young children play unheeding, and at last, on a Sunday in December, when all hope that the laggards may return is gone, the little red-faced Welsh rector preaches a quaint and tender sermon to heal the sick hearts of those who are left yet a little longer to bear the chill of that strange, restless, fleeing shadow that we call life. I attended one of these services and was more profoundly affected by the deep, quiet grief and genuine piety of the little congregation and its queer little pastor than I ever was by the elaborate ceremonial and superb music of a great church festival at Canterbury or Notre Dame de Paris.

History? The little gray church

has a history of its own and no mean portion either. No antiquarian seems to know exactly when the edifice was built. The massive walls and squat, ugly pillars with their hideous cushion capitals are certainly Norman. No doubt there is some truth in the story, still current among the fisher folk, that the church was built by a pious earl of Pembroke in memory of a favorite daughter lost at sea off that wild coast. But if the body of the little church is Norman, the small tower and the doorway are Gothic of the earliest and best period. Many an hour have I spent studying that doorway, noting its marvellously graceful proportions, the delicate, sweeping curves of the arch, the perfect balance of the capstone, the strength and lightness of the perpendicular shafts. The builder, some forgotten genius, must have taken a broad beech leaf for his model for his doorway is just the shape of the upper portion of such a leaf. There is even a very slight inward curve of the sides near the door that detracts nothing from the symmetry of the lovely thing, but rather lends a touch of verisimilitude, as though the leaf had pushed itself part way up out of the ground and been turned to stone. The work would have delighted Ruskin as it must forever delight anyone with an eye for proportion and a love of honest craftsmanship.

There is a quaint stone reredos in the church with two grotesque figures, one of the patron saint, Saint Brendan, by your leave and the top of the mornin' to yez, and the other of the most good-humored imp ever artist imagined. The saint is pointing an episcopal crook at the imp who in turn sticks out his tongue, curls up his nose, draws down the corners of his fat eyelids and behaves altogether like a bad boy without being the least afraid.

The stone cross over the altar is

coeval with the church. It is a fine piece of severely plain work, said to be the best example of eleventh-century carving extant.

Very simple and pathetic are the inscriptions on the memorial tablets of black stone with white lettering that almost cover the walls. They teach a noble lesson in the beautiful dignities and restraints of language as employed by people who live under the shadow of death and prefer action to words. One example must suffice. It is near the altar on the epistle side.

*"Sacred to the memory of David Thomas and his crew of nineteen men and a boy; lost at sea off the coast of Iceland, during the great storm, September 11th to 18th, 1779. God keep them."*

Only a few plain words. Imagination must supply the details of the grim tragedy. Outside the little church, under the drifting sand, sleep the dead, women and little children and old men whom the sea spared. And when the full moon of midsummer rides high in a cloudless sky the little, gray church becomes a thing of haunting beauty and tender memories, a tranquil haven of profound peace after the storms and perils of the long voyage. I shall never see it again with the eye of flesh but I carry an image of it in my heart forever.

\* \* \*

### IF I WERE KING

By G. Arthur Hallam

**I**F I were King of some idyllic land,  
A realm, dear heart, beside an azure bay,  
Foam-crested, with celestial swans at play,  
And alpine heights of pearl on every hand:  
An amethyst and sapphire spangled strand,  
An iridescent realm of eterne May,  
Where little children gather garlands gay,  
And frolic on the wave-washed golden sand:

If I were ruling Prince of such an Isle,  
Enriched by a starry host of Fays,—  
I still would revel only in thy smile;  
And on a loftier harp would hymn thy  
praise:

If I were King: by all the stars, I vow  
A tiara would then grace thy lovely brow.

### THE ELUSIVE THOUGHT

By H. L. Huxtable

**E**LUSIVE was the thought;  
It fluttered by,  
Refusing to be caught  
From out the sky.

Of beautiful design,  
Of unknown tongue,  
I knew that it was mine  
Although unsung.

I heard its perfect rhyme,  
Its echoed sound;  
Ne'er was a better time  
Yet lips were bound.

O'er it the sheen of morn  
With all its gold;  
For me it had been born,  
For me to hold.

I heard its music thrill  
The mystic air  
With quiv'ring sounds, and still  
No word was there.

It glittered in the sun,  
Truth gave it wing;  
A poem there was won  
Could I but sing.

I plucked it from the air  
And held it fast,  
This thought beyond compare  
I held at last.

But in my eager way,  
With nervous grip;  
Grievously I say,  
I let it slip.

Elusive was the thought,  
It fluttered by;  
Refusing to be caught  
From out the sky.

\* \* \*

### FOOTPRINTS

By M. Rena Chandler

**S**OFT echoes of the Summer's symphony,  
Held by the sunbeams, play on fields  
and tree.

I wander restless where these echoes fall  
Dear spectral music, woodnotes lost, that  
call

From deeps elusive, while the misted veils  
Of purple hills obscure the summer's trails,

I cannot find her now, but all around  
Her hallowed footprints mark a lonely  
ground.



# The Art of Writing

By Grenville Kleiser

THERE is nothing more fascinating than to weave words into a beautiful pattern, whether it take the form of essay, special article, biographical sketch, short story or larger work of fiction. That the product of the writer, whatever form his work may take, is receiving constantly increasing appreciation at the hands of the public, is evidenced by the enormous growth in the demand for books, periodicals, newspapers and other of literature. The literary field is always open to receive and to welcome genuine new talent. Nor is the career of a writer necessarily limited to those who have received a first-class education at college or university. While such an education is undoubtedly a great asset, there are many cases of writers who have attained success without the advantage of long scholastic preparation. Anyone endowed with a fair general education, sound commonsense, imagination and the resolute desire to study and practise the art of writing in one form or other has a reasonable chance of success.

One who intends to be a literary craftsman must serve a severe apprenticeship. He should give much time to acquiring a large and varied vocabulary, to the examination of the literary methods of the best authors, and to daily conscientious practice in actual writing. First efforts will probably be crude and unsatisfactory, but as in all other arts, he must combine great patience with perseverance.

Mistakes—innumerable mistakes—are bound to be made in the early attempts, and it is only by the correction of these and their gradual elimination that success will ultimately be realized. This process will often involve the summary rejection of manuscripts by editors and publishers, but

it must be remembered that this is the common early experience of practically every writer. By no means must it be allowed to discourage the novice, or deflect him from his course, rebuffs must be regarded rather as an indication of the need for still more assiduous practice.

Usually it is desirable to take up writing merely as an avocation and let it naturally develop into a vocation. To write for the pleasure of writing, rather than under financial stress, confers distinct advantages, not the least of which is likely to be a better literary product. There is always the temptation among aspirants to authorship to adapt their writing to that class of work—whether magazine stories or some other form of light fiction—which happens to “pay” best at the time. While it is natural to want to sell in the most lucrative market, such a policy is likely to vitiate one’s style and to encourage the young writer to be satisfied with a comparatively low standard of literary merit. Were he to cultivate more patience, and to aim at a genuinely good standard of work, his ultimate success—though perhaps longer in coming—would merit all his waiting and bring him better reward.

I would urge the neophyte to steep his mind in three of the greatest short stories ever written, viz: *The Madonna of the Future*, by Henry James; *Markheim*, by Stevenson; and *The Necklace*, by Guy de Maupassant. A close study of the form and style of these stories will elevate the standard of any writer.

The work of vocabulary-building must be undertaken at the very outset of the young writer’s career and pursued systematically, for without a wide knowledge of words he will be unable adequately to express his

ideas, put words into the mouths of his characters, or describe scenes that he wishes to present to the reader. Literary style will develop gradually, imperceptibly; but its growth rests largely on the extent of the vocabulary, which can be definitely cultivated day by day. The mere encountering of new words in the course of reading is not sufficient. Reading should be undertaken with a definite object constantly in view, and every new word carefully noted and its meaning investigated. One of the best methods of building a vocabulary is as follows:

1. Choose a particular word in a sentence, as used by a standard author.

2. Closely study it in its context.

3. Observe its meaning as given in a dictionary.

4. Write the sentence in your notebook, with additional examples of your own making, thus:

- a. The ravings of the fanatic were hardly *intelligible*.

- b. The witness gave an *intelligible* account of the accident.

- c. The declaration will render the law more *intelligible*.

- d. Thoughtful and *intelligible* conversation is stimulating.

"What form should my first literary efforts take?" is a question the novice naturally asks. It is immaterial, so long as he undertakes that form of work (short-story, essay, or special article) which he feels he can do best, since this is likely to have a better chance of being accepted. Everyone has his own field, and it is well to concentrate on that type of literary product which seems to come most readily to the pen. There is, of course, a large demand for short stories, but it should be remembered that the writing of a short story is an art in itself, and one must be prepared to practice long before success will come.

The idea that the short story is merely a novel in miniature and is therefore largely a matter of condensation is erroneous. As in other forms of literature, the best guide to short story writing is the study of those written by the "masters."

The special article for the newspaper or magazine offers a promising field for the neophyte, since he has a wide range of subjects from which to choose—a recent trip, some new discovery in his locality, a meeting with a distinguished personage—anything, in fact, that has an element of "newness" and is capable of being woven into an interesting story, calculated to appeal to the average reader.

The essay is a more serious problem and should be undertaken only by one who has made a long and careful study of this form of writing, and is perfectly sure of both his subject-matter and the best way of treating it. For the essay does not so much imply something new, a hitherto untreated subject, as a more or less familiar theme viewed from a new angle, perhaps in the light of a fresh development.

Four cardinal points to which the young writer should pay special attention are:

- 1, Perspicuity; 2, Simplicity; 3, Accuracy; 4, Appropriateness. The need for Perspicuity, for the absolutely clear and straightforward expression of one's thoughts, may be considered so obvious as to need no emphasis; it is a common error in writing, however, so to wrap up the meaning in a maze of words that it is almost beyond the power of the reader to recognize it. The fault lies in the desire to indulge in "fine writing." Since the sole object of writing is to communicate ideas—and this to readers of widely divergent powers of perception—the more simply and precisely those ideas are expressed, the better will be their chance of general



comprehension. Avoid festoons of words, which do not adorn but merely smother your work.

Perspicuity goes hand in hand with simplicity, than which there is perhaps no greater need in the whole art of writing. Simplicity does not imply that the writer's thoughts should be denuded, in their written form, to the very bare bones, nor that he should write in schoolboy phraseology. But it does mean that he should employ language which is most easily understood, logical and devoid of circumlocution—at the same time being pleasant and harmonious to the ear. Within these limits, there is plenty of room for graceful and effective expression.

Accuracy, alike in descriptive passages and in matters of more concrete detail (especially such as are found in special articles), is highly important. It is a common fallacy that the writer for the newspaper press enjoys a kind of license in the matter of exaggeration. No writer who hopes to establish a position for himself can ever afford to distort the truth; he may escape the consequences of so doing for a time, but sooner or later he will be found out and will be discredited.

Appropriateness in literary style is a rare virtue. Study closely the nature of the medium for which you are writing (whether newspaper or magazine), and have regard to the general class of reader concerned. The actual language employed must be governed by the nature of the subject dealt with. A flippant expression, for instance, should not be allowed to creep into an article on social reform, nor should one fall into a serious and dignified vein when describing, say, a scene of country revelry. Rather should the description be cast in light and playful language, so as to be in harmony with the event.

I would like to see many more young men and women enter the field of authorship. The rewards have never before been greater than they are today. The true literary artist aims constantly at a higher standard. He looks with disfavor on commonplace and nauseous fiction. He resolutely refuses to let the vulgar vitiate his taste or bring him down to their level. It is the profound duty of every lover of truth and beauty to safeguard his ideals and to disseminate as far as it lies in his power, only those ideas which he believes are for the betterment of human society.

## Splinters From a Free Lance

### VII.—ARS GRATIA?

TWICE in one day and with a reaction like that which should follow the laying of a cold hand upon our very heart, we read the doubtless immortal prelude to Mr. John Galsworthy's *Caravans*. We read it; nay, it forced itself upon us, at once a reproach, a condemnation and a fine reason for sitting down and writing an *apologia pro vita nostra*. For, when we came upon this part: "... and such as believe they can achieve it (independence) in their later tales

by servitude to fashion in their youthful efforts are doomed, I fear, to the drinking of bitter waters"—an awful voice said, "Thou art the man!"

Since this must be an *apologia* not only for myself, but for the thousands of worthy men and women whose names grace or disfigure the contents pages of the pulp-paper magazines each month and oftener, enallage must cease and for the first time in these essays the personal pronoun "I" must be dragged from its case.

The essence of Mr. Galsworthy's prelude is that a true artist cannot write the garden-variety of magazine story and at the same time maintain those godlike, transcendent principles which guided Dan Chaucer, Shakespeare, Johnson, Fielding, Thackeray and Bernard Shaw—to take a heterogeneous but representative group of the immortals. From the first, one must think only of art for the sake of art and not primarily for the sake of what money may accrue to him from writing. Yet Johnson said, "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." I venture to say that Johnson, who was a thorough-going hack, will be quoted and remembered fondly when *Caravans* have stopped at the last oasis.

Of course, Mr. Galsworthy does not say that one must thrust from his mind the thought of base reward. I'm sure he never declined cheques: also am I ready to go on record that he enjoys them as much as do the rest of us. But he counsels a method, or lack of method, in the work of writing that necessitates almost invariably a long, long period in which the only recompense is the artist's own satisfaction at having written just what he wanted to write as he wanted to write it, in defiance of all editorial policies.

That's great! I'd love nothing better than to write a short story that was supremely artistic and completely contradictory to the ideas of editors, who are as a rule harmless individuals with minds running on the single track of their own special publication. The whole business is absurd—I mean this idea implied in the vanguard of *Caravans* that you must, if you want to sell stuff off the bat, lower yourself and write down to a lot of half-wits who edit magazines and quarter-wits who read them. If your stuff is good, and artistic stuff

sometimes is, you can sell it. There's always a market for anything fit to read and for lots that is quite unfit. But that's beside the point. The trouble is that you have a harder time finding your markets and breaking into that select coterie of intellectuals who write what they wish.

I see wisdom in Mr. Galsworthy's counsel, the same wisdom that advises a chap to take an arts-course as a preparation for sign-painting or building bridges. I believe in that. The longest way round—but I will not admit that you lose your independence when you try to write a story that will fit one or a number of magazines. The form, technique, scope of the short-story is not nearly so cut-and-dried, so restricted as persons wishing to "express themselves" would seem to believe. The paramount quality now, as always, is interest and the most artistic things in this young world are artistic because they are interesting.

Mr. Galsworthy had to wait ten years before he successfully wooed the fickle pop., but it was worth waiting that long and he honestly advises all others who feel the urge to do in like manner. The advice is as old as Quintus Flaccus, who copped it from some other still more ancient and palmed it off as good advice to the sons of Piso. Surely it is all right to wait ten years if you want to, but why wait?

I am not sufficiently intimate with the life history of Mr. Galsworthy to speak of him with assurance, except in so far as I have read what he says modestly about himself. You should not begin to write until you have a good income that will keep you from being dependent on your writings for tea and kippers. Having this good income you may then write and write what you blooming well please. I don't take issue with that, provided it pleases somebody else and may at once or eventually bring someone to



buy it. Otherwise I make a duet with Boswell's meal-ticket and say, "You're a silly blockhead if you don't want to make money on that sonnet as soon as possible."

The idea that if you write popular short-stories for a living, yet hope really to become so famous that you won't have to work, you must be a dual literary personality, is queerly erroneous. Please read that sentence once more and try to make sense out of it. I can't. What I mean is that you can write popular fiction without having to shudder at the galling prostitution of your genius. There is a tremendous range of periodicals on the market now, using stories of every type, length and quality. You have to be mighty artistic to write anything really good that won't, some place, find a market. Of course you can't apply your knowledge of the Latin classics, the Anabasis or Ferrex and Porrex to a story you want to realize on in short time. If you must express your education along with yourself you had better earn a million dollars selling pipe-lighters and then express away. Many artistic persons have a notion that popular fiction must be superficial, written in words of one syllable or less and must require not the faintest intelligence on the part of the reader to understand it or on the part of the author to write it. That's away off, as is the notion that because the story with the surprise-ending is easiest to sell, you can't sell any without that snappy wind-up. If you really have an idea, can present it attractively and dramatically and sanely—which is art—you can sell your work, maintain your dignity and write what you want to; just as, if you obey all the laws, lead a decent life, and respect your neighbor's change, you can do what you please. But, dear friends, in literature, as in life, one must observe a few amenities and one of them is: try to please others, as well as yourself.

## It Is Reported THAT—

—a chap-book of the poems of Gostwick Roberts is to be published this season to include several of her poems which have appeared in *Canadian Bookman*. Miss Roberts is now city editor of one of the Fredericton N.B., newspapers. Her father is Theodore Goodridge Roberts, poet and novelist.

—the collection of poems by the young Quebec poet, Alfred Bailey, published under the title, *Songs of the Saguenay*, has sold so well that the first edition of 1000 is nearly exhausted. Mr. Bailey is about to come to Toronto to attend the University here.

—*The Book of Ultima Thule*, by Dr. Archibald MacMechan, made up of sketches of Nova Scotia history and scenery, some of which have already appeared as "chap-books," is to appear this autumn. It will be about the size and shape of *Old Province Tales*, and will have decorations by J. E. H. Macdonald.

—"Other Songs," a second collection of the magazine verse of John Hanlon, will shortly be issued by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. The poems have been selected from work by Mr. Hanlon, which has appeared in the *New York Times*, the *Forum*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Commonweal* and other magazines. Mr. Hanlon's first volume of verse, published last winter, was out of print several weeks after publication.

—Mrs. L. Adams Beck (E. Barrington), who has lately been in England and Switzerland, will not be returning to Victoria, B.C., which has been her home for the past few years, but will be going to Ceylon to make her home there for a long time, although she expects later to live in Japan. Further advice is that she is at present engaged in writing a book on Oriental philosophy, and with Mrs. Maltwood, a noted sculptress, will explore the dead cities of Ceylon, incorporating the material in her book.

—A. M. Stephen, Dundarave, West Vancouver, author of *The Rosary of Pan* and *The Land of Singing Waters*, has been asked to give an address on the subject, "Canadian Poetry," and to represent Canada at the forthcoming Parliament of Letters, to be held in Seattle, Washington, September 30th and October 1st. Outstanding writers from all Western U.S.A. are meeting in convention on those days. That a Canadian poet is included in this assembly of American authors is a new departure. It is a charming courtesy toward Canadian men of letters in general. That Mr. Stephen was the choice of the American writers for their poet-guest is indicative of the high value placed on his books by those who are doing creative work in the Western States.

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

## PINE WOODS AND PIGSTIES

EMILY'S QUEST. By L. M. Montgomery.  
Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.00.

"The story is a charming one, charmingly told. The characters are skilfully depicted, the dialogue deftly handled, the descriptive passages surprisingly effective. The quiet humor is simply delightful." The review of Emily's first published book applies here. L. M. Montgomery's novels are concrete examples of the philosophy of fiction expressed by Mr. Carpenter on his deathbed; "Remember—pine woods are just as real as—pigsties—and a darn sight pleasanter to be in. . . And don't tell the world—everything. That's what's the matter—with our—literature. Lost the charm of mystery—and reserve." The third Emily book is a worthy successor of the other two. If sequels as a general rule are not as good as their predecessors, our author knows how to write the exceptions. *Emily's Quest* shows how interest may be sustained and brought to a successful climax without recourse to improbably romantic incidents. It is the story of Emily's uneven climb from success in the short story to success in the novel, and of the entanglements in the love affairs of Perry Miller, Dean Priest, Teddy Kent, Ilse Burnley, and Emily Starr. There is the same logical interrelation of plot and character as in the preceding Emily books, and the characters are consistently drawn throughout the three volumes. There is perhaps even greater power in the handling of emotional situations, such as the scene in which Emily's "second sight" prevents Teddy Kent from sailing on the *Flavian* and that in which Ilse flees a few moments before her intended marriage. There is also increased skill in comic scenes, such as that in which Mark Delage Greaves proposes to Emily. As to the illusion of reality, Aunt Elizabeth's words are to the point: "Well, I never could have believed that a pack of lies could sound as much like the real truth as that book does." The setting is painted with a brush perhaps more subtle than ever before, and one reads on for the expected in a state of delighted expectancy. L. M. Montgomery's happy endings are dictated not so much by the wishes of readers and publishers, as by her philosophy of life.

V. B. RHODENIZER.

THE THUNDERER. By E. Barrington. Toronto: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

To the galaxy of historical romances with which E. Barrington has brought fame to Canadian letters, has just been added this romance of Napoleon and Josephine. In Canada, as in all countries, there are many Napoleon enthusiasts and what fanatics they are on the subject! Even suggest that the world ever produced a greater genius and you run the risk of annihilation. With what avidity will they seize this new book written around so romantic a phase of the career of "The Little Corporal." But how many more, whose devotion to the study of history has been none too diligent, will now learn something about Bonaparte and in such an engrossing manner that "Lives" of Napoleon will be at a premium!

It is needless to tell readers of *Canadian Bookman* that E. Barrington is Mrs. L. Adams Beck, because this was the first journal to print this information. She is perhaps equally famous for the long list of tales of the Orient written under her own name and there are other books in popular demand written under still another name, one to which she can lay claim by reason of its being a surname prominent in her ancestry.

But to come back to the book of the hour: *The Thunderer* is distinctive in treatment in that it presents Napoleon to us directly; giving his mannerisms and his actual speech. Due allowance will, of course, have to be made for the fictional surmounting, but it is a fact that many of the passages of direct speech by Napoleon are taken from authoritative historical records which had been diligently searched for this purpose.

The story involves the career of Napoleon from the fall in 1795 to St. Helena and enough of the battles are depicted to account for his dominant ascendancy.

But what will the aforesaid fanatics say to this author's presentation of Napoleon as lover? She makes him ridiculous, an individual hard to identify as the same man who, in warfare and statecraft, exhibited perhaps unprecedented clarity of thought in dealing with essentials, in spite of the chaotic conditions of his times. Could he be quite the fool in love that this account would have us believe?

Some sauce and piquancy are afforded by



champion job-holders—the rest of the Bonapartes, including the cattishness of their womenfolk with regard to Josephine.

At one stage of the story Napoleon is depicted as an ogre of sensuality, having affairs with a long succession of lurid women. While granting his greatness as a military genius and as a statesman, he is denied all semblance of greatness as a lover.

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**CURVES GO SLOW.** By Percy Gomery. Ottawa: The Graphic Press.

It is a tempting thing to classify both books and men according to a few fixed ideas, to "draw the line" at a certain point, confident that every thing beyond is sufficiently accounted for. In actual practice our contacts must cease somewhere (for what one of us could even hope to be universal?) but we are all too prone to deprecate the world outside our own personal horizon. Your true book-lover, to whom books represent a distillation of all the good things of humanity, learns to exercise the nicest discrimination in his choice of reading matter; but even so he must be at times both arbitrary and unjust. Because the so-called popular novel, for instance, is so often shallow and unsatisfying, he is apt to class together all books with a frankly popular appeal, and to turn up his nose at their gay covers. The easy distinction between works light or serious breeds all manner of misconceptions and often leads intelligent and otherwise fair-minded readers to adopt one side of an absolutely futile argument. Books are not so much light or serious as the expression of minds big or little. A book has only the worth of the man that wrote it, and whether his pose be one of humor or solemnity matters little. What could be more delightful than a nonsense book by a very great man—or more exasperating than a sententious book by a very little one!

These thoughts pursued me all the way through Percy Gomery's delightful novel. Glance carelessly at the cover, read the first few rather hectic paragraphs, and you will have no difficulty whatever in coming to a decision. That decision will be wrong. Look more closely. You will find that the type has been carefully chosen, that the inking is dark and glossy. After reading awhile you will begin to realize that here is careful writing, despite the affectation of an easy, almost conversational style. With the utmost brevity and in a manner so casual that you might very easily fail to appreciate a rapier-like keenness of wit, he suggests the character of men and women and their varying relationships. "Smart conversation in her set," he observes of a young lady from Boston, "consists in delivering the sting without the buzz." And how much information

regarding that same young lady is contained in the following sentence: "As we all stepped from the elevator into refining brightness, electric with human ripple, we felt the rhythm of the hotel orchestra now close beside us, and for one untroubled minute Et sat upon the pinnacle of her shallow world of pleasure."

I am not going to tell the story here, but it is concerned with a motor trip down the Pacific coast, the gradual humanizing of a very spoiled but potentially admirable young lady from New England, her reactions to a constantly varying and generally rugged environment, and the development of a romance involving a western he-man with complications in the form of a sleek young villain from the east. (It would seem that the author has a predilection for the best!) One wonders about Percy Gomery. A book so suggestive should lead to bigger things.

M.A.

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**A FIRST GLIMPSE OF GREAT MUSIC.** By J. H. Elliott. Toronto: Blackie & Son Ltd.

The "man in the street," it appears, is having his day. A race of eager enthusiasts has arisen with a flame in their hearts and wisdom on their tongues, and whose sole aim is to bring culture into the home of the everyday citizen.

Whether or not the said citizen is duly appreciative is a matter for conjecture but some seed, surely, must fall on ground other than stony, and there may be some who through books of this nature, may be enabled to reach out and touch the hem of Beauty's garment.

That this desirable state is somewhat delayed is deplorable, but nevertheless comprehensible, and it is to be hoped that some of the people will cease in time to mistake Hollywood for Greece or Dayton for Golgotha.

These few remarks are occasioned by the perusal of *A First Glimpse of Great Music* which, although its author is exceedingly self-deprecatory, may well serve a useful purpose. Essentially that purpose is limited for the book obviously serves a very elementary need, indeed there is not much more between its covers than a list of composers, a summation of the units of an orchestra and a rather sketchy outline of standard works.

To one unacquainted with music, but with a desire for cultural development in this direction, the book may serve as an ante-chamber to richer rooms, but it will not have a wide appeal outside this circle.

The author reveals an admirable catholicity of taste and a tolerance, also, that deserves to be widely imitated.

T.D.R.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE. By Hume Wrong. *Canadian Men of Action Series*. Toronto: Macmillan. \$1.00.

Alexander Mackenzie wrote to his cousin from Chipewyan: "I think it unpardonable for anybody to remain in this country who can leave it. What a pretty situation I am in this winter, starving and alone, without the power of doing myself or anybody else any good." At the end of the eighteenth century a fur trader in the North-west endured terrible hardships. "Mackenzie and his men at Chipewyan lived for most of the year on fish and nothing else—no bread, no vegetables, no sugar, but fish for every meal, and usually without even salt to season it. Even to maintain an adequate supply of fish needed great care. These were netted through the ice in late autumn in great quantities and kept frozen until required; each man's daily ration was eight pounds. When the fishery failed many a trader was worn by hunger before spring should open the rivers, and had to exist as best he could on old bones and leather. Death by starvation was not unknown."

Profound discontent is often at the base of real achievement. Mackenzie was an exceptional man. He seems to have combined physical hardihood and a dominant personality with something of an artist's vision. The life of a fur trader proving unsatisfactory he was naturally more than ever lured by the mystery of regions unexplored—by those lands both north and west upon which no white man had as yet gazed. Also there were very practical reasons for exploration; even at this time men still dreamed of a North-west Passage.

The story of Mackenzie's journey from Chipewyan to the Arctic ocean, a story of hardship, danger, and almost constant discouragement, is one with which school-boys are too little familiar. Incidentally the tribal fears and hatreds of various Indians encountered on the way, giving rise to fantastic legends, remind us forcibly of European conditions only a few years ago. The supreme adventure was, of course, that first journey overland to the Pacific coast. In Mackenzie's journal the great canoe used for this expedition is thus described: "Her dimensions were twenty-five feet long within, exclusive of the curves of stem and stern, twenty-six inches hold and four feet nine inches beam. At the same time she was so light that two men could carry her on a good road three or four miles without resting. In this slender vessel we shipped provisions, goods for presents, arms, ammunition and baggage to the weight of three thousand pounds, and an equipage of ten people." That the Rocky Mountains were successfully traversed so long ago and in such a manner seems to us now almost in-

credible. The story should be read in detail to be appreciated.

Mackenzie emerges from this book as a human being. His importance to his country was, perhaps, greater than we have generally supposed, and it is good that we should be able to look backward to the men and not merely to the name. For names cannot inspire, whereas the example of one great soul successfully opposing fearful odds may inspire others, far away and in remote times, to achievements normally considered impossible. M.A.

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ANABEL AT SEA. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Toronto: Thos. Allen. \$2.00.

A shy little librarian in a New England town, Anabel Coyne, passes the ominous twenty-fifth milestone with no visible matrimonial prospects to buoy her up and the effect is that she is transformed into a globe-trotting husband-hunter. She steps right out of her sensible New England shoes and likewise drops a lot of her geographical inhibitions. She shingles her hair and the sheerness of her hosiery dispels all doubt as to her modernity.

All manner of suitors present themselves in the various lands she visits. In China an American "gone native" wants to reform, chuck his Chinese wife and marry her. (But those half-breed children!) In Peking a prince of the blood would wed her, but his relatives intervene; in Tokio a cultured Japanese gentleman harakaris himself into eternity because she won't marry him. Her luck continues bad on through Colombo and Aden, but she almost catches a man in Paris. This time she is dismayed by the prospective father-in-law.

So, husbandless, she returns to America only to find the one and only mate waiting for her on the dock at New York.

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### A FINE MAGAZINE

This month the American *Bookman* makes its debut under new auspices and if the first number be any criterion, it is to be hoped that the magazine will acquire a following large enough to maintain it on this path.

The typography is excellent, with an outline type used for headings that makes the pages very attractive. As for the contributors—Dreiser, Cabell, Farrar, Roscoe, Keith Preston and others form a galaxy that are worthy of any firmament.

It will meet a sore need in the American literary scene and *Canadian Bookman* in all cordiality, extends its sincere wishes for the success which its courage and enterprise deserve.



UNDER THE GREY OLIVES. By Marian Keith.  
Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.00.

Travellers to Palestine are usually either tourists or pilgrims. This book, by the author of *A Gentleman Adventurer, The End of the Rainbow*, and several other charming stories, makes its appeal to those who would like to make a pilgrimage, rather than a tour, to the Holy Land. It is not a guide-book, though a surprising amount of vivid description is given. On the other hand it succeeds in carrying the reader right into the spirit of that land "where so much that is strange and memorable and forever beautiful has come to pass."

*Under the Grey Olives* is a real story, being an account of a visit which fifty "very ordinary stay-at-homes," mostly from Canada and the United States, made to the Holy Land. It is marked throughout by an unusual delicacy of touch. The characterization is very happy; one feels that one has often met the Uncomfortable Persons, or the Granite-Columns. Here are the Granite-Columns, for example. "They're very nice, refined, proper people. There's a tall languid father, who drinks bottles of wine, and a precise mother, who wears a Queen Mary hat away up on her head, and a handsome son, whom I'm dreadfully in love with, and a daughter almost as pretty as Peggy, with lovely, fluffy golden hair. And there are three others, who look like two dependent aunts and a rich independent uncle . . . I made one attempt at conversation. They were talking about the train up from Alexandria, and I said recklessly, 'Oh, did you come up by the Milk and Honey Railroad?' (Gabriel told me that's what the British Tommies called it.) 'We entered by Jaffa.' And the boy said 'How ripping!' and the two dependent aunts said, 'Indeed, and nobody spoke again for hours and hours.'" The humour, too, is of that light and cheerful sort which does not often call forth laughter, but leaves one with a pleased feeling inside; ". . . as we fly up slopes, and dash into valleys, and shoot round hairpin curves . . ." 'Whatever may have been the destination of the Lost Ten Tribes,' Dr. Hartley gasps between bumps, 'there seems to be very little doubt that the family of Jehu remained in their native land.'"

But the book is not all frivolous. There is a note of reverence permeating it all, for it is no ordinary land that is the setting for the story. "Here we look down a sheer drop of three hundred feet into the valley of the Kedron, and across it to the Mount of Olives with its many towers and churches. On the opposite slope lies a quiet walled garden, which David points out with the whispered word 'Gethsemane.' Around the shoulder of Olivet runs a road which leads

to Bethany, and just at hand is a great gate. It was along this road and through this gate that the Master came on His triumphal entry, and we gaze at it with dimmed eyes." The love romance of the story is very fine, the ending being on a particularly high level.

The book is decidedly one to be recommended for both old and young. It would form a pleasing and suitable Christmas gift for an adolescent boy or girl or for an older person.

E. E. O'N.

\* \* \*

BURNABY. By Louis Blake Duff. Welland: Tribune-Telegraph Press.

Explorations into the past may start from almost any point. A name is in some way suggestive, or an unexpected relationship comes to light, and curiosity does the rest. A fragment of the past is re-lived in imagination; acts of heroism though performed long ago are given present value and significance; dreams that were cherished through darkest adversity survive even death to fire the spirit of a later generation. So it is that Colonel Burnaby, who died in 1885, makes again his quixotic journey to Khiva, undergoing incredible hardships and firing us with something of his old enthusiasm, just because Louis Blake Duff was curious about the naming of a little Ontario village. If W. A. Kinnard had not applied to Ottawa for a new post office, if the official reply had not arrived on the same day as a copy of the *Globe* containing an "account of a Colonel Burnaby who had been killed in the Egyptian war," it is probable that Burnaby and the journey to Khiva would have been generally forgotten. As it is we are indebted to Louis Blake Duff for the re-telling of a curious and mighty interesting story.

Another instance of a place name having served indirectly to re-animate the past is to be found in A. E. Newton's *Magnificent Farce*. Mr. Newton lives at Daylesford, Pa. This village was so called in honor of Warren Hastings, whose country home bore that name. Curiosity led to a re-reading of Macaulay. Still unsatisfied, Mr. Newton plunged more deeply into his subject with the result that we now have a fresh, vital and highly interesting account of one of England's most remarkable trials.

It is the impractical, quixotic enterprise that most intrigues the imagination. If Colonel Burnaby is remembered in the future it will not be because he was a fine soldier who died heroically on the field of battle, but because, obtaining leave from his hazardous employment, he journeyed to Khiva, in those days an undertaking of extraordinary difficulty and danger—did this at a time when Asiatic Russia was officially closed to foreigners. He wanted

"to learn what Russia was doing in what is now Russian-Turkistan and he found out." Incidentally his story kindled a Russian question in English politics. M.A.

\* \* \*

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE. By Virginia Woolf. Toronto: Geo. J. McLeod Ltd. \$1.50.

Arnold Palmer in the English *Sphere* says that a certain set of Londoners who hold high standards of art consider Mrs. Woolf the chief exponent of the modern novel, therefore the best novelist in England. Without doubt she is a literary artist. This story's style is calm, undecorated, leisurely, much as one might tell the tale to another. Primarily it is a character-study, and the many characters are ably drawn. Mr. Ramsay, an aloof egotist, with elements of genius; his wife, a handsome matron, whose mind is serene and home-loving; their eight children, and the party of guests at their summer house in the Hebrides. Yet being normal, none of them seem to invade the field of elementary emotions. And through the first section the hoped-for trip to the lighthouse is emphasized.

Ten years then pass; Mrs. Ramsay dies, the family scatters, and the vacant house, forlorn and unkept, appears with effect. At length some of the old party reassemble, and Mr. Ramsay, with two of the children, take the long-hoped-for trip across the bay of that Northern Island, to the pillar of light.

Containing touches of beautiful prose, it is far from being an ordinary novel—unique, in fact—though the climax perplexes. Does it mean life is like a lighthouse, which, when reached after long seeking, only points to higher goals? Or that perseverance is a seeming slow but certain key. A.H.B.

\* \* \*

RESPECTABILITY. By Bohun Lynch. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd. \$2.00.

It seems inevitable that sooner or later each of our modern novelists should level a lance at the Victorian standards of convention. These standards by successive attacks surely are wounded unto death and it strikes one that those novelists who have entered the lists late are merely wounding a dead body.

Be that as it may, Bohun Lynch in *Respectability* has written what we may term "a variation on an old theme." To his credit he has made it exceedingly interesting and he plays symbol against symbol in an admirable attempt to contrast prudery with tolerance.

The story of the younger Esther's struggle to escape from the numbing and narrowly restrictive influence of her older relations is

but the reiteration of the struggle for emancipation which modern youth has had to undergo. Needless to say, Esther wins out and emerges a little flushed, but triumphant.

The characterization of the novel is well done; save for one character, Lord Orgrave, who is a little over-drawn, and those who have come to admire Mr. Lynch will not be disappointed in his handling of the situation. Altogether, although he has written better, if shorter, books, *Respectability* is a novel that will be enjoyed by a good many readers. T.D.R.

\* \* \*

ALMA ROMA. By Albert G. MacKinnon, M.A. Toronto: Blackie & Son Ltd.

William Wetmore Story's *Roba di Roma* forms the base of this book, but the former has been considerably revised and, it can be said, enriched by Mr. MacKinnon. The result is a highly valuable book for travellers who elect to visit Rome, for there is a wealth of detail and very little of historical interest seems to have been left uncovered.

Interestingly enough, Mr. MacKinnon has interlarded the purely informative passages with tales and legends which considerably enhance the subject of which he treats.

The book has a wide range and, although it is not of the genus of travel book as understood and written by Huxley or Waldo Frank, it is excellently written and even the fireside traveller will enjoy its pages thoroughly.

To the utilitarian purpose of the book have been added an appendix of everyday phrases, a directory of tramways and public buildings, as well as a folding plan which will be found in a pocket in the back cover.

Altogether it is a book that should find a welcome, both by those who travel in fact and by those who are compelled to rely on imaginative peregrinations. T.D.R.

\* \* \*

COUSINS. By Bellamy Partridge. New York: Brentano's. \$2.00.

Unquestionably this story is highly amusing. Realistic also, that is, true to small-boy life. Cleverly written, plotted, and constructed, its reading entertains.

Jimmie Chapman, the hero, doesn't aim to be "good," rather he aims to be a desperado. His trusty chum, Bubbles, is less of a dare-devil. Their vicissitudes in the line of banditry; their "getaway" from the unsuspecting home-town; their trip in a much-used Ford with two bona fide crooks; and their final exploits—all arrest your attention. The gentlemanly cousin Robert, Jimmie's Aunt Alice, his parents, sundry townsfolk, the other boys and girls serve as a background. A.H.B.



# Canadian Authors' Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

Minutes of the Executive Meeting Wednesday, September 21st, 1927

THE authority for the constitution of the present Executive is found in the following minutes from the report of the Annual Meeting:

"As the head office was to move to Toronto, according to the Constitution it was necessary to have the National Officers associated with that centre. Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, of Toronto, was nominated as national president; Dr. E. A. Hardy as national treasurer; and Mr. M. O. Hammond as national secretary. Inasmuch, however, as Dr. Roberts would be absent for a good part of the year, it was further recommended that the Hon. Justice E. Fabre Surveyer, who as president of the French Section of Montreal, was already ex-officio a vice-president of the national body, and to whom Toronto was easily accessible, be associated with Dr. Roberts as a senior vice-president who might, according to the constitution, preside over executive meetings in the president's absence. Colonel G. E. Marquis, president of the French Section, of Quebec, was a national officer ex-officio.

It was resolved, on motion of Mr. John W. Garvin, and Mr. Louvigny de Montigny, that these recommendations of the nominations committee be adopted.

\* \* \*

"The following additional members of the National Council were then recommended: (a) Regional Vice-presidents: Dr. Archibald MacMechan, (Halifax); Mr. B. K. Sandwell, (Montreal); Mr. Lloyd Roberts, (Ottawa); Mr. John M. Elson (Toronto); Dr. Sherwood Fox (London); Mr. Robert Watson (Winnipeg); Mr. Austin Bothwell (Regina); Mrs. L. G. Salverson (Calgary); Mr. Edward Edmonds (Edmonton); Mr. Her-

bert Beeman (Vancouver); and Mr. Donald Fraser (Victoria). (b) Councillors-at-large: Dr. W. T. Allison, Mr. Murray Gibbon, Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, Mr. Robert J. C. Stead, Prof. Watson Kirkconnell, Dr. Jules Tremblay, Mrs. John W. Garvin, Prof. Pelham Edgar, Miss Mazo de la Roche, Mr. Louvigny de Montigny, Dr. Duncan C. Scott, Major Gustave Lanctot, Dr. Marius Barbeau, Mrs. Nellie McClung, Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey Price, Prof. Arthur L. Phelps, Prof. Frank O. Call, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Miss Juanita O'Connor, Miss Leonora McNeilly, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Dr. George H. Locke.

It was resolved, on motion of Mr. John W. Garvin, seconded by Dr. Edward E. Prince, that the recommendations be adopted.

\* \* \*

"Subsequent developments have altered slightly the list of national officers. Mr. M. O. Hammond withdrew from the secretaryship, and the national president finally persuaded Dr. E. A. Hardy to act as secretary, while Mr. John M. Elson took over the treasurership.

\* \* \*

"During July a ballot was taken among the members of the Council for thirteen of their number, who, together with the national officers, should constitute the National Executive. The voting returned the following (in alphabetical order): Dr. W. T. Allison, Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, Dr. Pelham Edgar, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Mrs. John W. Garvin, Mr. John Murray Gibbon, Prof. Watson Kirkconnell, Dr. George H. Locke, Miss Mazo de la Roche, Prof. B. K. Sandwell, Mr. Robert J. C. Stead, Dr. Jules Tremblay and Mr. Robert Watson."

By direction of the National President, the Executive Committee was called to meet in Central Y.M.C.A. in Toronto on Wednesday, September 21st, at 10 a.m. The following were present: Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts, J. M. Elson, E. A. Hardy, J. W. L. Forster, Prof. Pelham Edgar (Toronto, and L. J. Burpee, (Ottawa). Communications were received from Prof. Watson Kirkconnell, (Winnipeg), J. Murray Gibbon, Hon. Mr. Justice Surveyer (Montreal), Col. Marquis (Ottawa), Mrs. J. W. Garvin and Miss de la Roche (Toronto), explaining their absence.

The following agenda which had been sent out to the members of the Executive, along with the call for the meeting, was then discussed:

1. Confirmation of offices of Secretary and Treasurer.

2. Report on office and office arrangements: (a) An office in Simcoe Hall, University of Toronto, granted through the courtesy of the University. (b) Part time stenographer for Secretary and Treasurer at \$50.00 per month.

3. Printing of annual report as Bulletin.

4. Appointment of Committees or adjustment of personnel: (a) Music Committee. (b) Any other committees.

5. Book Week, last full week in October.

I.—Co-operation with Association of Canadian Bookmen.

II.—Possible co-operation with:

Ontario Library Association and other Canadian Library Associations.

Canadian Teachers' Federation and other provincial and local units.

I.O.D.E. and provincial and local units. Canadian Clubs.

Women's Canadian Clubs.

National Council of Education.

Canadian Press Association.

Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

Other Canadian organizations which might be interested.

III.—Letter to Branches C.A.A. suggesting (a) use of the press; addresses; radio talks. (b) Co-operation with local units of any Canadian organizations just mentioned or with other local agencies.

6. Relation of C.A.A. to *Canadian Bookman*.

7. Formation of new branches.

8. Service to present branches.

9. Suggested services to members: List of magazines, with data as to publication, editors, type of articles wanted, prices, etc.

(a) Canadian; (b) British; (c) American. Monthly index of contributors by Canadian writers to magazines. List of Canadian publishers. Semi-annual list of new books by Canadian writers. Data of each member, biographical and bibliographical. Lists of Canadian writers as authorities on specific topics. Data for Canadian scenario writers. Lists of competitions.

10. Annual meetings for 1928 and 1929—places and dates.

11. Other business.

\* \* \*

The following business was then transacted:

1. *Confirmation of Offices*. On motion of Mr. Forster and Prof. Edgar, the action of the President in appointing E. A. Hardy as secretary and J. M. Elson as treasurer was confirmed.

2. *Office and Office Arrangements*. On motion of Prof. Edgar and Mr. Burpee the following arrangements were confirmed.

(a) An office in Simcoe Hall, University of Toronto, granted through the courtesy of the University, and the appointment of a stenographer for the detail work of Secretary and Treasurer, at \$50.00 per month. The engagement of the stenographer was left to the Secretary.

3. *Annual Bulletin*. On motion of Prof. Edgar and Mr. Forster the Secretary and Treasurer were empowered to have the Bulletin printed with an instruction to reduce the cost as far as practicable.

4. *Appointment of Committees*.

(a) Music Committee: On motion of Mr. Burpee and Dr. Hardy it was agreed that memo be prepared by the officers to be sent out to musicians and musical critics and artists and to the officers of the various branches, as preliminary to any further work of the music committee. The general idea was that the membership of the Canadian Authors Association should be strengthened by the addition of musicians and artists; and that the Honorable Mr. Justice Surveyer be asked to secure nominations for the French Section for this committee; that the committee choose its own



chairman, and that Dr. Hardy act as convener in the meantime.

5. *Book Week*. The Executive Committee considered the representations from various members of the Executive as to the date of Book Week. The members from Montreal particularly were opposed to as early a date as October, holding that November would be a much better date on account of the possibility of addresses of so many at the clubs throughout Canada. The committee felt, however, that in view of the fact that the retiring Executive had at its February meeting chosen the last full week of October as the date for Book Week in 1927, and that this had been embodied in the Secretary's report to the annual meeting, then adopted by the annual meeting; and that this information had already been sent out throughout Canada and acted upon, it was inadvisable to change the date for this year; but would suggest that the date for 1928 be carefully considered, at the Executive Meeting.

(a) Co-operation with the Association of Canadian Bookmen was approved. It was reported that the Association was issuing a booklet in very large quantities to the book trade throughout Canada in connection with Book Week; and also issuing posters and other material. (b) The committee felt that any co-operation possible with the public organizations would benefit in such a way as far as this is possible. The secretary was instructed to invite the co-operation of the following National organizations, and their branches in stimulating all possible interest in their literature.

Ontario Library Association.  
Canadian Teachers' Federation.  
I.O.D.E.  
National Council of Women.  
Women's Canadian Clubs.  
Canadian Clubs.  
National Council of Education.  
Prof. Edgar and Mr. Elson

were asked to consult with other organizations. On the suggestion of Prof. Edgar, the Secretary was instructed to write to the Heads of Departments of English in Canadian Universities, asking that they devote one lecture during Canadian Book Week to Canadian literature; and also that the various private schools in Canada be communicated with for their co-operation.

(c). The Secretary was instructed to write to the branches of the Canadian Authors Association, suggesting the use of the press and addresses and radio talks during Book Week, and co-operation with the local units of any Canadian organizations that might be interested.

6. *Canadian Bookman*. On motion of Messrs. Hardy and Elson it was desired that our present relation to the *Canadian Bookman* be continued, namely: at a rate of \$15.00 per page, we should use from one to three pages in each issue. The Secretary was instructed to urge the branches to send in periodical reports of their activities so that full use might be made of our section of the *Bookman*. The branches are also to be urged to develop the circulation of the *Bookman* among their members.

7. *New Branches*. The President reported that he had spent some time in New Brunswick and that he was of the opinion that the prospects for the forming of a New Brunswick branch in the near future were very bright. As Dr. Roberts is to be in the Maritimes very shortly, he will take this matter up very definitely with those interested in that province. The possibility of formation of new branches in Central Ontario and Western Canada was also considered.

8. *Present Branches*. The Treasurer reported a visit to London, where he had interviewed the president of the Western Ontario branch, and had also spent some time in discussing the future of the branch with the people

## NEW CANADIAN BOOKS OF DISTINCTION

# The New L. M. Montgomery Book EMILY'S QUEST

One does not have to be familiar with the two preceding "Emily" books to enjoy this gay and charming story; but friends of *Emily of New Moon*, and *Emily Climbs*, will especially welcome it. It begins where the latest story ended, with a rather puzzled young Emily, pausing at the threshold of first love, and ends—Emily herself gasps at the dramatic, undreamed of, idyllic ending.....

**\$2.00**

### Under the Grey Olives

By Marian Keith

Illus. \$1.50

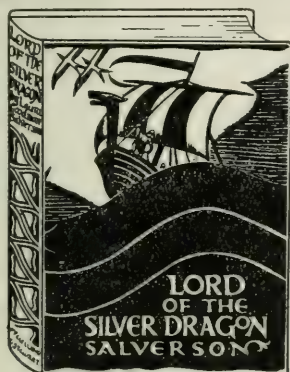
An entertaining and sparkling tale of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

### The Ninth Circle

By Harwood Steele.

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Depicting the life of a member of the Canadian Mounted Police in the Arctic Circle.



By Laura G. Salverson. Author of "The Viking Heart." \$2.00

An intensely human and appealing story of Leif Ericson, the pioneer discoverer.

### Fighting Stars

By H. A. Cody.

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A story of New Brunswick involving a wealthy New York uncle, and two nieces from whom he conceals his identity until satisfied as to their worth.

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A young girl who insists on leading her own life in a still conventional world.

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By Rev. W. A. Cameron.

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The many thousands who are inspired by Mr. Cameron's preaching welcome this new book of sermons.

### The Book of Ultima Thule

By Archibald MacMechan.

\$2.50

A book that is redolent of the romantic atmosphere of historic spots of Nova Scotia.

### Successful Recitations

By Jessie Alexander Roberts.

\$1.50

A new volume of selections by Canada's favorite entertainer.

### On Golden Wings Through Wonderland

By Grant Balfour.

Illustrated. \$2.00

A vivid, altogether fresh and original fairy story.

### Left on the Labrador

By Dillon Wallace.

\$1.75

A great boy's story that will thrill even the most satiated reader.

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interested. It is hoped that a Secretary will be secured very shortly and that this branch will again become a very active member of the Association. Informal reports were received from one or two other branches which would indicate a strengthening of their activities. On motion of Messrs. Forster and Burpee the officers were given authority to pay the travelling expenses of the officers or members of the Executive in connection with services rendered for the National Association and to the branches.

9. *Service to Members.* The individual items of this ninth section were considered and the general idea of individual service to the members of the C. A. A. was approved, on motion of Messrs. Burpee and Forster. It was felt that a great deal of the success of this service would depend upon the efficiency of the Secretary's office. If a thoroughly equipped stenographer can be secured with the proper training and a personal interest in this kind of work, the Secretary's office can develop a very fine individual service for the Association. The working out of these details therefore was left to the officers. In regard to the item data for Canadian scenario writers the annual meeting took the following action:

"The following resolution was moved by Watson Kirkconnell, seconded by Robert Watson, and carried unanimously:

"Inasmuch as it has become the practice of Moving Picture Producers not to accept ready-made scenarios, but to buy the cinematograph rights in stories that have already achieved book or magazine publication, and

Inasmuch as recent legislation in Great Britain requires a fixed percentage of British themes among the American films imported, within which British category Canadian themes would qualify, thus creating a special demand for Canadian stories among American producers, and

Inasmuch as the Hays Bureau of Los Angeles has promised to give recognition to a Canadian Committee which should undertake to furnish information as to Canadian stories which have received magazine or book publication, thus acting as an inter-

mediary between the author and the producer,

Be it resolved, that the National Executive of the Canadian Authors Association be empowered to create such an Advisory Committee on Cinematography, and to inform the Hays Bureau of its creation,

And that this same Committee be empowered to act as an Advisory Committee on Literary Matters, with such functions as the National Executive may assign to it."

It was decided to ask the following members to act as a Committee on scenarios and moving picture rights: Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay (Vancouver), Robt. Watson (Winnipeg), Mrs. Ewan Macdonald (Norval), Mrs. Madge Macbeth (Ottawa), J. M. Elson (Toronto), J. Murray Gibbon (Montreal), and two members to be nominated by the French Section. Mr. Elson to act as convener. In regard to the Diamond Jubilee Literary to communicate the findings of the Competition, Mr. Burpee was asked judges of the English Section to the National Jubilee Committee, and to ask Dr. Tremblay to do the same for the findings of the French Section.

10. *Annual Meeting.* For the annual meeting of 1928 formal invitations had been presented from Calgary, Hamilton, Regina, Muskoka Assembly and Toronto. After careful consideration the Executive decided to accept the invitation for Calgary for 1928. It was the unanimous opinion that at the earliest possible moment a meeting should be held in the Maritime Provinces and the Secretary was instructed to confer with the Halifax branch as to the possibility of holding the annual meeting in Halifax in 1929.

11. *Other Business.* (a) It was decided to instal a card index of members for the use of the Secretary and the Treasurer at the earliest possible date, utilizing any material already in hand.

(b) The matters of incorporation and appointment of an honorary solicitor were left to the Secretary and Treasurer to secure all possible infor-

mation and to report at a later meeting of the Executive.

(c) Consideration of all details in relation to copyright matters were referred to the copyright committee.

(d) Applications for new members were considered and approved.

E. A. HARDY, *Secretary*.

## Inside Stuff . . . .

Your magazine has proved very valuable and I look forward to it very much indeed. Recent issues have included some splendid poems.—H. L. Huxtable, Toronto.

\* \* \*

Those who enjoyed the article "A Western Garden," by C. F. Lloyd, in last month's issue, will welcome another by the same writer this month: "The Little Gray Church."

\* \* \*

With regard to the note on page 240 last month, stating that *Pierre and His People* preceded *Black Rock* as a big success in Canadian fiction, a Bluenose writes ye editor chronicling amusement in view of the unquestioned position of *The Clockmaker* as the first big Canadian success. The same correspondent corrects the quotation from *Early American Printing* under the heading of "Canada," as reproduced on page 253 of the August *Canadian Bookman*, pointing out that the first book published in Canada was at Halifax in 1766, viz: *Statutes at Large*.

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"Invaluable and very interesting," are the terms applied to *Canadian Bookman* by Mrs. E. Mary Fraser, Ottawa, in renewing her subscription.

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### VANCOUVER POETRY SOCIETY

The Annual Meeting of the Vancouver Poetry Society was held on Saturday evening, September 10th, at the residence of Dr. E. P. Fewster. The officers elected to serve during the coming year were as follows: President, A. M. Stephen; Vice-President, Dr. E. P. Fewster; Honorary Vice-President, Mrs. Annie Charlotte Dalton; Secretary, Miss Claire Pennington; Treasurer, Mrs. E. Doberer; Editor and Archivist, W. G. Stephen. Members of the Executive appointed were Mrs. A. M. Winlow, Mrs. S. J. Nasmith, Dr. E. P. Fewster, Miss May Percival Judge, Mrs. Irene H. Moody. Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Fewster were made life members of the Society in recognition of their services to the cause of poetry.

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## JOHN BUCHAN'S Most Distinguished Novel WITCH WOOD

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WE BELIEVE that "Witch Wood" is the best novel John Buchan has ever written. And so do the reviewers.\*

WE KNOW that the public which enjoys Barrie, Scott and Stevenson, and which fills the theatre to hear Harry Lauder, will not be turned away from a fine novel by the Scotch dialect.

AND THEREFORE:

We are featuring "Witch Wood" not only as a great novel but as a great SCOTCH novel.

\*Extracts from some early reviews.

"Witch Wood" must be adjudged the greatest of Buchan's published works.—*Glasgow Herald*.

Covered with a fragrant bloom, an effortless verisimilitude, and the old high gloss of romance that betokens a real artist.—*Manchester Guardian*.

Let those who cannot go to Scotland this year read it, and they will not miss utterly the changing light on the hills or the rooty smell of peat and heather.—*Daily News*.

To me "Witch Wood" is John Buchan's best book. It has, of course, flavor and vitality and color. But it has, too, depth and mood and pity. It is written, *con amore*, in a rich, finely mettled Scotch-English.—*Samuel Merwin in the Saturday Review of Literature*.

Here is a romantic, historical novel that stands out from the ruck of such fiction like a headland on a low coast. From the opulent variety of its action, the sureness of its pace, the fresh ring of its phrases and general charm of writing, the reader must come to the opinion that its creation was a labor of love for Mr. Buchan.—*The New York Times*.

Mr. Buchan has written no more engrossing or satisfying story than this . . . powerful, charming novel which almost entitles Mr. Buchan to be called a modern and terser Sir Walter Scott.—*The London Spectator*.

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AN extensive series of drawings reminiscent of early Canada, both French and English, by Major-General James Patison Cockburn, was recently sold at Sothebys, in London, as follows: Four volumes, containing about 360 drawings of Canadian scenery, including Quebec and neighborhood, Montreal and district, Ottawa and district, York, U.C., Niagara Falls, etc., in different techniques, pen and ink, brush, sepia, water color, etc., (£980); a volume containing about 120 sketches of landscapes and cities in various parts of the world, including Canada (Niagara and St. Joy Church, near Quebec, dated June, 1829), England, Italy, Tyrol, etc., different mediums (£24); a volume of sketches of subjects in Italy and France (£10).

\* \* \*

English book collecting circles suffered a shock recently through the announcement in connection with the sale of the library and art collection of the late Sir George Holford at Christie's in London, that the finest part of the library, including rare incunabula, manuscripts, Americana and first editions, was already in America as a result of a secret sale by Sir George before his death to Dr. Abraham Rosenbach, the Napoleonic book dealer of Philadelphia and New York. The sale was one of the biggest financial transactions in rare books in history, being in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000. Practically no one in Britain seems to have had any idea of the extent of the Holford collection until this announcement was made, so secretly did Sir George and his father gather it. Among its manifold treasures were a copy on vellum of the Latin Bible printed at Mainz by Fust and Schoeffer in 1462, the first printed Bible bearing a date; the finest copy extant of the first folio Shakespeare of 1623, being in perfect state in the original calf binding and having the original blank leaves; twenty-one Shakespeare quartos, among them the first issue of the first edition of *Troilus and Cressida*, 1609, the only uncut copy of but four known copies; Shakespeare's *Poems*, 1640, in the original binding; an immaculate copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678; the first five editions of Walton's *Compleat Angler*; several Caxtons, among them the first, namely, de Cassolis' *The Game and Playe of Chesse*, 1475; first editions of Horace, Juvenal, Lucan, Virgil, Aesop, etc.

The Collector is desirous of obtaining a bibliographical transcript of the title page of what he believes to be Bliss Carman's first pamphlet publication, *Death in April*, a long poem, comprising eighteen 12-line stanzas, in commemoration of the death of Matthew Arnold, and hereby appeals to any reader of these notes who may possess, or have access to, a copy to assist him. This poem was published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1889, but The Collector has reason to believe that it was brought out privately by the author in the previous year. The only copy he knows of, however, lacks the front cover, which carried the title, together with, doubtless, the date. It may interest Carman admirers to know that the poem in question has never been gathered into a volume of his, and that it is to be found, aside from the April, 1889, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and the separate pamphlet publication referred to above, only in the anthology, *Younger American Poets*, which, edited by Douglas Sladen, was brought out in London (and also in New York) in 1891.

\* \* \*

A volume which should have the interest of every bookman is announced for early publication by The Bookman's Journal and Print Collector, 18 York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C., 2. It is to be entitled *A Record of British and American Private Collectors of Books, Prints, MSS., etc.*, and, it is expected, will give the names and addresses of more than 3,500 collectors, with details of the "line" or "lines" in which they are respectively interested. Readers of these notes who would like to have their names in the *Record* should communicate with the publishers promptly. The edition will be a very limited one, and copies will be available to dealers and others desiring them at 50 shillings net each.

\* \* \*

The fourth educational Graphic Arts Exposition under the auspices of six organizations within the printing industry was held in the Grand Central Palace, New York City, September 5 to 17. Printing, ancient and modern, and printing, plain and adorned, were shown in the exhibits of the industry, supplemented by rare items from leading museums and dealers in printed rarities. These included such items as specimen pages of the Gutenberg Bible, printed in 1450, the Mainz Psalter, the Canon Missal



of 1458, and important mediaeval examples of the printer's art.

\* \* \*

There has been some controversy of late as to the rarest and most valuable Bible in Canada, but it can be safely asserted that as regards value, at least, no other copy of the Scriptures now in this country can compare with that which, presented to the Six Nation Indians by Queen Anne, and bearing the date of 1702, was signed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Prince George on the occasion of their recent visit to the reserve. This Bible already bore the signatures of King Edward, King George, Queen Alexandra, the Duke of Connaught, and Princess Patricia, and was previously signed by the Prince of Wales in 1919. All the Governor-Generals also have signed it, as have Lord Willingdon and Premier Baldwin. It has two pages for royal signatures only.

\* \* \*

At a meeting of the Council of the Champlain Society held recently in Toronto, Professor George M. Wrong, who succeeded the late Sir Edmund Walker as President of the Society in 1924, resigned as President and J. B. Tyrrell, the well-known explorer and mining engineer, was elected in his place. The resignation of President Wrong, who was one of the founders of the Society, and for many years its Editorial Secretary, was due to his prospective departure for England. Mr. Tyrrell, his successor in the presidential chair, has edited two of the most successful of the society's publications, Samuel Hearne's *Journey*, and David Thompson's *Narrative*.

\* \* \*

Edward A. Newton, the well-known Philadelphia bibliophile, according to a recent London cable despatch, has acquired a first folio of Shakespeare from the library of Lord Carysfort, for a price believed to be considerably above the £6,100 which Bernard Quaritch, the London bookseller, paid for it in 1923. The Carysfort folio is one of the few copies in good and unrestored condition. These today are practically unprocurable.

\* \* \*

John Howell, San Francisco, has recently published a book which should have an appeal to collectors of Canadiana and particularly those interested in the Western coast, namely, *Sir Francis Drake's Voyage Around the World*, by Henry R. Wagner, author of *The Plains and the Rockies*, *The Spanish Southwest*, and *California Voyages*. Mr. Wagner spent four years hunting down all the documents relating to Drake's voyage and weighing them dispassionately, and from the evidence he has created what is declared to be undoubtedly the definite work

on Drake. It is a book of five hundred pages printed on Milan text paper in Garamond type, with seventy illustrations. There is a special edition of one hundred copies, with twenty extra plates, bound in half morocco, and an edition of one thousand copies bound in paper boards with cloth back.

\* \* \*

An unnamed American collector, according to a recent London cablegram, has purchased for \$30,000 a collection of Lincoln letters written during the Civil War to an Englishman, whose children likewise withheld their name and his. The letters are said to represent Abraham Lincoln as extremely devout, trusting in prayers, as well as soldiers, to end the Civil War. The Englishman to whom they were written was Lincoln's friend before he became President and the letters express gratitude for support and advice.

\* \* \*

Mgr. Giovanni Meroati, Prefect of the Vatican Library, announced through *Osservatore Romano*, official Vatican organ, recently that Pope Pius has accepted an offer of the Carnegie Peace Foundation to aid in the work which will begin shortly of recataloguing the library of the Holy See. The index system of the library is to be completely modernized, and as a result, it is predicted, there will be placed at the disposal of scholars priceless documentary material which may necessitate the rewriting of much mediaeval history. The present index of 658 huge tomes, compiled over a period of many centuries, is so obscure and complicated that historical experts believe it has hidden, rather than revealed, many of the Papacy's activist treasures.

\* \* \*

A copy of Dickens' *Little Dorrit* inscribed to Clarkson Stanfield, "with affectionate regard from Charles Dickens, October, 1857," was sold for £630 at Hodgson's auction rooms in London recently. Inserted in the book is the letter which accompanied the gift, beginning "Dear Stanny," and referring to the book as "an old little friend in a new frock, who has been long due, and who begs to be tenderly taken in." The "new frock" refers to the red morocco binding of the dedication copy.

\* \* \*

A delver among a promiscuous collection of books offered for sale by a very general vendor in Toronto not long ago was rewarded by finding two volumes of the *Parliamentary Debates of the Second Session of the House of Commons of the Fifteenth Parliament of Great Britain, 1782*. The volumes embrace an important and critical period of the Empire's history—the great struggles in Asia and America—and inter-

est is added to them by the fact that they bear bookplates telling that they come from the library of W. W. Baldwin of Spadina, Canada. Dr. Baldwin was a successful lawyer and physician in York, later to become known as Toronto, and distinguished himself in the field when York was invaded by the Americans in 1813.

\* \* \*

A remarkable sale of modern and other first editions forming the library of Major W. Van R. Whitall, of Pelham, N.Y., was sold at the American Art Galleries, in New York City, on Feb. 14 and 15, a total of \$120,834 being realized for 1508 items. Shelley books were the chief feature of the sale, *Adonais*, Pisa, 1821, in the original wrappers, inscribed to Jefferson Hogg by the author, bringing the top price of \$8,400, while *Epipsychidion*, London, 1821, stitched, brought \$5,100, and *The Cenci*, London, 1819, \$2,500. Other striking prices were: Blake's *The Book of Thel*, London, 1789, 8 plates on 8 leaves, text printed in green, and the illustrations delicately painted in water-color by the author, \$5,000; Brown's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, London, 1658, formerly in the possession of Coleridge, Wordsworth & Lamb, \$3,800; Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, London, 1859, first edition, in original wrappers, \$3,200; Hardy's *The Dynasts*, 3 vols., London, 1903, first editions, \$2,200; Keats' *Poems*, London, 1817, in original boards, \$3,300; Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*, 2 vols., London, 1590-96, first issues of first edition, \$3,400.

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Vol. IX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1927

No. 10



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## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE

By Lionel Stevenson

THE poetical output of A. E. S. Smythe, like that of his English contemporary, A. E. Housman, is restricted to two slim volumes, published with an interval of thirty years; but both poets occupy a position of distinction out of all proportion to the mere bulk of their work. A rare combination of unerring lyric melody, with profound and noble philosophy, gives the poems of Albert Smythe a secure place among the permanent treasures of Canadian literature; and the paucity of his published work is due to a remarkably concise turn of phrase and an austere avoidance of rhetoric. He does not adopt a single idea or rhythm and reiterate it with minor variations through scores of poems. Perhaps if he did his work would have a more widespread influence, for the average reader responds only to damnable iteration; but Mr. Smythe, as one of the very finest critics in Canada, applies his severest standards to his own work, and probably pays the general public the compliment of attributing to them some degree of his own culture and perception.

Albert Ernest Stafford Smythe was born in Northern Ireland, in the village of Gracehill, County Antrim, being descended through his mother from the Carys, one of the best-known families of the sixteenth century "plantation of Ulster." The year of his birth was 1861, the same year that

witnessed the births of Archibald Lampman, Bliss Carman, Wilfred Campbell, and Frederick George Scott, on the other side of the Atlantic; and perhaps it was some occult kinship with this momentous group of Canadian poets that brought him across the ocean as soon as his education was completed. After several years of commercial employment in Chicago, Belfast and Edinburgh, contributing poems from time to time to English periodicals, beginning with the *Graphic* in 1882, he settled in Toronto in 1889, and before very long forsook a business career for newspaper work. The files of various papers must contain an invaluable collection of distinguished literary criticism and wise editorial comment from his pen; in particular his column, "Crusts and Crumbs," in the *Toronto Sunday World* was for years a delight to discerning readers.

The exacting tasks of the journalist have not been the only rival of poetry in Mr. Smythe's life. He has also given infinite time and service to the Theosophical Society; its first exponent in Canada, and one of the founders of the Toronto Lodge, he made several lecture tours in the United States as well as Canada, acted as editor of *The Lamp*, and finally organized the Canadian Section in 1919, of which he has been general secretary ever since, in addition to editing *The Canadian Theosophist*.



The wide knowledge of human life and affairs, derived from years of newspaper work, and the eclectic study of philosophy and religion which the theosophic system provides, combine in Albert Smythe's poetry, and his Irish background supplies the fantasy and the delicate harmonies which prevent it from being didactic or abstract. His mysticism is not cloistered and other-worldly, but warm with human feeling and devoted to the immediate furtherance of human brotherhood. The delightful humorous poems included in his earlier volume are fully consistent with his more serious work, for a sense of humor is the *verso* of imagination and human sympathy.

His admirable sense of word-values, enabling him to convey a surprising extent of thought in a few brief phrases, renders him particularly eminent in the sonnet. When every word is bearing a weighty load of meaning, fourteen lines can be the vehicle for great thoughts. Mr. Smythe's sonnets have that inevitable advance from a dignified opening to a splendid climax, not a wasted word anywhere, which leaves one with the satisfaction of perfect artistry; and the thought is of such texture as to yield fresh significance on every re-reading, as in this:

Stain not thy noble sorrow with regret:

When our plans fail God's better plan succeeds:

Our wants may lack, but He supplies our needs,

Infinite thrift discharging every debt.

All thou hast suffered is the trial set

For those who aim at mind-delivering deeds,

The rout of greeds and policies and creeds,  
The God-birth pangs and throes and bloody sweat.

Beside the harsh base speech of sordid life  
The murmur of the stars falls pure; beside  
The struggling warrior they who warred before

Stand inwardly to stay him through the strife.

God's heart holds all, I cry, when, fiercely plied,

The lonely battle goes against me sore.

Notice the rigorous simplicity of diction, the predominance of brief Anglo-Saxon words; the besetting danger of the philosophical poet—polysyllabic abstract terms of Latin origin—could not be more admirably avoided.

But Mr. Smythe does not need the limitations of the sonnet to restrain him from redundancy. His poems are never long, for the good reason that he does not write unless he has something to say; and apart from extended narrative or involved discussion, there are few things that cannot be fully and finally said in three or four stanzas. Although simplicity and brevity characterize all the poems, they are never monotonously alike. There is the uncompromising directness of "Anastasis" and "The Way of the Master," childlike in their forthrightness:

I know that the Master walked on earth,  
For I've heard the tale of His human birth.  
And all that He did would I have done  
Had He been mortal and I God's Son.

There are the love poems with that inimitable Irish touch, both in the attitude of mingled whimsicality and passion and in the metrical lilt, such as "Mullaghearn" and "Heart's Rue at Iskaheen:"

And sure there's millions God made of us,  
man and maid,

And maybe we'll get trial of each other all  
One life or another, and faith I'm not  
afraid

That this young slip of a girl will wander  
out of call.

But what odds, when the angels round the  
sea of glass,

And all the devils in the pit and all  
between,

Don't matter a buckey to a man that loves  
a lass,

A dark-haired lass with sea-deep eyes at  
Iskaheen?

And there are the sonorous handlings of symbolic themes, "Sun Worship," "The Sun-Dream," and, above all, "The Burden of the World," with its exultant sweep:

Souls of them ascending through apprenticeship to Deity  
 Rush where powers of darkness, striving,  
 agonize their worst.  
 Scarred and stunned and torn and worn, but  
 straining on like conquerors,  
 None of all the brood of men is broken  
 or accurst.

As a critic, as a poet, and as a man,  
 Albert Smythe commands unstinted  
 admiration for unswerving sincerity,

tolerance, earnestness, and selfless devotion to the cause he has made his own. Canadian poetry is the nobler for his contribution.

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS.

*Poems Grave and Gay.* Toronto:  
 Imrie and Graham, 1891.

*The Garden of the Sun.* Toronto:  
 The Macmillan Company, 1923.

## Beyond the Horizon

Written for "Canadian Bookman" by Marcus Adeney

IN the beginning there were no beaten paths; the first man was of necessity an adventurer. What an awe-inspiring thought! Wherever a road now leads through the heart of a wilderness, wherever a settlement, large or small, breaks the monotony of forest or grassland, wherever land is fenced in or lived upon or exploited in any way, there trod the first man, the original adventurer into the unknown.

In Canada we feel that it is somehow quite natural to break new ground. Not so very long ago there were no white men anywhere upon the continent. Much of the land, even today, is only nominally possessed—some of it unexplored. A great splash of red upon the map means nothing to the wild creatures which, apart from a scattering of fur traders, Indians and Esquimaux, alone inhabit so much of the far north. Ownership would indeed be only a matter of form but for very real shipments of furs today and undreamed possibilities for the morrow.

Any road leading away from our cities toward the unconquered wilderness is suggestive of romance, holds a curious fascination. Vast areas of forest, lake and marsh, mysterious "barren lands," desolate northern seas with ice-bound coasts, finally a waste of eternal snows reaching to the

top of the world—this is Canada; still largely unpossessed, yet containing within her boundaries a complex civilization, splendid in its way, with sprawling modern cities in which blatant ugliness still predominates, and a people of great vitality.

There are prophets who foretell a great future for Canada, a future of solid industrial prosperity. Their voices are good, they seem to speak truly. But perhaps another voice is no less needed; that of the poet who, like the explorer, will open up new trails, whose vision carries him beyond the thought of material well-being to a consciousness of Utopian possibilities. The Canadian people, living in security and being plentifully supplied with necessities, may develop a fine human culture, with the sort of appreciations which alone endow life with value and meaning. Our cities may some day be as beautiful as the lakes and wooded hills of our northland, and Canadian children may grow up to regard the ideal of beauty—in all forms of human expression—as a simple and natural thing. It is only a dream, of course, yet dreams may be none the less valuable for being far from fulfilment. A native culture is growing slowly in Canada today. There may come a time when it will transform the face of the land, the lives of all our people.



# The Portrait Exhibition

By Jeanne Adeney

TORONTO is privileged just now in having a large and comprehensive exhibition of portraits at the Art Gallery. Largeness in an exhibition is scarcely an asset, but it is good to see a collection of pictures painted in different countries, and extending from contemporaries back to De Bray, who painted his little picture of a woman in Holland so well and so humanly in the seventeenth century. One feels sorry, however, that the greatest of the old masters and one of the greatest of the moderns in the art of portrait painting are absent, Rembrandt and John Singer Sargent.

I may only mention a few of the pictures that fill the seven galleries. A goodly number of the old masters are well represented, Raeburn, Hoppner, Romney and Reynolds, and if the "Infant Samuel" is a little disappointing, some of the Raeburns are beautiful. The more pictures hung on a wall, the less well can any one picture be appreciated, and this exhibition, being so large, might have been better had the display of each man's work been limited to one or two of his finest pictures, instead of six or eight scattered through the rooms. There is a Van Dyck, a Hogarth and a Gainsborough, interesting even if they are not famous examples. Among the old masters hang two romantic girlish heads by the Russian Harlamoff, and two pictures by Roybet, a fairly modern Frenchman, which, because they are vigorous and dramatic, are apt to catch the eye first on entering the room. "The Insult" is a good illustration of what Lee Simonson meant when he wrote, "The fundamental passions are usually to be found in second-rate painters, great ones having an obstinate preoccupation with such ephemeral matters as characteristic attitudes, pitch and colour of shadows, vibra-

tion of light, atmosphere and the fluid pose of the body." The Roybet pictures are well painted and full of life but think of the repose of Rembrandt's "Old Woman Cutting Her Nails," by comparison.

Coming to contemporaries, the most outstanding of the American paintings seems to me to be the lovely "Anne in White," by George Belows. Eugene Speicher's portrait of Katherine Cornell as "Candida," is interesting, and there is a laughing, full length, figure of a girl, by Robert Henri. Examples of William Chase's and Charles Hawthorne's work are not of the best, although the latter's "Girl with Doll" has charm.

From England the brilliant Augustus John gives us a portrait of Herr Stresseman, Germany's minister of foreign affairs, who has won distinction by his work on behalf of world peace. One wonders just how much this painting is a caricature, distorting a point of view and neglecting the undeniably fine qualities of the man. William Strang's portrait of Lucien Piccarro shows us a rather wild looking man sitting in front of pink and blue curtains. Sir William Orpen is represented by three portraits, varying much in subject and feeling, a rather soulless portrait of a man, a portrait of an artist and the charming little "Mary." In this group the "Young Bretan," from our own collection is placed.

Among the French pictures we have an interesting drawing by Degas, a Cezanne, a Van Gogh and two Renoir's, but the modern French are not well represented, nor are the Spanish, there being but one portrait of a man, by Zuloaga. There is, however, a Murillo and two portraits by Goya, which are so unlike that it hard to believe them painted by the same man.

Among these many portraits, old and modern, Canadians have a chance to see their own, and to decide their place in the portrait world. We need not be discouraged because the Canadian section is the weakest part of the exhibition. To recognize this weakness means to gain strength, and a country must necessarily have a cultural background in order to produce outstanding works of art. Even America had artistic centres in Boston and New York long before Canada, but our own tradition is growing; we have already celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the University of Toronto. Canada is in a transitional period between the artistic tradition brought over from the old world and the new one which she is finding for herself. The outstanding Canadian painting is the large canvas by John Russel. Good, too, is the quaint little portrait of Queen Victoria, painted from life in an hour by Bell-Smith. Robert Harris' self portrait is fine and sensitive in feeling, though not as good in color. Two of the most interesting of the Canadian pictures are Varley's sketch of himself and J. W. Morrice's portrait of a boy. From Lawren Harris we have a strong, well painted but frigid portrait. I do not think it bodes ill for our artistic future that some older portraits seem finer than the modern. In order to create the new we had to let go of the old and a truly Canadian art has hardly established itself as yet.

\* \* \*

Supplementing the main portrait exhibition at the Art Gallery, is a splendid print exhibition in the print room upstairs, lent to Toronto by Knoedler, of New York. Early French, English, German, Flemish and Belgian prints and engravings face those of Whistler, Anders, Zorn, Besnard, Monet and Degas. Here is William Strang's portrait of Thomas Hardy, Piccarro's of Cezanne. Here

also are prints of Rembrandt, Durer and Van Dyck. This exhibition would itself justify a visit to the gallery.

\* \* \*

### ELOCUTION A PAINFUL ART?

Speaking in Toronto on October 17, on the subject of "Current English Verse," Prof. John Baillie, M.A., newly elected to the faculty of Knox College, denounced recitation as "possibly one of the most painful of all arts." Then he proceeded to read selections from modern poets, including C. K. Chesterton, Harold Munro, Winifred Letts, Captain F. W. Harvey, Frank Sedgwick, Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Graves, Cecil Spring Rice, and A. E. Housman, who "around 1910, after teaching Latin through a long life, surprised the world with the small collection of poems which put him in the front rank of poets."

\* \* \*

### Royal Autumn

By Edna I. LeGrand

WHAT shall we make, Autumn,  
For your fair adorning?  
Russet gown from the loom  
Of each maple tree?  
Filmy veil woven in  
Mist of early morning  
Starred with purple Asters,  
Fit for your royalty?

What shall we lay, Autumn,  
At your feet of splendour?  
Gifts of gold from the mint  
Of rich, golden bloom?  
Scarlet for a silken sash  
From the flaming Sumach?  
Couch of silver for your dreams,  
From the harvest moon?

What shall we keep, Autumn,  
For your sweet remembrance?  
Trails of happy freedom  
Thro' the reddening broom?  
Winged feet and laughter?  
Breadth of sky and meadow?  
Autumn, royal Autumn,  
We've a golden afternoon!



# Splinters From a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

## VIII.—THE AUTHOR'S AGENT

SIX hundred and four articles, by the most recent count, have been written about that unknown and secret class of men called Authors' Agents. With Shavian frankness you are now informed that not one of that imposing array touches upon the intimate "dope" conveyed in this fortunate essay, which, if read carefully, will lead you to the conviction that an agent is quite as important to a writer as the dog on the string is to the blind man who broke his cane in the picket fence. To be sure, what I give you is personal experience and any generalizations to be made will be left entirely to yourselves.

About Agents.—Agents are men who market an author's manuscripts, charging a fixed per cent. on every sale made. That's the bare definition. But an agent can be a great deal more and, if you are fortunate in the choice of one, you will find the happy truth of what I say. Your agent can be critic, friend, counsellor and he can take a tremendous burden off your shoulders, and, for a small consideration, free you of the multitudinous details of marketing your stories.

Your agent can make you. To the Canadian writer who has made a fair success with the American market I do not hesitate to say that the sooner he gets a New York authors' agent to handle his work the sooner will his sales increase and his output improve in value. The time to get an agent is just as soon as your work has done sufficiently well to warrant the agent's taking it with no preliminary charges. Either that, or if you feel that your stuff is really saleable, but that you don't know beans about where to sell—as is probably the case. You may often, in writing as in anything else,

have to spend money in order to get it and if an agent won't take you on the regular author's basis, then pay his reading fee and give him a chance. All this provided you know your work is somewhere saleable.

For the first two years of free-lance writing I had no agent and for market-knowledge was dependent entirely on the various trade magazines—the writers' periodicals—and the excellent directories edited by Agnes Herbert and William B. McCourtie. I won't deny that there was something pleasant in sending out dozens of brown envelopes to different magazines; but there was nothing at all delectable in getting most of them back. From the very beginning the agent whom I later acquired could have done far better with my work, secured higher rates and opened markets I never dreamed of hitting.

This should be of benefit to my fellow countrymen who have already sold stories to the American magazines. Really we are too far away from our markets. The business of marketing is really more complicated and requires more specialized study than the work of plotting. What tips you get from the trade journals are good in their way, but they're belated very often and you have no idea how many thousands of bus conductors and the like are sending in their efforts on the same tip to compete with yours.

On the other hand, a good agent knows editors personally, calls them—think of it—by their first name and while we are often told that friendship never yet sold a story, I, for one, am quite sure that it often helps.

If your story is good enough for an agent to handle it is received by many publishers more favorably than if you

sent it out yourself. To be specific—the *Saturday Evening Post* divides the six tons of MSS. it receives every three minutes into two divisions, one comprising stories by unknowns; the others taking in those by writers who have already made the grade with the *Satevpost* and those sent by agencies—so there!

Now, please notice, I'm not touting for agencies. Because an agent has helped my own sales greatly is no reason he will do the same with yours. He may ruin your markets and leave you lamenting; but I think not. Get a man who knows the fiction-field. I wish I might be specific and tell you of some few excellent gentlemen I know, but you can see their advertisements here and there and it will pay you to investigate what they have to offer.

If you think the prices they can get for your work will pay them, then write and tell them what you've done, what markets you have made, what rates received. They'll be able to judge if you're a comer, a likely prospect or just a dud. And they'll tell you what's what in understandable English.

I once read as an objection to the employing of the authors' agent that a writer loses that precious personal contact between himself and ye editor. Maybe. I've been insulted through my agent just as thoroughly as if the editor knew me personally. And when you live a thousand miles away that personal contact business is not so important.

A good agent can get you very often a better price than you could yourself. I gasped when my own agent told me he had refused what I considered a good price for a story. He knew he could get better and was not at all inclined to jump at the first offer as I certainly should have done. Your agent can market your story again because he will sell, whenever possible, only the first American ser-

ial-rights, thus controlling still the English and second-American rights. If you try to do all that business yourself you don't have much time for writing. A successful free-lance who markets his own output told me in the beginning that he put more time on searching out markets, American and English, than he did on writing.

Most agents charge a ten per cent. commission, minimum of five dollars, on each sale made. That is the proposition you may expect if you have already had fair success. If your work has not proved itself you will have to pay a reading fee, a dollar or so, before the agent will undertake to handle your story. Once you've sold a few yourself it's a fairly safe bet that an agency will look favorably on your stuff. Sometimes they'll refuse to touch a story. I've had that happen in two cases, but was able to dispose of both stories myself, albeit at rather low rates.

Finally, your agent can give you pointers about the requirements of magazines that you never find elsewhere. Often I receive letters that set out clearly the needs of certain periodicals—their instant needs. The value of this in timeliness cannot be gainsaid. And you never see a rejection slip. That's grand. I forget what the beastly things look like. Your agent receives them all. So, all things considered, I should say the employing of an agent will more than pay the writer.

I have said nothing against agents because my own experience with them has been only of the best. There is much that may be said against them, no doubt, and others may not have been as fortunate as I. That, however, is for others to say.

\* \* \*

Robert Watson's composition, *How to Write*, is to be published immediately. His nature history study in verse, for children, *Canada's Fur Bearers*, is being translated into French.



# Women Poets of Today

An Address to the Poetry Society of Canada, by Constance Davies-Woodrow.

WHILE browsing around a bookstore one day last week I picked up *Poetry*, and opened it at random. By a strange co-incidence, my eye fell upon an article entitled "Enter the Woman." Now I do not know the sex of the writer, H. L. Davis, but this is what he or she had to say, in part:

"It is always tempting to try to imagine what future generations are going to think of the poetry of our time, . . . and speculating, I have picked out two incidents which posterity will surely be unable to neglect. They are, namely: the transference of poetry from the estate of men to that of women; and the alteration in the nature and texture of poetry which (subject to exception) I believe to have been a consequence thereof.

"Women have entered into possession of this domain of poetry by moral and economic necessity. Once they were interlopers, and tiptoed doubtfully, pretending to have lost their way, or to have come to deliver a message. They submitted to the laws and usages of the country without question. Now all those laws are without force, and the temples are vacant. The newcomers have begun to impose laws of their own, and build houses for themselves."

Now, if H. L. Davis spoke truly, imagine what may happen. A century from now, our ghosts may return to this very hall and see a woman-president occupying Mr. MacDonald's chair, with a bevy of be-laurelled maidens ranged around her like a Greek chorus. And last, but not least, the programme may include one solitary, insignificant-looking male, speaking on the subject: "Men-Poets of Yesterday."

At a meeting of the Vancouver Poetry Society, last year, Mrs. Annie Charlotte Dalton made a plea for itin-

erant troubadours in Canada. Today, our list of such troubadours is very brief—four men—Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Wilson MacDonald, and E. J. Pratt—and one lone woman—Katherine Hale. But a century from now, there may be whole bands of women troubadours, regarding Katherine Hale as pioneer and patron saint. Gentlemen, look to your laurels!

Women-poets are often accused of being far more subjective than men-poets, but listen to what the French psychologist, Charles Beaudouin, has to say, in his interesting book, *Psychoanalysis and Aesthetics*:

"Objective art is always to a certain extent subjective; in truth it is often more subjective than is usually suspected. We need but recall the symbolic part played by imaginative creations; or again, how the imagination makes use of images from the outer world to express the feelings, whether conscious or unconscious, of the subject; how the outward symbols are used to express these inward emotions far more than to describe the outer world. Lyrical drama will utilize situations in the exterior life to symbolize the internal conflicts of the poet; and this symbolization may be accomplished with or without the knowledge of the author himself."

By the way, anyone who is interested in the esoteric side of poetry should find *Psychoanalysis and Aesthetics* well worth reading.

Another more or less common opinion is that women-poets have a more marked leaning towards love-poetry than have men. I rather think Byron was to blame for that when he said:

"Love is of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence."

Now Byron, ranging his poetic eye over the fair satellites at his feet, may have found some reason for thinking

that, but he made the big mistake of judging all by the few. If the shade of Byron happens to be hovering around, he knows without being told that the horizon of women has receded considerably since the day when he loomed so large upon it.

Women-Poets of Today—It's a wide subject. Indeed, there seem to be a great many more women-poets of today than were dreamed of in the Committee's philosophy, and a process of wholesale elimination is therefore unavoidable. In the brief time left, I shall read five lyrics which are among the outstanding poems by women of today. They will be English, Irish, Australian, American and Canadian, respectively.

(The poems selected were: "Beside the Bed," by Charlotte Mew; "The Waves of Breffny," by Eva Gore-Booth; "Hamilton," by Marie E. J. Pitt; "Spring Night," by Sara Teasdale; and "She Plans Her Funeral," by Louise Morey Bowman.)

\* \* \*

#### LITERARY COMPETITION

The annual prize of \$100 will be awarded by the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto for the best short story submitted, subject to the following conditions:

1. The contest is open to professional and non-professional writers alike throughout the Dominion.

2. The story must not exceed 4,000 words in length.

3. The story must have its setting in some period of Canadian history, but will be judged as well for its literary and imaginative quality.

4. The manuscript must be type-written, on one side only, and unsigned. The name and address of the writer must be enclosed in a separate sealed envelope.

5. Manuscripts will be returned to the writer if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed under the separate seal.

6. Manuscripts should be addressed

to the Secretary of The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto, 31 Bloor St. East, and should be sent by registered mail.

7. All manuscripts must be delivered as directed on or before March 1, 1928.

\* \* \*

#### ONE-ACT PLAY COMPETITION

Through the kindness of Sir Henry Thornton, who has presented \$100 toward prizes, the Montreal Branch, Canadian Authors' Association, announces its third annual one-act play competition.

A first prize of \$75 and a second prize of \$50 will be presented to the authors of the best one-act plays received before January 15 next. The competition is open to Canadians only. Canadians resident in the United States are not eligible.

Plays that have won prizes or that have been published or produced—that is, have received professional or amateur presentation when admission is charged—may not be entered in the contest. A private amateur presentation when no admission fee is charged does not constitute production, for purposes of this contest.

Adaptations of stories by other writers will not be accepted. Each author may submit two plays, but no contestant will receive more than one award. Manuscripts must be addressed to the Drama Group, and received not later than January 15, 1928. The author's name must not appear on the manuscript. A sealed envelope containing name, address, and return postage, must be enclosed with the play.

The Montreal Branch, C.A.A., reserves first right to produce the winning plays or to arrange for their production. All other rights are retained by the authors. Sir Andrew Macphail, Miss Jean Foley, and Prof. F. E. Lloyd, of McGill University, will be the judges.



# Panorama of Book Lovers

By Marcus Adeney

THERE may be more varieties of readers than there are books to be read. "If you read, not inertly and passively, but actively and creatively," wrote George Cramm Cook, "the thing you read will be a new thing under the sun." And if you read inertly and passively, depend upon it, the thing you read will have no recognizable existence under the sun. A book derives its vitality solely from the reader. In itself it is merely suggestive, and suggestive only to minds suitably constituted and carefully attended.

Since there are so many men with minds so various, and so many books so variously suggestive, must we not expect to discover the utmost variety among genuine book lovers? It might be interesting roughly to outline a few characteristic types.

There is the rational-optimist trend. Here we have people of active minds and definite character, with much regard and aptitude for personal achievement. This leads naturally to evolutionary-progressiveness as an article of faith. Books are regarded as a manner of approach to people rather than to ideas; values would tend always toward the special rather than toward the universal. Interest would centre upon biography—not so much of the artist-introvert as of the practical performer; novels—of action and high personal achievement in the world; travel—books narrating the progress of a new civilization in superseding the old. Avoidance of the mystical would be instinctive; no philosophy and vague metaphysics; a slight leaning toward old and crude superstition, perhaps as an escape.

There is the "modern" enthusiast who delights in the new and the brilliant because it is new and brilliant,

without questioning an author's veracity too closely. A trend may run briefly in any direction as gusts of enthusiasm dictate, but in no case will a deeper intent be deliberately sought, nor will his appreciation add solid worth to the reader's nature. Here is no serious conception of greatness nor of books as an approach to greatness; it is an aesthetic use of the written word, a refinement of sensuous pleasure, entirely proper in its place. Unfortunately, because it does not greatly extend the scope of experience this manner of reading tends to induce pessimism and distrust. A superficial interest in the mystical is decidedly worse than no interest at all. Witness modern magic and spiritualism. The aesthetic devotee of literature exists, of course, within many forms and is extremely various.

There is the student-specialist who knows a very great deal about certain things, practically nothing about many others, and whose views on this account are valuable within very narrow limits. Such an individual will reveal freakish and often childish attitudes toward life and humanity as a whole. He will be rational and hyper-critical in certain directions, purely aesthetic in others. Thus, the physicist may choose poetry as a form of relaxation, becoming worshipful in such a singularly abstract fashion that many persons would make the serious blunder of supposing him irreligious.

There is the amateur student of affairs, to whom the idea of virtue is largely social and who considers, as chiefly important, new works upon sociology and surveys of affairs national and international. He is generally optimistic and cheerful, being an energetic, socially inclined person himself and wishing everyone well.

Not being too introspective he finds a somewhat modified traditional religion serviceable, indeed, advantageous in many ways. His aims and ideals are less practical than he supposes. What a world this must be for such an individual! How happy he is so long as no one lures him into philosophical or metaphysical deeps! A staunch supporter of any existing form of government so long as his own private interests are not imperilled, broadminded, urbane, a good conversationalist, what one of us would refuse an invitation to his fire-side?

There is the seeker of books curious and rare, who deliberately evades the food that is prepared for the multitude. He is not a man to talk to because he listens always with an air of apprehension, quite plainly anxious to express his own views but afraid to interrupt. When he talks a rather

wild look comes into his eye and you feel, even when deeply interested, that it is not good for a man to satisfy himself so completely in solitude.

There is the superficial philosopher who drapes self-indulgence in a gentle cynicism and reads good books because of the sensuous pleasure their prose affords. Anatole France, himself profound, made it easy for the superficial reader to flatter himself inordinately. His was a kindness which worldly frailty could hardly withstand. As we were children so were we spoiled. But I come now to the borderland beyond which true book lovers cannot be found.

A list of this kind may be extended indefinitely; and it will prove a delightful pastime, especially if you append thereto a sketch of the ideal book lover as exemplified, dear reader, in yourself, or (why not admit it?) the present writer.

## The Cloak

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

YOUR LOVE is as a cloak of rarest sheen,  
Which I may wear from morning until night,  
And is it strange that, when I hear you praised,  
I wear it proudly as a beggar might?

As quiet nuns, who, garbed in sober grey,  
Move through the world with contemplative air,  
Naught seeing save the omnipresent Cross,  
Naught hearing save their own scarce-whispered prayer:

So, in my cloak of woven grey and gold,  
I walk the crowded ways, withdrawn, apart,  
Before my eyes one far, beloved face,  
And one thrice holy prayer within my heart.



## *It Is Reported* THAT—

—Dr. Jules Tremblay has been re-elected to the presidency of the French Canadian Literary Club of Ottawa.

—Mrs. F. H. Patterson, of Yarmouth, N.S., has offered to contribute a children's wing to proposed new Public Library building for that city.

—the Rotary Clubs of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, are collecting books for distribution among the smaller libraries of those provinces.

—Mrs. Le Blond, who is the widow of Colonel Burnaby, subject of *Burnaby*, by Louis Blake Duff, reviewed in the last issue of *Canadian Bookman*, is at present engaged in writing her memoirs.

—Robert Norwood has just completed *Heresy of Antioch*, an interpretation. It is a study of St. Paul from a mystic's and poet's point of view. It is to be published early next year.

—the success of the "Book of the Month" plan has brought in its train The Religious Book Club, which term is not applied in a restricted sense, but will include various books in which moral and spiritual ideals find effective expression.

—the Women's Art Association of Canada have instituted a permanent exhibition of Canadian books at the headquarters of the Association, 23 Prince Arthur Avenue, Toronto, with the object of having it become the best collection of Canadiana extant. The convener of the committee in charge is Mrs. Alicia Carveth Campbell. An interesting feature of this Canadian library is that each book in it has been autographed by its author.

—Mrs. Emily Murphy, (Janey Canuck) of Edmonton, has been honored by the award of the Decoration of Merit of the Noble Order of Crusaders, which comprises representative men who have dedicated themselves to the service of mankind and the Empire. Speaking of Mrs. Murphy's splendid record of empire service, Grand Master Waistell of the Crusaders, said: "Mrs. Murphy has done untold good for the Empire and for the Crusaders in Canada. Her unswerving devotion to duty and to the doctrine of purity and honor, makes us proud indeed to call her 'Brother Murphy'." The grand festival of the Crusaders was held recently in Edmonton. The Order is composed entirely of men.

## AN APOLOGY SANS REGRETS

RECENTLY a number of letters have gone out to some members of the Canadian Authors Association who are not on the subscription list of *Canadian Bookman*, suggesting that they send in their subscriptions. Our apologies are due to any present subscribers who may, in error, have received such a letter. This mistake was made in the case of the Rev. Dr. Maclean, of Huntington, Quebec, who has written us in part as follows:

"I am a regular subscriber and have been since the first issue of the original *Canadian Bookman*. I am taking the opportunity that your letter offers me of writing to say how very much I appreciate and admire *Canadian Bookman* under its present management. It is so very bright and informative and it is so beautifully produced. I hope you are receiving every encouragement to go on with the good work you are doing, and by that I mean, of course, financial as well as moral support, subscriptions as well as appreciative words."

Our delight in receiving such an encouraging letter from one who has been a subscriber since the very first issue of the journal, makes us confess to a rather human, if perhaps not altogether commendable feeling, that that mistake wasn't such a bad one, after all!

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## THE POETRY SOCIETY OF CANADA

The Toronto branch of the Poetry Society of Canada opened its third season on Tuesday evening, October 11th, in the chapel of Victoria College, with President Wilson MacDonald in the chair. Mr. MacDonald spoke warmly of the work done by the Past President, Dr. Pelham Edgar, reviewed the activities of the society in past seasons, and mentioned the successful launching of several branches in Eastern and Western Canada.

The men speakers were limited to eight minutes each, the woman speaker to twelve minutes, the subjects being: "The Poetry of England," R. H. Hathaway; "Women-Poets of Today," Constance Davies-Woodrow; "The Poetry of Australia," Wellington Jeffers; "The Poetry of the United States," Dr. Kirkpatrick; "The Poetry of Canada," William Arthur Deacon.

Mr. Deacon drew attention to the lyric and elegiac trends of Canadian poetry of today, attributing the prevalence of the lyric not to youth, as he had once thought, but to a new spirit of optimism.

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"It is a pleasure to say that I greatly enjoy *Canadian Bookman*, and wish you great success," writes Rev. R. W. Dalgleish, of Claresholm, Alberta.

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

## Some Recent Canadian Poetry Reviewed by Constance Davies-Woodrow

THOSE who have been fortunate enough to read Lloyd Roberts' book of charming essays, *The Book of Roberts* will be specially interested in his collection of lyrics entitled *Along the Ottawa*. These lyrics, as also the essays, reflect a happy, boyish personality to whom "the business of being big is not so easy as it looks." By that I do not mean that his work as a poet is immature. Far from it, as the following stanza from "Green Pastures" will show:

"Here in the quiet talk of tender leaves,  
Locusts are heard and a lark's clear  
    singing;  
The sun-warmed wind clings all day round  
the eaves,  
And when the twilight brings the moon-moth  
winging,  
The tall elms drip with stars and insect  
bells are swinging."

Lloyd Roberts writes on many themes—nature, war, love, children—but always his work is stamped with those admirable qualities, simplicity and sincerity. The poem, "I Would Be Free," has a wistful note that will find a responsive echo in many poet's hearts:

"I am a poet, and write prose;  
I am a singer and remain mute;  
I am a vagabond in fashion's clothes,  
A roamer who needs must take root . . .  
But it's hard at times to bow the knee,  
To bend the back with a good grace,  
To stand and watch the dreams go by  
With a smiling face, a smiling face.  
For I am but poet, lover, child,  
With a wild heart and gay,  
And I would be free as the winds are free  
Just for a day!"

ALONG THE OTTAWA. By Lloyd Roberts.  
ALONG THE OTTAWA. By Lloyd Roberts.  
Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

SHEEPFOLD. By Leo Cox. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

THE SONG OF SONGS: WHICH IS SOLOMON'S.  
An American Translation by Theophile James Meek. University of Chicago Press. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd.

There are a number of fine poems in this collection, particularly the one entitled "Raspberries," but such poems as the following will likely have more appeal for the average reader:

### THE NIGHT LIGHT

'Tis late. The lights go out,  
The darkness chokes the room;  
But presently a rose-red glow  
Steals softly through the gloom.

The sunset flames and falls,  
The dreams of day depart;  
But northward one pale twilight star  
Gleams lonely on my heart.

'Tis ever thus, they say—  
The terror and the night;  
Then through the dim immensity  
God lifts a little light.

x x x

*Sheepfold* is one of the best of the Ryerson chapbooks, for Mr. Cox is a poet of careful and lovely phrasing. He is at his best in the sonnet and this chapbook contains eleven, half of them being delightful word-pictures of Quebec villages. Of the remaining sonnets, the finest are "Cornfield," and "Chimney-Pots," the first notable for its imagery, the second for its originality. As readers of the *Canadian Bookman* are already familiar with "Cornfield," which had its first publication in an earlier issue, I shall quote in full.

### CHIMNEY-POTS

I am in league with hosts of chimney ways,  
And understand the chatter of their tiles;  
I comprehend their silence and the miles  
That lie between their watching, nights  
and days.

There is a humble bond among their clays,  
They quiver commonly with ancient nerves  
Bound up in active shape, in sleeping  
curves,,

Throb with an unknown pulse to secret  
phrase;

Divine it from their august cheerfulness,  
And catch, to hold, their laughter in the  
sun,

Their occult whispering when waters run,  
When winds come by with clandestine  
caress . . .

But these strange things are close to  
revelation

When chimney-smoke climbs up in meditation.



Perhaps the most interesting of the recent books of poetry—it surely may be classed thus—is Professor T. J. Meek's *American Translation of the Song of Songs: Which is Solomon's*. Professor Meek's poetical translation, which is included in Dr. Goodspeed's newly-issued American Version of the *Old Testament* (Macmillan), has been published separately in a limited edition of 500 beautifully bound copies of pocket size, with slip covers.

It is interesting to compare the old and new versions of this much-discussed *Song*. There is a marked difference in the arrangement. Instead of being divided into verse and chapter, it now resembles a lyric drama, the speakers being the Maiden, the Youth, and the Chorus. There is no suggestion of religious symbolism here: it is an Eastern love-song, plain and simple. Professor Meek has made the *Song* much clearer without sacrificing the poetry of the old version, although the Biblical "thou" has been replaced by the modern "you." I shall quote the new translation of the passage that is most familiar:

#### THE MAIDEN

"My beloved spoke up, and said to me,  
'Rise, my love,  
my beautiful one, come away;  
For see, the Winter is past,  
the rain is over and gone;  
The flowers have appeared on the earth,  
the time of song has come;  
And the call of the turtle dove  
is heard in our land;  
The fig tree is putting forth its figs,  
and the blossoming grapevines give forth  
fragrance.  
Rise, my love,  
my beautiful one, come away.  
O my dove in the cleft of the rocks,  
in the recesses of the cliffs,  
Let me see your form,  
let me hear your voice;  
For your voice is sweet,  
and your form is comely.'"

This translation should be of special interest to Canadians, as Professor Meek is on the staff of the University of Toronto.

\* \* \*

MORNING IN THE MARSH. By Mark G. McElhinney. Ottawa: Graphic Press. \$2.00.

If poetry must obey certain laws they are the laws of its own being; a song is as much a natural expression as a wild-flower or a sunset, and in giving pleasure its modest destiny has been fulfilled. Because *Morning in the Marsh* gave me pleasure I shall not attempt to criticize; it is possible for me only to appreciate.

This is a collection of poems grave and gay, nowhere strikingly new in form or substance but everywhere original in the sense

that beauty and sincerity must be regarded as original. Where is the nightingale that is old-fashioned? And did not the greatest bard remark upon his own lack of novelty? There is much depth of insight in this poetry of Mark McElhinney. Unlike so many of his contemporaries he is not content with the pathetic or ironic expression of a mood. He is spokesman not only for himself but for the humanity of his time. How suggestive is the concluding verse of the title-poem, in which the poet delights in the dawn and the stirring of wild life only to conclude his vigil by shooting wild-duck!

"So deeply is the savage stamped on man,  
In spite of all the beauty he may see,  
The sum of Nature's glories cannot reach  
The keen, high joy he takes in butchery."

The poet's son, to whom this book is dedicated, fell in France; and yet throughout the book there is no hint of bitterness towards our late enemies. Dr. McElhinney has seen too clearly and has delved into life too deeply to confuse the scourge with the arm that wields it. With true poetic vision he discerns the tragic folly of human pageant-worship, and wonders at so much combined childishness and lofty pretention in man's familiar attitudes.

"Childlike, he questions, Whither, Why and Whence?

And childlike, failing answer, he invents."  
Of the poet:

"For him no brick nor mortar holds a part,  
His realm, the kinship of the human heart  
Where, safe from beating of the distant  
drum

He moulds the spirit of the time to come."

The finest effort in this collection, a poem of sustained power culminating in sheer majesty, is "The Song of Steam." It is a work simple in form, admirable in execution, tremendous in its implication; but to quote would only be to break up a necessary synthesis. For this achievement alone the volume would be worth while.

Too much credit cannot be given to publishers for their share in the making of a good book. Such excellence of paper, print and general workmanship should receive the widest possible recognition.

M. A.

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#### "THE GOOD GRAY POET"

Walt Whitman literature continues to increase, and for the most part it is excellent reading. Emory Holloway's memoir and John Bailey's monograph in the English Men of Letters Series are welcome additions to the biographical and critical books of the last year. In the former there is a reference to William Douglas O'Connor and that enthusiast's eulogy of "The Good Gray Poet," which he wrote upon Whitman's

dismissal by Secretary Harlan because Whitman had written *Leaves of Grass*. This pamphlet showed "such a flow of indignation as is not easily matched in the history of polemics. It is hot with feeling, piling up illustrations with sensational, if not always, enduring effect, and sparing no epithets in its attempt to heap calumny on Harlan's head." Harlan repented afterwards, for he lost his Secretaryship through the storm that was raised, and it is of interest now to read O'Connor's outburst. Mr. Henry S. Saunders, of Toronto, Canada's foremost Whitmanite, has issued the *Good Gray Poet* in a charming little volume, all his own handiwork, type set, binding all complete in a limited edition of 125 signed copies. The volume will be in immediate demand by the devotees of America's greatest poet. This judgment still shocks some readers, but let them read "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," and "The Song of the Universal," and see if they can disagree with Swinburne when he said that Lincoln's Funeral Hymn was "the most sonorous nocturne ever chanted in the church of the world." Perhaps, really, Whitman is too sublime for this age of jazz. S.

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### IN CANADIAN WOODS

A GOOD INDIAN. By E. J. Rath. Toronto: McLeod. \$2.00.

The plot and character in this story will appeal to many types of readers. Its style also is striking. Romance, adventure, love, mingle with humor and conversation in a way to arouse one's interest. The setting of the Canadian woods is picturesque—likely Manitoba or New Ontario, though no location is mentioned; while the touches of local color are attractive and realistic.

The well-written tale runs rapidly. From a New York lawyer's office, it jumps to an outpost station in Canada. Here a wealthy Easterner, his wife, and a beautiful young lady, bent on canoe-tripping, mistake the hero, Louis Lavague, for an Indian guide. And, for certain reasons, he does not correct them. Although a young lawyer on his vacation, he guides them through riverways of that untravelled woodland. They have many struggles, adventures, trials, worries. changes of fortune, clashes of wills; the diverse viewpoints are clearly sketched. Eventually a stenographer from the lawyer's office joins the party bearing rather startling news. Yet being a bright, up-to-date girl, she safely brings the expedition back to reality. But Louis's nature finally triumphs; he has pointed out new aspects of living; has guided past difficulties; has shown the value of a quiet tongue. In the end he wins the right girl; he gains one's respect; in fact he proves himself "A Good Indian." A.H.B.

STAND TO YOUR WORK. By Eric Harris. Toronto: The Musson Book Company. \$2.00.

*Stand to Your Work* is a timely book. In recent years Canada has been slowly developing a national consciousness and it is to foster and rightly direct this consciousness that this book has been written. The keynote to this excellent study is given in the sentence: "The moral for us, of course, is that regardless of the tremendous natural resources we have in Canada, the future of the country will depend, not on our wealth, but on the integrity of the men and women which we can produce."

National union and solidarity, the author finds difficult, but not impossible, of attainment. The two races, British and French, which make up the bulk of the population, have too long stood aloof from each other. Again geologically and geographically, Canada is divided into sections, if not antagonistic, at least jealous, of each other, and through lack of intimate contact misunderstanding each other's aims and ideals. To create a better spirit in the Dominion is the aim of Mr. Harris.

The work, on the whole, is admirably done; the history of the country, the character of the land, the inhabitants from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the great political issues—especially the "tariff business"—are discussed with scholarly insight and unprejudiced mind. It is, however, not always possible to see eye to eye with the writer. For example, he is strong for Senate reform—and that august body no doubt needs reforming—but his ideas of a nominating committee of equal numbers from both political parties is utterly impracticable. Again, when he says that the Senate "has degenerated into an old man's home for political party workers," he speaks after the manner of the man in the street and not as one having knowledge. Note only some recent appointments: Lewis, a journalist and author whose life has been devoted to the study and presentation of national questions; Graham, who after achieving the highest place in provincial politics entered the federal arena and proved himself one of the ablest ministers of the Crown; Murphy, an astute lawyer, under whose management the Post Office Department flourished as never before; and Macdougall, a man of large business interests and great executive ability. Could better men have been found even by a non-partisan nominating committee?

Mr. Harris is a dreamer of noble dreams. He visions not only a new and united Canada, but an Empire of common ideals and aims. His great hope for a united Empire is in Imperial preference, but he is here up against a stone wall. Capital knows no flag, and when the suggestion is made that Can-



ada grant Great Britain or the sister commonwealths increased preference the most blatant imperialists are often found to be the strongest opponents of this concession. This tariff question is handled with considerable skill, but it is far from being solved by Mr. Harris, and it will take time and wisdom to work out a tariff scheme that will be best both for Canada and the Empire.

One chapter of the book is decidedly unfair—that entitled “Our Only Neighbor—The States.” The author seems here to lack what he himself has called the “international mind.” He sees only the weak points in American national life and character. There is in that country much national froth and lees, but there is also an abundance of good national wine. We are so situated that it is well, as the author does, to warn us against the evil traits of a people with whom we are forced into intimate association, but he should not have practically ignored their nobler characteristics. We have much to learn from the land that produced Webster, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Whittier—a land that welcomes Canadian talent and gives our scholars, authors, and workmen an equal chance with her own sons.

In the closing chapter of this excellent book there is a sentence that every Canadian should take to heart. “Be enthusiastic, then, of Canada and of all things Canadian, of the glorious past which has been crowded in to the few centuries of our history, of the spirit of the men who created that history, and of our all-but-inevitably glorious future.” Enthusiasm for the past and present and an ardent hope in the future are, according to Mr. Harris, essential for the building up of a strong and united Canada.

T. G. MARQUIS.

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DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. By Willa Cather. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Willa Cather in this book has written a novel both sincere and moving. She has written it with, for her, an amazing simplicity. In the past, in many of her books at least, she dealt largely in subtleties and generally she relied upon suggestion, the half-uttered word, to obtain her effects. But in this narrative the simple, virile style lends to the chief character a cameo-like significance, all the more clearly outlined against the barbaric setting of the Mexican locale.

Without adventitious aids and dealing simply with the lives of two Roman Catholic missionaries, she infuses into the story a compost of clarity and beauty that makes the book one to stand out notably among the season's best fiction. In Jean Marie Latour and in his friend and ally, Joseph

Vaillant, Miss Cather has created two characters who linger long in the memory after one has laid down the book. In Latour we have the cultured, slightly aloof, yet wholehearted cleric who has done so much to uphold the dignity and intellectual integrity of the Roman Catholic Church, and in Vaillant we have the superstitious, messianic type who, destined to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water, yet plays a potent part in the furtherance of his Church's aims.

Miss Cather has brought to the creation of these two complementary types rich gifts and the portrayal, added to the re-creation in vivid tones of a past era, has resulted in a book that, lacking conventional symbols, is instinct with a poetic emotion. It is in this book that one catches a glimpse of the Willa Cather who wrote *The Tavern*.

T. D. RIMMER.

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WITCH WOOD. By John Buchan. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

Mr. Buchan has a place with the reading public that has been well merited by fine, wholesome and extremely well-written novels. Perhaps the use of the word “wholesome” may ward off some readers, but in Mr. Buchan's novels there is none of the mawkish sentiment sometimes associated with that word.

On the contrary, his novels have always a masculine strength and in the book under review, especially, there is a high emotion, an idealism, perhaps, that infuses the pages and certainly will not affront those who in their literary tastes incline towards sophistication.

This book is a tale of a parish that is the seat of black magic. The action is set midway between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a time when to many the Church of Scotland was too autoeratic and intolerant to be truly representative of Christian principles; when the law of Moses took precedence over that of Christ and when there were set afoot inquisitions that had their parallel in Spain.

A minister of this church, David Sempill, comes to the parish where, under a mask of religion, certain parishioners celebrate the older rites of Satan worship in an ill-omened wood. The novel is mainly concerned with the minister's battle against the evil and though in a measure he succeeds, his victory is merged in renunciation.

But this brief synopsis does no more than suggest the possibilities in the theme. It is in the gradual building up of atmosphere that the intrinsic value lies. Mr. Buchan is a skilled craftsman and he has not remained stationary in his art; the effect is smooth and polished but one cannot refrain from admiring the skill with which he creates and sustains the interest.

Another phase should be considered and that is the question of dialect. There are those who have a quarrel with authors for the excessive use of this medium, but I think they will find that in Mr. Buchan's novel it serves admirably to enhance and round out the theme and infuses life and vitality to the characters.

As a novel to be read for its absorbing interest and for the more subtle values it should have a wide public and there will not be many who will be disappointed in the reading.

T. D. RIMMER.

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WHAT CAN A MAN BELIEVE? By Bruce Barton. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.50.

Every intelligent person who thinks at all asks himself at some time or other questions about religion—what it is, what its value is, and what religious truths, if any, one can definitely believe. This is not surprising, because, after all, these questions attempt to get behind the universe, to discover the ultimate reason for things, to find God and to know His nature (if He exists.) Unfortunately the search, which must be an individual one, has in the course of the years become an organization, where it is assumed that because certain people in the past thought they had found God, no one else need look. As a result of this tendency in religious circles to deify free thinking and to demand acquiescence in some one else's beliefs, many people have become impatient with the claims of organized religion and find no use for it, and yet at the same time are too honest to ignore the problems with which organized religion purports to be concerned.

It is to such people as these that Bruce Barton addresses himself in the third book of his trilogy, *What Can a Man Believe?* The same simple directness and freedom from cant as marked *The Man Nobody Knows*, and *The Book Nobody Knows*, characterize this book also, and whatever faults one may find in the reasoning of the book, one cannot justly accuse the author of shirking issues or of elaborating subtle and unconvincing arguments to bolster up a shaky thesis.

He remarks, on page 149, "In these pages it is our purpose to take religion out of the hush-hush category. . . If we are only animals, created out of the dust, for no purpose and doomed for destruction, let us say so frankly, dismiss hope from our thoughts, and go forward as courageously as we can. . . If, however, there be a real solid basis, however simple, for religious faith, then we add greatly to our own courage and that of our comrades if we examine it, accept it, and treat it as a frank and normal part of human experience."

The author quite unmistakably adopts the modern or experimentalist attitude in theology, though he seems to think that "theology" must be "fundamentalism." "We will not," he asserts, "submit to theology's demand that we start by a great act of faith." "Theology begins with God, the unknowable." "We start with what we know." (pp. 150-152.) His views on creeds are in line with this and are suggestive. "Most creeds are more interested in speculating about the nature of Jesus than they are in finding out what Jesus Himself believed. And where Christians quarrel, their quarrels are usually about matters in which He displayed no interest."

In establishing his four basic items of belief the author shows a lack of appreciation of the philosophic implications. He consigns all the philosophers who cannot accept his first article as quickly or unreservedly as he can "to the ash-can," in much the same manner as Dr. Johnson refuted Bishop Berkeley by vehemently kicking his foot against a stone. He outlines in a forceful way the ontological and the cosmological arguments for the existence of God, though the fallacies in these have been pointed out from the time of Immanuel Kant. But probably the author's vigorous, if crude, line of argument will be more convincing to a "common-sense" reader than one subtler and more logically impregnable would have been.

The few simple things that a man can believe are: that he exists; that he has intelligence; that, therefore, there is Intelligence (with a capital I) behind the universe, or in other words, that God exists; that God is at least as good as the man He has created; that there must be some sort of life beyond the grave.

The best and most suggestive chapter in the book to the present reviewer is the one on "The Church Nobody Knows." This combines a good deal of destructive criticism of present day churches with a really constructive and imaginative picture of the church a hundred years hence, when television and radio become a universal adjunct to everyday life.

The final conclusion of the book is this: "Not only has an intelligent man a right to believe, he is cheating himself if he does not exercise that right." With all its inadequacies and faults this book stimulates one to think, which is the necessary preliminary to believing, and it is likely to help one to think clearly and so to believe honestly.

E. E. O'N.

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#### DEATH OF WILLIAM LEQUEUX

The death occurred in London on October 13th of William Le Queux, journalist and novelist. He was 63 years of age.



GALLIONS REACH. By H. M. Tomlinson. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Ltd. \$2.00.

The critics have been very kind to H. M. Tomlinson's new novel, but to those who know his previous work this will not seem strange, for his travel books have given to him a place in literature that is peculiarly his own. His vivid portrayals, his mastery of the appropriate phrase and his virile—at times terse—style, have a cumulative effect on the reader that leaves the latter with a sense of mental stimulation.

Naturally we would not expect to find in this, his first novel, any very obvious defects of style or craftsmanship, and apart from the opening chapter there is little at which we could cavil. These opening chapters provide the *deux ex machina* by whom Colet is propelled into the midst of a life whose color is the direct antithesis of the pallid existence to which he was formerly subject. It is here that the coin, as it were, rings slightly off the true. The death of Perriam and the reception of the news of his death by Sinclair are anything but convincing and it is to be regretted that Mr. Tomlinson did not use some other method of transporting his character from the drab surroundings.

However, the rich content of the book outweighs this defect, and there are few writers in this *genre* today who can surpass the author. He has a clarity that Conrad lacked, although I do not think that the author of the *Nigger of the Narcissus* will suffer by comparison.

It may have been that the English language was alien to him, but, whatever the reason, Conrad at times was guilty of nebulous phrasing, of a faint tinge of ambiguity, that clouded his style unnecessarily. Mr. Tomlinson, on the contrary, seems always to choose the concrete word or phrase and it is this which imparts the virility to his style.

Of the novel itself, it is a glamorous account of the adventures that befell a city dweller who finds himself suddenly pitchforked into a heartier, fuller life than that to which he has been accustomed and through its teaching obtains a truer knowledge of essential values that were formerly obscured by the barriers of mundane habitude.

Why Mr. Tomlinson has held aloof so long from the novel as a medium of expression is a little mysterious, but now that he has essayed the venture he will have a warm welcome from the reading public and they will find in this book the sterling gifts of description and direct prose that have marked and distinguished his previous work.

T. D. RIMMER.

THE KINGDOM OF THE SUN. By A. M. Stephen. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

Who would have thought that there were white men's *affaires de coeur* happening on the west coast of Canada back in the middle of the first century, after Columbus won his immortality?

Into the misty period fifty years before Quebec, oldest of old settlements on the St. Lawrence was founded, A. M. Stephen has delved for a romance which in the telling becomes as vivid as though the lovers lived but yesterday. The cobwebbed years have been brushed off till sunlight filters through and the figures in Mr. Stephen's novel, *The Kingdom of the Sun*, move clearly and naturally. No half-measures were used in the selection of a striking date for this period piece of fiction; and none in the conception of the amazing plot or in the beauty and cleverness of its narration.

The action in *The Kingdom of the Sun* centres around the courtship of a gentleman adventurer who accompanied Sir Francis Drake on his golden galleon sailing westward in pursuit of Spanish treasure and a pagan princess picked up en route, a charmer whose bright beauty offset her heathenish mentality and stirred the heart of Drake's man so profoundly that he was willing to exchange, temporarily, his home in lovely Devon for a love-nest among the savage Indian tribes on what is now the coast of British Columbia. One adventure follows racingly after another in the tale; and if now and then a flash of lightning, an accommodating storm at sea, or an accidental *recontre* plays a rather large part in shaping the destinies of the pair of principals, who will quarrel with that since it is a brave story entrancingly told?

*The Kingdom of the Sun* is a first novel, so one is in a quandary to know whether to wonder at Mr. Stephen's adroitness in lighting on a heroine who may withdraw into her passionless and mysterious character (that of a semi-barbaric priestess) whenever emotional crises might arise to need all a novelist's care, or to admire the technique that enables him to hold the reader rapt even with a heroine who is but a vestal virgin with unending invocations and incantations, a child-woman who knew the lover needed something she could not give him, something warmer and more of his kind. Auria was brought up under the stern control of the mystery schools of the Mayas, their asceticism and denial of human affection and the reader feels the icy, impenetrable shroud she wore. One awaits a novel by Mr. Stephen in which the social conflicts are those of a modern age and in which neither of the principals glides

into unworldliness at the first sign of an emotional downpour.

In *The Kingdom of the Sun* the interest is held by an exciting plot and the atmosphere of high adventure; the intellect is satisfied by the the scrupulous manner in which the actors are kept within the character of times when superstition was prevalent even in intelligent circles. One revels in the beauty of the writing. The chapters have a literary style that is very appealing—not that even fine writing is used as padding, but in the unfolding of the tale many swift and lovely descriptions occur. *The Kingdom of the Sun* has abounding historical value and presents arrestingly the notion that perhaps not all the romance of early Canada ripened along the St. Lawrence and around Hudson's Bay.

#### CANADIENNE.

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PROSPECTIN' FOOLS. By A. M. Chisholm.  
New York: Chelsea House. \$2.00.

This new book of Chisholm's, his eighth, is different in some respects from his previous works excepting, perhaps, *Yellow Horse*.

In *Prospectin' Fools* the story is secondary to the development of the characters of those two unmoral but interesting and likeable sinners, Skookum Bill and Sam Dobbs, two irascible, cantankerous, courageous, ever quarrelling but inseparable buddies.

This condition is a very common one in actual life between persons who by choice or necessity are associated. Between brothers, parents and children who have grown up, between husbands and wives, business partners and other forms of association we often see this superficial hostility. It is not, however, a safe hostility for outsiders to reckon on, for underneath all there is some sort of fundamental agreement.

Speaking of a possible gold rush Bill says, "If we ever get a chance at a stampede, there aint nothin' will stop us—no, nor nobody. You don't want to bust your leg, nor nothin' because I wouldn't pull up for you. You could stay with the bust. Every man stays by his accidents, times like them, and he'd orter."

"Sure!" Sam stated calmly. "I'd pull out and leave you, too, quick. When there's gold in sight, a man of my age aint goin' to lose his chance for nothin' nor nobody. There aint no durn foolishness like friendship and humanity goes then, and you can paste that in your hat."

So much for a theory, but they could not carry it out when the test came, as the reader will find out.

In Book Two, the story of the unlovely Indian girl with the romantic dreams is one of the finest, if not the finest, piece of work in the whole thing. To the girl,

Skookum Bill is the Fairy Prince; to Bill, the girl is exceedingly undesirable and he does not wish to hurt her feelings. Bill is a gentleman at heart. The working out of this problem is a fine bit of technique.

Book Three, "The Silver Dog," is a story of a mine that, while it does not stack high as a producer of silver, certainly comes in for much attention as a speculative feature and the history of its vicissitudes is interesting and highly amusing.

Bill and Sam do not lack the saving grace of humor and their frequent wrestling with conscience followed by a compromise is a really valuable effort in the right direction. Come to think of it, it is only the hypocrite and the insufferable saint who claim to do better. Honest men know their limitations.

It seems to me that Chisholm has done as well as anyone and better than most to depict the life of the old mining days in British Columbia. He lives there and has the traditions at first hand. It so happened that I was on a trip with him through some of this romantic country and he showed me where fortunes were made and lost. Also, I met some of the old-timers and heard them yarn about the old times. He has heard it a hundred times, and catches the spirit of the thing.

Now a personal touch. On the flyleaf of the copy of *Prospectin' Fools* which Chisholm sent to me, is this:

Dear Mark: In these occasional yarns in between cloth covers I have tried to depict two human beings, without gloss. If they are as real to the reader as they are to me, I shall be pleased."

Can you beat this for modesty on the part of a man who can sell more than he can ever hope to write?

There is this that can be said about Chisholm. He makes no technical blunders. He knows guns, canoes and camping to a fare-you-well. He makes no bonfires to fry a rasher of bacon.

MARK G. McELHINNEY.

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ON GOLDEN WINGS THROUGH WONDERLAND.

By Grant Balfour. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.00.

Our compliments to the publishers and to Warwick Bros. & Rutter, the printers, for producing such a fine book. Incidentally let us include a due share of praise to Elsie Deane for her remarkably fine illustrations and end-pieces, all in silhouette. And the story? It is a delightful tale of the fairy school of Castle Frank, which is attended by squirrels and other animals. Afterward they go "on golden wings through wonderland," borne by the Bird of Paradise, encountering strange peoples, giants, Indians, fairies and other wonderful folk.



THE REVOLT OF ASIA. By Upton Close. New York: Putnam.

"All Asia has flared into revolt against the dominant white man. The revolt takes three main phases. It is against the white man's political rule, the imposition of his culture and religion, and, most deep seated of all, his arrogant assumption of social superiority." That is the situation as it stands today. The absence of newspaper headlines signifies practically nothing. Now that the tumult and the shouting have died we may be able to consider Chinese nationalism and the general Asiatic situation without violent emotion. Several factors of major importance will be quickly apparent to the candid observer: the difficulty of even approaching the problem intelligently; the fact that world changes are taking place on a scale and with a rapidity previously unimaginable; the absolute necessity for entirely new political and cultural relationships between East and West; the extreme danger at this time of maintaining blindly any principle or criterion of right and wrong which is of local origin and does not apply equally to all humanity; the undeniable fact that the western people have blundered grievously in their Asiatic dealings and must be prepared to pay certain penalties; the need for co-operation among white peoples and sympathetic dealings with New Asia.

These represent a few prime considerations. They concern, personally, every educated man in this country. Canada's geographic position ensures her increasing importance in world affairs. The future of all humanity is involved in these new racial adjustments. It is no time to call upon precedents. It is no time to assert our own rightness and somebody else's wrongness. There must be a readiness to learn, a desire for further understanding and a sympathetic regard for problems foreign to our own if we are to avoid unimaginable catastrophes during the next fifty years. In brief, we must be prepared for new view-points and shifts of emphasis.

Now let us consider more particularly what Upton Close has to say—and we have here a book largely made up of challenging statements. "The historian of the future will be tremendously concerned with the fact that by throwing Russia back into Asia the World War completely changed the balance of power of the races and the continents, and ushered in 'the end of the white man's world!'" Let us not confuse the meaning here by talking of pessimism or optimism, which are only emotional attitudes. It is important that we should get as near as possible to the truth, whatever it may be. "The end of the white man's world" means simply the end of domination by color, the end of the illusion of

white superiority, the possible inauguration of new international relationships in which no one race or culture may successfully exploit or suppress another.

"Asia's rise to consequence means the end of empire; the ushering in of a new age when every people shall have full control of its own household and an equal say in the affairs of the human race. It means either these things or the bankruptcy of civilization, the utter impoverishment, materially and culturally, of the human race, through inability of one half to respect the contributions and make room for the natural aspirations of the other."

How does all this concern Canada and the British Empire? Here is H. G. Wells' point of view (from the *New York Times*): "Imperialisms are not inherently evil things. To destroy imperialisms with nothing to replace them is simply to leap backward, because one is not going forward fast enough. The British Empire is not a thing to destroy; it is a thing to rescue. We want an empire that is not an end, but a means to an end." In other words, loyalty to Canada or the Empire is not enough. An empire has the right to exist (like a human being) only so long as it serves humanity as a whole. Survival will depend, henceforward, on the growth of the "New Imperialism." Upton Close expresses much the same thing in this manner: "If Great Britain can make its vassals into nations, grasping them to it with steel hoops of friendship in place of the iron bonds of militarism, if it can quicken its executives and inspirit its laborers, it will have assured unto itself the same glorious place in the new era of enlightened imperialism that it enjoyed in the now closing era of political domination."

This problem of adjustments, like most of the problems of our times, is bound up with education. It is probable that there will be neither enlightened national policies nor sympathetic relations between foreign peoples until some serious attempt is made to provide the public at large with correct information, unadorned. So long as national education consists largely in a process of instilling favorable sentiment, just relations between man and man will be impossible of attainment. The governments of civilized peoples strangely mistake their proper function when they seek to guide emotions. A newspaper that panders to prejudice, hostile or patriotic, is a curse in these days of co-operative necessities. In all so-called self-governing countries, it is notoriously difficult for the voter to obtain reliable information—unbiased in its presentation. This means that I, as a diligent newspaper reader, must go to foreign sources to discover what has actually been taking place within the British Empire during these last ten years. It means that

highly important developments, leading at times to the broadest changes of policy, are glossed over because they might tend to put Britain in a bad light, that other things will be exaggerated, that my world view, in so far as I am a good Britisher, will be incorrect, being out of proportion. While the same thing goes on throughout the civilized world how can we hope for a progress in understanding, for improvements in international affairs? Perhaps the effort to realize the significance of the revolt in Asia would enable some of us to acquire a political perspective, more necessary today than ever before.

It must, of course, be remembered that the author of the book under discussion is dealing with many contrasted peoples, with circumstances so highly involved—in brief, with so mighty a subject, that scarcely a statement will be found that seems not unjust to someone somewhere. But this is not a time for lengthy consideration. That must be left to historians of the future. What is needed at the moment is a grasp of the underlying and essential movements in this new drama of the East; and it seems unquestionable that Upton Close has drawn his broad outlines with sufficient accuracy. At times he may be suspected of that ancient sin, interpreting events according to a preconceived theory, leaving out as unimportant anything that would detract from the value of a particular viewpoint. The World War, for instance, is disposed of in a fashion that would surprise some serious students of "origins."

This book is not flattering to Great Britain or the Empire. Upon the other hand, it is devoid of malice and perfectly sincere. The author has proved himself an able critic even if at times his syntheses are more dramatic than convincing. Those who swallow their intellectual meat without chewing it, and those who desire flattery, are earnestly advised not to read this book.

MARCUS ADENEY.

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#### DEATH OF JOHN BRITNELL

Many a bookman—especially of the older of his tribe—learned with regret of the death of John Britnell, the Toronto second-hand book dealer, which occurred at his home in that city on October 5. Mr. Britnell, who was in his 79th year, represented a type of book dealer which has almost disappeared. He had a good knowledge of Canadiana and what he would call "stand-ard" works, but he made little attempt to keep informed about the values of rare books in general, while he had almost a disdain for the modern fad of collecting first editions. His special interest, both business and personal, was theology, and his knowledge of books under that head was almost encyclopaedic.

## UNLIKE ANY OTHER

### *The Gulf of Years*

By WATSON GRIFFIN

is a Canadian story of thought, action, love and faith.

Buy it in time to read it before giving it to a friend for a Christmas present.

A woman who read the manuscript before publication of the book said: "It is unlike any other book I ever read. I became absorbed in the story, and to me the characters were alive. I was so interested in their thoughts, their feelings, their love affairs and their adventures that I sat up half the night to finish it. I feel that the author introduced to me a group of friends who have become a part of my life, for memories of them keep coming to my mind. It is a charming story and thoroughly wholesome. I was particularly interested in Dr. Jackson Ruther's experiments in mental therapeutics and his theories regarding the law of faith-healing. I think those who read the book will talk about it to their friends." Price \$2.00.

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### BRANCH REPORTS

#### Calgary

The month of August was a very sad one for the Calgary Branch of the Canadian Authors Association. On the 2nd we were startled to hear of the death of one of our charter members, Mr. Malcolm T. Geddes, killed by a fall from a glacier on Mount Lefroy, and again we were shocked when, on the 18th, Major P. A. Beveridge was struck by a train at a level crossing in Calgary and almost instantly killed.

The late Mr. Geddes was born August 10th, 1867, in Wick, Scotland, and came to Canada at the age of 10. He was educated in the public schools of Ontario and was a graduate of O. A. C. Coming west he became editor of *The Farmer's Advocate*, at Winnipeg, in 1902. Later he was a founder of *The Farm and Ranch Review*, in Calgary, and was editor of that well-known publication until his death.

At the age of 52 he became enamoured with the sport of mountain climbing, and became a skilled and zealous Alpinist. His illustrated lectures, and his lyric poetry used to punctuate them, were most interesting and did a great deal in interesting Canadians, both East and West, in the beauties of the Rockies.

Major Beveridge was also a native of Scotland. He graduated from



Edinburgh University before coming to Canada. Returning again after the war he was for a time Public School Inspector in Alberta and latterly western manager of the Western Empire Assurance Company. It is understood that at the time of his death he had been writing a Canadian novel, one of the books, alas, that will never be finished.

(Mrs.) Gladys C. MacDonald,  
*Secretary.*

#### Saskatchewan

Saskatchewan delegates to the annual convention of the Canadian Authors' Association held in the summer at Ottawa, presented their reports at the September meeting of the Saskatchewan branch, held at the Hotel Saskatchewan, Regina. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bothwell and G. A. Palmer, Regina; Mrs. J. H. Storer and Mrs. W. G. Ross, Moose Jaw, were the speakers heard.

From Dr. George H. Locke, who is on a visit to England, a letter was read. Dr. Locke wrote from London to congratulate Mr. A. M. Bothwell on an article written by him which appeared in the August number of the English *Bookman*. Mr. Bothwell's article protested against the contents of a book by an English writer who made some amazing statements about Canada after a flying trip through this country.

Dr. Locke stated that for the first time in history there was to be an address given in London on Canadian Literature. This was to be in the Guildhall with the Lord Mayor in the chair and Dr. Locke as speaker. Last year Galsworthy, and the previous year, Tomlinson, had been the speakers on the same club's opening night.

Will Pickersgill, who has written a number of plays and who has had one or two of them produced by professional companies in Regina, gave an address on writing dramas. Mrs. E. M. Davis, Regina, who has written a couple of one-act plays and consider-

able poetry, read a group of original poems. A letter from Mary Matheson described a visit she had paid this summer to Frederick Niven's home at Nelson.

Articles written by the members since June and accepted for publication were listed. Guy Mason Kennedy, whose chap-book of poetry, "The Cry of Insurgent Youth," was recently published, was received as a member.

(Miss) Irene Moore, *Secretary.*

#### Toronto

The opening meeting of the Toronto branch was held in the Central Y.M.C.A. on Saturday, October 8th, President John M. Elson in the chair, with quite a large attendance of members.

General plans for the winter's work were discussed and the executive was authorized to appoint a membership committee to institute an active canvas for new members. Particular stress was laid upon the advisability of securing the co-operation of artists and musicians who are eligible under the constitution for membership in the Association.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee later it was decided to hold the regular meetings on the second Saturday evening of each month at the rooms of the Heliconian Club, 35 Hazelton avenue.

The Toronto Branch issues a most cordial invitation to all the members of other branches who may happen to be in Toronto on a meeting night to drop in and share the programme with them.

#### Marketing of Manuscripts

As a result of some discussion at the opening meeting of the Toronto branch, on the best place for the marketing of manuscripts, the following information furnished by members of the branch has been collated:

*The Author and Journalist*, 1839 Champa Street, Denver, Colo., contains a very complete list of magazine

market opportunities, which is published in detail as a quarterly feature. This is a list of over 500 magazines and periodicals in the United States and Canada carefully classified and with data as to type of articles wanted, rates usually paid, and other information. \$2.25 a year, 20c a copy.

*Manuscript Market Guide*, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N.Y., is arranged very conveniently and with four issues a year is kept up to date. \$5.00 a year, \$1.50 a copy.

*Where and How to Sell Manuscripts*, by William B. McCourtie, The Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass., has a new edition every year. Price \$3.50.

*A 1,001 Places to Sell Manuscripts*, published by The Editor Co., Ridge-wood, N.J.

*The Law Relating to Authors and Publishers*, by B. Mackay Cloutman and Francis W. Luck. Toronto: Macmillans. \$2.25.

*The Truth About Publishing*, by Stanley Unwin. Toronto. Macmillans. \$2.25.

### Montreal

The first general meeting of the Montreal branch was held on October 20th, at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, and a large audience listened with interest to the reading of the stories, which won the prizes in the recent competition. "Theft From the Devil," by Gertrude Macaulay Sutton, and "The Number of Perfection," by T. M. Morrow.

Miss Mary Saxe contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by an account of the convention of Librarians at Toronto.

B. K. Sandwell, the president, spoke of the result of the competition and advised the writers, who had sent in stories, but were not yet members, to join the Association, in order that they might have the help of the Short Story Group.

The Drama, the Poetry and the Short Story Groups have already held

meetings and have planned a very interesting season, with several interesting features, which will include competitions, etc.

Two of the outstanding books to appear this month are by members of our branch.

*The Ninth Circle*, by Harwood Steele, author of *I Shall Arise*, and *Spirit of Iron*, relates most realistically and interestingly the adventures of members of the Force, which upholds law and order in our vast territories beyond the Arctic Circle.

*Golden Dividends*, by Murray Williams, who has already won fame as a humorist, will further enhance his standing in literary circles by this very brilliant and charming first novel.

(Miss) Elizabeth Church,  
Secretary.

\* \* \*

### New Branch in New Brunswick

A New Brunswick branch of the Canadian Authors' Association was organized and A. M. Belding was elected president at a largely attended meeting, addressed by Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, president of the Canadian Authors Association, at the residence of Mrs. Margaret Lawrence, 71 Orange street, on Monday night.

The officers elected were as follows:

Honorary president, Capt. Theodore Goodrich Roberts; president, A. M. Belding; vice-presidents, first, Ven. Archdeacon H. A. Cody; second, Dr. Frederick Clarke, Wood stock; secretary, Louis Arthur Cunningham; treasurer, Dr. William MacIntosh. The executive, it was decided, should be composed of the officers and 10 additional members, five from Saint John and five from other points in the province.

The Saint John members elected were Mrs. Margaret E. Lawrence, Rev. George Scott, Major H. Christie, Mrs. W. Edmond Raymond and Hope A. Thomson. Two members from provincial points were named, C. E. Lund of Sackville, and Miss Agnes Joy nes, and the other three are to be elected by the executive at the first meeting.

Those present at the meeting were Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Dr. G. Frederick Clarke, L. A. Cunningham, A. M. Belding, Miss Ste'la Payson, Mrs. W. Edmond Raymond, Hope A. Thomson, Rev. George Scott, Miss Agnes Joy nes, Dr. J. A. Morison, Mrs. J. A. Morison, Dr. William MacIntosh,



Major H. A. Christie, C. E. Lund, Miss Estelle Vaughan, Mrs. Margaret E. Lawrence and Miss Mary Flett.

Requests to be enrolled as members were received from Craven Langstroth Betts, Rev. D. J. Murdoch, Douglastown; Judge Carleton, Woodstock; Miss G. Helen Mowat, St. Andrews; Thane Jones, Woodstock; and Mrs. H. D. Steeves, Shediac, and Mrs. Florence Ayscough, of St. Andrews, who is a member of the Canadian Authors Association, wrote to express her desire to have her membership transferred to the New Brunswick branch.

It was announced at the meeting that Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts and Dr. Frederick Clarke, of Woodstock, would address a public meeting in the Admiral Beatty Hotel on Tuesday morning, October 25th, speaking under the auspices of the Saint John Free Public Library, with Mrs. E. Atherton Smith, of the library directorate, presiding. These addresses will be in the observance of Canadian Authors Week.—St. John, N.B., *Telegraph-Journal*.

\* \* \*

### HONORED ABROAD

At the fiftieth anniversary of the British Library Association, held in Edinburgh September 26th to 30th, Dr. George H. Locke, Chief Librarian of Toronto, representative of the Public Library Board of Toronto, as well as an official delegate of the American Library Association, delivered the opening address on Monday evening, September 26th, on "The Public Library as an Educational Institution." An interesting feature of the conference was the christening of the infant son of Lord Elgin, tenth earl, chairman of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust and grandson of Lord Elgin, the eighth earl, celebrated governor-general of Canada, whose régime (1847-54) marked the triumph of responsible government in Canada. Dr. Locke had been invited by the Earl of Elgin to stand as godparent to his youthful son, for the reasons stated in the following extract from a letter written by the Earl to Dr. Locke under date of September 4th.

"As you know, my wife and I value very highly the family association with Canada and we feel that we would like our little son to have a

special and individual link with that great country. We are, therefore, thinking of calling him 'James,' after his great grandfather; but to make the link even more personal and living, we have been wondering whether we might ask you if you would be willing to accept the responsibility of being one of his godparents. We are prompted to do this first on account of personal friendship and of our knowledge of your love for children, and also because you will be representing the Dominion of Canada and the city of Toronto (with which my grandfather was so closely associated) at the coming library conference."

Previous to the conference an interesting tour was arranged by the British Library Association for the entertainment of the overseas delegates, which included a visit to Milton's house, to Oxford, Stratford, Manchester and York. During their brief visit at York the new extension to the public library of that city was opened, the speakers at the ceremony being the Earl of Elgin and Dr. George Locke. When the party reached Edinburgh Dr. Locke, as the guest of the British Broadcasting Company, was invited to broadcast to the British Isles for twenty minutes.

On October 5th Dr. Locke addressed the Association of Assistant Librarians in London, at the famous Guildhall, with the Lord Mayor presiding. His subject was: "The relation of Canadian Literature to British and American Literature."

\* \* \*

### DAYS

By Lotta C. Dempsey

THE days are chains that hold you, dear  
Away from me.  
I break my way through weary links  
To set you free.

But when I touch your hand across  
The purple night  
Then days are birds with silver wings  
Too swift in flight.

# The Collector

CATALOGUE No. 152, from Lathrop C. Harper, New York, is entitled *A Selection of Incunabula*, and offers a really remarkable assemblage of early printed books. It is not an extensive one, the items numbering only 206, but an idea of its range will be gathered from the fact that more than 150 different presses are represented. Not all the books offered, of course, are remarkable for rarity, but some of them are, by far the most notable of these being Johannes Balbus de Jannes' *Catholicon*, Mainz, 1460, which is described as a "very fine copy" of the first edition of the fourth book printed with a date. It is the Michael Woodhall copy, with his name, the date and price he paid for it at the famous Edwards sale, and his usual pen-and-ink notations, on the fly-leaf, and the price asked for it is \$25,000. Another item of outstanding importance listed here which may be mentioned is a complete copy of the eleven tracts (including the first edition of St. Augustine's *De Imitatione Christi*, and the first typographical edition of *Ars Moriendi*) printed by Zainer, which he united in one volume, with the printed contents slip—one of the earliest attempts at a title-page (priced \$5,500). Still another outstanding item is Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parsival* and *Titurel*, both printed at Strassburg by Johann Mentlin in 1477, and here bound together in one volume (priced \$5,000.) Eschenbach is called "the greatest epic poet of mediaeval Germany," and his work has been drawn upon and used by writers of all countries, Wagner being the most notable of these.

\* \* \*

The first example of a commercial publication made from type cast in the New World is the *Descrèpcion del Barreno Ingles* of Joseph Antonio de Alzates of Namirez, printed in Mexico by Joseph de Jaurequi in 1770, but 1705 has been set by bibliographers as the approximate year when the natives of that country began to practice the art of typefounding. Douglas C. McMurtrie, in a pamphlet reprint of an essay contained in the *Transactions* of the London Bibliographical Society for June, 1927, entitled *The First Typefounding in Mexico*, and printed by the Society, now presents evidence setting back by more than 150 years the supposed date of the first typefounding in America. This is a contract, found among the national records of Seville, Spain, between Antonio

de Epinosa, a typefounder of that city, and Juan Lopez, acting by power of attorney for Juan Pablos, of Mexico City, dated September 24, 1550, in which Epinosa bound himself and one Diego de Montoza to go to Mexico City to work for three years as typefounders and cutters. Epinosa is known to have been in Mexico City in 1559, but the case in support of the belief that his contract was carried out is in the fact that shortly after 1550 there was a marked change in the typography of the Pablos press, a great variety of new types being introduced.

\* \* \*

One hundred and ten thousand books, constituting the library of the Fraser Institute, Montreal, which was founded in 1885, are now being safeguarded against the menace of fire by the long over-due installation of fireproof book racks, doors and windows. Despite the fact that the Fraser Institute has always labored under a heavy financial handicap, being supported entirely by endowment, it now stands well in the lead of all Montreal libraries. Its collection of Canadiana, comprising 6,000 volumes, is particularly notable, while it also boasts of a special collection of art books. Pierre B. de Crevecoeur, who has been librarian at the Institute for more than 30 years, is an enthusiastic bibliophile, who takes a personal pride in each rare volume under his care, and has its history at his fingertips.

\* \* \*

More than \$2,500,000 worth of pictures and about \$1,000,000 worth of other art treasures—books, tapestry and furniture—has been exported from Great Britain to America during the past year, according to *The London Daily Express*, in a review of the sales of the season recently finished. It is maintained, however, despite the great drainage of her art treasures which has been going on for so long, and which seems to be steadily increasing, rather than diminishing, that England can spare all that have gone to America and still remain the artholding centre of the world.

\* \* \*

The papers of James Boswell, famous as the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson, declared by English experts to contain "unbelievable riches," have been secured for the United States by Col. Ralph Isham, of New Jersey. It has been handed down by tradition that all Boswell's papers were



destroyed at his death, but what Col. Isham has acquired have proved to be nothing less than the contents of the famous "ebony cabinet," in which Boswell preserved his most valued documents, including his marriage certificate, diaries, correspondence with famous men, and literary materials. The manuscript of the life of Samuel Johnson, unfortunately, has almost entirely perished from damp, only twenty quarto pages remaining intact.

\* \* \*

Enormous prices were paid at the auction in Berlin recently of the famous Liebeskind collection of autographs of great composers. The original manuscript of Gluck's cantata, *I Lamenti Demore*, brought the top price, selling for 17,000 marks. The first sketch of Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* brought 3,400 marks; the original draft of Joseph Haydn's *Esdur Sonata*, 2,500 marks; two receipts of Bach, 1,600 marks; a Mozart letter, dated 1783, 1500 marks; and Bach's manuscript of the cantata *Where Shall I Flee* 9,000 marks.

\* \* \*

The making of many books about books continues without abatement. The latest publication of this sort announced is *The Golden Book*, by Douglas C. McMurtrie, the typographic artist and book designer, which is being published by Pascal Covici, Chicago. The volume will detail the facts regarding the arts of the book and their historical development, from the first making of the alphabet down to the present. It has been designed by Mr. McMurtrie and is printed under his supervision, and will contain more than 150 illustrations. An edition of 220 special copies in a different binding will have three extra illustrations, signed by the author.

\* \* \*

The interesting announcement is made from Montreal that the Redpath Library of McGill University has come into possession of a copy of the first edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, one of the standard books of travel, which was published in London in 1589. The volume came from the collection of the Natural History Society of Montreal. The book deals with the principal discoveries and voyages of the English nation, and a copy of the original volume, but with the Lok map missing, sold for \$510 at auction sale in New York in 1921.

\* \* \*

The Collector has had a decided poser put to him: "Who was the author of *The Letters of Veritas*, first published by The Montreal Herald in 1815, and afterwards brought out separately in both Montreal and Glasgow in the same year?" Some have attributed the authorship of this famous attack on Sir George Provost to Stephen

Sewell, others again have suggested John Richardson, Canada's first novelist, as its likely author, though this latter attribution is, to say the least, questionable, since Richardson at that time was only a youth of 19. Any light which any reader of these notes can shed on this matter will be gladly welcomed.

\* \* \*

Myers & Co., London, in a Catalogue (No. 261) of "Scarce and Interesting Books," offer some interesting items under the head of "Canada," among them Lord's *The Naturalist in Vancouver Island and British Columbia*, 2 vols., London, 1866, first edition; *The Provincial Statutes of Lower Canada*, Vol. II., Quebec, 1797, with trade label of James Brown, Bookseller, Montreal, inserted under front cover; two interesting views of Quebec: *A View of Quebec from the Bastion*, and *A View of the Taking of Quebec by the English Forces Commanded by General Wolfe*, Sept. 13th, 1759, engraved for The London Magazine for 1780; Schooling's *The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, Hudson Bay Co.*, 1920, with arms of Company on upper cover.

\* \* \*

The announcement of a new book, *Books and Bidders*, by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the Napoleon of present-day book dealers, is one which will stir the desire of every bookman to possess himself of a copy. Dr. Rosenbach in this book presents with freshness and spontaneity a wealth of anecdotes upon all phases of his life's devotion, deals with the great figures of book-collecting, past and present, and, in a word, makes a contribution to book-lovers' literature which must stand in the front rank of its kind. The regular edition of *Books and Bidders* will contain more than sixty illustrations, while there will be a large paper edition, autographed by the author, with additional illustrations, limited to 585 numbered copies.

\* \* \*

*The Kingdom of Books*, by William Dana Orcutt, announced for early publication, will be welcomed by everyone who has had the good fortune to read his *In Quest of the Perfect Book*, for in it he, in the most informal and companionable way possible, shares with his reader his further adventures and reflections in the quest described in that delightful volume. The book, which will be printed in the beautiful Fournier type especially imported for the purpose, will contain nearly 100 illustrations, while there will be a large paper edition, autographed by the author, with additional illustrations, including two in color, limited to 475 numbered copies.

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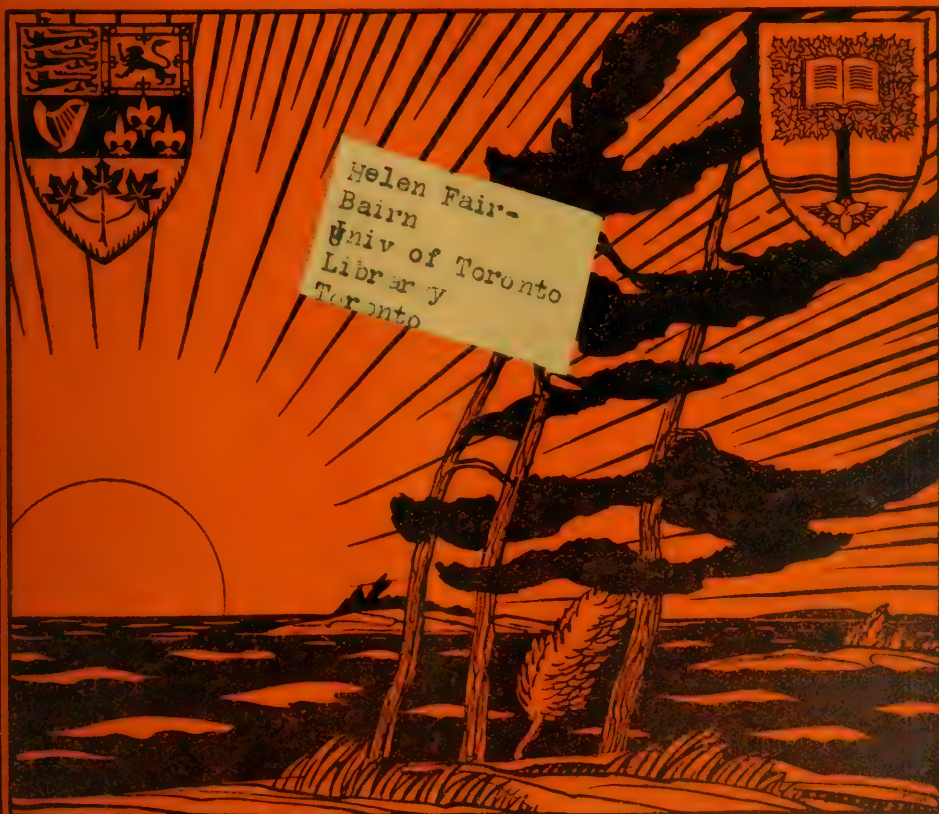
# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature  
and the Creative Arts* ❧ *290 a year 25¢ a copy*

Vol. IX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1927

No. 11



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

*125 Simcoe Street*

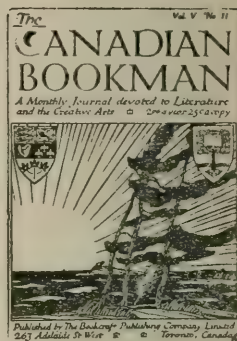
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FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

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25c a Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

EDWIN J. PRATT

By Nathaniel A. Benson

EDWIN J. PRATT, one of the foremost of the younger Canadian poets, was born in the late eighties at Western Bay, one of the "outports" of Newfoundland, and although he has not been a resident of his native island since he left it some twenty years ago, he is, although a Canadian by adoption, "still a Newfoundlander and proud of it." He received his primary education at the Methodist College in St. John's, and at the age of twenty moved to Toronto, where he graduated from the University of Toronto in 1911. After he had received his Ph.D., he became a lecturer first in psychology, and later in English literature at Victoria College, a position which he holds at the present time.

Although his father was a Methodist clergyman, it might be said that he has received a heritage of the sea from his ancestors, who had been seafarers for generations. His maternal grandfather was first the captain of a sealing vessel and later for over thirty years engaged in the transatlantic trade. Dr. Pratt's youth was passed in Western Bay, where he never slept in a house without the thunder of the great Atlantic in his ears. He was for a long time on a fishing-vessel off the Banks, and listened all his youth to the tales of transatlantic sailors whose vessels plied between St. John's, Cadiz, Opor-

to, and the Mediterranean and South American ports.

To the writer of this article he said: "At heart I shall always be a Newfoundlander, and I never fail to go back there whenever possible. Every summer until the last one I returned to visit my mother and my friends, because the love of an Islander for his people is strong. They are a steadfast people, whose home is wild and bare in all but a few months of summer, and they are drawn very closely together by the necessity of mutual support. They have withstood together the fury of the Atlantic when it came in and washed the very coffins from their graves. They are a mystical, intensely emotional and honest breed of men, a courageous people and hospitable to a degree. I feel that I shall always be one of them."

It is this love of his native island, coupled with that breadth of spirit and feeling of kinship with the men of the sea, that E. J. Pratt has put into his first published volume, *Newfoundland Verse*, a collection of the poems which he wrote between the years 1918 and 1923. To each one he has given something of the mysterious and mighty force of the sea, its relentless spirit, unforgiving strength and king-like dominance over the minds as well as the bodies of those who live by it. He feels and trans-



lates the sorrow of the labouring ships and the fierce exultation of men grappling with a power that is not to be conquered. There is stern grey reality in almost every poem, and the titles speak for themselves. "Sea Variations," "The Toll of the Bells," at the burial on shore of those drowned at sea; "The Ground-Swell," a splendid poem wherein the voice of the sea itself is speaking, "The Ice-Floes," a vivid narrative of the sealers, "The Shark," "The Fog," and that mystic lament "The Secret of the Sea:"

"Tell me thy secret, O Sea,  
The mystery sealed in thy breast;  
Come, breathe it in whispers to me  
A child of thy fevered unrest."

If this is not the lyric lament of the very waves themselves, their sad slow music has never been translated:

"Come home! he will not hear you call;  
Only the night-winds answer as they fall  
Along the shore,  
And evermore  
Only the sea-shells  
Of the grey stones singing,  
And the white foam-bells  
Of the North Sea ringing."

*The Witches' Brew* is ingenious satire upon almost any theme necessary. Great men and doctrines are swiftly introduced, and poniarded. Throughout the poem the author displays his ingenuity in the handling of metre, and in the variation within the line itself. Although *The Witches' Brew* is in no sense a great poem, there is not a dull line from beginning to end. Wit in highest sense of the term, humor subtle and broad, deft satire, and good-natured ridicule are the unerring arrows sped at all persons and things worthy of a well-turned couplet. What inspired the poem need not be a matter of conjecture, for in the year of grace and aridity 1925, the most fruitful of Canadian provinces had in one respect reached a state of Saharan drought, and the possibility of a deluge was the one topic under discussion. No doubt the soil was dry, but

the discussions of it were even more fruitless and provocative. From this point E. J. Pratt set out and began his wild, and witty narrative of pleasant mockery:

"Perched on a dead volcanic pile,  
Now charted as a submerged peak,  
Near to a moon-washed coral isle,  
A hundred leagues from Mozambique,  
Three water-witches of the East, . . .  
Decided that the hour had come"

to discover

"The true effect of alcohol  
Upon the cold, aquatic mind."

Accordingly they have erected an immense cauldron in which is poured all the liquor shipwrecked from the Beginning, and seasoned with ingredients as varied and indigestible as the brew in *Macbeth*. To the marine Saturnalia come all the denizens of the deep, and despite the vigilance of a giant Sea-Cat on guard, an infernal legion joins in the revelry. Pithy and characteristic comments are made by the shades of Byron, Wolsey, Campeggio, Pepys, Paracelsus, Gulliver, Samuel Butler, Samson, St. Patrick, Napoleon, Carlyle, Euclid, Calvin, Newton, and Satan. The poem ends with the intoxication of the Sea-Cat, its warlike exploits, its Homeric hang-over, and final flight toward the Irish Sea. A critic addicted to searching for the "symbol behind things" might desire to deduce the spiritual significance of the Sea-Cat. It might be Hibernianism rampant and inebriate, or merely the Spirit of St. Barley-corn. Who knows? and what does it matter? for the poem is most excellent fooling. In his most satirical moments the author is merry and genial, and his wit is geniality without vindictiveness. To sum up, *The Witches' Brew* is rather an intellectual event of the most heartening and amusing kind. Far too often we have helplessly watched native prophets leap into the arena, point to the great lone lands, curse the marts of trade and take to the woods with half-a-dozen rapt fol-

lowers. Let us have more of Dionysius and less of Eleusis.

*Titans*, published in 1926, contains "The Cachalot" and "The Great Feud," (a dream of a Pleiocene Armageddon.) "The Cachalot" is the biography of a giant whale, a narrative of great power and originality, quite unlike any poem in our language. So great a poet of the sea as John Masefield, paid deserved tribute to "The Cachalot," and critics on both sides of the Atlantic have praised it as an original and striking work of genius. Dr. Pratt's vocabulary is quite as unique as it is broad, and when he attains the peak, he achieves in "The Cachalot" a description of the Homeric struggles between the whale and a huge kraken:

"And when they interlocked that night,  
Cetacean and cephalopod,  
No Titan with Olympian god  
Had ever waged a fiercer fight  
Tail and skull and teeth and maw  
Met sinew, cartilage and claw  
Within those self-engendered tides  
Where the Acherontic flood  
Of sepia, mingled with the blood  
Of whale, befouled Delgado's sides."

Whence Dr. Pratt's extraordinary knowledge of the sea-creatures comes may be explained by his confession that "The Cachalot" was written in six weeks in the summer of 1925 as the poet talked with the old Newfoundland whalers of the harpoon days.

"The Great Feud" is another poem of marvellous struggle between the Titans of land and sea before man arose. Beneath the magnificent virility of language and power of imagination, which presents the terrific battle between the mighty denizens of land and sea as they dispute the boundary between continent and ocean, beneath this, one feels that "The Great Feud" is an allegory of civilization, a satire on war ended with a superb, almost terrifying bitterness that is overwhelming in its finality. After the great combat, the sole survivor, a female anthropoid ape

steals off into the desolate wilderness, and

"There, at the hollow of a tree  
She found her lair, and brokenly  
She entered in, cuddling her brood  
To withered paps; and in the hush  
Of the laggard hours as the flush  
Of dawn burnt out the coppery tones  
That smeared the unfamiliar West,  
The heralds of the day were moans  
And croons, and drummings of the  
breast."

Nothing more unlike his preceding volumes can be imagined than Pratt's latest poem, *The Iron Door*, a long ode of the noblest mould. In *The Iron Door* we feel that the poet has at last come into his own. Gone is the ingenious intellectual comedy of *The Witches' Brew*, and the amazing vividness and din of prehistoric combat, and in place of these there remains a poem that is great with the greatness of sublime simplicity. This ode speaks with the tone of truth and high seriousness, those qualifications of great poetry named by Matthew Arnold. In *The Iron Door* the poet becomes prophet and visionary, translating for mankind in noble music of serene utterance the glimpse that he has been vouchsafed of the shining breadth of immortality behind the iron door of death, which for a moment has been opened to his sight and has left him with an unshaken assurance of the life to come.

It may be heresy to say so, but here is no native lyricist, or impassioned child of nature singing of vernal rapture, amorous delights and autumnal woe beneath the inevitable maple or in the usual purpurate haze. *The Iron Door* is more than Canadian—it is universal; it is not the result of a moment's inspiration, it is the production of maturity, contemplation, and deep meditation. Great poetry may not be produced without great sorrow on the part of its creator, and the truth of this statement is proven by the origin of *The Iron Door*. The poet had left Newfoundland in his early twenties, and since



then had returned almost every year to visit his mother, whose death occurred late in 1926, and in the solemn period after, the ode was written. Higher praise cannot be given it than to say that it does honour "To the very dear memories" of its own sincere dedication. The poet's visions are reminiscent of those of the author of "The Vision of Mirzah." He sees "the vast and inexorable door" of death

"Half-buried in a shifting mass of gloom  
Which had no kinship with the face of night,  
It had its station in the cliffs to stand  
Against the clamour of eternal storm.  
A giant hand  
Had wrought it cruciform  
And placed deep shadows on the sunken  
panels,  
Then in ironic jest  
Had carved out the crest  
Of death upon the lintel."

To this door come those who have died and among them he sees the one whose passing meant most:

"Another form appeared  
One whom I knew so well—endeared  
To me by all the natural ties which birth  
And life and much-enduring love impose.  
There was no trace  
Of doubt or consternation on her face,  
Only a calm reliance that the door  
Would open and disclose  
Those who by swifter strides had gone  
ahead.

It was the same expression that she wore,  
One evening, when with life-work done,  
She went to bed.  
In the serene belief that she could borrow  
Sufficient strength out of the deep  
Resources of a final sleep,  
To overtake the others by the morrow."

After watching others known and unknown pass the great portal, he cries:

"Now shall be read  
The faded symbols of the page which keep  
This hoary riddle of the dead."

and as he watches the last entrants, he speaks:

"I had caught the sense  
Of life with high auroras and the flow  
Of wide majestic spaces;  
Of light abundant; and of keen impassioned  
faces,  
Transfigured underneath its vivid glow."



PROF. E. J. PRATT  
Author of "The Iron Door."

Very seldom may one who is attempting to tell of a poet's work conclude the attempt with words worthy of his subject, and no better conclusion could be made than the quotations of the poet's own latest words, the majestic and splendid last lines of *The Iron Door*:

"Then the door moved to its close with a  
loud,  
Relentless swing, as backed by ocean power;  
But neither gird of hinges, nor the feel of  
air  
Returning with its drizzled weight of cloud  
Could cancel half the meaning of that hour,  
Not though the vision passed away,  
And I was left alone, aware  
Of blindness falling with terrestrial day  
On sight enfeebled by the solar glare."

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS.

*Newfoundland Verse*, Ryerson Press,  
Toronto, 1923.

*The Witches' Brew*, Macmillan Co.,  
Toronto, 1926.

*Titans*, Macmillan Co., London, 1926.

*The Iron Door*, Macmillan Co., Toronto, 1927.

# The Water Color Exhibition

By Jeanne Adeney

THE second annual exhibition of the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Color is on view now at the Toronto Art Gallery. This group of artists has been doing some notable work and the result is a very fine exhibition indeed. No need here to say that Canadian art is dull or primitive, nor to justify it on those grounds. The work is spontaneous and of a high order, there being scarcely an inartistic picture in the show. To go there is like taking a deep breath of bracing Canadian air.

A. J. Casson and J. E. Sampson paint strongly in the modern style. They obtain the depth and brilliance of oils, and quaint indeed is the latter's "Gaspé Village." Quebec Province naturally attracts the painter in water color. Where else on this continent may one find such quaint old houses and such graceful churches set among hills with softly rounded contours? George Chavignaud has yielded to this charm and caught the Isle of Orleans in its gentler moods. Charles Comfort gives us a group of fresh and lovely French Canadian subjects. Frank Carmichael is a very fine painter but his too-restless skies detract from his strong and colorful landscapes. Art, like life, derives its meaning from contrasts. How can we appreciate movement if there be nothing still for comparison? Nevertheless his "Church at Biscotasing" deserves mention. Tom McClean and F. H. Bridgen paint more delicately but none the less well. The latter's work is beautiful in its effect of distance over landscapes. Walter Phillips, who has charmed us with his colored wood-blocks, is represented by a large painting, "Mamalimcoola, B.C.," and several studies of light on water, difficult subjects well executed. It is hard not to mention more of the pictures in detail, André Lapine's labor pictures,

the "Memorial Tower" and "Toronto Bay" of Owen Staples, the pictures by Harold Ayres—Torontonians and those visiting Toronto, may go and judge for themselves; the exhibition lasts until the first week in December.

\* \* \*

## The Blumenschein Exhibition

Ernest Blumenschein's exhibition at the Toronto Art Gallery is rich and varied. This painter became so attached to New Mexico that he has made Taos his permanent home. Most of the pictures on view are Mexican in subject or inspiration. His imagination has been fired by the country and even his realistic pictures are touched with poetry. He has painted fine and strong portraits, and incidents from daily life, as "Girl Seated by Oven." He is attracted by the grotesque costumes and customs of native ceremonies, and by yellow trees against dark wooded slopes. All these, like his phantasies and allegories, are painted in rich and brilliant colors, with striking effects of light and shade. This exhibition is on view simultaneously with the Water Color Exhibition.

## AN ARTISTIC CALENDAR

From a most artistically executed pencil sketch of the Memorial Tower at Hart House, University of Toronto, an engraving has been made and utilized for the production of a fine large calendar, tied with a bow of blue and white ribbons, the University colors. The drawing is the work of Miss A. Weaver. An explanatory note is attached setting forth that the Soldiers' Tower was erected by the Alumni of the University in memory of over 620 members who fell in the Great War and includes mention of the Carillon of bells and the muniment room containing University war records.



# Splinters From a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

## IX.—Traits of Canadian Literature

THERE are, I fear, many who will say that to deal with traits of our national literature is to start with the rather daring assumption that we have such a thing; but students of Canadian writing will agree with me that we have a literature, separate, getting each year more distinct and individual. From the earliest days of the Dominion its writers showed in their productions traits that are national, that in part might be traced no doubt to the strong stock—English, Irish, Scotch, French—from which the writers came, yet had in them some breath, some afflatus of this bold, stern land.

Some years ago Dr. Logan delivered an address in Washington. There were only a few Canadians in the audience and the Americans were frankly sceptical about the subject of the lecture, "Canadian Literature." In fact, the gentleman introducing Dr. Logan said baldly that he wasn't aware we had a literature. He was not aware of a lot of other actualities, so it made no great matter. Dr. Logan convinced his audience and we, his handful of compatriots, were rejoiced; myself especially, because he brought out the one attribute that to me has always seemed ours in highest degree—strength.

Strength is a trait of our literature. The poems, essays, novels that are really Canadian are strong simply because they deal with a strong people, with scenes that have the steel and iron of Nature's ruggedness under their wild, majestic beauty, because the writers belong to their setting and have felt its influence. Strength, it seems to me, will be ever the predominant trait of Canadian works of art, whether they be paintings of the woods, the mountains and

streams: whether the yet unwritten symphonies which will have in them the rush of torrents, the crashing of ice-floes, the weird Aeolian music of pine forests in the autumn; whether fiction laying bare the vigorous, forceful life of our people.

But strength will not exist to the sacrifice of beauty. Our literature has beauty; not, I grant you, that capricious, dainty loveliness that marks the writings of Italian and Spanish masters, not the polished exquisiteness of the classic models, not the cloying sweetness of what Heine calls "scented curds"—the poesy of France. No; it will be a wholesome, natural beauty, like that you see in the superbly developed body of the riverman, in his catlike movements of grace; like that you hear in the thundering roar of the tide on the rocks along old Fundy, like the muted dirge of the black forests on the shore when the south wind scatters the leaves on a chill October evening.

That is beauty after my own heart. There is no enervating voluptuousness, no ether-like scent of musk or bergamot—smell of pine, of salty spume, of marsh-hay drying in the sun—sight of forests old as the world, of eternal rocks and boulders that the gods have rolled in play, of rivers that run deep and dark and strong, of boundless fields of wheat, golden in autumn; voices of the countless waters, of the restless trees—this is Canada.

And our people. No use to wait until a time when it is possible to point to one only type and say "Canadian." Yet types here are not so diversified that it is not possible to find in every man who claims this land as his, some characteristic that belongs to each and all of us. For a time as long as we care to deal with

we shall have two languages; our literature will be bilingual, but it will be for that none the less the same literature. Though sectionalism is strong in our politics it does not thrive in writing. No; though the fisher-folk of the sea-provinces, the habitants of Quebec, the yeomanry of Ontario, the genial prairie-people and the dwellers on the West Coast are separated in greater or less degree by points of race, of environment, of culture, they are all of the land, Canadian; knit together into a homogeneity of thought and ideal, the diverse color-elements of one glorious tapestry.

The writer who sets himself to interpret the Canadian Scene, to use the first Menckonian term I have found useful, is faced with a tremendous but tremendously worthwhile task. It is a zestful task, calling forth the utter best, exercising the last sinew of mind and heart. For it is a vast scene, kaleidoscopic; of lights that blaze and lights that are hidden. It is a land which must bring forth epics. No froth-and-bubble literature will tell the story of Canada; for us a nut-brown ale, potent, sturdy.

Romance rather than staunch Realism is a trait of Canadian writing; not that dear old war-horse of Romance that some writers have ridden almost to death, but a sane Romance that touches up the inevitable drab of life and makes it glow warm and appealing. After all, ours is a land of Romance. Its history has been a splendid story from the days of the French regime when the blue and white uniforms of Gascon troopers were seen on the high-flung battlements of Quebec, when the courtly graces and debaucheries of the Court of Versailles were re-enacted in the stately halls of New France, to this present time when giant steamers sail down the St. Lawrence laden with the golden store of the western prairies, and industry begins to dig deeper into the boundless resources of wealth

that are in our rocks, in our forests and rivers.

It is a beautiful spectacle, just emerging from the chrysalis of youth, waxing surer, stronger with the passage of years. To the writer it is like a vast organ which he sits before. The keys, the stops, the pedals, are multitudinous, the range infinite. It demands a godlike power to play upon it an adequate melody. The keys are there to produce the commonplace, the usual; but the faculties are there, too, to produce symphonies, new combinations of chords, new variations and gorgeous color-effects.

What had the Russia of *Anna Karenina*, of *Smoke*, *The Idiot* and the beautifully horrific tales of Gorki that we have not? Our literature has the power of the Russian without its morbidness, its unalterable pessimism. Ours has the same vastness of scope, the infinity of character and type that makes of Russian writing such a great panoramic picture. But optimism is a trait of ours, the optimism of a people free to fight on and upwards; not of one held down, crushed beneath an iron yoke.

Designedly I compare Canadian literature with Russian, though we as a people have nothing in common with the Russians. But our land, like theirs, is a northern land and extensive. It has its extremes of heat and cold, its ice-bound wastes and barren tundras, its lonely prairies, great rivers and wild mountains.

Our literature is significant, positive, philosophical yet always speculative. It is not easy reading and never will be; it deals with a subject matter that is deep and it implies thought beyond the quick appreciation of beauty and the inspired stroke of pen or brush. It is young yet, as we are young, but it has come to that stage where one can perceive the traits which belong to it and which will become more marked and admissible with its further rapid growth.



# The Whirligig of Time

By C. F. Lloyd

IT is the custom just now to deery the past, to deride its beliefs, make light of its amusements, belittle its work and poke fun at its fashions. We are not careful to remember that the fugitive present is forever becoming the static and unchanging past at the rate of sixty little points of time a minute, and that our own grandchildren will certainly guffaw quite as loudly at our absurd customs and our little, laboriously constructed comforting certitudes, as ever we shall at the dress, manners and opinions of the good old times of George III. If there is one tendency of our time more commendable than any other it is, I think, the fairly universal one which of late has prompted all civilized people to lay certitudes aside, abandon themselves to a condition of flux, and greet every new hypothesis with a polite shrug, certain only of one thing, that the discovery or invention of today will be invalidated, modified or rendered completely obsolete by the work of tomorrow.

I could call this tendency to accept change with a good grace commendable because it is civilized. It recognizes the basic truth that every conception of the absolute is by its nature fragmentary, a speck of color in the vast mosaic of creation which is recreating itself with every beat of our pulse and every breath we draw. It does away with all the old rigid water-tight compartments into which the naturalists, philosophers and theologians of other days tried to force everything, finite and infinite, to their own grievous discomfiture, and it leaves the mind fresh, elastic and receptive to every flying gleam of beauty and every floweret in the great garden wherein the seeds sown are aspects of truth.

Four hundred years ago Montaigne was wise enough to see clearly that no truth is complete and absolute in itself, no theory final, no fact wholly free from a subtle aroma of falsehood and that the only thing for a wise man to do is to jog along the pleasant lanes of Gascony, or Manitoba, be as kind, just, honest and orderly as circumstances will permit, trust in God without trying to define Him and, while indulging in a rational enjoyment of all the good things of this life, hope, despite a good deal of evidence to the contrary, that there is something better because richer and freer from the crippling limitations of partial knowledge and unstable organization beyond it.

"Seeing the doubt and ignorance of those who will and do meddle with expounding the drifts and shifts of nature, with her internal progress, and so many false prognostications of their art should make us understand her means infinitely unknown."

It is curious how faces that one has not seen for years come swimming up out of the dark pool of memory into the daylight of recollection unbidden, especially when one is alone. Such a face is before me now and set me upon writing this essay.

The approach of my birthday warns me that I have already crossed the summit of that pleasant hill up which we climb in youth and am now going leisurely down into the valley on the other side. How far down the slope I shall be permitted to go I do not know nor do I much care, being prepared to turn aside at any moment into that quiet place where there is no more travelling, at least so far as this unstable combination of lime, sulphur and potash salts, that enjoys beefsteak and Shakespeare, Bach and sunsets is concerned. We must all

visit the dark house once. Everything comes to an end. We need not sit out a bad play to the end of the fifth act unless we choose. Old companions beckon me from the shadow. The red tide of my life already responds to the claims of its feudal allegiance to dust and silence and the thick, black wine that invites sleep and dreams offers my palate a choicer gust of pleasure than the best Hochiemer or Canary.

It will scarcely be believed when I say that I, who in this year of grace nineteen twenty-seven have only just reached middle-age, held familiar converse and enjoyed for five years the company of a man who could well recall the bonfire kindled in Eton college yard in honor of Nelson's victory of the Nile, and yet it is matter of fact, that I did.

The man to whom I refer was my maternal grandfather, who was born on his father's estate in the west Highlands of Scotland on the tenth of November, seventeen ninety-two, and died near Ross, in Hertfordshire, in December, eighteen ninety-one. He was then in his hundredth year and, to use his own words, as spry as a cricket to within about four months of the end. He rode to hounds when past eighty and could read fair-sized print without glasses during the last year of his life. I can see him plainly as I write, a gallant, courtly old figure, with a fine head of silky-white hair, a great hooked nose, like the old Iron Duke's, and as keen and kindly a pair of blue eyes as ever looked out from beneath bushy white eyebrows. He had his hair brushed carefully every morning by his valet, interposing a silk peignoir beneath his head and the chair back. If the comb in passing through the snowy tangle chanced to stick fast and pull he would say, sweetly and quite as a matter of course, "Now, damn you, John, can you not be a little careful?" He carried down almost to the end of Queen Victoria's reign some of the conversational idiosyn-

crasies of Squire Western and would damn the tea-kettle or the rector with great gusto yet in a way wholly devoid of offense. He was inordinately fond of old Western, insisting that he, Tom Jones and Sophia were the most life-like characters in the book and Alworthy a stupid concession to the great British goddess, Respectability.

As my memory records quite clearly incidents that occurred in my life at the end of my fourth year, and I was past eight when my grandfather died, I enjoyed for four years the companionship of this amazing old man who had seen Nelson buried, had ridden beside Lord Henry Somerset in that last charge of the Guards at Waterloo, had attended the congress of Vienna and the funeral of George the third, played whist with Tom Moore, Wellington and William the fourth, conversed with Talleyrand and Metternich, had seen the Turkish fleet in flames in the bay of Navarino and was a gray-haired general officer when Victoria the good ascended the throne.

I could fill a volume with his reminiscences, for he had been everywhere and had known rather intimately nearly all the great men and women of the nineteenth century. He met Talleyrand twice, once in Vienna and again at the house of the Duke of Portland in London. Of the second meeting he recalled two scraps of the great Frenchman's conversation. The first was to the effect that after the peace of Leoben, Napoleon could easily have become and remained the arbiter of Europe if he had played his cards properly. The second remark had reference to card playing, too. A young nobleman had thrown away a good card carelessly which Talleyrand, noticing, said, "A gentleman should never trump his partner's ace unless he has a diplomatic reserve up his sleeve." This remark was accompanied by a sort of spectral chuckle and sounds like Talleyrand. It may also throw some light



on the social habits of the eighteenth century.

Once when crossing London bridge, late at night, my grandfather was stopped by a highwayman who presented a pistol at his head, demanding his purse and watch on penalty of immediate death if he offered any resistance or made an outcry. My grandfather replied that he had neither purse nor watch but a couple of sovereigns, to which the robber was welcome. Having taken the gold and satisfied himself by a rapid examination that there was nothing more worth taking, the robber made off with the remark that he had expected to find a gentleman better provided. My grandfather had carefully scrutinized the man's face during the *rencontre*, or at least as much of it as was visible beneath the mask, and felt sure that he would recognize him again anywhere, as he did a few months later at Tyburn, where he saw him standing on the fatal cart with the noose around his neck, ready to be turned off.

As a young man my grandfather read Jane Austen's works, Byron's poems and the Waverley novels in a first edition, hot from the press, and during the last year of his life he enjoyed Plain Tales from the Hills and *Almayer's Folly*. In politics he was a Whig of the school of Huskinson and Canning, but to the enthusiastic followers of Mr. Gladstone he seemed more Conservative than Lord Salisbury himself. His attitude towards the Darwinian theory and the physical sciences generally was one of polite amusement. From his own grandfather he had received a vivid description of the battle of Culloden and the burning of the last Scotch witch at Perth. He tolerated railway trains as a necessary evil, but loved good horseflesh and always made the journey to London twice a year in a coach and six, with outriders, the last, I believe, ever seen in England. To the end of his life he retained one

habit of the eighteenth century, that of taking snuff, which he kept in a great gold snuff-box, said to have been given to Marshal Saxe by Madame de Pompadour. His favorite poet was Pope, his favorite novelist Fielding, his favorite wine, Chambertin, and his favorite amusement poking good-natured fun at the rising generation. Young people regarded him as a curious antedeluvian, or a sort of historic ghost, revisiting the glimpses of the moon. He went to sleep in his chair one Sunday morning and never woke up any more. He was drawn to his grave on a gun-carriage that had seen service in India and on the coffin rested the sword and helmet he had worn at Waterloo.

Nearly all the things that my grandfather scoffed at as impossible have long since come to pass, including the extinction of his family and mine, of which I am the sole survivor. And so, as the clown has it in the old play,

"The whirligig of Time brings in his revenges."

## A CRYSTAL PERSONALITY

By Alice M. Winlow

I STRUCK a crystal bowl with finger slight,  
It kindled swift to music woven of flakes  
Of stars, and stars of snow, and  
chrysolite,

Tenuous as the dawn on cold, green lakes.

A tremulous thin cone of tissued flame  
Spread from the vibrant spinning core of  
sound,

And passed through invisible portals whence  
it came,

Until the music all my senses bound.

Again I struck; again upon my ear  
Fell sound like petalled snow-flakes that  
redeem

The rose from frost, or moonlight green  
and clear

Visioned through water in a crystal dream.

And this—to tell of one who is attune  
With that sweet note—He holds earth's  
beauty dear,

He drinks her wine of star and cloud and  
June—

A wine that makes the spirit crystal-clear.

# The Trend of Canadian Literary Tastes

An Interview with Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs

"I AM not so sure that the novel is not waning in public regard—for the moment at all events—in comparison with other forms of literature: biography, fictionized history, *Belles-lettres*, narrative poetry," said Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs, President of the Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, when asked by a representative of the *Canadian Bookman* for his opinion as to the trend of literary taste in Canada. "By that, of course," he continued, "I do not mean that the novel, as an acknowledged form of literary expression, is going to be thrust into the background. That is unlikely. But at present there is evidence of an awakening interest on the part of the public in the fascinating quality of other kinds of books. It is not too much to say that, until recently, to a great many people, buying books meant buying novels. Today, our people are buying books, including novels, the tendency being to buy fewer novels and more books that are not novels. One result—a happy one, I think—will be that the mediocre novel will have less chance than ever, for it will have to compete not only with the sound, first-rate novel, but with an increasing number of good pieces of work which are not fiction."

"But there is some sound fiction coming out of Canada, is there not?"

"Yes, there is," Mr. Eayrs replied, "but it is only now and then that our national life is depicted in fiction that is not merely sound but is actually great, and only the really great novel will endure. My mind jumps at once to what I think is unquestionably the greatest novel in Canadian letters—and that was written by a Frenchman. I refer, of course, to Louis Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine*. What did Hémon do? He recorded life in

French Canada as he found it. He never strove for effect, but wrote simply and beautifully the truth as he saw it—and that's genius! What was an exquisite bit of work originally was as exquisitely done into English by W. H. Blake and, to my mind, the appearance of *Maria Chapdelaine* marked the beginning of a new era in Canadian literary development. Hémon's novel pointed the way, and Canadian work since shows its influence markedly.

"The great success of Louis Hémon's work (from the publisher's standpoint it was outstanding, more than 20,000 copies being sold in Canada, over 100,000 in the United States and some scores of thousands in Great Britain) indicated very definitely and clearly two things which had not been established theretofore. First, it confirmed most conclusively the belief of the Canadian Authors Association that any creative work done really well would get a good hearing not only in Canada but wherever good literature was read and enjoyed. Second, it drew attention to the innumerable backgrounds and settings which are to be found in our everyday Canadian life, and which are only awaiting the literary artist who will grasp their significance and paint them into enduring contributions to literature. This was done very ably—to take one instance—by Mabel Dunham in *The Trail of the Conestoga*, an admirable interpretation of life in a Mennonite community.

"I do not believe—others may disagree with me—that any really great interpretative work, such as French-Canada has produced, has yet been accomplished by and for the English-speaking section of Canada. There are unforgettable pictures of certain



cross-sections, of course. The novels of Mazo de la Roche, *Possession* and *Jalna*, are cases in point. In richness and beauty of expression they are amongst the first in the language—but they don't pretend to be interpretative of English-Canada as a whole.

"I am particularly struck by the ever-increasing number of those who read in spite of the competitive attractions of the automobile, radio, bridge, dancing and the moving pictures. If people are on the move more than they ever have been, due to the prevailing restlessness of modern life, they are also travelling mentally at a swifter pace than ever before. If the motor takes up a considerable portion of their time, it also saves them much time which is being used to excellent advantage as indicated by the great increase in borrowing and buying of books. This is true not only in Canada but wherever books are read. Canadians are buying and borrowing and altogether reading much more than ever before.

"The reason that biography, history, and travel are being more extensively read is that people are more than ever grasping for realities. As to poetry, it continues to hold its own steadily, as it always has done. In Canada, people have always been markedly partial to poetical works. The older poets whose standing is sure, Archibald Lampman, Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts and Duncan Campbell Scott, still have their following despite the growing popularity of such comparative newcomers as E. J. Pratt, Marjorie Pickthall and Wilson MacDonald, and publishers find a steady sale for their works."

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#### Pleasure, Knowledge and Inspiration

"May I, one of your Western readers, thank you for the pleasure, knowledge and inspiration which *Canadian Bookman* has afforded me since I made its acquaintance? I am enclosing money order for \$2 to cover the renewal of my subscription, which was made originally through the Vancouver Poetry Society."—Mrs. Irene H. Moody.



DR. JULES TREMBLAY

Prominent French-Canadian author and former General Treasurer of the Canadian Authors Association, who died at Ottawa on November 28th.

#### NEW CANADIAN ANTHOLOGY IN THE MAKING

Mr. Craven Langstroth Betts, well-known author of New York, is in Toronto, collecting material for a new and comprehensive anthology of Canadian poetry that shall include not only poems that have appeared in book form, but the best of the so-called "fugitive verse."

This new anthologist, though he has spent thirty-five years in New York, is a native Canadian, having been born in St. John, N.B. During the past forty years he has had several volumes published, among them: *Songs of Beranger*, a collection of sixty-one chansons translated from the French in the original metres; *The Perfume Holder*, a long poem which has been issued three times; *Tales of a Garrison Town*, semi-military stories of Halifax, N.S., written in collaboration with Arthur W. Eaton; *Collected Verse*, published in 1916; and *The Two Captains*, monologues of Nelson and Napoleon. \* \* \*

#### C. F. MASTERMAN IS DEAD

Mr. C. F. Masterman, noted journalist and author and war-time minister in the Cabinet of David Lloyd George, died in London on November 17 of heart disease. Mr. Masterman was one of the outstanding literateurs of Great Britain.

## A New Publishing Firm

A CONSOLIDATION of United States, Canadian and British publishing houses has been effected which will be far-reaching in its effects on the publishing business of the three countries represented and throughout the world, wherever books are read. Starting January 1st the new concern is to be known in Canada as Doubleday, Doran & Gundy, Limited, while in the United States the imprint will be Doubleday, Doran & Company, Limited, and in England it will be known as William Heinemann, Limited.

In Canada the officers of the company are to be: George H. Doran, president; S. B. Gundy, vice-president, and John J. Hessian, secretary-treasurer. For the Canadian business the Oxford University Press will be the publishers and distributors of books for Doubleday, Doran & Gundy, Limited; the former is to be the selling organization of the new company. The imprint of Doubleday, Doran & Gundy, Limited, is to be carried on all books published and sold in Canada apart from the Oxford University Press issues.

The publishing houses of Doubleday and Doran have in the past been strongly entrenched in the fiction field, but in slightly different scope as to authors. The new combination makes a completely rounded organization in the fiction field and in addition brings together strong departments in biography, travel and current events. Both companies have had in the past strong children's departments and the bringing together of these will make for exceptional advantages in this respect. The religious department of the house of Doran will be continued, as the Doubleday organization had not entered this field.

The house of Doubleday has in the past restricted their list to an average of some 130 titles per year over the past five years, while the Doran list has averaged over 250 titles yearly during the past five years. In number of new books issued the house of Doran has been second only to the Macmillan total in publishing.

It is interesting to note that the backbone of the Doubleday business has been built around such authors as Kipling, Conrad, O. Henry, Booth Tarkington, Morley, White, Norris, Ferber and Gene Stratton-Porter. The Doran list has comprised such authors as Arnold Bennett, Walpole, Swinerton, Maughan, Onions, Stephen McKenna, Mackenzie, Cannan, Rebecca West, Michael Arlen, Aldous Huxley, Thomas Burke, John Buchan, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Irvin Cobb.

The house of William Heinemann, Ltd., in London, has for many years been a very important factor in the publishing of books of a substantial character within the British Isles. The new organization has arranged for new headquarters in London at 99 Great Russell Street, near the British Museum, a beautiful old house that they have taken over for the purpose. A new English publishing plant will be located at Kingswood, Surrey, England, about twenty miles from London, where a modern book production plant has been erected in the midst of twenty-five acres of woodland.

Mr. F. N. Doubleday, of the firm of Doubleday, Page & Co., has been the guiding genius of that organization for a number of years and will continue actively in the new company of Doubleday, Doran & Co. The officers of the United States branch of the business have not yet been announced.

Mr. George H. Doran, president of George H. Doran & Co., was born in Toronto and for many years was connected with Fleming H. Revell.

Later he embarked in the publishing business in conjunction with Hodder & Stoughton, of London, England. This happened in about 1909. Mr. Doran has shown himself to be, not only a genius for book



MR. S. B. GUNDY



selection and promotion, but has a rare gift for organization and a personality from which his authors find it difficult to become separated.

Mr. S. B. Gundy has been a well-known figure in Canadian life for many years, both as representative in Canada for the great Oxford University Press and later as Vice-President and organizer of "The Makers of Canada Limited." He introduced David Harum and Mrs. Wiggs to the Canadian reading public.

His activities have not been confined to the field of commerce, he being a Past-President of the Toronto Canadian Club and the Toronto Board of Trade. Mr. Gundy was the organizer and first president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, which many prominent people believe will prove to be of vast national importance. He is now Chairman of the Advisory Committee of this Chamber, the other three members being, Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the C.P.R., Mr. James A. Richardson, of Winnipeg, and Mr. Ernest Barbour, of St. John, N.B.

On October 20th a fire destroyed the premises formerly occupied by the Oxford University Press, on Richmond Street. This provided an opportunity for the erection of a building which will be worthy of the Oxford University Press and of the great amalgamation with which its activities will be linked up in Canada. Temporary premises are located at 210 Victoria Street.

## It Is Reported THAT—

—among the notable visitors to Toronto this month was Alan Sullivan, poet and novelist, formerly of Toronto, but now living in England, at Finckley, East Kent. He is a son of the late Bishop Sullivan, of Algoma.

—John W. Garvin addressed 2500 teachers and students of Toronto, in Convocation Hall, Thursday afternoon, October 27th, on "Nature, Religion and Realism in Canadian Poetry," and that the audience was warmly appreciative.

—George Russell, the famous "A.E." author, poet, painter and economist, who is the editor of the *Irish Statesman*, of Dublin, and who is coming over to America on a lecture tour in the coming year, will include Toronto in his itinerary.

—a high spot in the visit to Canada by Joseph Laing Waugh, author of *Betty Grier* and other notable tales of his native Dumfriesshire, was his reception at Winnipeg, where he was met at the station by the

pipers of the Caledonian Society and escorted by them to the scene of his lecture, which was devoted largely to character sketches, given mostly in the vernacular. With him on the platform was John Geddies, for fifty-eight years on the staff of the *Edinburgh Scotsman*; Premier Bracken, President Robert Watson, of the Canadian Authors Association, Winnipeg branch, and Rev. Dr. David Christie. The chairman was Mr. William Harvey, president of the Caledonian Society.

—Miss L. E. F. Barry, convener of the Poetry Section of the Canadian Authors Association, Montreal branch, in the course of a lecture on "Poetry and Canadian Poets," at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, on November 7th, said: "A poet becomes national when he interprets his land, his countrymen, to the rest of the world in a manner peculiarly his own, arresting and memorable, because different from the manner of the poets of other peoples."

—these twenty-three Canadian authors were all born within a period of four years, as follows:

Albert Durrant Watson.....	Jan. 8, 1859
S. Frances Harrison.....	Feb. 24, 1859
John W. Garvin.....	Mar. 19, 1859
William E. Marshall.....	April 1, 1859
Charles G. D. Roberts.....	Jan. 10, 1860
Helena Coleman.....	April 27, 1860
George McKinnon Wrong.....	June 25, 1860
Ernest Thompson Seton.....	Aug. 14, 1860
Charles W. Gordon (Ralph Connor)	.....Sept. 13, 1860
Gilbert Parker.....	Nov. 23, 1860
Frederick George Scott.....	April 7, 1861
Marshall Saunders.....	April 13, 1861
Bliss Carman.....	April 15, 1861
Wilfred Campbell.....	June 1, 1861
William Hume Blake.....	Nov. 17, 1861
Archibald Lampman.....	Nov. 17, 1861
Albert E. S. Smythe.....	Dec. 27, 1861
Howard Angus Kennedy.....	Dec. 27, 1861
James Alexander Macdonald.....	Jan. 22, 1862
E. Pauline Johnson.....	Mar. 10, 1862
Archibald MacMechan.....	June 21, 1862
Duncan Campbell Scott.....	Aug. 2, 1862
Jean Blewett.....	Nov. 4, 1862

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## RIMMER-FRANKLIN

*Canadian Bookman* extends congratulations to a regular contributor, Mr. Thomas D. Rimmer, whose wedding took place at St. Michael's College, Toronto, on November 23rd, the bride being Miss Vera Franklin. Rev. Father Forrestell conducted the ceremony.

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

MANY MINDS. By Maurice Hutton. Toronto: The Musson Book Company Ltd. \$3.50.

It was in the fall of 1884, when I entered University College as a Senior Matriculant, that I met Maurice Hutton for the first time. He was then Professor of Classics. He had come to our University in 1880 with a high reputation for scholarship in ancient Greek and Latin, won at Oxford, with an impressive dignity, and with a rich Oxonian accent. The boys stood in awe of him; and this feeling was increased in 1882 when he put on in old Convocation Hall, the famous Greek tragedy, *Antigone*, and took the part of Antigone himself.

When I entered the University two years later, his representation of *Antigone* was still talked about among the students, and my joy was keen. A few weeks ago, when Professor Lash Miller threw on a canvas, before the class of '87, a portrait of Professor Hutton as *Antigone*. She was a most handsome lady.

It is only recently that Principal Hutton has attracted attention as an author. His volume of essays, *The Greek Point of View*, brought him considerable distinction, and now *Many Minds* is enlarging his fame.

*Many Minds* begins with a very humorous Introductory chapter, entitled "Popular Lectures." Here is a sample of the humour: "After I had endeavoured to sketch the ancient Roman, the ancient Greek, etc., to a small Ontario country town of Scotch origin and had received the customary vote of thanks, I was asked to convey a message to my colleague due on the following Friday. 'Will you kindly tell Dr. Blank that this village likes its subjects handled humorously.' 'Certainly,' I said, 'and what is the subject?' 'The creation of the world.'"

The following are the subjects of the essays: "The Mind of Herodotus," "Thucydides and History," "Plato and Poetry," "Francis Bacon," "Kipling," "Platonists and Aristotelians," "Some Oxford types," "The Englishman: the Frenchman: the Roman: the Greek," "Satire and Humour," "Thought and Action," "Quality and Equality," and "The Best Policy." And they are treated with such depth of penetration and lucidity of utterance as to give the author rank among the best present-day essayists. To illustrate let me quote a few short paragraphs from "Satire and Humour:"

"I am trying to find other companions for Plato and Lowell, but it is not easy; one indeed there is, the prince or princess of wits, humorists and satirists, Jane Austen; but then is she really parallel with Lowell? She had no opportunity in her cloistered Hampshire life of meeting radicals and idealists; she expended her satire, therefore, on the people she saw and met, and they were all conservatives and conventionalists.

"Perhaps a more promising parallel is Dickens; but then Dickens was a satirist, not of types and temperaments, not of reformers and idealists, or of conservatives and realists, but a satirist of individual eccentricity; he painted gigantic and side-splitting posters, extravagant caricatures of the monthly nurse, of his own sanguine happy-go-lucky father, of the professional humbug with the good bedside manner, of the rascally private schoolmaster; but these broad farces are not photographs of temperament; and only two, out of the four illustrations I have chosen, can, even by a stretch, be described as satires at the expense of conservatism, at the expense of existing institutions and established doctrines.

"The author of *Biglow Papers* was wit, satirist and humorist, yet he expended his wit on the conservatives and realists, not on the idealists of his day; and few seem to belong to his class; and Dickens to belong only partially."

"Humour is mockery at the incongruous; and the incongruous takes two forms broadly, which may be so defined—though in reality they are very different—as to seem alike; there is the incongruity between our theories and our practice, our ideals and our actions; and there is also the incongruity between our ideals and theories on the one hand and the actualities, possibilities and facts of life on the other; has not the difference almost disappeared in this definition, the difference between Plato and Aristophanes great though it be? Plato and Lowell satirize the incongruity of our actions in the light of our principles; Aristophanes the incongruity of our principles in the light of the facts and laws of life; it almost looks as if each humorist had the same thing in view, only that they started from opposite points of view and chose the opposite of the two targets for their respective shafts; one was mocking our faithless



lives, our disloyalty to principle, and the other our high falutin principles, our disregard of facts and life and common sense."

The cultural influence of Principal Hut-ton on Canada through his numerous students is so widespread it cannot be estimated; and this will now be enhanced by his notable books of essays. That he may add to their number is the earnest wish of this reviewer.

JOHN W. GARVIN.

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TOWARD SODOM. By Mabel Dunham. Toronto: Macmillan. \$2.00.

On the postulation that true art is the genuine reflection of the subject treated upon, whether painting, literature or any other form of expression, this new novel by Mabel Dunham must be given a high place among the new Canadian novels because it is a faithful picture of a Canadian community, distinctive in character, although comparatively insignificant, considered on the score of the numerical force of its people.

This book follows up *The Trail of the Conestoga*, which told so graphically of the coming of the Pennsylvania Dutch at the beginning of the last century, to form their settlements in Ontario, the chief of which centres about Kitchener in Waterloo County.

This new tale is of a later generation covering the period from 1850 to 1880. The pioneer log houses and the oxen have disappeared, the bush has receded and substantial homes, schools and all the other attributes of comfortable living have manifested themselves. But the influence of the character-building phase through which their forefathers had passed remains in large degree, although with inevitable concessions to the influence of outside contacts and the social changes involved in Ontario's passing from the pioneer stage to that of ripe settlement.

*Toward Sodom* is the story of a typical Mennonite family—the Horsts—and the manner in which Miss Dunham delineates the characters forming that family, shows a marked degree of advancement in the art of the novelist.

Early in the book she engages the reader's sympathy with Noah Horst because of the manner in which he is pushed out of the home he loves, on the old family homestead, by reason of the selfish ambitions of his wife and her jealousy of Noah's first wife. Dead twenty years, whose grave is hard by.

The story opens with the picture of victory perching upon the banners of Sarah the wife; the final seal is set upon the migration to the farm of her own childhood, that of the old patriarch Bishop Eby, near Ebytown. This sympathy with Noah is accentuated by Sarah's attitude toward her stepson Ezra.

In the throes of his defeat Noah goes out into the night accompanied by Ezra. At this, Sarah became suddenly greatly perturbed, She ran to the window. Just as she expected, there were two dark figures in the garden. They were moving towards the clearing on the hill. "I knew it," she told the family. "Till you've lived with a man twenty years already, you know all the meanness that's in him. He's goin' up there to her grave. It's her he thinks all the time about—her and her Ezra. Me? I could be a post. I have no feelings, he thinks. That's what men are like—widow-men."

"So Sarah was left alone with a sputtering candle and a flood of uneasy, morbid thoughts. Over her features played the unholy passions that possessed her. She fumed; she raged. She clenched her fists and stared wildly into vacancy. 'Nooi! Nooi!' was the burden of her heart; but Noah, she knew, was off pouring out his love and devotion to the wife he should have forgotten for her sake years ago.

"Presently an expression of exultant triumph broke over the countenance of the incensed woman. There was a wicked gleam in her eye. 'He's mine—mine—all mine,' she told herself. 'It goes only a couple of weeks yet, and he's mine. He can't take her to Ebytown. She has to stop back here in Greenbush, alone, forever.'

All the members of the family are interesting, as are the incidental stories of their respective careers as the novel develops and there is a black sheep, Cyrus, the youngest of the family, his mother's pet, who goes wrong with a vengeance. All the others are real people whose characterization reflects distinction upon the novelist. J.M.

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LIZZIE ANNE. By Dora Olive Thompson. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society.

Here is a story that grips. From the first page to the last the interest never flags. It is essentially a girl's book, but girls and boys from eight to eighty will find it thoroughly enjoyable. The opening is powerful. With a rapid pen baby Lizzie Anne and those who influence her life and those whose lives she influences to an even greater extent are vividly portrayed. The stage is Lizzie Anne's home, Cloverlea Farm. The story begins with a charming picture of this "rambling old farmhouse." In a brief descriptive paragraph its appearance at every season of the year is depicted. What an impressive Canadian picture is given in the closing sentence: "But in the snow-bound winter it stood foursquare to the storms, sheltered only by the long wind-break of pine trees which bordered the drive—slender, virile pines they were, stand-

ing straight and strong against the fury of the winter winds."

Lizzie Anne is a delightful child. Even in babyhood she has a striking personality. A thoroughly healthy child, radiating happiness, and as she grows towards womanhood she brings sunlight into all lives with which she comes into contact. There is nothing goody-goody about her. She has a will of her own, a force within her that impels her to do things, and invariably and unostentatiously she acts for the happiness of those about her.

In any story the great essentials are character study and the ethical value of the work. Without a single exception the characters are drawn with a skilful hand. Lizzie Anne, her father, James Macdonald, the Rev. Peter Strong, "Belinda," Mrs. McGinnis and Martha Macdonald are in every way true to life and ably sustained. Martha Macdonald is a powerful creation, a most impressive figure; tall, angular, dour-looking, unsmiling, unresponsive, silently and grimly doing her household duties, and while inwardly feeling strongly, giving no outward sign or expression of that feeling. No more striking character has been portrayed by any Canadian writer.

The book will serve as a spiritual tonic to old and young alike. There is no ostentatious teaching, but as Lizzie Anne goes through life she is a "bringer of happiness," and the reader is filled with a desire to follow her example in the treatment of others. No better young people's book has been written by a Canadian. Every girl, at least, should have a chance to read it and all will find the story "a bringer of happiness."

T. G. MARQUIS.

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PURPLE VAPORS. By C. Ritchie-Bell. Sherbrooke, Que.: Page Printing and Binding Co. 30 cents.

The various subjects dealt with somehow breathe a quiet calm and peace upon the rough places of life's roadway, and they are at times even suggestive of that serenity of soul which is ours to possess in following the vision of our higher idealism. I particularly like Mr. C. Ritchie-Bell's outspoken belief in the Youth of today, and heartily endorse his statement that "if it is given a chance to win out in its own way, there is no doubt of the victory." This book, issued privately by the author, brings a new aspiring Canadian essayist, and we will all want to hear from him again.

LYLIAN E. SLOMAN.

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#### AUTHOR BECOMES EDITOR

Mr. Joseph L. Rutledge, Canadian writer of serials and short stories, has been appointed editor of the *Canadian Magazine*.

DUSTY ANSWER. By Rosamond Lehman. Toronto: Geo. J. McLeod Ltd.

The title, which leaped out at us from the shelf of a Toronto bookshop, is taken from George Meredith's lines:

"Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul  
When hot for certainties in this our life!"

"The title," says one reviewer, "could be improved upon. One wonders what it is all about." To me, the title is the book. I purchased it because I was impressed by the title. Judith gets nothing but 'dusty answers' from life; and how hot she is for certainties.

But the book—ah, the book is to be cherished. It is a gem. Miss Lehmann is possessed of a rare gift of expression, of perception. She is a poet with a poet's way with words. Lovers of distinctive craftsmanship will hug the book to their hearts. "The Book of The Month" adopted it at first sight," says Oliver M. Saylor, who strongly recommends it. *Dusty Answer* is the story of Judith Earle, a youthful philosopher, an idealist whom life "does" to the utmost. We first meet Judith when she is a child; idolizing the children next door. There is a delightful summer. Then the children move away and leave Judith to her dreams. She meets them again before she enters college and they awe her. She says "nice" and "adore" and they regard her quizzically. The men are brutally indifferent and the girl is aloof. Always she sees them. They form her world. She meets them again and they cease to hold terror or anguish. She has grown up. What a way they have of standing together, as if to prevent a stranger from breaking in among them. But she is equal to them now; they are never going to disturb her any more!

Ah, but they do, of course. And into her life comes something of tremendous, calamitous significance, something seemingly poignantly beautiful. That too, passes—leaving her alone, in a no-feeling, no-thought state, "a person whose whole past made one great circle, completed and ready to be discarded." But, after all, she had been stronger than their combined forces.

Reviewers and readers have remarked that the book ends unsatisfactorily, that Judith never gets anywhere. Exactly! Judith goes around in a circle, and a circle has no ending. Every character in the book (impressively delineated), is in love with somebody else. The men are rotters and the two women introduced in the middle of the book are unmentionable. No one, much less Judith, gets anywhere. But the story is not of primary importance. Rather is it the handling, the technique, the magical drow of words that make it remarkable. Truly an astonishing first effort.

L. M. S.



## A NOVEL'S BI-PRODUCTS

Some books interest me because of the author's message, others through their incidental passages. Such a book is Gervase Baronti's *Utharna*. So just now I'll pass up the wonderful new religion it expounds and serve up a few of the delectable asides:

"Jealous people place themselves in another's keeping. . . . To be happy it is necessary to settle down in one's self and realize the imperviousness of one's ego."

Didn't Bacon say something about the same as that—keeping intact a stone wall round about one's self?

And surely Omar Khayyam must some time or other have said something in verse expressing this idea:

"We must do things for our own satisfaction. The 'doing good to others' is the polishing rag, with which we rub up our efforts."

This whole paragraph seems worth reproducing:

"Cold clam boullion arrived. I loathe cold soup. It is so unsympathetic. It is like a cold reception when you are making a first visit. Hot soup, even if indifferent, awakens interest in a dinner. Cooking is an amorous art. It can awaken any emotion. To accomplish the best results one must always know what one's guest will respond to. Courses are all very well, but individuals should be taken into consideration. Some respond to a slender fish lying on green lettuce sprigs. Others bloom under the influence of roast beef. This latter class is given to conventionality. A colorful salad can arouse desires for voluptuous dusk-lined gardens, and thick spicy sauces bring memories of past caresses. Few people like all the courses of a dinner; and if their liking is casual for all, their preference will show somewhere. Personally, I have my men friends classified—the soup, fish, meat and dessert men. Each is different. Certain men can be put in the entree and caviar classes, but they are rare and sometimes undesirable. With a knowledge of fine flattery and the proper selection in dishes any woman can triumph. Style is the whole thing in life. It is the manner in which a thing is done, not the thing itself that counts. It is not a wide range of knowledge that is required, but rather the ability to dress a little knowledge. Some ideas wear their clothes very badly. Others hide their defects with just the right drape."

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"I have never seen a second wife ransacking a first wife's clothes, but I have often imagined such a picture. There would be something futile about it—something

played out and exasperating—like trying to light a fire with wet paper."

\* \* \*

"It is a strange house with the inscrutable visage of an old mandarin. It has the usual courtyard and stone walls. Once inside its high grey walls it pulls the shrubbery about its face like a muffling beard."

I could go on quoting, but these excerpts will suffice to show Baronti's flare for original expressions. J.M.

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SOLDIER BORN. By Conal O'Riordan. London: W. Collins & Sons. 7s 6d.

Many who read Conal O'Riordan's novel, *Young Lady Dazincourt*, must have been a little disappointed in comparing it to his *Adam of Dublin*. However, in *Soldier Born*, his most recent book, he has regained his stride and has written a very entertaining novel.

Naturally, Ireland enters into the story and the tale is of the son of an Irish Guardsman in the time of the Regency and of the various influences that moulded and shaped his destiny.

There is much excellent characterization in the book, especially in the chapters dealing with the heads of the two families who gave David Quinn his parents, and an admirable picture is drawn of the conditions obtaining in the household of the Tyreonnell Quinn where, it seemed, their faith was an integral part of the daily routine.

The story is excellently told and of course the prose is on a satisfactory height. Added to this, Mr. O'Riordan's gift of characterization makes this a novel to be enjoyed.

T.D.R.

\* \* \*

THE BACCHANTE AND THE NUN. By Robert Hichens. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. \$2.00.

There are few of the reading public who have not read and perhaps enjoyed some of Robert Hichens' novels, and his wide circle of readers will be interested in this latest book. His novels, of course, cater to the popular taste, but within these somewhat restricted limits they have a degree of entertainment.

*The Bacchante and the Nun* is a portrayal of a woman of dual character who is torn by conflicting forces that make her stage successes a little hollow. The scenes shift from London to Monte Carlo and Egypt, but the central theme is kept well to the fore and Mr. Hichens has made of Valentine an appealing figure.

The book is not an advance on his previous novels but it is in line with his usual standard and doubtless many will enjoy the story which has the advantage of good craftsmanship. T.D.R.

## THE VIKINGS LIVE AGAIN

By Marcus Adeney

THERE are two ways of approaching the past. The one is characteristic of the nineteenth century (which terminated spectacularly in 1914), the other is becoming more and more clearly representative of our time. It is natural for man to regard his own era, if not as a golden age, then certainly as a consummation of all preceding ages, just as the judgment of all men must be brought before the bar of his own private judgment. The supreme arrogance of these assumptions is lost in the overwhelming fact of their necessity. "For where is truth if there be no self trust?" We do the obvious thing and we make decisions which are obviously for the best. We see wherein our ancestors were short-sighted and failed in their purposes. We cannot detect our own shortcomings. Such simple imperatives governed the making of history books in our young days. I remember how simply trials and difficulties were overcome, the last vestiges of barbarism removed, splendid and just governments established, educational systems perfected, all in the final pages of history. One had the feeling that all men through all the ages had lived and died that we might dwell in our present state of shining perfection. There were at least two objections to all this. No scope was left for progress and as a consequence the human story was robbed of its immediate interest; and it disregarded the indubitable fact, obvious to any schoolboy, that perfection is still far away.

The war broke up that idle dream, and the twentieth century at last endeavoured to reconsider its antecedents. The finest minds of our time have recognized in the Great War a social humiliation involving all the Western world. As we sowed, so did we reap, with a justice impossible for partizan minds to appreciate. Verily was it the hand of the Lord smiting an erring people. But even now the nature of our sin generally escapes recognition. We were self-satisfied and loved to interpret the will of God according to our own interests; we exalted ourselves and our works, happily merging a private in a public vanity. In so far as we are doing this today we invite further calamities. The greater souls struck out for freedom and that larger vision is imperative if we are to make anything worth while out of our complex and spiritually rapid civilization; but first let us seek to understand the past; know how things have

come about as they exist, and learn what lessons we may from the men and women whose lives made possible our own. This new approach to history is made in the spirit of humility instead of condescension. We have blundered grievously. Then let us go for instruction to those who were, perhaps, greater than ourselves in certain particulars. Let us strive to understand the past as we understand the present from the inside; to see how it was then that men, like ourselves, lived and died in their different fashions. So, returning, we may apply a truly constructive criticism to the institutions and the current beliefs of our own time. This may be the greatest contribution the twentieth century has to make to the progress of mankind—the birth of a new and humble spirit of enquiry.

Where does history end and fiction begin, if we would interpret ancient experience imaginatively, from within? Striving to understand how men actually lived, felt, loved and believed, we must clothe the dry bones of old documents in the living flesh of humanity. We must re-live in spirit the life to which records can give us only clues. The past, to be comprehended, must be recreated in the living consciousness of the present. The new history will be spiritually true and indifferent to such literal exactitudes as have no important bearing upon the life of the times. In this sense Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* must be regarded as history rather than fiction; it symbolizes and interprets the life of Russia at a certain period. The time is coming when the barriers which have hitherto divided fact from fancy will be largely cleared away and the story of Man, in whatsoever form it may be told, will properly interest us more than anything in the world.

As a mighty step forward in this new endeavour to know ourselves, we have Laura Goodman Salverson's new novel. Here the spirit of the Norsemen is magnificently revived in the re-telling of a noble tale. Fortunate indeed shall be our greatest men, if, at some future time, a bard be found to sing their praise so eloquently and so veraciously. Here one pauses. Can our softer times breed such heroes as move, resplendent, through these ample pages? Indeed, were ever men so loyal, so noble, so disciplined and clear-headed as Mrs. Salverson would have us believe? "If through the prism of a thousand years our vision of their habits is both dim and scanty," she says, "the fault lies not in them. They were staunch friends, generous sires, loyal husbands, and liberal masters—the truth of this has been too often overshadowed by the tales of their warlike activities." We are soon persuaded, and are the better for that persuasion; for the splendours she

LORD OF THE SILVER DRAGON. By Laura Goodman Salverson. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.00.



describes would be proper to humanity at all times. Leif Ericson, as he is here presented, singularly modern yet a true Norseman, provides us with a link connecting our own aspirations with those of a remote age. To have read this book is almost to have lived among the Norse peoples, as one of them; it is to have undergone a thrilling experience.

From whatever angle it may be regarded, this book calls for superlatives. Was there ever a more exciting story, more richly dramatic, more appealing to a sympathetic imagination? Here is high tragedy with its inevitable implication of fatality, offset by a clear vision of human potentialities; and what profound understanding of the great change implicit in the coming of Christianity! At the last as Lief lay mortally wounded in his gallant ship, *The Silver Dragon*, "he understood that tenderness and pity were not, as Norsemen formerly had thought, the marks of weakness, but evidences of strength. And, watching his faithful men straining at the oars, cheerfully doing whatsoever was theirs to do, he saw them in a new and clearer light. They were not merely hirelings, these stout fellows laughing in the face of toil and hardship, they were human souls like unto himself, and their willing service was, in truth, the visible manifestation of an active universal power working in and through men for the benefit of all. And so, hard on the heels of treason, came to Leif the enheartening revelation of an eternal truth: man, and man only, reveals to his brother the ever active and prevailing love of God."

The yielding of the already ancient and in many ways splendid Norse mythology and codes, before the pressure of a new and only partially comprehended religion is exquisitely described—always in such a way that the story flows without interruption. If there is preaching in this book it is never apparent. Some of the finest passages describe the settlement in Greenland about which little is truly known but much may well be imagined. When the Christianized Thorbjorn journeyed from Iceland to join Eric's colony, the two friends "lost themselves in memories of the past—a kindly past, all golden haze and glory, making a royal stairway to the gates of Valhalla! Many a horn was drained in memory of companions once loved, gone now the way of all flesh. And such is the alchemy of great affection that neither the Shades of Odin's Hall nor the Angels of Paradise were offended by the indiscriminate mingling of saint and sinner in the minds of these two loyal old friends. Christian and heathen hobnobbed there with cheerful equanimity, and, no whit affected, each slipped back into the shadows of his blessed Elysium."

THE BOOK OF ULTIMA THULE. By Archibald MacMechan. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. \$2.00.

It is probable that during the sixty years of Confederation, Nova Scotia of all the Canadian provinces, has felt the least satisfied. The National Policy's effect on trade with the New England States may have been the chief cause of this, but there has been a general feeling that the other provinces did not care much what happened to the Maritimes. Recently the Duncan Report and other evidences of a sincere regard on the part of sister provinces, have warmed the hearts of Nova Scotians and they are responding with loyalty and affection. This is as it should be.

Dr. Archibald MacMechan, Professor of English Language and Literature in Dalhousie University, is a son of Ontario, long resident in Halifax. He is a writer of distinction, with a lucid prose style of classical purity, who has done and is doing much to educate Canadians to a fuller and truer understanding of what Nova Scotia has meant to the Dominion. His latest volume, *Ultima Thule*, tells us many things that should be known in every schoolroom in Canada. Here are a few of the facts: The first Legislative Assembly, elected in this country, convened in Halifax in 1758. The first native literary man to win international fame was Judge Haliburton. The first orator of international repute was Joseph Howe. Nova Scotia has given three prime ministers to Canada—Thompson, Tupper and Borden—and to Canadian Universities seven Presidents: Dawson to McGill; Grant and Gordon to Queen's; Ross, Forrest and Mackenzie to Dalhousie; and Falconer to Toronto. The founder of the world-known Cunard Line of steamships was Samuel Cunard, a merchant of Halifax. "Nova Scotia had the first newspaper, the first legislature, the first provincial history, the first famous writer, the first literary movement in what is now Canada; and this primacy must needs be secure for all time," says the author.

There are delightful chapters on such themes as "My Townswoman of the Olden Time," "A Day in Dolcefur," "Afoot in Ultima Thule," "By a Summer Sea," "Lindens," "Nova Scarcity," "The Orchards of Ultima Thule," etc., and several chapters of historical value.

MacMechan is doing his native land and his adopted province a splendid service. In that eastern land by the sea he is discovering treasures more valuable than those hidden by Captain Kidd, and is displaying their beauty and effectiveness with rare artistic skill.

JOHN W. GARVIN.

**YVON TREMBLAY.** By Louis Arthur Cunningham. Ottawa: The Graphic Publishers Limited.

Can a Canadian writer stay in Canada and live by his pen alone? He can indeed, as Louis Arthur Cunningham will tell you. What is more, he can do it while still in his twenties and even manage to save up enough for a wedding! At any rate, that is the enviable experience of this young author, who has not only disposed of over two hundred stories to Canadian and American magazines, but has written three novels: one of these *Yvon Tremblay*, has just appeared in book form, while the other two—recently written—have already been sold as serials.

So those readers of *Canadian Bookman* who have been following Mr. Cunningham's delightful and informative articles, "Splinters From a Free Lance," can now be sure that he knows whereof he writes, and—unbelievable as it may seem, considering his youth, which he camouflages with a moustache—that he is writing these "Splinters" from his own personal experience.

*Yvon Tremblay* is not one, as its title might suggest, but several character-studies, portrayed with a Dickensian artistry; indeed, Long Gabriel and those two blasphemous old cronies, Moise and Hippolyte, might well have been created by Dickens himself.

The versatility of the author is evident throughout the book. Here and there we see the philosopher; in the skilful unfolding of the plot the writer of detective fiction; and in such paragraphs as the following, we see the poet:

"The night was warm, and bright with moon and many stars, cameos in the dark blue of a cloudless summer sky. The river was a glistening, sinuous thing stretching its great curves across the glamorous dark of the marshes. On the opposite slope of the Valley a writhing worm of light, the train from Upper Canada, stopped for a brief while at Memramcook, slid on past Pont Lefebvre with a faint shriek from its whistle, and vanished among the distant lights of the town of Dorchester."

And here is another vivid picture:

"The night comes fast in Memramcook and a few faint stars had begun to twinkle over the darkening hills around the Beaumont before devotions began in the church at Saint-Joseph. Across the marshes came the music . . . fresh young voices singing in sweet, if untutored, harmony ancient hymns of France that each summer for a hundred years and more had echoed there.

"The peasants' vespéral ended. From the church streamed out the young and the old, the quick and the halt, the fair and the ugly; children squirming through the crowd; old men, gnarled and bent from carrying

mighty loads; round-cheeked girls, laughing and glancing boldly at the boys who loitered about the fence-posts. Here and there, little knots collected, and the priest, just come from the vestry, passed from one to the other."

As a Canadian novel *Yvon Tremblay* seems to stand alone. It refuses to be classed as a Canadian novel of this or that familiar variety. Such influence as shows itself is English rather than American, but the tale bears no resemblance to the modern English novel; it might almost be called a hang-over from the pre-Freudian era of English fiction. Not that the sex-motif is lacking; far from it, for the central theme of the novel is the betrayal of Hermance. But this author does not delving into the obscurities of the Unconscious: he tells a straightforward story of the normal French-Canadian inhabitants of an ordinary Acadia village.

I have refrained purposely from telling you any of the story: that is Louis Arthur Cunningham's task. Likewise, I shall refrain from using superlatives—so common among reviewers—to describe it. I shall merely say: "I liked this first novel by our youngest Canadian novelist immensely, and so, I hope, will you."

x x x

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have come across the following interesting paragraph by Victor Lauriston:

"In 1922, with the appearance of her novel, *Possession*, I unhesitatingly hailed Mazo de la Roche as a coming star in the Canadian literary firmament. The intervening five years have vindicated me. I am equally unhesitant in predicting that the author of *Yvon Tremblay* has in him the makings of an even more notable literary figure. . . . Here at last, is the novelist able to interpret Canada to the world."

It looks as if Mr. Lauriston would be vindicated again.

CONSTANCE DAVIES WOODROW.

\* \* \*

**THE DARK ROAD.** By Harold Bindloss. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

A Bindloss tale not set in Western Canada!

This is the twenty-ninth novel by this author and the setting he has chosen is Central America, with one of its frequent revolutions providing the excitement. Alan Welland, the hero, goes to Central America on a commercial enterprise, but being a born adventurer his exploits keep the reader's interest well sustained. Bindloss knows how to tell a yarn. He is never tedious and in the midst of all the stirring action he develops a double courtship carried out to a highly satisfactory conclusion. The reader in search of entertainment that does not lag will not be disappointed.



# Canadian Authors Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

### Book Week Throughout Canada

#### Alberta

THE Edmonton Branch of the C.A.A. during Book Week secured, as usual, the co-operation of the Library and the schools, and a display of Canadian books was made by the booksellers. No addresses, however, were made this year at the various clubs. The Secretary, Mrs. E. L. Hill, comments: "I am inclined to think that the smallness of the effort this year was due in part to the fact that the members are all very busy people, and also to the fact that the President has had illness in his family."

#### Saskatchewan

Unique and important in the history of Canadian Book Week proceedings in the Dominion was the preparation by the Saskatchewan Government of over 80 colored slides to help make the various programmes interesting. These were loaned, 27 at a time, to any responsible committees in the province who wished to have them. The slides were arranged in groups and included photographs of 20 eminent Canadian writers and pictures of their homes or the scenes of their plots. Fifty members of the Canadian Authors Association, or others interested in Canadian literature, were consulted as to their opinion about who the twenty foremost Canadian poets and novelists are. The result of the voting left the following twenty as the writers considered greatest: C. G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Sir Gilbert Parker, W. H. Drummond, Pauline Johnson, T. C. Haliburton, Ralph Connor, Stephen Leacock, D. C. Scott, Charles Mair, William Kirby, R. W. Service, Louis Frechette, Isabelle Valancy Crawford, Wilson MacDonald, Wilfrid Campbell, F. G. Scott,

R. J. C. Stead, and John Richardson. The department of education prepared lecture material about each of these writers and these papers were loaned at the same time as the slides. The slides and lecture matter were arranged in three sections, so that three towns could have the lectures the same night, each one dealing with six or seven of the writers; the other sections were secured at later dates until the whole series of three lectures had been presented in a place. Extracts from the writings of each author were included in the lecture pages. Living authors were consulted about the photographs, biographical facts and the extracts, and in each case their approval was given.

By the co-operation of the Saskatchewan Branch of the Canadian Authors Association with the press of the province, the teachers, the Department of Education, and many other organizations, more than 100 Canada Book Week programmes were offered. Chapters of the Eastern Star, all librarians, the I.O.D.E. and the Rebekahs were behind a good many of the Book Week programmes. The Canadian Daughters' League, the W. C.T.U., the Women's Labor League, school societies, literary clubs and the bookstores had a share in the success which the celebration had in Saskatchewan.

One of the last of the Book Week programmes in Regina was arranged by the North Side W.C.T.U., of which Mrs. H. G. Andrews is president. Mrs. Helen Prouse was convener of the committee in charge, while Mrs. R. O. Dunlop lent her home for the gathering which was attended by forty members. The poetry of Archibald Lampman, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, and a number of younger writers was

discussed. The members proposed studying ten Canadian novels during the coming year to form the themes of speeches at their 1928 celebration.

The Saskatchewan Literary Association, with headquarters near the western boundary of the province, helped to promote Book Week affairs. The main purpose of the society is to encourage original literary effort, and they endeavor also to help lovers of literature keep in friendly touch with one another.

Mrs. E. L. Storer and Mrs. W. G. Ross were the C.A.A. members in charge of the Book Week activities in Moose Jaw, and many neighboring towns. There the press, the book-stores, the librarian, the educational folk, the Gyro Club, the Eastern Star and church clubs assisted in making the public acquainted with the home writers.

At Regina Beach, Principal Fertney gave a lecture on Canadian writers. More than sixty book lovers attended the Canadian Authors Night at Caron under the O. E. S.

#### Manitoba

Some very fine editorials on Book Week appeared in the Winnipeg daily papers, as well as a number of articles in the Manitoba weekly papers.

At a number of Teachers' Conventions reference was made to Canadian literature, and in the case of two of the Conventions separate papers were given on that particular topic.

Several radio addresses on Canadian literature were delivered. Those who spoke were Professor Crawford, Professor Kirkeconnell, Professor Allison, Dr. John Maclean and Mr. E. K. Marshall.

The ministers of the city and the larger towns were all asked to make special reference to Book Week either by preaching on the benefits and delights of books, or making some reference to the desirability of cultivat-

ing good literary taste. Quite a number of the preachers had special Sunday topics.

The larger stores of Winnipeg had a special display during the week. This was particularly true of Russell-Langs; the T. Eaton Company and Hudson's Bay. Some of these displays were very fine indeed.

#### Western Ontario

An interesting address, in celebration of Book Week, was given by the Public Librarian, Mr. R. E. Crouch, to the Rotary Club of London. In view of all the difficulties that this Branch has had to contend with, it was impossible to do more at this time.

#### Toronto

The President of the Branch was able to arrange this year for addresses to be given in practically all the colleges and high schools of Toronto and in several private and boarding schools and colleges.

Among those who spoke on Canadian writers and letters in the Normal School, Collegiates and High Schools were John W. Garvin, J. W. L. Forster, C. W. Jefferys, A. E. S. Smythe, Fred Jacob, Wilson MacDonald, Florence Randall Livesay, and John M. Elson.

Mrs. Livesay took charge of the arrangements for the private and boarding schools and reports that she found the keenest possible interest manifested by the students in the work of Canadian writers. Requests were made by several principals for Canadian lists from which books might be selected for prizes. Those who spoke were Florence Randall Livesay, Miss G. C. M. White, Miss Louise Rorke and J. W. L. Forster.

In addition to these addresses Mrs. Livesay also addressed the young people of Bathurst United Church and the Junior Council of Jewish Women, and John M. Elson spoke before the University Women's Club the



Canadian Literature Club and the Sixty Club of Men.

Further, considerable support was given by two or three of the newspapers. *The Globe* in its book page carried a notice written by Mr. M. O. Hammond. In the department on education, references were made to Canadian literature, etc., by Dr. E. A. Hardy. W. A. Deacon had a good article in his book section in *Toronto Saturday Night*.

### Ottawa

Book Week is an established institution in the education of young French Canadians of Ottawa. Prizes are offered every year. This year the themes for essays in the competition included an appreciation of Cremazie, whose centenary will soon be celebrated, an account of the present state of Canadian letters, French and English, and a study of the essayist's favorite poet. The separate schools of the city, also several convent schools, and Ottawa University, took part in this competition. The time for submitting essays closed on November 20th, and prizes will be distributed the week before Christmas. The work was in charge of Dr. Jules Tremblay and Mr. A. Belanger, M.L.A.

On the English side, similar competitions were arranged for the pupils of the two Collegiate Institutes of Ottawa. The subject was presented in addresses to the pupils before the opening of Book Week, the speakers being Mr. Lloyd Roberts, president of the Ottawa Branch, and Mr. Robert J. C. Stead. The subjects for essays were: What Canadian Literature Means to Canada; Have We a Distinctive Literature? Why We Should Read Canadian Books; My Favorite Canadian Author; My Favorite Canadian Book; Our Ottawa Writers. Book prizes were offered for successful essayists, and the competition was keen. Several of the leading booksellers made special displays of Cana-

dian books, and in their advertisements emphasized the importance of these works.

### Montreal

One of the outstanding features of Book Week in Montreal was the *Montreal Gazette's* special edition with four pages given to carefully prepared articles on Canadian literature. This has been the practice of the *Gazette* for some years, and its sympathetic attitude to Canadian writers is highly appreciated.

### New Brunswick

The newly created New Brunswick Branch made a beginning at Canadian Book Week with window displays of Canadian books and a public meeting in the Admiral Beatty Hotel, with addresses by Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts, Dr. George Frederick Clark, Rev. Canon H. A. Cody and others.

### Nova Scotia

The Nova Scotia Branch of the C.A.A. had a number of attractive posters printed and mailed copies to all booksellers and colleges in Nova Scotia. The *Chronicle* published a Canadian Book Week page, to which Dr. MacMechan, the President of the Nova Scotia Branch of the C.A.A., contributed an article of about three columns, which included short reviews of some of the newer Canadian books. The two leading book stores carried advertisements on this page and also had special window displays.

### Universities

In connection with Book Week, the National Secretary, Dr. E. A. Hardy, was instructed to write to the heads of departments of English of the Universities in Canada. This was done. Two very interesting and encouraging replies were received, viz., from the University of Montreal and from Dalhousie University. These replies were as follows:

"In answer to the request contained in your letter dated 26th ult., for helping the Canadian Authors Association, by devoting one of my lectures during the last full week of October, on the subject of Canadian Literature, I shall gladly utilize some of my time on the selected day, on behalf of the cause which is so near to our hearts.

WM. H. ATHERTON,

Professor of English Literature."

"I will do more than you request in your circular letter of September 26th; I will give two lectures on Canadian Literature, in the regular way of business. For the past few years, I have had a regular elective course in Canadian Literature known officially as 'English 8, Literary Movements in Canada,' with an attendance of between thirty and forty.

A. MacMECHAN."

## BRANCH REPORTS

### Halifax

The Canadian Authors Association held its first meeting of the season on Friday, October 28th, at the home of Mrs. Charles Archibald, Inglis street. Although the weather was not propitious, the meeting was a most enjoyable one. Dr. MacMechan, Vice-President of the Branch, presided.

It was decided to send a letter of congratulation to the newly formed St. John Branch, a move which received the hearty support of the members.

The President, Dr. MacMechan, had brought with him for discussion several of the new books by Canadian authors, notably the much-talked-of *Jalna*, by Miss Mazo de la Roche, the famous ten thousand dollar prize story that was awarded first place over twelve hundred other competitors in *The Atlantic Monthly* competition.

Canadian Book Week was discussed

and the Secretary, Mr. W. T. Allen, stated that the Association had printed posters, one of which had been sent to Acadia, and another to Dalhousie University, announcing Canadian Book Week. Dr. MacMechan reported having given a radio talk on the subject, and Mr. Allen said that there would be a page on Canadian Authors in the *Chronicle* shortly.

The most interesting contribution of the evening was the report of the annual reunion of the Canadian Authors Association at Ottawa in June last, read by Miss Juanita O'Connor, who was the representative of the Halifax Branch on that occasion. Apart from the interest in the report itself was the suggestion made at the convention that the Association meet in Halifax in 1929. By that time there will be ample hotel accommodation for the members and it was felt that their coming would be a move in the right direction in so far as Halifax was concerned.

A letter was read by Dr. MacMechan relating to the criticism of the original manuscripts of the members. It has been the custom of the members to criticize the works of their fellow-members at each meeting, these works being read, not by their author, but by a reader for the evening, so that the identity of the writer was not disclosed. This letter suggested that copies of these manuscripts be sent to certain official critics some days before each meeting, thus giving these critics time to form a judgment on them. In addition to this there would be free criticism by the meeting as in the past.

Dr. MacMechan then reviewed four interesting books: *Jalna*, by Mazo de la Roche; *The Canadian Scene*, by Charlesworth; *Stand to Your Work*, by Harris, and *Toward Sodom*, by Miss Mable Dunham.

A letter was read from Miss Helen Creighton, asking for a transfer to the Ottawa Branch of the Association.



Miss Helen O'Connor, who had accompanied the delegates to the National Convention, was elected as a member of the Halifax Branch.

#### Edmonton

Mr. W. V. Newson, a member of the Edmonton Branch, is having a second Chap Book published by the Ryerson Press. It is entitled, *Waifs of the Mind*. Copies will be on the market in a few days.

In a book of poems entitled *The Anthology of Cities*, compiled by Alice Hunt Bartlett of the *Poetry Review*, four sonnets by Jennie Stork Hill (Mrs. E. L. Hill, Secretary of the Edmonton Branch) are included, two being on Edmonton, one on Calgary, and one on Prince Rupert, B.C.

#### Victoria and Islands Branch

The first meeting of the autumn season, held by the Victoria and Islands branch, C.A.A., at Victoria College, took the form of a memorial meeting in honor of the memory of Charles Mair, beloved Dean of Canadian Literature, who had recently passed away in Victoria. Mr. Donald A. Fraser, President of the branch, read an interesting and instructive paper on the life and works of Dr. Mair, while a number of other members recounted anecdotes, or little personal reminiscences of the veteran poet and pioneer.

At a meeting held on October 13th the Branch had as guests Mr. John H. Regan, recently come from Edmonton to make his home in Victoria; and Mr. Walter Macraye, well known as a speaker and writer on Canadian subjects. Mr. Regan gave a short description of how he came to write his first book, *Valiant Heart*, which was brought out in England during the last year by Hutchinson & Co., and Mr. Donald Fraser read several chapters from the book, which is a very gripping story of life on a western farm. Mr. Macraye then spoke

briefly on Canadian Literature, reciting most delightfully several poems by Drummond, and Marjorie Pickthall. Mr. Oswyn Boulton afterwards read an original one-act play.

On November 10th, at a meeting held in the Alexander Club, the branch had as principal speaker, Miss Ethel Bruce, of the editorial staff of the *Victoria Colonist*, who gave a delightful address on Journalism. An informal discussion followed. During the evening Mr. John H. Regan told of having that day received from England the news that his second book, *The End of the Furrow*, was just off the presses.

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#### LEAGUE OF WESTERN WRITERS

Poets, novelists, dramatists, short story writers, penmen and penwomen of all descriptions, from the western States, Canada and Mexico, spent a couple of days together at Seattle the first of October talking over every phase of the writer's art. Mrs. Bertha Landes, mayor of Seattle, the governor of the state, and the president of the university graced the gathering by their presence.

It was decided to organize a League of Western Writers, and recognizing that literature knows no boundary lines, the convention included Canada and Mexico in the organization. A. M. Stephen, Vancouver, poet and novelist, was chosen to represent Western Canada on the League executive committee. Mr. Stephen gave an address at the Seattle convention, on Canadian writers and their work. He was also the guest of honor at a luncheon arranged by the Canadian Club of Seattle and again gave an address on the literature of his homeland.

The purpose of the new and important movement is to develop a distinctive Western culture. The League's first convention will be held early in 1928 at one of the Pacific Coast cities.

# The Collector

**A**NNOUNCEMENT is made from Montreal that Dr. Casey A. Wood, an authority on birds, has acquired two rare books for the McGill University library. One of these, *The Ornithology of Francis Willughby*, London, 1678, was presented to Samuel Pepys, the diarist, by John Ray, a fellow member of the Royal Society. The other book is Conrad von Megenberg's *Das Buch de Nature*, and is thought to be the first printed book to contain colored illustrations. This was printed in 1478, and is a second edition of a work which appeared first in 1475, dealing with animals, and illustrated with curious woodcuts.

\* \* \*

Lathrop C. Harper, New York, sends an important catalogue of books and pamphlets relating to the American Revolution (No. 153) some 250 items, many of them of the utmost rarity, connected with or bearing on that event being offered therein. The most important item in the Catalogue is Lewis Evans' *Geographical, Historical, Political, Philosophical and Mechanical Essays*, both parts in one volume, Philadelphia, 1755-6, of excessive rarity, especially with the genuine folding map, which in this copy has been backed with linen in sections (priced \$150). This work, from the detailed title as given in the catalogue, should be of importance to the Canadian collector, interested in the early days of this country, as the second part contains a reply to "Objections to those parts of Evans' General Map and Analysis which relate to the French Title to the Country, on the North-West side of St. Laurence (sic) River, between Fort Frontenac and Montreal." Another important item offered is Jas. Murray's *An Impartial History of the Present War in America*, 3 vols., London (1778-80), the first edition, which was published in numbers, the blue wrappers, both back and front, being bound up in their proper places (priced \$300.)

\* \* \*

Louis Laurin, Ottawa, in a "Catalogue of Books consisting mostly of Canadiana and Americana" (No. 5), offers an unusually important assemblage of Canadian books, some which might be named being: A complete set of Oregon and North-West Mission Reports, 21 vols., bound in 4, with original wrappers, Quebec, 1839-74 (priced \$115); a complete and perfect file of the *Annales de la propagation de la Foi*, 141

vols., in original printed wrappers, Montreal, 1877-1923 (priced \$250), J. B. B. Bolduc's *Mission de la Colombie*, Quebec (1843), very rare, the larger part of the edition having been burned in the printer's office (priced \$125); Lawrence L. Burpee's *The Search for the Western Sea*, London, 1908, (priced \$35); F. X. Garneau's *Voyage en Angleterre et en France, dans les Annes, 1831, 1832, et 1833, Quebec, 1855* only 9 copies known (priced \$25); *Histoire de John Hart, Insigne Voleur, Exécute a Quebec le 10 Novembre, 1626, pour Vol Sacrilege dans l'Église Cathédrale Catholique de Quebec*, 8 pages (Quebec) 1827, not mentioned in Gagnon or Dionne (priced \$50); *Report from The Select Committee on the Hudson Bay Company*, London, 1857, (priced \$50); L. R. Masson's *Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest*, 2 vols., Quebec, 1889-1890, in original wrappers (priced \$30); *Rituel du Diocèse de Quebec*, Paris 1703, with signature of Jean François, Evêque de Quebec, on title page, and once the property of Jean Baptiste Herbert, D.D., consecrated Bishop of Quebec in 1786 (priced \$40).

\* \* \*

The 40 volumes in which David Thompson, greatest of geographers and cartographers, recorded his journeyings and explorations in Canada during the years 1789 to 1812, as is well known to students, are in Toronto. Most of the volumes are in the possession of the Ontario Archives, and photostate copies are now being made of them. They are commercial ledgers of foolscap size, each containing 100 pages, covered, with true Scotch economy, in the finest handwriting, the ink of which has now largely faded. They are in the main the notebooks of a scientist, containing much meteorological and other data, and including vocabularies of Indian dialects, etc, but they also contain information and records of the greatest importance and interest. J. B. Tyrrell, of Toronto, himself a famous geographer, according to a recent newspaper article, discovered the journals in question in the Ontario Crown Lands Department, more than forty years ago, and thereby rescued Thompson from oblivion, though how the journals came into the possession of the Department was not explained. Mr. Tyrrell, stirred by this discovery, according to the article referred to, visited the great explorer's widow, and rescued from mice



and second-hand book stores more Thompson manuscripts, and also came into possession of his connected narrative compiled from the terse daily jottings in his notebooks. This Mr. Tyrrell edited in 1916 under the auspices of the Champlain Society in a handsome volume of limited circulation, a copy of which sold lately in Seattle for \$100.

\* \* \*

The announcement comes from Ann Arbor, Mich., that a collection of manuscripts tracing in official records of the day the British story of the War of the American Revolution are to be placed permanently in the W. L. Clements library of the University of Michigan. They are the papers of Lord George Germain, British Secretary of the State of the Colonies during the War of the Revolution, and they were purchased by Mr. Clements, a regent of the University, from Mrs. Stopford-Sackville, present owner of the Germain home in Northamptonshire. The papers constitute the virtual record of the British War Office during the Revolution. Half of the manuscripts comprise reports and letters written by Burgoyne, Cornwallis, Clinton, Howe, and lesser officials in America to their chief, Lord Germain, and his replies to them.

\* \* \*

Thomas J. Brophy, founder of the Cambridge Book Store in Quebec, died in that city on October 16 in his 60th year. Mr. Brophy possessed a wide knowledge of books, a fact which was recognized by leading publishers of Canada, who often had recourse to him for information concerning particular editions of books on a great variety of subjects. A striking tribute to his ability in this connection was paid him in 1919, when he was declared by *The New York Times Book Review* to be "one of the five leading book authorities in Canada."

\* \* \*

An old Toronto second hand book dealer whose passing has caused regret is William Johnston, who died at his home in that city on September 25, in his 81st year. Mr. Johnston, who carried on the Dominion Book Store, on Yonge Street, for more than forty years, retiring in 1922, never issued catalogues, but many a book hunter spent many an hour burrowing through the masses of books which crowded the shelves and were piled on the floors of his store.

\* \* \*

A catalogue (No. 93) of second-hand books on travel, Part II. (Occidental: Africa, Asia, Europe and Australia), and rare Americana and other views, comes from Henry Sotheran & Co., London, and, as is hardly necessary to say, includes an interesting assemblage of Canadiana. Among other items which might be mentioned are the following, viz: Line engraving, *Louisburg*

*in North America. View taken when the city was Besieged in 1758, drawn on the spot by Capt. Ince, 35th Regiment, by P. Canot, £21; two colored aquatints, Montmorenci Falls and View on the St. Ann's or Grand River, by J. W. Edy after G. B. Fisher, 1796, £18 18s; colored line-engraving, Prospect des Haupt Places des Untern Stadt zu Quebec, by Francois Haberman, Augsburg (c. 1780), £3 3s; colored line-engraving, Quebec; eine stadt in Nord-America, in Canada, an den lincken Ufer des Flusses se Laureenz, by Balth. Frederic Leizelt, Augsburg (c1770), £3 3s; A. L. S., Earl Grey, Brighton, March 30, 1837, on Canadian affairs, 3 pp., £4 4s.; do, April 7, 1837, marked "private," respecting Canada at the abolition of the Legislative Council, £3 3s.; do, (1845), respecting the Duke of Wellington's proposals as to the "amount of force to be maintained in Canada," £2 2s.; do, July 30, 1846, marked "private," respecting the military forces in Canada and discussing Lord Elgin's appointment as Governor-General of Canada, £2 10s.; holograph Ms. draft of statement, or resolution, by Lord John Russe'l in connection with Canadian affairs (1837), 2 pp., £3 3s.; H. Y. Hind's *Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula*, 1863, 2 vols. £3 10s.; official Ms. of Charles Jenkinson, first Earl of Liverpool, relative to the native Indians of Newfoundland, 1789, II½ pp., folio, £7 7s.; *Wild Flowers of Nova Scotia*, 12 handcolored lithographs, drawn from nature by Maria Morris, with 4 pp. of descriptions, no title page and some inscriptions at foot of plates cut into, Halifax and London (c. 1840), £5 5s.*

\* \* \*

The manuscript of Oscar Wilde's play, *The Duchess of Padua*, believed by collectors to have been lost or destroyed, has, through a trick of circumstances, come to light in New York. It comprises 226 pages in Wilde's exquisite hand writing, only slightly yellowed by the 44 years which have passed since Wilde penned them in Paris.

\* \* \*

A copy of the first issue of the first edition of Thomas Gray's *An Elegy Wrote in a Country Church Yard*, London, 1751, was sold for \$4,900 at the auction of books and autographs from the library of Jerome Kern, the composer, at the Anderson Galleries in New York City on November 4. A set of first editions of the three volumes of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* brought \$4,200; a copy of the rare trial edition of *The Hanging Judge*, a drama by Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny Van de Grift, sold for \$1,250 and a copy of Dicken's *The Cricket on the Hearth*, presented by the writer to a friend, Joseph Valkenberg, brought \$1,075.

THE COLLECTOR.

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# The Graphic Publishers Limited

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Poetry Number, 1927

The  
CANADIAN  
BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature  
and the Creative Arts*  200 a year 25¢ a copy

Vol. IX.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1927

No. 12



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

*125 Simcoe Street*

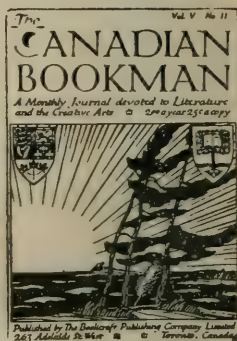
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*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office: 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. IX., No. 12

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1927

25c a Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

By Myrtle Patterson

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY, of Vancouver, British Columbia, is a glowing personality. She has always put her writing second to living. The poems, stories and plays, which have won recognition for her in Canada, the United States and England, have been the overflow from a life brimming full of rich human experiences.

Mrs. Mackay has lived in Vancouver since 1909, but she was born and educated in Woodstock, Ontario. Her father was Donald Macleod Macpherson, of Scottish stock, and her mother was Priscella Ecclestone, born in England. It was in Ontario that Mrs. Mackay began the study of Canadian life, in its transition from pioneering into modern days, which resulted last year in *Blencarrow*, her latest novel. It was in Woodstock, too, that Mrs. Mackay wrote verse and short stories for various American and Canadian periodicals. Her first "book" was a slight volume of verse, *Between the Lights*, now out of print.

Coming to British Columbia in 1909, Mrs. Mackay has made Vancouver her own. She loves even the fog of the Pacific Coast city and her poems, "Wet Weather," "Down at the Docks," and "The Sleeping Beauty," have been inspired by picturesque aspects of the western "story city." She has lived for years in a

squarely-built, comfortable home, whose back windows face the North Shore Mountain peaks and the harbor waters below. Her workroom is in the attic at the top of the house and, with its rag rugs, chintz curtains and its low sloping ceiling, it is a snug refuge, especially when the Vancouver rains patter on the roof. There are colorful rhyme sheets and posters on the walls and here and there are many autographed photographs of writer friends. A large manuscript box has a place under the eaves. Mrs. Mackay does her writing at a flat table, under a shaded lamp. She writes her first draft in pencil, reserving the typewriter for the final copy.

Mrs. Mackay's achievements have never been taken seriously by her daughters, especially during their school years. Janet, indeed, regards them as an affliction. When one of her mother's poems was placed recently in a new British Columbia reader, Janet referred to it mournfully. "They'll take you up," she told her mother, "and they'll ask me to describe you. Mummy, it's nice for you, but it's awfully hard on me!"

Mrs. Mackay's book of children's verse, *The Shining Ship*, has been compared by Dr. J. D. Logan and Donald G. French to R. L. Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verse*. In *Highways of Canadian Literature*



they say: "In fact, what Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verse* is to English literature, Isabel Ecelestone Mackay's *A Shining Ship, and Other Poems*, is to Canadian literature."

Mrs. Mackay's first serious venture was *The House of Windows*, published in 1912 by the House of Cassell, London, England. It was followed a few years later by *Up the Hill and Over*. During the interval between this book and *Mist of Morning*, George H. Doran brought out in the United States the delightful edition of *The Shining Ship*, for which Thelma Cudlipp did illustrations in color. Excerpts from *The Shining Ship* are used in many school text books and silent readers. Mrs. Mackay excels in her children's verse: the Peter Pan in her temperament enables her to see through the children's eyes the beauty and wonder of the world about them.

*Mist of Morning* is the only one of Mrs. Mackay's novels which is connected with war-time in Canada. *The Window-Gazer* is her only novel with a British Columbia setting. In *Fires of Driftwood*—the name resulting from the many pleasant evenings spent by Mrs. Mackay and her family and friends around driftwood fires at their Boundary Bay camp—her poems were collected and their lyric beauty and deft imagery attracted a wide new reading public.

Two poems with historic themes, "Marguerite de Roberval" and "The Passing of Cadieux," each won for Mrs. Mackay first place in the Toronto *Globe's* prize-poem competition for Canadian historical poems.

Apart from her poetry Mrs. Mackay's best work has been done in fiction. In this sphere she has shown a steady and marked advance, each novel displaying finer craftsmanship, deeper knowledge of psychology, and a greater power of emotional control.

Mrs. Mackay believes that there is a future for dramatic writing in Can-

ada, that the field is just developing. She has already attained a high place among Canadian playwrights with her one-act plays. *The Second Lie* was produced at Hart House, Toronto, and by the Players' Club of the University of British Columbia. The text of the play is now included in the recently published volume of Hart House Plays. Subsequently *The Changeling* was produced at the Hart House Summer School and *Matches* was played first by the Little Theatre of Vancouver. In 1926 *Treasure*, a one-act play, won the All-Canada I.O. D.E. competition award and its text has been published separately by Samuel French, New York. The same company has just announced publication of *The Last Cache*, which formed part of the 1927 bill of Canadian plays at Hart House. Mrs. Mackay's newest play, *Two Too Many*, won the third prize of \$250 this year in an open competition for three-act plays, promoted by the Penn Publishing Co. of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Mackay is past vice-president for British Columbia, of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and past president of the British Columbia section of the Canadian Authors Association.

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

##### Poetry:

*Between the Lights*, 1904.  
*The Shining Ship*, 1918.  
*Fires of Driftwood*, 1922.

##### Fiction:

*The House of Windows*, 1912.  
*Up the Hill and Over*, 1917.  
*Mist of Morning*, 1919.  
*The Window Gazer*, 1921.  
*Blencarrow*, 1926.

##### Plays:

*Treasure*, 1926.  
*The Cache*, 1927.

## The Art Students' League

LAST spring, after only a year of training, a group of young Toronto artists broke away from traditional methods of learning and formed the Art Students' League. These students felt that time and energy were being wasted in the school routine. They wanted to paint what interested them outdoors without preliminary training in black and white. And that is exactly what they did. While other students were at school they were spending the lovely warm autumn days painting among the Caledon hills. The League's headquarters and residence is at 4 Grange Road, where during the winter, students will use the studios. These young people realize the necessity of being guided by older artists and receive criticism from Yvonne McKague, A. Y. Jackson and Arthur Lismer, as well as from each other. They are very eager and have already given a creditable exhibition of their work. Their painting is spontaneous and colorful, and anything but academic. If there is a certain crudity of expression, it is not surprising when one considers the short time they have been working. Many of the pictures show promise and the experiment will be watched with interest.

\* \* \*

The work of two more Canadian artists becomes international. They are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Armington, who were both born in Ontario. Frank Armington was born at Fordwich and educated in Toronto where he began his art studies, and Mrs. Armington (Caroline Helena Wilkinson) is from Brampton. The French government has recently bought a painting of Mr. Armington's, Coach and Horses Inn, England, and an etching of Orleans Cathedral by his wife. These pictures will hang in the Luxembourg Galleries.

When the Royal Academy was founded in England in 1769, two women, Angelica Kaufman and Mrs. Mosher, were among the original members. Since that time the Society has been exclusively masculine. And now after 158 years Mrs. Laura Knight has been elected an associate member. Mrs. Knight is internationally recognized as one of the strong, modern English painters. Her vital work should be a stimulus to the many women who fill the art schools and later leave the professional field to men.

\* \* \*

## HAYNES ART GALLERY

The new Haynes Art Gallery, 87 King Street East, Toronto, opened with a large exhibition from the Cooling Galleries of London, England. In this collection it is interesting to compare an early picture of Frank Brangwyn's with one of his recent canvases. The latter is mural in treatment and beautiful in color, fulfilling the promise foretold in the older realistic painting. There is a picture of mountain tops at Simplon Pass, by Sargent, and some fine painting of our own Rockies by Leonard Richmond. Very beautiful is the way W. Russell Flint has suggested the stretch of damp sand in "The End of the Beach." Dudley Hardy has captured the spirit of the East in three pictures of cloudless sky and sand and colorful bazaars. The exhibition includes some of the Dutch masters, French, and such older English painters as Israels, Blommer and Chrome.

\* \* \*

## BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

The American Institute of Graphic Arts has selected the most beautiful books of 1926 for the annual exhibition that has just opened at the Art Centre in New York. It is to be hoped that there will be a similar exhibition in Canada next year.



# Splinters From a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

## X.—INSPIRATION

WHAT does one write out of a blue sky? Out of a state of mind across the horizon of which no cloud-ideas sail; not even the tiniest puff of a cloud? I've often wondered, and marvelled still more when the clouds appear. Do they appear, or does one summon them, conjure them up by thinking? It is bitter to confess that inspiration is for the most part to be won only "with a club." That seems to contradict the very signification of the word—a breathing in of some divine spirit that possesses us and moves us to great things.

But men like Balzac, like Dickens and Scott were anything but creatures of inspiration. They were toilers; inspiration—and there really is such a thing—could not have lasted through those long, stupendously long novels of theirs. Scott, you know, simply had to grind out *Waverley*. Do you think inspiration came to him when around him loomed spectres of ruin and disaster? Dickens sweated blood for his inspiration—hours and hours, days and days, mulling over a paragraph, a page. Thackeray, scribbling here, there and everywhere, was not inspired. He just thought and wrote down what he thought, whether it was interesting or merely boring. But he lasts.

Hard thinking makes good writing. I, for one, am always afraid of an "inspired" idea. I always have the notion that there's a catch in it somewhere, that it has tricked me, that it's as uncertain as its origin and may, as often happens, prove to be just a dud. But when hours of thinking, thinking, thinking, get you around the difficult corner of an idea—ah, there's the real thrill of this writing business! When things hopelessly involved clear up, when a character didn't seem to know his destiny and

suddenly does something decisive for you—that's great. You simply rejoice and feel a sensation that is god-like. You worked for it, you were in labor for it and felt the pangs of parturition—and it came, was born into the world.

I wonder if there are any works that are purely of inspiration. In short poetry it could be so. But pure inspiration means that the whole piece sprang full-blown in its author's mind. There are far more mechanics to poetry than to prose, the thought must be molded to the exigencies of metre and rhyme. Seemingly, inspiration should come better in prose than in poetry. I question that it does; inspired prose is, after all, poetry.

And where place the line dividing the inspired from the uninspired? Every work is in a sense inspired. There is some click, some ecstasy of the mind at the moment a real idea is conceived. But the conception of an idea is to be distinguished from inspiration, I think, as objective is from subjective. From seeing a peculiar event, hearing an unusual incident one conceives very often the germinal idea which is amplified into a story. But that is not inspiration. It springs from you and sometimes may be traced to the state of the liver.

Seriously, inspiration is rare in the life of the average writer. The prolific author of fiction begins to doubt that there is such a thing. Analysis will place any story into some one of four or five categories. There's an appalling basic sameness. And the whole art of the writer is to cover up the old bones with new flesh and make the body do different tricks or the same tricks in a varied way. Editors will tell you they buy the same plot ten times over in the run of the year, and are glad to do it. But each time it's viewed from a different

vantage point, its characters fight their same problems in an unusual way or fight them the same way to a different outcome. But there's nothing new, strange or startling in the relations of man to man, to women, to himself. No; not nearly so many variations or combinations as you get out of the seven notes of the scale or the chessmen.

In character-drawing, of course, it's different. No end of variety there. But, unfortunately, modern commercial writing, by which is meant writing to sell, is largely a matter of plot. The plot should be air-tight—that's a favorite invariable rule of some editors I know, who are otherwise rather decent fellows. But just send them a yarn that doesn't "get somewhere" and see how promptly they fall upon you. Yet you may have drawn a character as lovable as Samivel Veller, as repulsive as Quilp, as human as Arthur Pendennis or Alan Breck Stuart.

Which goes to show that inspiration is not to be relied upon if any wolves are camping on your stoop. But lack of inspiration does not exclude art. Rather, it makes more room for art, since it requires good artistry to cover up the lack of divine fire. Nothing revolts me more than the framework of a story. Poe, in one of his essays, voices that same reaction even to the finished product. Those who read, he says in substance, are like those who sit before the well-set stage, watch the well-drilled actors play their parts and speak in graceful tones their lines. But, *di immortales*, behind that stage are props and struts and ropes and cranks; each move of player cost sweat and irritation and labor; each line was painfully memorized and to the creator the whole business is a propped-up, plastered, artificial thing that he has no illusions about, whatever. The writer looks at his work like that and when the uninitiated speak of inspir-

ation he flies to profanity or silent bitterness. Inspiration—why, it was agony; thought out laborously, written flowingly and falsely or slowly and painfully; requiring erasures, alterations, additions, deletings, consulting of dictionaries, books on dogs, fish and birds and there were meals in between—and, oh, it wasn't a god-like business at all.

Inspiration—think of Stevenson at forty-three, when, you would surely think, the task would be less arduous, producing twenty-four pages in twenty-one days, working from six to eleven in the morning, from two to four in the afternoon, consistently. "Such," says he, "are the gifts the gods have endowed us withal; such was the facility of this prolific writer!"

I question again, if Stevenson was ever inspired. No "fine frenzy" here—"For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered by glove."

But there are flashing moments when you're lifted quite out of yourself, when some fire burns consumingly in you and you feel you have poured some of your own life force upon the page—then the critics call it bombast! Oh, well. You had better make your writing a sane business, be as unemotional in your expression as a pickled herring or Joseph Conrad. Shun inspiration. Describe the burning of Rome in primer talk, the love of Abelard and Heloise like the daily health-hint in the paper. It's safer.

I would hark back now to my original thesis, only I fear I had none. Yet from what few things I have said and Stevenson's sad avowal, it may be seen how small a part inspiration plays in the writer's life and how



passages that seem as if breathed in by the breath of the Muses were really hacked out with rack of nerve and sinew.

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### ALFRED NOYES VISITS CANADA

In recent weeks Alfred Noyes and his accomplished wife were visitors to Canada. Mr. Noyes was here at the invitation of the National Council of Education. During his stay he addressed different organizations and hit forcibly at the modern outburst of what is sometimes called free verse. Mr. Noyes is of the opinion that good poetry is marked by those characteristics which have distinguished the noted poets for the past two thousand years, namely, that poetry is a kind of song, a peculiar form of music. In his opinion Tennyson, while not the greatest poet in history, was the greatest artist of words since Virgil. Mr. Noyes maintains that by the use of regular meters and measures the poet is enabled to deliver his message more effectively than in any other way.

Mr. Noyes was born in the County of Staffordshire in 1880, educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and by the outbreak of the war was known internationally as a famous poet. He holds the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from Yale University and has held the Professorship of Modern English Literature on the Murray Foundation at Princeton University.

The poet was barred from active service during the war on account of his eyesight, but he worked indefatigably in the interests of the Allies with his pen and his valuable services in this connection were recognized in his appointment as Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

\* \* \*

**FORLORN RIVER.** By Zane Grey. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

Among the best adventure tales of the year is this new addition to the long list of well-told stories by the ever-popular Zane Grey. The hero is Ben Ide, a young man under the stigma of an undeserved charge, besmirching his name, who exiles himself to the far reaches of Forlorn River.

There fortune favors him, for he achieves what has been the ambition of many others in the mountains of Northern California, the capture of a splendid wild stallion famed far and wide as "California Red," an animal embodying the perfection of beauty, strength, grace and intelligence. The course of the story up to the climax is full of adventurous excitement, and doubly fortunate for Ben is the fact that the chain of circumstances leads to the identification of a gang of cattle-thieves and the clearing of his own name. Needless to add there is a love-story as a pleasing concomitant.

## It Is Reported THAT—

—Mr. E. J. Moore gave an interesting and most practical address on the subject of Short Story writing, before the Women's Press Club, of Toronto.

—Dr. John D. Logan, of Halifax, has been appointed head of the Department of English of Marquette University, of Milwaukee, on a long term contract at \$5,000 a year. The department has a staff of ten professors and instructors.

—Mrs. M. Wathen-Fox, a member of the Calgary Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, is spending the winter in Ottawa. She has done a number of children's books, including a series of *Little Folk's Canadian Stories*, there being three books, each having two stories. Mrs. Wathen-Fox is a native of New Brunswick and spent the summer in that province.

—Mr. T. G. Marquis' charming fairy story, or phantasy, *The King's Wish*, is shortly to be published in Braille. The firm who have written for permission to the Canadian publishers of this book, The Ryerson Press, is the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Kentucky, and they are undertaking the work in response to a request that this story be embossed in Braille for the benefit of the schools for the blind and other blind readers.

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### NOT A BLUENOSE

The name of Sir Robert Falconer was inadvertently included in the list of Presidents of Canadian Universities, supplied by Nova Scotia, in the review of Dr. Mac-Mechan's *Ultima Thule*, in our November issue. As Sir Robert Falconer was born in Prince Edward Island, the author had not specified his name.

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**CANADIAN ANNUAL REVIEW, 1926-27.** Toronto: The Canadian Review Co. Ltd.

A volume of 844 pages crammed with Canadian information and timely comment, compiled under the direction of a board of distinguished editors, this is a publication of inestimable worth. There is a purview of Federal politics; extensive attention to Empire and International relations; Immigration and Colonization; Transportation, Industries and Commerce; special Provincial sections; a statistical survey of 1926, and, of special interest to readers of this journal, departments devoted to Literature, History, Art, Music and the Drama.

Thirty pages are devoted to various organizations.

# Recent Canadian Poetry

THE VAGRANT OF TIME. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. \$1.50.

"The Prince of Lovers"—that is the name by which one admirer of Charles G. D. Roberts and his poetry speaks of him. *The Vagrant of Time*, a volume containing forty new poems, many of them incredibly lovely, intensifies the right of this man of letters enthroned in the hearts of thousands of his countrymen, to be called the Prince of Lovers. Love of land, love of men and women, love of the good earth, love of gypsying and of all the wayfaring that fills a life, make up the text of *The Vagrant of Time*—both title-poem and book.

To find sixty other pages to equal these all compact of love, yet with no re-iteration of thought or diction, one would search long. Pride of possession mounts high, and wonder over the freshness and beauty in this slim volume.

"Canadian" is a word that does not occur in *The Vagrant of Time*, except in the Ode written for the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, and yet, by an exile, what enslaving scenes of home would be called to mind upon reading these lines:

The smell of burning weeds  
Upon the twilight air;  
The piping of the frogs  
From meadows wet and bare . . .

or these:

When the little spent winds are at rest  
in the tamarac tree  
In the still of the night,  
And the moon in her waning is wan and  
misshapen  
And out on the lake  
The loon floats in a glimmer of light . . .

or these:

With April here  
And forth thin green on the awakening  
bough  
What wonderful things and dear.

It is all homelike. Even a welcome reposefulness seems to brood about the close of life when death is referred to as a night when

I drop my pack  
Behind the Last Inn's shadowy door

To take my rest in that lone room  
Where no guest ever lodged before.

Dr. Roberts' exquisite poem, "The Place of His Rest," leaves one half in love with easeful death. A dozen brief stanzas, scarcely a dozen words in each, and yet here is offered the panorama of the year and of a life. How the beauty and simplicity of the poem pierces!

Wide air, washed grasses,  
And waveless stream;  
And over him passes  
The drift of dream . . .

And while around him  
The kind grass creeps,  
Where peace hath found him  
How sound he sleeps.

Through all the poems in *The Vagrant of Time* there is discernible above and beyond the perfection of craftsmanship a ripeness and fullness of understanding of the needs of the human heart.

And good is earth,—  
But earth not all thy good,  
O thou with seed of suns  
And star-fire in thy blood!

Not a poem here but offers the further "good" required by man's mind. A younger Canadian dreamer and singer pays tribute to Dr. Roberts in these words: "Has any poet at any time in the history of our language written such virile, youthful measures at the age of sixty? Canadians should be inexpressibly proud of all Dr. Roberts has done for us." CANADIENNE.

\* \* \*

## FOR ALL CANADIANS

*Canadian Folk Songs*, selected and translated by Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, is a book that should be in every Canadian home. They are French, but they will add more to a better understanding between the two races than anything else. When people can sing together they laugh together, and when people laugh together they have little but good feeling among them. Even the editor of a Toronto evening paper would feel better towards the French if he realized that the best part of "The Maple Leaf Forever," was taken from "Dans les Chan-



# Recent Canadian Poetry

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## Canadian Poets of Wide Appeal

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### E. Pauline Johnson

is of pure Indian and pure English descent, and of all Canadian poets, the most true to her Canadian origin. Her work has a magic of music and colour all its own—the easy flowing movement of her lines is suggestive of rippling rivers, of native music, of the swing along the trail, of the rhythmic lift of the paddle—indeed, they almost sing themselves. Her complete poems are published under the title "FLINT AND FEATHER," which has an introduction by the late Theodore Watts-Dunton, together with several illustrations by J. R. Seavey.

### Archibald Lampman

"Lampman's future place in Canada's and the world's poetry will be determined by 'LYRICS OF EARTH, Sonnets and Ballads,' edited with an introduction by Duncan Campbell Scott. No one interested in native song can omit it from his library. It is the cream of Lampman's life work, collected by the one who knew him best, made doubly valuable by a biographical sketch and a critical survey in the form of an Introduction that is the finest thing of its kind. This is a volume to cherish alongside those containing the works of the masters in the language."

—E. W. Harrold, in "The Ottawa Citizen."

### Wilfred Campbell

one of the major poets of Canada, has been called "the poet of the people's choice." He is a lyrist of nature and a poet of the spirit. As a poet of human patriotism, which has regard for international or world relations, and which is not mere "drum and trumpet" patriotism, he stands in a class by himself. A collection edition of his poems, "THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILFRED CAMPBELL," is now available. The volume is edited with a memoir by W. J. Sykes, Librarian, Carnegie Public Library, Ottawa. Frontispiece.

WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE

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**THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY LTD.**

Publishers

Toronto

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tiers." Mr. Murray Gibbon has contributed an introduction to his volume whose only fault is its brevity. He makes many interesting notes about the airs he has gathered. For example, he says that Moore's "Canadian Boat Song" was obviously imported from France, and is still sung at Poitou. The origin of some of these songs is curious. One is a nursery song of old France, now transformed into the roaring chorus of the raftsmen. These old songs with some modern exceptions, came over from France with the settlers prior to the 18th century, and are contemporary, Mr. Gibbon says, with the ballads and lute songs of Tudor and Stuart England, and some may date back to Richard of the Lion Heart and his favorites, Folquet, Anselme Fayditt and Blondel. Scotland has similarly been enriched and "Ye Banks and Braes" has been found in a French manuscript of the 17th century. What a nation we would have in Canada if these and kindred songs displaced the jazz and ragtime of the vaudeville! Mr. Gibbon's introduction is repeated in French by Maurice Morisset, Charles Marchand adds a valuable note on the interpretation of the songs. The music is harmonized by Geoffrey O'Hara and Oscar O'Brien. The book is charmingly decorated and printed.

Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. \$1.50.  
A.E.S.S.

\* \* \*

A PEOPLE'S BEST. By O. J. Stevenson.  
Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

This book presents a series of thumbnail sketches of artistic Canadian personalities, with a brief outline of their salient characteristics. The object of the book does not include any attempt at criticism, Mr. Stevenson being content merely to express his appreciation of the work of each individual.

He has touched on many of the great and near-great in the artistic life of Canada, and the book is useful in that it gives certain facets of its subjects which may not be new to the reader, but which are presented pleasantly and sympathetically.

Notwithstanding the lack of criticism the sketches, in the case of poets, are enhanced by comments on the poems which have appealed to the writer and by the inclusion of several that are perdurable. T.D.R.

## *For the Lover of Poetry*

**I**N presenting its second Annual Poetry Number, "Canadian Bookman" takes pleasure in opening it with a long poem by "Seranus"—S. Frances Harrison, a native of Toronto, who has long held a prominent place among Canadian writers, both as poet and novelist. This new poem, like the others in this number, has its original presentation here.

### A Canadian Anthology (of Flowers)

By S. Frances Harrison, "Seranus."

**A**S once the Greek Meleager wove in verse  
A chaplet for the bards of his own land,  
Theocritus, and Simmias, Plato too,  
All, all of flowers, with ivy, cypress, grape,  
Roses of Sappho, crocus, cyclamen—  
So, for the dear Unknown across the seas,  
And under Afric stars, and where the smoke  
Of pulsing geysers rises in Maori-land,  
And even where Ganges rolls its lamp-lit flood,  
For all who make the Empire, (and all are friends)  
I make a song in Canada today,  
The song of her own flowers, not England's, nor  
Another's, but her own. See—I have plucked  
In fancy, some of the ivory blood-root buds,  
And twined with them the yellow violet,  
No shrinking blossom this, but strong and erect,  
From sturdy clumps, encompassed by its leaves  
Of fearless mien, protectress too, of one  
Like to itself, but timid, scented, white—  
Viola blanda is her gentle name;  
And further in the forest paths I sought



And found (for you) the ruby-tinted bells  
Of sweet *Linnaea*, with perchance a stalk  
Grey-curved and curious, of Indian Pipe.  
Pale *Monotropa*, loving not the sun  
Yet nurtured near the *Trillium*, all in threes,  
Bravest of blossoms born in moist mid-May,  
The children's choice, the nation's favourite,  
Giving its light to darkest interlace  
Of fallen log and fern. Still other prize  
I have for you—in windy, open fields  
Blow tawny lilies and *Asclepias*,  
The orange Butterfly-Weed; *Lupinus* blue,  
*Calypso*, *Arethusa*, Orchids twain,  
I'll find, be sure, with *Kypris*' Moccasin-Flower,  
The Painted Cup, all redolent of Spain,  
*Gay Castilleia*; *Sarracenia*  
Or Pitcher-Plant in hooded vesture drest,  
Weird marvel of the marsh and irised pools;  
*Rhodora*'s clusters purple-rose in hue,  
*Andromeda*, and *Kalmia*, Wintergreen;  
*Mitchella*'s scarlet berries, and the odorous  
*Arbutus* I must have, and the wild *Calla*  
Gleaming in streamlets like a patch of snow,  
And where the clearing slides along the rail  
Pink *Epilobium* spires I'll gather in  
With blackberry and vivid Golden-Rod.  
Still on the prairie waves the fair Wind-Flower,  
*Anemone*, but so unlike the frail  
*Anemone nemorosa* of the wood!  
And these are not all. Our Northern Rivers yield  
Tall spikes of Cardinal flower and sumach bright,  
And on the mountain slopes, corollas rare  
(Celestial azure crystal-cinctured) grow  
With gentian and azaleas, Maiden-hair  
From dripping cliffs, and birch bark satin-smooth  
I must not miss, nor *Nuphar*'s lovely cup;  
Waxen *Nymphaea* and the Dragon-Root,  
Wild rice, and Indian hemp and plumed beach-grass,  
*Polygala*'s fringes and the fairy star  
Of *Trientalis* whorled in emerald—  
Must I not wait for these, *Dicentra* too,  
And pearly "everlastings" and the spoils

Of fruited moss and cinnamon fungi, mats  
Of hemlock twigs and tassels of the larch?  
Yet are there more. What of the radiant lanes  
Where warm peach-petals color the fragrant air  
For miles and miles of old Niagara's strand—  
Not only for the rich, not glassed nor walled  
But full in sight for all. What of the bloom  
Where eastern orchards burst their bonds in spring,  
(And apples grow more rosy toward the sea);  
And then—the misty berries of the North,  
Blue as an infant's eye and kindly spread  
O'er leagues Laurentian, plateau, stone, and dyke!  
These will I add, and many a marvel more,  
And I will dream that he, Meleager, came  
And saw these wonders, and, working in his mind  
Came Envy, Malice, and all Uncharitableness,  
Fears, lest his own Anthology be found  
Wanting, till later, better feelings filled  
His heart; at last he spake—I hear the names  
Of Graecia's Nymphs and Goddesses given to flowers  
Growing in this far land, new land, of snows  
And boundless waters—I marvel much at this,  
—And I, divining, answered—It is true,  
And true of other things, for, like the Greek,  
We love all waters. Mariners all, are we,  
Each one a proud Odysseus sailing thro'  
The island channels, or on craggy shores  
Building the beacons that shall lead us home  
Across the many-rivered, rocky plain  
Spangled with lakes and foaming waterfalls.  
Mirth-merry at the thought I gave him roots  
Of Aquilegia, gallant, spurred, and gay;  
Of Erythronium, saying—"Go and plant  
These (if you have them not) in Ithaca  
And watch if they flourish." But for all the rest  
They are for all the friends in distant climes  
For all who make the Empire (plucked by one,  
A lover of her country, coast to coast)  
For whom this floral wreath I weave today  
Bound with a branch of crimson Maple Leaf—  
And may my loving Coronal of Song  
"Be for all such as love these holy things."



## "There is Sorrow on the Sea"

By Albert E. S. Smythe

THERE where the wild waves sweep  
And plunge along the shore,  
Dear memory takes a leap—  
Meets love as long before.

O dear dead eyes, and smile  
That brightened all the day—  
I muse on these awhile  
And taste the salt sea spray.

And still the wild wave sweeps  
With ceaseless, peaceless roar;  
But now my memory sleeps  
Like sand along the shore.

## The Postern Gate

By Lewis Wharton

(There was a threshold by a secret gate and a passage between Priam's palaces and a secluded postern gate; through which the unhappy Andromache was wont quite often to resort to her parents-in-law and to lead the boy Astyanax to Priam, his grandfather.—Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book 2.)

IMMORTAL postern, through whose portals grey,  
Thousands have careless glanced and gone their way.

Astyanax, perhaps, his sword would wield  
Or, proudly strutting, flash his tiny shield;  
And now, maybe, with youthful fire he speaks,  
Threatens destruction to the loathèd Greeks.

Half smiling at his zeal through unshed tears  
Andromache may fling aside her fears  
As mirage-like there comes another scene  
Across the desert of Life's might-have-been,  
She sees herself, her Hector by her side,  
A loving glance, a thrill of hope and pride:  
Then choking sobs and grief and present woes  
And weariness and dread of countless foes.

The while old Priam dazed by troubled age  
Dreads the grim message of the morrow's page.

A fleeting picture as Troy's knell is sung,  
A melody scarce heard, a song half sung:  
Scarce heard through frenzied screams and war's alarms,  
A moment's lull amid the crash of arms.

## To the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

UNKNOWN, yet known to us; missing, yet found  
 To be retombed and reforgotten here  
 Among old kings in ancient, holy ground—  
 And with you, our own trysts with pain and fear  
 Are buried pridefully, to fall to dust  
 With bones of poets and forgotten kings  
 And crumbling stone and rotting oak and rust,  
 In England's glory-heap of worn-out things.

Sleep well, oh, Unknown Comrade, known and proved,  
 Cold, undismayed, where storied ghosts confer!  
 Dream well, O myriad-hearted, well beloved—  
 While we forget the splendid dreams that were.

## A Thousand Years

By Arthur S. Bourinot

A THOUSAND years from now the sun  
 Will sink beyond these self-same hills  
 A thousand years when day is done  
 The Loons will cry as evening stills.

The Dragon Flies on jewelled wings  
 Will seek their prey in zig-zag flight  
 The fish will plash their rippled rings  
 Upon the lake that dreams tonight.

Will Beauty then be less or more  
 And Life returned to simple things?  
 A thousand years and Wisdom's door  
 May ope perchance to Science, slings.

What matters it, a thousand years,  
 With moccasined tread time marches on ,  
 What matters it? Our little fears  
 And all our wonder will be gone.  
 A thousand years and you and I  
 Will be but dust upon the wind  
 And other lovers will desery  
 Life's beauty else they will be blind.



## The Gift of Grief

By Elaine M. Catley

FOR long she hoped that though Love came;  
 Uncrowned, unseceptred, and bereft;  
 He yet some solace might bestow,  
 From that bright realm he once had left.

Perehance a dear companionship,  
 For precious moments snatched from fate—  
 Years came and went: their sole reward,  
 Was still to long, and still to wait.

"What *is* your guerdon, then?" she asked,  
 And very gently Love replied:  
 "My guerdon, Dear? The gift of grief—  
 My sole reward to be denied."

She took Love's gift, the gift of pain,  
 She bade her weary longings cease;  
 And in his tender, pitying eyes,  
 She found awhile a sense of peace.

"A precious gift is joy," he said,  
 "But who the pulse of life would know,  
 And feel divine compassion's touch,  
 From him, the tears of blood must flow,

So when your brow is pierced with thorns,  
 And sorrow pricks you like a sword;  
 Then life's most sacred crown is yours,  
 And you may say: "Love is my lord."

## Last Post at Kimmel

By Erroll Boyd

"SLEEP, sleep," the trumpets to the starlight ring;  
 "Sleep, sleep, for rest is won," the echoes sing.  
 Along the bivouac the soldiers lie,  
 Silent the summer night, and in the sky  
 The kindly starlight gleams, the moon sails by,  
 But never wake the sleepers from their dreams.

"Sleep children at my breast," Earth softly sings.  
 As age on age transformed, fresh beauty springs.  
 Dear Mother Earth, how soft thy tendings be  
 To those, once Men, who are forever Thee—  
 One with Thy sunsets, dawns, eternally.  
 Back to the Ocean merge returning streams.

## Immortality

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

THEY are not dead, those singers of the past,  
Who feel no more the stab of Beauty's pain  
At song of bird, or sunset's irised flame,  
Or drifting scent of lilacs after rain.

The fleet enchantments of their mortal hours,  
The lambent flares of passion and regret,  
The laurels that were wreathed about their brows,  
Are one with all the vanished past, and yet:

Singer nor song shall perish utterly  
Though future worlds despise the poet's art:  
Who knows what scented summer wind may bear  
The lyric dust of Sappho's broken heart?

## The Sword Maiden

By Erroll Boyd

The harpers of Tir Oran sing of Cuchullain, and how when in the field he would thrust his sword in the ground at his head, it became a Maiden who watched his rest till dawn. Bivouaced near Cambrai, a Canadian soldier recalled the story, under the summer sky, a night ten years ago.

DRAGOON! Dragoon! the trumpets ring  
Exultingly. The east grows grey.  
And she, the whole night lingering,  
Steals with the morning mists away.  
The dark dissolves. The camp fires fade  
And dreams go fleeting. By your side  
Stands not the Beauty, but the Blade.  
Dragoon, Dragoon, arm, mount, and ride!  
Ah, loud the trumpets' ringing.

"Dragoon! Dragoon! array, array,"  
Calls the exulting trumpet blast.  
Oh, fair the standards gleam today  
Where down our front the foe are massed.  
Kiss ye her lips as upward flash  
Drawn swords, like lightnings from the sea  
Before the rolling thunders crash.  
"Dragoon, spur hard, Dragoon, strike free,"  
Flare flashing, trumpets ringing!



## Two Sonnets of a Sequence

By Nathaniel A. Benson

### I.

ANOTHER year comes round us quietly  
 Since all our truths and lies were born and said;  
 Strangely I think your silent thoughts of me  
 Find mine when we are all un comforted.  
 We are the irreconcilables who taste  
 Half-joys, full miseries, and well-deep hours,  
 Who contemplate full goblets drained in haste  
 And see Time's rain beat down our proudest towers.  
 Few hearts have mocked and loved as we have done,  
 Wept so at scorn, so smiled at love and life,  
 So often lost a seeming triumph won,  
 Felt comprehension, and then wonder in the strife,  
 And now—this time—will bitterness remain,  
 Or will our hearts be truthful once again?

### II.

The night is calm and cold, and still and cruel  
 As some silk-footed beast that lies in wait,  
 And here am I engaged in quiet duel  
 With furtive thoughts that rise, crouch, hesitate,  
 Threaten, and fade as smoke in windy air;  
 Shadows are woven round me, darkly caped  
 From wall and lamp . . .

Now in that great red chair  
 I see you, most fantastically shaped:  
 A mystic flashing challenge in your eyes  
 Where dancing mockery and tears are one,  
 Torches of endless questing, hands as white  
 And sweet at rest as dreaming butterflies . . .  
 But when you come my vision shall be done,  
 For you'll destroy the you of my delight.

## The Fallen Bud (Of One Who Was Taken)

By Lewis Wharton

FAREWELL, dear bud (none fairer could Fate bring)  
 Falling, e'er bloom, mid the first sounds of spring  
 Your spring, your autumn was: night followed dawn,  
 Silent, scarce heard, the call of Life's bright morn.  
 Torn from a tender stem in that sad hour,  
 Thwarting the promise of a perfect flower!

## The Three Mirrors

By Charles A. Girdler

LIFE held a mighty mirror to my eyes:  
It shone like burnished gold,  
Flames of the fiery world of far surmise  
Before me rolled,  
Gleams were there thrown of million glowing years  
Dead-dropt behind the cloud,  
A city, peopled with high hopes and fears,  
Pinnacled, proud,  
Lay in the distance. On the curtained frieze  
Stars shot, and comets hung,  
The purple robe of ancient mysteries  
Fell magic-flung.

Life held a silver mirror to my eyes:  
It trembled like the sea,  
Delicate phantoms of the fields and skies  
Danced, and were free.  
The white moon looked upon the glimmering beach,  
And the long, languid swells  
Sobbed sad and sweet; lo, in the breast of each  
Were little shells.  
Lingering went the sun upon the hills,  
And in the mystic meres  
Were many mourners, like the voice that stills  
Through falling tears,

Life held a glassy mirror to my eyes:  
I looked, and saw myself,  
And ere had passed the terror of surprise  
A wizened elf  
I seemed, until within the tiny glass  
I saw mine own eyes gleam;  
And there I saw bright images repass  
As in a dream.  
Again I saw the world of far surmise  
Flaming in burnished gold,  
And silver phantoms of the fields and skies  
Danced as of old.



## Twilight

By Lotta C. Dempsey

I AM a pagan worshipper  
Of twilight hues;  
I love the mists that deeply drift  
Into the valley silences  
Losing the line of earth and sky  
In endless blues.

I breathe a little prayer unto  
The first pale star that comes  
Leading the host—  
Like some lost soldier who has tasted death  
And marches on,  
A dauntless ghost.

Day is but day, unlovely in its light;  
There is no soul to that black shade  
You call the night.

But peace has come to me when I have heard  
The quiet passage of a homing bird  
In purple dusk.  
And even you  
Who give me crumbs before the sun  
And know no moon's enchantment  
For moments sweet  
At dove grey eventide  
Kneel at my feet.  
Reverence has touched my heart as these strange  
mists  
Bewitch the valley with their deep-hued powers.  
I am a pagan worshipper  
Of twilight hours.

## O Winter Wood

By Gertrude E. Forth

O WINTER wood so chastely fair,  
A dower of diamonds in your hair,  
A silver stillness guards you well,  
And Winter weaves her mystic spell  
Till all your children rise and stand  
To sketch a slender fairyland;  
I love your form divinely wrought,  
Your part in Beauty's tender thought,  
But more than all, and through and through,  
I love the great, white heart of you.

## The Breaking In

By Alexander Louis Fraser

THREE happy summers on the grassy hill  
 Unshod, unbridled, and unvexed was he  
 Now sporting lightly as the careless rill,  
 Now sleeping like the pool which lazily  
 Halts in the hollow, where he slaked his thirst;  
 And when his tired-out mother came at night,  
 He rushed to meet her, as when children first  
 See, down the brae, their father come in sight.

One day his master put toil's trappings on,  
 And he was awkward as a lad half-grown.  
 He wondered at the wain and the grey road  
 With the dust clouds; these he had never known:  
 And as he helped his mother pull the load,,  
 She seemed to say: "Your day of play is gone!"

## Peace

By Lotta C. Dempsey

IF I could have one boon, it would be peace.

\* \* \* \*

The peace that comes to trees when winds are dead  
 And rises over waters in the dawn.  
 I would have quiet such as rests upon  
 The tired brown hills where purple shadows tread  
 In silent shoes; if any earthly bliss  
 Were mine because I chose, it would be this.

Storms find no kindred stir and stress in me,  
 No beauty sweeps upon the beating rain,  
 I feel but terror in the thundered plain  
 And cry to God before the angry sea.

Yet seek I from such fear no still release,  
 And while you love these things I share them too  
 For all my hope is filled so full of you,  
 Your very restlessness to me is peace.



## I Drew a Song

By Gertrude E. Forth

I DREW a song from out the silent deeps  
Where but a spirit embassy e'er treads,  
I watched it grow upon the shining steep,  
A gleaming thing entwined with golden threads.

'Twas set with gems of thought's fair firmament,  
And God's own hand had left its impress there,  
Had fashioned it with love and beauty blent,  
And clothed it in the echo of a prayer.

The world came by, paused, read and called it mine  
Believing that I claimed it as my right,  
I only knew it was a Voice Divine  
An Unseen Presence from the Land of Light.

## The Bridge You'll Never Cross

By Grenville Kleiser

IT'S what you think that makes the world  
Seem dull or bright to you;  
Your mind may color all things gray  
Or make them radiant hue.  
Be glad today, be true and wise,  
Seek gold amid the dross;  
Waste neither time nor thought about  
The bridge you'll never cross.

There's useful work for you to do  
With hand and brain and heart;  
There's urgent human service, too,  
In which to take your part.  
Make every opportunity  
A gain and not a loss;  
The best is yours, so do not fear  
The bridge you'll never cross.

If life seems drab and difficult,  
Just face it with a will;  
You do not have to work alone  
Since God is with you still,  
Press on with courage toward the goal,  
With Truth your shield emboss;  
Be strong, look up and just ignore  
The bridge you'll never cross.

# Recent Canadian Poetry

THE QUILL AND THE CANDLE. By Wallace Havelock Robb. Toronto: Ryerson Press. \$2.00.

One of the most beautiful Canadian books of the year is this thoroughly delightful volume with its complement of reproductions in sepia of photographs of birds taken by the author, and of paintings of birds by Allan Brooks, these paintings now being in the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology.

An interesting circumstance in connection with the publishing of this volume is the introduction authorized by the Prince of Wales in which reference is made to the acceptance by the Prince of the photograph of Rossignol, the half-tone of which forms the frontispiece of the book.

It is interesting also to see that the collection includes the "Song of Rossignol," by Wallace Havelock Robb, which was included in last year's Poetry Number of *Canadian Bookman*.

Much information about Canadian birds is given briefly in the form of introductions to a number of the poems.

\* \* \*

## FROM OUT OF THE NORTH

In *The Art Journal*, of Buffalo, Donald Bain had an appreciation of "Wilson MacDonald, Poet of Canada," dealing particularly with *Out of the Wilderness*, from which many quotations are reproduced. Following is a striking quotation:

"Oh, ye little poets, poetasters and coupleteers, writers of thin books of thinner verse, strainers at your gnats of vivid images and arresting phrases, if haply ye may find them, trying to shock with your puerilities; which would not jar a worm, obscuring your meaning, if you have any, with a confused jumble of words, words, words; cease tearing your pseudo-passions to tatters, cease tormenting yourselves and teasing your readers with your introspective maunderings, heart searching and heart burnings, and listen to the Voice crying in the wilderness, for a great Poet has come out of the North and speaks with a voice to drown out all your trivialities, thank God."

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# Recent Canadian Poetry

## THE FIRST CANADIAN CHRISTMAS CAROL

By J. Edgar Middleton

There has just been published what is claimed to be the first Christmas carol ever written in Ontario. The author of this carol is Father Jean de Brebeuf, who was a missionary to the Huron Indians in the region between Orillia and Penetanguishene between the years 1626 and 1649. The melody to which this carol was sung was taken by Father de Brebeuf from the first Plagal Mode of the Gregorian Tonality. The Hurons of the district were later almost exterminated by the Iroquois, but a remnant escaped and settled in Loretto, near the City of Quebec, where the descendants of these Hurons preserved this carol, written in 1641. In the eighteenth century Father de Villeneuve translated a version of the carol, which was afterwards printed by Ernest Myrand in his book, *Noels Anciens de la Nouvelle France*. The original title given to this carol was "Jeseus Ahatenhia." A short time ago Mr. J. Edgar Middleton introduced it to English-speaking readers by taking the melody of the carol and writing to it words which he conceived would make an appeal to the primitive Hurons. It should not be understood, however, that Mr. Middleton's poem is the original one written by Father de Brebeuf. He has apparently taken the melody and with the original translation before him, has attempted to convey in English the sense of the original. Mr. Middleton's poem is as follows:

'Twas in the moon of wintertime, when all  
the birds had fled,  
That Mighty Gitchi Manitou sent angel  
choirs instead,  
Before their light the stars grew dim,  
And wand'ring hunters heard the hymn:  
"Jesus, your King, is born;  
Jesus is born;  
In Excelsis Gloria."

Within a lodge of broken bark the tender  
Babe was found,  
A ragged robe of rabbit skin enwrapped  
His beauty round.  
And as the hunter braves drew nigh,  
The angel song rang loud and high.

The earliest moon of wintertime is not so  
round and fair  
As was the ring of glory on the helpless  
Infant there,  
While chiefs from far before Him knelt,  
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt.

O children of the forest free, O sons of  
Manitou,  
The Holy Child of earth and heav'n is born  
today to you,  
Come, kneel before the Radiant Boy  
Who brings you beauty, peace and joy.

\* \* \*

LEAVES OF THE SYBIL. By Charles Francis  
Lloyd. Winnipeg: Author's limited edi-  
tion.

This unassuming volume of less than fifty pages contains a number of fine poems, the collection being in fact more meritorious than many a book of verse published with a fanfare of trumpets. One or two of these poems have appeared in *Canadian Bookman*, the most recent of them being "Fruition." Such books as *Leaves of the Sybil* become valued possessions to collectors of Canadiana.

\* \* \*

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF MARJORIE PICK-  
THALL. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.  
\$3.00.

Marjorie Pickthall, though still a young woman at her death, had taken her place among the master singers of Canada and was recognized in other lands as an authentic poet. Publication of the present volume of her collected poems is a literary event of importance.

\* \* \*

## A POETIC SYMPOSIUM

Nine leading poets have written poems on the Christmas theme, for the special holiday issue of one of the leading magazines. The contributing poets are Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Elinor Wylie, Dorothy Parker, Vachel Lindsay, William Rose Benet, John V. A. Weaver, Genevieve Taggard and Theodosia Garrison. Since this is the first time that these writers have taken the same subject for inspiration, the poetic symposium affords an interesting study in their diverse styles and temperaments.

# Canadian Authors Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

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### National Vice-President

Col. G. E. Marquis  
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Quebec City

## Minutes of the Executive Meeting of the Canadian Authors Association, November 26th, 1927

THE Executive Committee met this morning at the Prince George Hotel, the following members being present:

Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, President, in the chair.

His Honor, Mr. Justice Surveyer.

Mrs. J. W. Garvin.

Messrs. J. Murray Gibbon, J. M. Elson, G. H. Locke, Pelham Edgar, E. A. Hardy.

The minutes of the meeting of September 21st were read and confirmed. The report from the Secretary was presented dealing with the following items:

1. Office arrangements.
2. Annual Bulletin.
3. National Book Week.
4. Canadian Bookman.
5. Formation of new branches.
6. Service to present branches.
7. Suggested service for individual members.
8. Scenario and moving picture rights committee.
9. Annual meeting of 1928.

The Treasurer's statement showed a balance of approximately \$1,700, when outstanding cheques were retired.

Reports from branches indicated considerable activity in Victoria, Regina, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal branches and some encouragement from other branches as well.

The President reported the forma-

tion of a new branch with excellent prospects in New Brunswick. Two other possible new branches were the subject of discussion, and the officers were instructed to take any steps possible.

The reports of Book Week indicated considerable activity in a good many of the branches. Especially notable features were the Montreal *Gazette's* section of 4 pages of Canadian literature; the library displays in the book stores in Fredericton and a meeting in the Admiral Beatty Hotel there, with addresses by Dr. Roberts, Dr. G. F. Clark and others; a showing of slides of Canadian authors in the Province of Saskatchewan, and a series of addresses to the various high schools and private schools in Toronto.

It was decided that the date of Book Week for 1928 should be the second week in November.

The Secretary reported a notification from the Calgary Branch that they were proceeding with their arrangements for the Annual Meeting. The date was fixed tentatively for Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 3rd, 4th, and 5th, and a draft programme was blocked out with the thought of securing the co-operation of every branch in presenting at least one feature on the programme.

The Secretary reported that the Moving Picture Scenario and Rights Committee had been constituted, with



the exception of the members of the French Section, whose names are to be submitted as soon as possible.

Further details were completed in regard to the 1927 Bulletin, and it was agreed that the membership lists should combine the Treasurer's lists and the branch lists.

The section of the agenda in regard to the suggested service to individual members was further approved in principle and referred to the officers to carry out in so far as available.

### Montreal Branch

The activities of the Montreal Branch during Book Week, November 5th-12th, were manifold, and included a series of lectures held in the Gallery of Henry Morgan & Co.

Several members of the Branch gave reviews of the Canadian books published in 1927. Among the speakers were Lily E. F. Barry, Louise Morey Bowman, Leslie Gordon Barnard, Mary Wallace Brooks, A. T. Chapman, L. D. Cox, Christine Henderson, H. A. Kennedy, R. S. Kennedy, Mildred Low, Gertrude March, Mary Saxe, B. K. Sandwell, E. Fabre Surveyer, Harwood Steele.

The special number of the *Montreal Gazette* gave four pages to Canadian literature. This press courtesy was greatly appreciated.

Radio programmes were broadcast and many of the clubs were provided with special addresses.

Miss L. E. F. Barry, who accepted an invitation to address the Loretto Academy at Hamilton and the Loretto Abbey in Toronto, was received by a large and enthusiastic audience upon the occasion of her lecture, "Poetry, and Canadian Poetry."

The Poetry, the Drama, and the Short Story Groups have had several successful meetings, and the competitions arranged by the first two groups have been announced in the press.

At the general meeting held in the Ritz Carlton Hotel on the 19th of November, Mr. Wilson Macdonald was the guest of honor, and a large audience heard with the greatest interest his reading of "Out of the Wilderness," "Wist-a-Wee," "Exit," "The Song of Undertow."

## THE PRESIDENT ON TOUR

### In Winnipeg

A tremendously increased interest in Canadian literature is being shown by the reading public, in the opinion of Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, national president of the Canadian Authors Association, and internationally known writer, who was interviewed in Winnipeg when en route west to join the English department of the University of British Columbia as a special lecturer for the winter term.

"All lines of Canadian books in general," he said, "are a matter of interest to a far greater number of people than they were a few years ago. This increase has been particularly apparent in the last three or four years."

### Credits Association

Dr. Roberts ascribed this rapidly growing regard for the works of Canadian writers in no small measure to the work of the Canadian Authors Association. The institution of Canadian Book Week, he asserted, was also of enormous assistance. Another important factor was the immense growth of the idea of Canadian unity.

The advance in Canadian fiction and Canadian historical writing, he thought, had been very marked in the last few years, and to some extent, books in the field of literary, artistic and musical criticism.

### Must Widen Market

Asked as to the popularity of writers of the Dominion in other countries and the reason for their exodus,

in some cases, to other nations, Dr. Roberts said: "A Canadian author, if dependent at all on his pen, must have not only a market in his own country but the English and American as well. Generally speaking, a Canadian writer, if worthy of acceptance by Canadians, will have no trouble in finding the acceptance in both England and the United States.

"Furthermore," he continued, "it does not matter very much where these markets are being served as long as the writer has the Canadian spirit in his work. He may write from Canada or abroad, from Shanghai if he likes."

#### In Regina

"Branches of the Canadian Authors Association are in all the provinces now except Prince Edward Island," stated Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts, Dominion president, at a gathering of the Saskatchewan branch, held Dec. 11th, at the home of Mrs. M. C. Milligan, Regina. "In P. E. Island the signs are favorable for an organization taking shape in a short time," he added.

Dr. Roberts told the assembly of his visit this autumn to New Brunswick, where he presided over the organization meeting. The Nova Scotia branch had sent an invitation for the C.A.A. Dominion convention to be held in that province soon, and Dr. Roberts stated that it may be the 1929 convention will be in a Nova Scotia city. Next summer's meeting will be held in Calgary. Dr. Roberts described a visit he made to Dayton, Ohio, for a big Book Fair, at which he, as representing the C.A.A., was asked to give addresses. For the *Canadian Bookman*, of Toronto, in which appear three or four pages of C.A.A. news each month, the national president asked support.

Stress was laid by the guest from Toronto on the fact that the C.A.A. is on broad lines and wishes to include in its membership all writers,

musicians, cartographers, sculptors and others producing copyrightable material. At the request of the members, Dr. Roberts read a number of selections from his newest volume of poems, *The Vagrant of Time*. He also referred to the strong, interesting and authentic poetry making up *The Land of Singing Waters*, by A. M. Stephen. For those wishing to become acquainted with Canadian literature, Dr. Lorrie Pierce's new book, an outline of English and French-Canadian literature, is available, said Dr. Roberts.

Walter McRaye, Vancouver, was a special guest of the club for the evening, and delighted the company with his reading of Dr. Drummond's "The Habitant," and Dr. Bliss Carman's "The Scarlet Hunter." Mr. McRaye paid a tribute to Regina's poet of the early days, Nicholas Flood Davin.

Mrs. W. G. Ross, first vice-president, Moose Jaw, was in the chair and welcomed the guests of the evening and the new members in attendance. She spoke of the progress being made in connection with a volume of Saskatchewan verse the club plans to bring out this winter. The Moose Jaw members are in charge of the details.

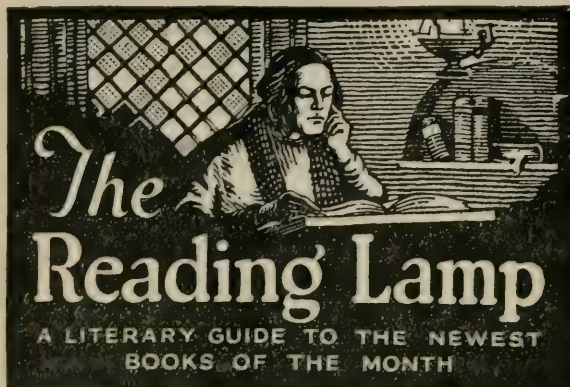
#### Toronto Branch

At the regular meeting of the Toronto Branch at the Heliconian Club on Saturday, Dec. 10th, the secretary, Mrs. Horace Parsons, made an appeal for assistance in collecting specimens of Canadian publications for the forthcoming International Exposition of Publications, to be held at Cologne, from May to October, 1928. Mrs. Parsons, who went to Geneva as a delegate of the National Council of Women to the League of Nations last summer, has undertaken to collect and forward specimens of all available Canadian publications in order to show what Canada is doing in the way of production.



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# The Collector

The man or woman who is seeking to gather a representative collection of contemporary English literature should send for "Supplement to Catalogue of Department No. 1," issued by W. & G. Foyle, 119-125 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. This 90 page catalogue offers an extensive selection of books in second-hand condition, listed under such heads as "Literary Essays and Belles Lettres," "Literature-Manuals for Students," "General Literature," "Literary and Historical Biographies," "Literature, Illustrated and Out-of-Print Editions," "Shakespeariana," "Anthologies, Poetry, etc.," "New Fiction," "Second-hand Fiction," etc. A rather amusing slip in this catalogue which may be noted here is the listing of Dr. Albert Durrant Watson's "Twentieth Plane" under "Fiction."

\* \* \*

Maggs Bros., London, announce the publication of Volume I. (Incunabules) of what should be a most important work for the collector interested in the general subject of drink and drinking customs. It is in French and bears the title: *Bibliotheca Baccica; Bibliographie raisonnée des ouvrages imprimés avant 1800 et illustrant la Soif Humaine sous tous aspects, chez tous les peuples et dans tous le temps*. The work is the compilation of Andre L. Simon, and this first volume is illustrated with sixty facsimile reproductions of title pages, woodcuts, and other examples of early typographic art, all from books in the author's collection. The volume will be followed in 1928 by another, comprising the books on the same subject printed after the year 1500 and before the year 1601.

\* \* \*

The following letter has been received from Judge E. Fabre Surveyer, of Montreal:

"The Collector asks who was the author of the letters of 'Veritas', first published in Montreal in 1815. I do not think the matter has ever been settled conclusively. Years ago, the author was supposed to be either Stephen Sewall or John Richardson, with the odds in favor of the former.

Stephen Sewall was the son of Chief Justice Sewall and was solicitor-general from 1809 to 1817. He died in Montreal in

1832. John Richardson is not the author, son of Robert Richardson and Madeleine Askin. He was a native of Scotland, being born at Portsoy, Banffshire, in 1755. He died in Montreal in May, 1831. He was the first president of the Montreal General Hospital, on the east wing of which a tablet is erected in his honor. A long biography of his was written by Doctor Adam Shortt, in the 29th volume of the *Journal of Canadian Bankers' Association*. Dr. Shortt does mention Veritas's letters, but he attributes to Honorable John Richardson the letters signed 'Senex', published about the same time. A comparison between the two series of letters might indicate if they can be ascribed to the same author."

\* \* \*

Speaking of Col. Lawrence's *Revolt in the Desert*, the Collector is reminded that the latest catalogue (No. 4) of the MacKay Book Shop, Toronto, contains the interesting statement that *The Forest Giant*, by Adrien Corbeau, which, published in 1924, purports to have been translated from the French by J. H. Ross, was really written by Col. Lawrence. The MacKay Book Shop claim the authority of Col. Lawrence's English publisher for this statement.

\* \* \*

Word comes from Montreal that definite information has been received by the faculty of medicine at McGill University that the magnificent Osler medical library will arrive from Oxford in the near future, when it will be placed in the special department allotted to it in the medical building. The collection is being brought over by its custodian, Dr. W. W. Francis. Sir William Osler was an ardent collector of rare medical books, and his collection, consequently, possesses great important and historical value as a record of medical research.

\* \* \*

A copy of *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces*, by Charles Tennyson, brother of Lord Alfred Tennyson, which was once owned by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and on the margins of which he wrote criticisms as he read, brought \$2,625 at the Anderson Galleries in New York City on October 10, at the auction of



the final portion of the library of the late Otis Harris, of Doylestown, Pa. Virtually every sonnet in the volume had some characteristic note of praise or dispraise, more often the former, in Coleridge's hand, appended to it.

\* \* \*

The astonishing price of £500 was recently paid by a United States rare book dealer for a copy of Col. T. E. Lawrence's book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, of which *Revolt in the Desert* is an abridgement. *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* was issued to subscribers last year, in an edition limited to one hundred copies, each copy signed by the author, and its price being thirty guineas.

\* \* \*

### Catalogues Received

The Canadian Library Agency, Toronto, *Catalogue of Canadiana and Americana* (No. 6); Illinois Book Exchange, Chicago, *Americana and Other Rare and Out-of-Print Books* (October); Myers & Co., London, *An Illustrated Catalogue of Illuminated and Other Manuscripts, Rare Books, Autographs Letters and Documents*, (No. 263), including some very important items of Americana; Dulau & Co., London, *Fine Books, Mostly of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, (No. 156); J. W. Brown & Son, Rugby, Eng., *Another Clearance Catalogue of Americana* (No. 32); Meredith Janvier, Baltimore, Md., *Rare Books and Unusual Items of Americana*, etc., (No. 25); Birrell & Garnett, Ltd., London, *A Collection of Books Illustrating the Literary History of Great Britain During the Last Fifty Years of the Eighteenth Century*, (No. 16); George Winter, London, *A Catalogue of Second Hand Books* (No. 118); Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston, Mass., *Goodspeed's Catalogue of Rare Books* (No. 170); Peter Bros., Liverpool, Eng., *Catalogue of Americana and Modern Books* (No. 82); Charles J. Sawyer, Ltd., *Selections from Four Large Libraries Recently Purchased, Part II*, (No. 89), including among other important books, a Shakespeare Third Folio, London, 1664, "a sound and exceptionally large copy" (priced £1,400); Bernard Halliday, Leicester, Eng., *Catalogue of Books and Engravings and a few Manuscripts* (No. 93); C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, Mass., *Catalogue of Americana* (No. 974); E. H. Lawson & Co., Sutton Goldfield, Eng., *American Monthly List of Scarce and Interesting Books, Prints and MSS.* (No. 42); George D. Smith, New York, *Early English Literature Before 1700*, (No. 125).

James Tregaskis & Sons, 66 Great Russell St., London, "Interesting Old Books" (945th Caxton Head Catalogue), including important Americana; Louis Laurin,

364 Cooper St., Ottawa, "Catalogue of Books, Mostly Canadiana and Americana" (No. 5); Lathrop C. Harper, 8 West 40th St., New York, "A Catalogue of Books and Pamphlets relating to the American Revolution" (No. 153); Ingpen & Stonehill, 12 Bury St., London, "A Selection of Books Bearing upon the Romantic Movement in English Literature" (New Series, No. 4); The Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York, "Miniature Bargain List, No. 36," comprising Americana, Canadiana, Genealogy, Indians, etc.; The MacKay Book Shop, 47 Richmond St. West, Toronto, "The MacKay Catalogue of Limited Editions and Signed Copies, Nonesuch Press Books and Others," (No. 4), and "List of Selected Volumes to be published this Autumn" (No. 5); John Smith & Son (Glasgow), Ltd., 57-61 St. Vincent St., Glasgow, "English Literature, modern first editions, Association books, autograph letters, etc." (No. 9); Pickering & Chatto, "A Collection of Old and Rare Books of (with some exceptions) English Literature, Part XVII," (No. 242); Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd., 12-13 Grafton St., New Bond St., London, "Selections from Four Large Libraries Recently Purchased, Part I," (No. 89), including some important items of Americana of Canadian interest; Myers & Co., 102 New Bond St., London, W.I., "Catalogue of Scarce and Interesting Books in all Branches of Literature" (No. 260), including a selection of Americana; Grafton & Co., Coptic House, 51 Great Russell St., London, W.C.I., *Select Catalogue of Interesting Books*, (No. 62); Bernard Quaritch, "A Catalogue of Rare and Valuable Books," (No. 410), including such rarities as Burns's poems, Kilmarnock, 1786, and Gray's *Elegy*, 1751, the latter bound up with two other poetical pieces (priced £1,000.)

### THE COLLECTOR.

\* \* \*

*Canadian Bookman* would like to hear from any book collectors who are interested in the formation of an organization of the book collectors of Canada, along the lines suggested by "The Collector" in his department in a recent issue—an association that would serve to bring together all collectors, whatever their individual "lines"—Canadiana, printing, first editions, or even bookplates!—for their mutual benefit and for the promotion of book collecting generally. The recently organized Collectors' League of New Jersey sets forth its objects as follows:

"To promote the habit and art of collecting, preserving, displaying, material of any and all kinds; to encourage the habit of hobbies, and to act as a clearing-house for collections and collectors."

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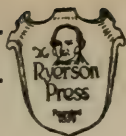
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Vol. X.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1928

No. 1



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

*125 Simcoe Street*

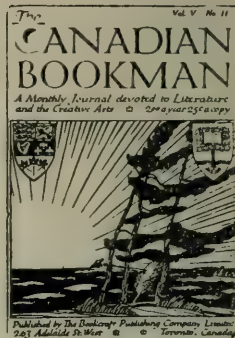
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*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office: 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

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## Canada's Literature

A Review by T. G. Marquis

THE question is frequently asked, "Has Canada a literature of her own?" By this is meant, a literature revealing a national consciousness. This question is admirably answered in *An Outline of Canadian Literature*. In a rapid, powerfully written chapter, entitled "The Genius of Canadian Literature," it is pointed out that the spirit of patriotism and national consciousness has been of slow, but sure, growth. There have been obstacles in the way of national solidarity, and there still remain "barriers of mountains and lakes, and the sectional interests which they create, but already it is clear that our destinies lie together." Greater cohesiveness can be achieved only "through the intensive study of our history, its romantic events and inspiring personalities, as well as an increasing devotion to our national literature. Here, for better or for worse, speaks the soul of Canada; here is the highway, broad and beautiful, which shall cross every divide, and create

the only enduring *entente cordiale*."

*An Outline of Canadian Literature* deals with every field of Canadian literary endeavor, and, for the first time in one book, equal justice is done our writers in both French and English. Dr. Pierce brings to his great task a sympathetic mind, and treats with equal fairness and fullness the creations of Fréchette and Roberts, of de Gaspé and Parker. The book is a labor of love, and is evidently the outcome of many years of profound study. The plan of the work is excellent. It opens with a brief chapter on "The Evolution of Canadian Literature," and closes with a powerful climactic essay on "The Genius of Canadian Literature." Each field of Canadian literary effort is given separate treatment: The novelists, the poets, the dramatists, the essay and belle lettres, religious and devotional literature, the nature writers, journalism, travel and exploration, and history.

The study of *An Outline of Canadian Literature* will convince the most pessimistic regarding Canadian literary achievement that, in at least three departments, works that com-

AN OUTLINE OF CANADIAN LITERATURE. By  
Lorne Pierce. Toronto: Ryerson Press.  
\$2.00.



pare favorably with the literary achievements of any modern country have been produced—poetry, humor, and nature study. Since Confederation, some dozen poets of broad outlook, high imaginative qualities, and rare technical skill, have issued volumes of verse that have much of the appeal of the poetry of Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and even Browning. These outstanding poets have been given scholarly consideration, and their strength and their weakness skilfully analyzed. These brief studies constitute an admirable guide to the study of our poets, both French and English, worthy of serious attention.

In humor, Haliburton, stands in a class by himself—the greatest of North American humorists. — but James De Mille and Peter McArthur are, in many ways, as entertaining, especially Peter McArthur, whose “agile mind went to the heart of a thing, and in sheer exuberance of good spirits he laughed stupidity and inconsistency out of court,” his “warm humanity” and “utter sincerity” stamping everything he wrote.

It is truly said that “Canada occupies a unique place in the history of literature, owing to the remarkable development of stories dealing with wild and domesticated animal life.” No other country has quite so much nature to study as Canada; varied animal and bird life, magnificent mountain scenery, broad, fertile plains, and lakes and rivers of rarest beauty. Since the days of Philip Gosse, author of *The Canadian Naturalist*, nature has been a source of inspiration to many of our writers, chief among whom are Roberts, Thompson-Seton, and Mrs. Traill.

Dr. Pierce does not rank our novelists as high as our poets. The great Canadian novel has yet to be written.

Good and pleasing work has been done, but the best of our novels lack the great touch of such masters as Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, and Balzac. There is in Canadian history and Canadian life ample material for a really great work of fiction, and Louis Hémon, a visitor to Canada, showed in *Marie Chapdelaine*, what could be done with seemingly commonplace material.

According to Dr. Pierce, Canadian drama is still in its infancy. No acting drama of importance has yet been produced by a Canadian. *Mordred*, by W. W. Campbell, is possibly our ablest dramatic production. Unfortunately the subject is exceedingly distasteful, but the characters are powerfully drawn and it has many dramatic situations of great force. According to Dr. Pierce: “The future of Canadian dramatic art depends upon the Little Theatre movement. We cannot agree with this. It must depend on a man of genius, one having a wide knowledge of life, and a master of his art. When that man comes and presents a really great drama, there will be a Big Theatre movement. *The Golden Dog* pointed the way in Canadian fiction, a dramatic *Golden Dog* is needed to point the way in dramatic production.

In dealing with history, travel, biography, etc., Dr. Pierce has contented himself mainly with giving full bibliographies. So far, the journeyman work in Canadian letters has been done with little artistic skill, but there is a vast amount of writing that will serve as admirable raw materials for the future creative artist.

In every way *An Outline of Canadian Literature* is an excellent guide to Canadian literary achievement. Everyone interested in the higher life of the nation should study it, and it is essential for the libraries of the Dominion.

# The Galleries in January

By Jeanne Adeney

THE art of the West Coast Indians is unique in that it is our only real native art, developed through generations of Indians on this continent. It is odd that at a certain stage in the progress of primitive peoples, similar forms and designs are evolved in their art, though the peoples may have been separated by oceans and centuries. Experts tell us that a surprising likeness may be traced between the early art of Mexico, Africa, the South Sea Islands and the West Coast Indians. In the last case, however, the development has been carried further, showing a finer civilization.

The art of these Indians was part of their every-day life. They produced no "works of art" but decorated the articles which they used. The totem poles in their villages represented the owners' ancestors and coats-of-arms. The corner posts in their community houses were carved in the likeness of ancestors or monsters. They made drums, rattles and masks, decorative and grotesque, to be used in dances and religious festivals. At these celebrations the chiefs wore carved head-dresses and robes of skin painted with native designs, or shawls. From a thread made of mountain goat wool over cedar bark the women of Chilkat on the Alaskan coast wove yellow and black designs into beautiful fringed robes. Dug-out canoes and wooden chests were carved and painted. Many smaller articles like horn spoons, trays, food boxes and metal bracelets were decorated or inlaid with abalone pearl. Fine examples of all these things were on view at the Toronto Art Galleries. The art of the West Coast Indians reached its height in the last century.

Artists from all parts of Canada

have been drawn to the west coast, and their work was exhibited with the Indian art. In particular Emily Carr, of Victoria, B.C., has done much to preserve this picturesque culture in her many paintings of villages and totem poles. She has also induced the Indians to revive some of their native arts. But whereas she has painted these things for their own sakes, A. Y. Jackson, of Toronto, has used them to intensify the moods of his pictures. In the painting of Hazelton the upright poles are as admonishing as the storm clouds behind them. W. Langdon Kihn has made some studies of the totem poles in a vivid, almost poster style, and some fine portrait drawing of Indians in costume. The reddish tint of the drawings, together with the careful modelling of the faces suggest his subjects well. Pegi Nichol, of Ottawa, achieved some unusual results by drawing the faces in many planes, and Edwin Holgate, of Montreal, has used charcoal and the earth colors to good purpose in his portraits. Walter Phillips, of Winnipeg, sent three beautiful water colors of Mamalilicoola and a wood-block in color of "Jim King's Warf." The Mamalilicoola picture, shown at the recent water color exhibition in Toronto, should have been with this group. Several artists included Rocky Mountain sketches. I must not neglect the two quaint pictures of Fred Alexee, a half breed, painted at Port Simpson about 1840, and the eight pictures by Paul Kane portraying the life and people of approximately the same period. Indians in the latter's portraits are wearing Chilkat robes.

Robert D. Norton, an American artist, exhibited a group of water-colors in the print room of the Toronto Art Gallery. These were painted



at different places in Europe, and for a one-man show were remarkably various. The Greek pictures of old stone in sunlight and clear skies were delicate in treatment but unlike the dreaminess of "Church of Chatelmontagne," "Chateau Gaillard," or "The Seine at Les Andelys." Contrast of light and darkness in the cliff scene "On the Presqu'Isle de Giens," and "Nauphia," produced a fine effect of clarity. Again Mr. Norton changes and presents "The Old Port" with strength and boldness. He is a versatile painter who has not fallen into mannerisms.

### In December

The Toronto Art Galleries exhibited in December the work of internationally famous sculptors, modern water colors from India and small paintings by the members of the Ontario Society of Artists.

The three great works of Ivan Mes-trovic, "Mother at Prayer," "Madonna with Children," and "Moses," and the four beautiful busts by Jacob Epstein, dominated the exhibition of sculpture.

It would have been interesting to compare our recent watercolor exhibition with the pictures from India. The art traditions of East and West have developed along such different lines that there seems to be no point of contact between the two. In only one case, that of Gogonendra Nath Tagore, has the modern European trend in art had any apparent influence. Two of Tagore's pictures represented interiors in brilliant color and gold, another was almost realistic in our sense, the rest were modern abstractions, beautifully colored. One had to look closely at the other Indian pictures to appreciate their skillful execution and fineness of detail—how different from our broad Western effects! The artists had concentrated on design and color against flat backgrounds. There was no painting of

landscape with light and distance.

The annual exhibition of small paintings by the Ontario Society of Artists was organized in order that small pictures at moderate prices might be brought within reach of the people. Perhaps the most original paintings this year were those of Charles Comfort. They were simply treated in low tones. The careful design of each picture was emphasized not so much by color as by the heavy laying-on of the paint which brought the design into relief. Alfred Paul's beautiful harmonies of trees and water were also low in tone, and very decorative. Some fine design had crept into Lawren Harris' austere paintings of the north shore of Lake Superior. How contrasted to these were Arthur Lismer's colorful pictures of the same part of Ontario! In J. E. H. MacDonald's canvases were the strength and majesty of the Rocky Mountains. I know of no painter who suggests detail and atmosphere in a broad landscape more subtly than F. H. Bridgen. The painting of A. J. Casson was fresh and strong and that of Franz Johnston beautiful in its composition. Doubtless many more of the pictures deserve comment. In so good an exhibition it is difficult to mention only a few.

### Practical Art

A recent exhibition at the Paris Salon showed diminutive bars, display windows for shops, ingeniously designed and lighted, and a gasolene station!

The bars, it is said, have been inspired by American millionaires residing in Paris. They are to be installed in private houses and are sometimes works of art. One, a combination of nickel and glass, could only be compared to an iceberg in the sun. Another was designed so that tables, chairs, light and the shape of the room followed the same spiral lines. But the dominant note in this

bar was the bottles, each enshrined in its own niche, and the glasses on the tall counter, made purposely for their special uses.

Shop windows and interiors displayed articles separately behind lighted glass panels, like tiny stages. Windows and skylights in the new buildings were planned in unexpected places to catch the sun and avoid the nearby buildings.

A full sized gasolene station was on

display, its form and color carefully designed to fit its uses. Advertising signs behind lighted lead glass windows were the only decoration. Arms pointed in the directions of the nearest cities. May we hope that artists and architects in Canada will follow the example and help to make buildings and advertisements things of beauty? Some of our new display windows and gas stations are already on the right track.

## Authors Discuss Craftsmanship

Does Intimate Contact with Human Activity or Classic Solitude Tend  
to Best Writing

TWO notable guests at the January meeting of the Toronto Branch were T. Morris Langstreth, an American author, who chooses Canadian scenes and subjects for his books, the latest of which is *The Silent Force*, a fine work on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and a native Canadian author, Miss Mabel Dunham, whose pioneer novel of the Pennsylvania Dutch of Waterloo County, and its recently published sequel, are to be followed by other novels with Canadian historical settings.

"Craftsmanship" was very cleverly discussed at this meeting, with a sharp division of opinion as to the relative merits of maintaining close contacts with people and their activities or retiring into the solitudes in order to do the best writing.

Dr. Salem Bland was the outstanding champion of the former method, and Arthur Heming was diametrically opposed. Heming was credited, by another speaker, with voicing the opinion that it would be a good thing for the average author to heave a brick through a plate glass window in order to be incarcerated in jail and thus by confinement in a cell, be able to do some worth-while work. Mr. Heming told about some humorous traits of his friend, Frank Brangwin,

the artist, who, while not a recluse, was never forced out of his home except by extreme circumstance.

When Brangwin went to the theatre it was an event preceded by weeks of preliminary discussion, followed by months before he went to another show. When he bought a new hat, a van load of boxes went to his house from the hatter's and with these boxes scattered all about the house, the selection of a new hat was made. And so it was when Brangwin bought a new pair of shoes.

Owen McGillicuddy doubted whether any one could really find the "classical solitudes" at which so many had hinted. He represented the journalistic *genre* of writers whose daily grind is such as to make it necessary to do their own creative writing at intervals that present themselves intermittently in the hectic course of active newspaper work.

The opinion was expressed that the human touch was possible only by contact with humanity and rather a choice bit was the comment that "after all there is nothing quite so human as people."

Wantonly facetious was another speaker's advocacy of a league of solitary scribes under the name of "The Associated Hermits."



# Splinters From a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

## XL.—MY FIRST BOOK

I HAVE filched the title of this short essay from Lewis Hind. Perhaps you have read "Authors and I," and loved Hind's naïve admissions about *The Enchanted Stone*. Long before I had acceded to "the eternity of book covers" this essay had been my delight. Delightful likewise was the thought that some day I, too, might write about my first book. So I do it; not as Hind did, looking at it in retrospect over the vellum backs of so many others, but seeing it new, fresh and very much alone on my table before me; seeing it not when in the light of other achievement it has become a peurile and somewhat feeble thing, not when it has taken the dusty tribute of oblivion, not when its name is all but forgotten, but while it has about it still some traces of glory and accomplishment.

Not often does one see set down a writer's reactions to his first book; usually the author waits until he can poke a little fun at it and with a careless wave of his virtuoso hand say, "Oh, yes, it was written in the hot heyday of youth. Really it never should have appeared at all. It was just a manifestation of vanity and if I had my life to live over again it would be destroyed or laid away, *secundum Flaccum*, until long years had given me the power to appraise it." Traitorous and vain sentiments! Traitorous to that which was then your very best, your noblest effort; vain, in that when it appeared you were honestly and consciously proud of it and did appraise it and said, "It was worthwhile." You hugged it to your breast and rubbed its shining morning jacket to your cheek and everything in you cried out that it was yours alone, that so much of the

world's accomplishment was definitely yours and no one, nothing could wrest it from you. You felt as though you had snared a sun-beam, truly a rare feat, and it would not get away from you.

You unwrapped the parcel with clumsy, tremulous fingers and forgot all your stoic canons of repression and unruffled serenity. You were very young and very exultant and the world outside of you had been destroyed while all your own loves and interests had concentrated in your own breast and in the volume you clutched in your hand.

Emotions then succeeded, too fast, too jumbled for recognition. All that the writing of it had meant, the hours of sweat and pain, the little and great fears of its ultimate fate, the doubts of its worthiness were forgotten, rendered as nothing because the book was a reality.

Then too, there is something splendidly significant in considering to whom you showed it first—

"Take thou the writing; thine it is. For who Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal,

Held still the target higher, chary of praise  
And prodigal of counsel who but thou?"

And perhaps you cried—together—why not?

Then what other thrills? Presently the booksellers' windows, and your own volume side by side with Barrie and Kipling and, supremest thrill, Thomas Hardy! Then some good soul has bought one; two gone, five, a hundred, two hundred, three, right in your own little borough where you expected at best a few assorted sneers, a smile or two of pity. And you are glad and very full, for you know that most have purchased not through philanthropy, not through friendship's faint obligation, not through

kinship—but because they thought it good.

Then reviews from coast to coast, laudatory, condemnatory, but none that “damn with faint praise.” It’s either very good or particularly putrid, and, somehow, you smile at them all and say they’re everyone correct, in substance.

Then after, say, a fortnight, come the little people, the parochials who have read few books, but have studied yours because it is yours and have found therein that which is unseemly, which they would not have thought could emanate from a young person like you. Why, hideous sin, you have dared to try to think! You have said something out of the character you are supposed to have and trodden, perchance, on the bigot’s toes. Then you feel faintly what Thomas Hardy felt when they spoke of *Jude the Obscure*, and with silly tongues put a premature end to what would have been the finest procession of novels in our British tongue.

But you find you have not forfeited the good opinions of those whose good opinion means something. Most of the adverse critics, you learn with glee, are lending-library customers; they have not given you your tithe of a royalty by buying your book. They have spent ten cents and given out a million dollars worth of publicity. Their condemnation is worth infinitely more than their praise.

Next, someone requests timidly that you autograph a copy of your book. Timidly, mind you; as though it were a great concession, while the fact is that you have come into your own, are highly flattered and are experiencing, as you put an added flourish to your signature, one of life’s supreme moments.

A writer, usually, attaches more importance to the dicta of his fellow-craftsmen. Yes, what the other toilers say means far more than the

praise or blame of those who also serve, yet only stand and wait. Men of many books speak to you, the man of only one, and criticize honestly, reasonably and sanely and leave you with the word that you have done something, small though it is. I have pushed a score of reviews aside to read the scrawled note of a brother scribe. He has no axe to grind. He knows you, while the reviewer does not, while the casual reader knows you but understands next to nothing about the work of writing and speaks often from prejudice, bigotry or cant. Writers are the finest fraternity in the world, make no mistake about it. They are merry fellows and oh, so knowing, and very broad and tolerant and irreligious.

I have read so often of manuscripts that waited years for a publisher, and expected to experience the same disheartening business with mine own. But Lewis Hind’s story is almost mine; the first publisher took it; nay, seemed glad that he got it and welcomed me unto him. It was and is yet hard to understand. I feel that he has made a mistake. Yet he ought to know.

Hind admits that his writing of that first novel was a bit of “business push,” a commercial venture. I cannot, nor would I wish to, deny that mine was otherwise. One always writes for reward, yet one finds a great reward in the writing unless it is pure hack-stuff, distasteful, washy and bloodless. Writing is a career, a business, and a writer should be a business man or should marry a business woman. He must remember in producing a work of art that the first principle is to “get his stuff across.” Yes; it does seem horribly vulgar, not at all in sympathy with the ideal conception of a writer, expressing himself for the sake of expression, careless of the public who will read. But Shakespeare thought in terms of his public. The great writer is usually a



great showman. Voltaire was one of the world's best publicists, a glorified Barnum of his time.

But, for a' that, you should not let public taste decide what you are to write; be dependent for your moods on no man's fancy. Be yourself and be human. It seems you're bound to tread on somebody's toes; and since it's so, tread as hard as you wish. It's a devilish delight to cause some folk's corns to ache. Write what you want to, but write it as the reading public wants it to be written.

An intelligent writer, even with a first novel, has no business to make a stab in the dark. The world has swallowed the same things since it began to walk on its hind legs and will, in all probability, continue to swallow them for all time. Love is the

big business of life, even in this day when it is free, companionate or perverted. Love is the *pièce de resistance* and if you write about love as lovers like it to be written, you're on a safe road. Glamour is the next note and, while melodrama is sneered at, a lot of people still derive a bad taste in the mouth from realism pushed to the most real. Shun the platitudinous school of the Wrights, Porters and suchlike persons; but dodge also the tin-can ideas of Tully and other goats who consume all garbage.

If you must write a first novel, and you must if you write any, don't be afraid of the faults that parade themselves therein. You'll hear about them, but don't take what you hear too seriously unless it comes from those who are worth hearing.

## Canadian Spruce Trees in Winter

By Alice Elizabeth Wilson

UPON a hillside brightened by the moon,  
I saw a row of spruce that seemed to be  
Enchanted black-robed giants bound to earth  
Until some mystic sign should set them free.

They stood knee-deep in soft and sparkling snow,  
Their high cocked hats and drooping outstretched arms  
Bedecked with richest ermine, all agleam  
With veils of diamonds to enhance the charm.

I stood spellbound and even as I looked  
Expected drums' alarm to reach my ears,  
When all those tethered ghosts would spring to life,  
March quickly o'er the hills and disappear.

# Good Women and Wayward Men

## Thoughts on Some of the New Books

By Marcus Adeney

**I**MPLICIT in the very nature of things is some measure of conflict between the generation growing up and the generation growing old. The flux and flow of life is nowhere more sharply apparent than in the constantly shifting relationship of parent and child; for with the dawn of consciousness there is a new thing under the sun, a human individuality prepared to make mighty claims in its own right, potentially master of the world, creator and destroyer of all human verities. What wonder that parents watch the growth of a child with anxious solicitude! Unskilled and heedless of danger the youth becomes most venturesome just when his parents are entering the precautionary period of middle age. Ignorant and visionary he opposes his dreams to their worldly wisdom, and so the best of intentions on both sides may lead only to misunderstanding, conflict and injustice.

We of the younger generation today like to imagine that a Youth Movement is peculiar to our own times. Perhaps our reactions towards the world as we find it are not new after all. Perhaps our fathers felt much the same way at our age. It may be that we are more voluble and expressive, less backward in announcing our aims and intentions, capable of organization and massed effectiveness; but have we at bottom anything new to offer a long suffering humanity? With what great hope do we justify our strenuous assertiveness? Can we realize a private or social salvation?

I should like to answer these questions myself, because they are at least partly answerable, but our present concern is with

Emma Downes, who was a Good Woman, (1) and her son Philip, who suffered and died because his mother's peculiar and relentless virtue could not tolerate differences. She was a strong-minded woman, was Emma Downes, and knew right from wrong. The grim tragedy that stalks at the heels of Philip and his pathetic young wife Naomi has always some reference to Emma—large, capable, assured and fatally uncomprehending. Philip was dedicated to the ministry and because he knew that his mother was always right the boy offered no resistance. "At twenty-three he lost himself with all the passion of adolescence in God and Heaven and Hell." As brother and sister in Christ, Philip and Naomi went to Africa, where, after a long period of suffering, the young man began to realize his two-fold and monstrous error. He could no longer believe and he no longer loved his wife. The return to New England only opens up a maze of problems for Philip, for Naomi, and for his mother.

There are times when, in solitude and bitter disillusionment, the young man seems to rediscover spiritual values for himself. Out of the wreck of his early faith, his revolt from the "harsh, commonplace, ugly God of Naomi and Emma and the Reverend Castor," springs a new realization. There is a God in which he can and must believe, "a God concerned with the whole glowing tragic spectacle of living." For a time it seems as though darkness and the great mystery have yielded to light and certainty. "He became aware slowly of a whole new world born of a strange, mystical understanding . . ." Poor Philip! He is not big enough to play the part of prophet. The divine fires are flickering and intermittent. More often than not he is merely oppressed, suffering and inarticulate. Too late he has tried to nourish a wavering flame of vision at the shrine of art. The forces which moulded him as a boy and which decided his tragic destiny are too strong for such frail genius. Over all that he does and says and thinks the shadow of Emma is perpetually cast—of Emma and what she represents of stupidity, selfishness and dishonesty, masquerading as solid virtue and regard for appearances. In the end Emma wins and in winning loses all. For there are fatal imperatives underlying the world as

(1) *A GOOD WOMAN*. By Louis Bromfield. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. \$2.50.

(2) *THE WAYWARD MAN*. By St. John Ervine. Toronto: Macmillan. \$2.50.

(3) *TARBOE*. By Sir Gilbert Parker. (With woodcuts by Harry Cimino.) Toronto: Copp Clark Co. \$2.00.

(4) *THE SIRE*. By Luke Allan. Toronto: Macmillan. \$2.00.

(5) *HUGH LAYAL*. By T. R. Elliot. Toronto: Macmillan. \$3.00.



she conceives it. Seeing so much, providing for so much, living so virtuously and steadily upholding all that is conventionally right and proper, this Good Woman misses the one thing essential—is it charity—and calamity follows as surely as night follows day.

In a certain (by no means literary) sense Louis Bromfield is reminiscent of Thomas Hardy. His work bears the same impress of deep, inexorable necessity. The prevailing mood is not so much one of pessimism as of resignation. Splendid and moving is this drama of human life, shot through with wild beauty and not seldom touched with true nobility; but behind all individual striving, indifferent to human pretensions, apparently unmoved by our weak hopes and fears, there moves some sort of Primary Order. It is almost a religious concept! *Thy will be done* might have been written as a conclusion to *The Good Woman*.

St. John Irvine is also concerned with a Good Woman. (2). Mrs. Dunwoody knows right from wrong, she arranges everything for her family just like Emma Downes, and the outcome of all her maternal care is similarly tragic. The boy that was to be a minister longed for adventures and foreign travel; his father had been a sea-captain and restlessness was in his blood. The old conflict between growing up and growing old, between the pagan world-trust of youth and the disillusionment of age! Mrs. Dunwoody has carved a place for herself and her hardware stores in Belfast. She knows what long years of effort and forethought and care and devotion go to the making of a substantial business. Her younger son Robert can appreciate his mother, respond deeply to her affection, but he cannot see any necessity for worldly care, nor does he respect ambition. He might perhaps have learned to love the New Testament, but his mother was attracted only by the Old. "As she turned over the pages of the big Bible, bound and clasped in brass, and read about the prolific Jews who were so unaccountably chosen to be God's people, she told herself that none of them had so much pride of family and desire for parental authority as she had. She would have enjoyed being a ruler in Israel. No one had ever heard her say how profoundly shocked she was when she read for the first time Christ's reply to the announcement that his mother and brethren waited outside. 'Who is my mother or my brethren?'"

Robert runs away to sea. With boyish zest Mr. St. John Irvine piles adventure upon adventure, transporting his hero thousands of miles in a few words, leading him into every sort of extraordinary predicament. Towards the end of the book Robert returns to his own home, is induced

to marry a suitable young woman (who has regarded him fondly since childhood) and then real trouble begins. "Brenda liked to see a man doing things a man ought to do. The proper place for a man was at the head of the table. A man ought always to carve the meat while the woman served the vegetables. All these things were regulated by custom and nice people. The man always helped the woman to step off a tramcar, although she was quite able to step off it without being helped. It looked well! . . . 'My God, if she says another word about nice people an' things lookin' well, I'll go demented mad!' Robert said to himself." The marriage "gradually falls to pieces, Brenda becoming more ambitious and businesslike as Robert grows more restless. Mrs. Dunwoody, in old age and feebleness, sees that her heroic struggle and elaborate plans have come to nought. "Its quare," she said, "how contrary things are. I'm a fortunate woman, as any person would believe, yet I can never remember in my life that anything turned out the way I wanted it to turn out. There's times when I'm just tired, tired, *tired*. I've striven an' contended, but God only knows what it was I strove for an' why I was contendin'." And then, talking to Brenda about the Wayward Man, whom they cannot help loving so dearly, she concludes "We're the same breed, you an' me, strong, striving women that never get what they want!"

*The Good Woman* presents the tragedy of a Wayward Man. *The Wayward Man* presents the tragedy of a Good Woman. But these two books are by no means of equal merit, nor will they appeal to the same readers. Louis Bromfield concludes a sombre task, that of dealing a death blow to certain (once virtuous) forms that now, he feels, serve merely to cloak a moral decadence. St. John Irvine has written an entertaining story, and if that story has any moral substance it is because Mr. Irving is an author of distinction who, in expressing himself, cannot fail to say something worth while. His characters are convincing.

\* \* \*

One of America's most brilliant younger writers, Joseph Wood Krutch, recently expressed some startling views with regard to the much misused term "Humanism." He concluded that men are human to the extent that they care for ends-in-themselves. Their virtue resembles that of the animals so long as they subordinate the individual to the state, ends to means, private interest to social and biological necessity. The ants, it appears, exist in a state of "frozen perfection." Their socialism is perfect. Individuality is sacrificed in the interests of the whole. The ant may be regarded as nature's most successful experiment, since

nature is never concerned with ends but only with means. Man has need of something more than social virtue, he craves individual self-realization, and this can only be obtained by isolating some natural process (as in art) and holding it up as an end in itself. Biologically this separation of process from its real object must be regarded as a perversion, or sin, since we live and thrive only so long as we obey the laws of biological necessity—which are not those of art or philosophy. That is to say all strictly human development leads us further from security, social or individual, and presages certain disaster.

For some time I have wondered at the fact that there are unquestionably two book-worlds, each with its own virtues, its own vices, and its own special claim to authenticity. The problem, as I saw it, was to discover some means of interpreting both worlds so that they should reveal a kindred source in human nature. Mr. Krutch has perhaps given us a clue. Literature as an art begins when social virtues (as means) are disregarded in favor of individual self-realization (as an end.) A book often makes no pretence at artistry. Its appeal is to social interest, social virtue and simple emotion. It does not attempt to reveal the individual to himself but it reveals groups of persons in their relation to the existing social order. It is conceivable that the ants, being technically developed, might have preserved records of group heroism in defence of the state, of exciting adventures in which socially perfect ants had overcome socially imperfect ants; but it is not conceivable that one ant should attempt spiritually to interpret another. Here we come to the purely human—the artistic and philosophic phase of development.

When Sir Gilbert Parker (3) says to a gambler in whom he has taken a personal interest, "Give up the girl, who doesn't know what you are," and then, "It is the business of all decent folk not to let a professional gambler get into the society of respectable ladies," he is expressing a social sentiment. He is respecting a certain very practical code which demands from the individual a sacrifice of any desire that might interrupt the smooth flow of group feeling. It doesn't matter if the girl loves the gambler or the gambler loves the girl, or even if there is a chance of her reforming him. Not even Sir Gilbert Parker's liking for the man matters. Social security demands that respectable girls should remain respectable and that gamblers should leave them alone. I am not for a moment criticizing these standards. Indeed they are in a sense heroic because they transcend personal desire. Also they serve the interests of the many rather than the few. I am merely

pointing out that art has no concern with the fact that a certain man is known to be a gambler and that a certain woman is known to be respectable. When the gambler asserts "I can say this, I never got from a decent woman anything I oughtn't to have, and the rest don't matter," he is claiming good-fellowship. He respects the social code in one sense even while he defies it in another. The reader is given to understand that this man Tarboe, balanced carefully in the social scales, would weigh heavily on the side of virtue. Hence he may claim our sympathy. "I felt sorry for the girl," says the author later on, "but I knew that Tarboe had done the right thing." The social decree is absolute!

Tarboe is certainly likeable, and the story of his life is told with Sir Gilbert Parker's usual skill and vigor. He always won at cards and tells exactly how it was done. He tried to break the bank at Monte Carlo and was almost broken himself. He travelled over most of the earth and served his time in various prisons. It was a strenuous, useless, romantic, almost heroic life. His one real love affair ended in pitiful disaster, a disaster that Tarboe's innate conventionality prevented him from remedying—if indeed a remedy were possible. This is a book about a real man, one still living and upholding in splendid old age his quixotic code of honor.

Some of our lesser known Canadian writers are doing very interesting work. Books that have obviously been written with an eye to the uncritical, adventure-loving public are not as a rule likely to attract real booklovers, whose appreciations are more directly literary. Action, like anything else in a novel, can run to excess and so spoil the general effect. But some of our new novels cannot be safely classed as popular and dismissed with a gesture just because they were written with modest intent. Literary ability, here in Canada, is still liable to various kinds of suppression or misapplication. Culture is still somewhat of a rarity, so that real discrimination among books, subjects for conversation, possible forms of belief, channels of information and so forth, is apt to be regarded as odd. I suspect that some of our more capable writers would have expressed themselves differently had they felt no obligation towards the "public," no fear lest the book they would like to write would fail to sell. The tremendous success of Louis Bromfield (to mention only one crusading author) in America, should cause Mr. Luke Allan (4) and others to take thought. Of course it is only a presumption on my part but I think that *The Sire*, which is a good novel, might have been a better one. The publishers tell us that it is a humorous



novel, which would lead one to expect light comedy. As a matter of fact the humor is only incidental to the story of a certain English gentleman who, by virtue of bravery and real intelligence, asserts himself successfully in the Canadian West. As a character study it is little short of remarkable. Luke Allan must have known his Englishman well, his education, tradition and class foibles. Only such knowledge could justify such remarks as these, "He spoke with a cultured accent, a clearness and deliberateness of diction that had come with him from Oxford—cultivated, perhaps, rather than cultured, the breath of Oxford that betrays the superficiality of the most apparent of its training, the type of learning that prizes more luxuriance of foliage than fruit." There are too few of these pungent comments in the book; the reader is also tantalized by a rarity of scenic descriptions,

for which the author has a real *flair*. The story concerns Rodney Carleton and his growing family of boys, ranching in the mountains, farming in the plains, contracting for ties in the valley of the Fraser while the railway is being built, and finally setting up a Mountain Camp at which the Englishman plays the part of host to many paying guests in grand style.

One more Canadian novel remains to be commented upon. (5) This is an exciting story of the Red River Settlement told with care for historical facts. Understanding something of the conflict of interests involved in the Earl of Selkirk's great schemes for extending England's Empire throughout the Great West, we can scarcely wonder at the many attendant tragedies. Here is intrigue, personal heroism and romance—an adventurous tale that young people particularly will enjoy.

## Europe's Oldest Literary Society

### THE FLORAL GAMES OF TOULOUSE

By Roxy R. Greer

**E**ACH year, on the first three days of May, the oldest literary society in Europe holds its fête in the charming city of Toulouse, in Southern France, that land of *trouvères* and troubadours.

On the Tuesday after All Saints' Day of the year 1323, "the right gay company of the seven Troubadours of Toulouse" met under a laurel tree in a grove near the city and decided to send out a letter in verse to all poets of the "*langue d'oc*," the Provençal language at that time spoken in the south of France, inviting them to appear on May 1st, 1324, to engage in a poetic tournament at Toulouse.

Under the delightful name of "Le Collège du Gai Savoir," these seven Troubadours became the founders of a literary association which, through these poetic games, continues to award its coveted prizes each year.

Originally the golden violet was the only award and, as it has always

been considered the greatest prize, it is reserved for the more serious forms of poetry. The symbolical flowers of the eglantine and the marigold were shortly added as awards for the successful troubadours, but even those who failed to win the golden flowers were consoled by a silver carnation.

From this pretty custom of awarding the gold and silver flowers, the meetings took the name of the "Floral Games of Toulouse." From the aim of the "Consistory of the Gay Science" to maintain the culture of the Midi dialects and prevent the language "*d'oc*" from falling into disuse, the members are called "*mainteneurs*." To attain their object, they established a sort of code of Romance poetry and in 1356 brought out a book called *Las Leys d'Amors*, *The Laws of Poetry*, of which a new edition was published in Toulouse as recently as 1841.

At first the poems read at the

"Floral Games" were of a religious nature, the majority of them being in honor of "Our Lady," the Virgin Mary. At that first meeting, May 1st, 1324, the golden violet was awarded to Arnauld Vidal de Castelnau for his song in honor of the Virgin. Later, love songs were submitted. As it was considered a great honor for a lady to inspire the song of a troubadour, these wandering poets always won a welcome from the ladies of the court to whom their songs were dedicated. The troubadours became so powerful a force in the social and political life of the south of France that they were often feared by the feudal lords of the day, for they spread the news as well as the culture of the times, as they went from castle to castle, read their poems and sang their songs at the "Courts of Love" which were held by the good King René of Anjou and other rulers of Provence.

Until the 16th century only the "Langue d'oc" was permitted to be used for the poems declaimed at the games, but in 1513, the French language was introduced and gradually replaced that of Provence. Soon it was forbidden to use any but the French language and in 1694, King Louis XIV. converted the society into an institution of state, creating it by letters patent, the "Academy of Floral Games at Toulouse," with forty "mainteneurs." As it had been pledged to maintain the habits and language of Languedoc many protestations followed this decision to exclude the old popular Midi dialect. However, by a generous donation, a special prize was established for poems written in the Provençal language.

Tradition associates the name of Clémence Isaure, a lady of Toulouse celebrated for her beauty and her wit, with this donation, as it is said she gave the greater part of her fortune to this academy. Whether she really

existed matters little for she has remained the legendary patroness and for many years her praise was sounded at each fête. Her charming home, the Hôtel d'Assézat, became the meeting place of the poets and there each May day the games still take place, presided over yet by the Lady Clémence Isaure, for her statue graces the court of this fine renaissance hôtel. Built of the small, delicate-colored red bricks which have won for Toulouse the name "La cité rose," its charm is enhanced by the richness of renaissance decoration and a covered gallery, "la coursière," which is built along two sides of the court, connecting the rooms of the second story.

Toulouse is famous for the towers of the six churches, all of great architectural interest. One of these churches, Notre Dame de la Daurade, is now connected with the Hôtel d'assézat. On the 3rd of May, the golden and silver flowers to be awarded are blessed in this church. After the meeting in the Hôtel to decide the award, the ceremony of presentation takes place on the church steps. Those who have been crowned at least three times become "maitres-en-jeux," laureates, among whom are the greatest writers of France. Poets and writers both contend for the flowers of gold and silver, for many prizes have been added to the original one for Romance poetry. Eleven different prizes are now awarded annually by the "Academie des Jeux Floraux de Toulouse" and many illustrious Frenchmen have won their first laurels on this field of the "Floral Games." Victor Hugo, Coppée, René, Bazin, Mistral, Rostrand, are but a few of those who have won the golden flowers.

For 600 years these games have continued, interrupted only by the French Revolution, when they were discontinued in 1790, to be resumed in 1806, each year since having added to that illustrious company of "Le Collège du Gai Savoir."



## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—a series of "Booklovers' Evenings" is a feature of the winter activities of the Beaches Library in Toronto.

—Nellie L. McClung, noted Canadian author, characterizes the bookless house as the menace of the age.

—*In Days of Old*, by Katharine M. Macpherson, of Montreal, has been accepted for publication by Dorrance & Co., of Philadelphia.

—Mrs. L. Adams Beck (E. Barrington) is shortly to return from Ceylon for a short stay in Victoria, B.C., and is to give a series of lectures then before the Victoria chapter of the I.O.D.E.

—Judge Emily Murphy, "Janey Canuck," of Calgary, who spent the Christmas holiday season in Toronto, is anything but optimistic about the present situation regarding the drug evil, saying that the traffic is spreading enormously. It will be recalled that her book *The Black Candle*, dealt with this evil.

—the Dickens Fellowship of Winnipeg gave a successful presentation of *The Christmas Carol*, and through its "Tiny Tim Fund" raised a large sum of money for the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg. Previous to the main feature of the programme a series of slides were shown by the president of the Fellowship, Mr. H. G. Wade, illustrating *Pickwick Papers*.

—in the competition for a Christmas Card design held by the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, the prize of one hundred dollars (\$100.00), given by the Chamberlain Chapter, Toronto, has been awarded to Miss Jennie W. Turner, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. The subject for the competition was a Canadian autumn outdoor scene, and many designs were submitted which were both interesting and artistic and distinctly Canadian, so that it is felt that this competition is succeeding in its effort to encourage Canadian artists in producing Canadian Christmas cards.

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The next article in the series of "Who's Who in Canadian Literature" will appear in the February issue. It was deemed advisable this month to print as the leading article the review by Mr. Marquis of the significant new book, *An Outline of Canadian Literature*, by Dr. Lorne Pierce.

## Inside Stuff . . . .

### WANTS BOOKS ON MARITIMES

From El Cerrito, California, Mrs. Ward Rennie, in sending her renewal subscription writes: "*Canadian Bookman* has not only given me much pleasure and been of great interest, but is handed on and on to other British exiles here, who long for their own flag and who admire your little publication."

Mrs. Rennie enquires about books on Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, descriptive of the country, the villages and old houses—"not a guide book, but rather an appreciation of beauty." Perhaps some of the other readers of *Canadian Bookman* may be able to supply data about the particular books that would best answer these requirements, in which event the information may be passed on to Mrs. Ward Rennie, 629 Elm Street, El Cerrito, California.

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### A VANCOUVER APPRECIATION

The *Vancouver Sun*, in its issue of November 12, says in part:

"To the student of Canadian literature the October issue of *The Canadian Bookman* will prove of particular interest. From cover to cover it is filled with the things that delight lovers of the creative arts. Lionel Stevenson has a brief but comprehensive analysis of the poetical work of Albert E. Smythe, whose verses show a deep culture and a singing sweetness, despite the fact that he treads no beaten lyrical paths continuously.

The portrait exhibition at the Toronto Art Gallery is ably reviewed by Jeanne Adeney, while Edna I. LeGrand is represented by a delightful bit of verse called "Royal Autumn."

"Splinters from a Free Lance," by Louis Arthur Cunningham, is a timely article on Authors' Agents that will prove of great service to those who are finding difficulty in marketing their work.

Marcus Adeney has a "Panorama of Book Lovers," in which he discusses the various seekers after knowledge in a breezy but convincing style.

Reviews of the latest Canadian books are ably given by a number of well-known critics. Reports of the various branches of the Canadian Authors Association also find their place in this number, while for "The Collector" a mass of interesting data will be found in the department bearing that title."

This was followed by a reproduction of "The Cloak," by Constance Davies-Woodrow, "whose poetry is beginning to attract Dominion-wide attention."

# Of the Making of Books . . . .

News, Views and Reviews

## THE SOUL OF AN IMMIGRANT

A Review by T. D. Rimmer

TO many readers Frederick Philip Grove's book will be a revelation. Dealing ostensibly with a quest for the spiritual essence of America, it is in reality on Odyssey of the soul and the quest resolves itself into introspection and finally into acceptance.

We have in the pages a spiritual cosmos with the gradual and painful metamorphoses that are incidental to evolution. Phil Branden tasted bitter waters; he was athirst and, like many more, received the sponge dipped in vinegar; yet in the relation of his progress we catch a glimpse of the influences that, intrinsically transient and without seeming significance, shape and mould the destiny of the individual.

After Branden's chastening introduction to Toronto he has this to say :

"My first impression (of America) . . . was that of a floating tide, changing quickly, unthinkingly, continually—like the winds which blow over the continent. But it is the surface only to which I belonged. . . . Underneath this frantic motion, this ever-changing surface-agitation, I have in the course of years, learned to discern an ever-growing, solid foundation which is firm as the rocks, moving (sic) only in quiet, steady, unvarying motion—a motion headed towards clearer insight and a firmer resolve to assert itself. In order to catch the real trend of American thought you have to get your ear down to the soil to listen. Then you will hear the sanity, the good sense and the good will which are truly American."

He goes to New York, where again he comes in contact with the scum that lies on the surface. Becoming a book agent he sells in good faith a series of pseudo-limited editions until he finds that this also is graft. Then comes what is probably the finest portion of the book—where he gradually obtains a comprehension of the truer values and in his tramp throughout the country finds adjustment.

"Every morning I awake as to a feast. I was young . . . My whole body and soul

were astir with the possibilities of passion. Love . . . was a prime need. And this love had no object except the woods, the mountains, the streams; bird, insect, beast, gossamer threads, smoky haze, the smell of the earth . . . It was the love for the bride, full of desires, seeking all things, accepting them, craving fulfillment of higher destinies. Every fibre of my being yearned. And though what lured me was nature, yet it was also America."

In his tramp he meets both kindness and indifference, but he holds to the understanding which has been vouchsafed him:

"And yet I felt sure that, if I could only find them, the (Abraham) Lincoln in this great commonwealth, the small ones and the great ones, would gladly stretch forth a helping hand; they would point out some nook, some hidden valley, maybe, where I, too, might help in fighting back disease . . . They would not call me a tramp, with intent to hurt."

Incident follows incident, all surely hewing the path along which he was destined to travel. His trials are not over, but already the wood is thinning and he can glimpse the clearing ahead. He sums up:

"When I came from Europe, I came as an individual, when I settled down in America . . . I was a social man. My view of life . . . in Europe had been historical, it had become, in America, ethical. We come indeed from Hell and climb to Heaven; the Golden Age stands at the never-attainable end of history, not at Man's origins. Every step forward is bound to be a compromise . . . right and wrong are inseparably mixed . . . Europe regards the past; America regards the future. America is an ideal and as such has to be striven for; it has to be realized in partial victories."

Though Mr. Grove qualifies this statement in a footnote, I note it as a true analysis of America's condition, (and this embraces Canada and the U.S.), for what was true years ago is true today, and the ultimate destiny of this continent must be achieved through compromise and tolerance.

It is a pleasure to praise this book unreservedly. Although it is written from an unusual angle it applies *mutatis mutandis* to the immigrant in general and it throws into high relief the varying phases and processes of orientation as concerned with the newcomer to America. For this

A SEARCH FOR AMERICA. By Frederick Philip Grove. Ottawa: The Graphic Publishers Ltd. \$3.00.



reason the book is vital and provocative of thought and the generally high level of prose—the sincerity of the whole—mark it as a book that should be read—and read widely—by all those who are interested in vital experiences. T. D. RIMMER.

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MY BELIEFS. By Luther Burbank. \$1.00.

THE SPEAKING VOICE. By Amelia Summerville. \$1.50.

THIS WAY OUT. By E. G. Ivins. New York: The Avondale Press.

These three books have nothing in common except the binding.

Luther Burbank, benefactor of humanity and professed infidel, describes with remarkable clearness and brevity his final position with regard to Christianity and the world of Man. His words are those of a practical man, one who has labored all his life upon specific problems, and perhaps for this reason they possess a force and directness that compels attention. Here are convictions, one feels, that have been tried and tested in the crucible of personal experience; no metaphysical speculation detracts from their purely human appeal.

A fine portrait and a brief appreciation introduce the author; this appreciation is so much at variance with the book itself that the reader is given even more occasion to reflect than was, perhaps, intended. Luther Burbank describes himself expressly as an infidel. "I am a lover of man and Christ, as a man and of His work, and all things that help humanity; but nevertheless, just as He was an infidel then, I am an infidel today. I prefer and claim the right to worship the Infinite, everlasting Almighty God of His vast universe as revealed to us gradually, step by step, by the demonstrable truths of our Saviour science." This is perfectly explicit. When we are told that "there can be no doubt whatever as to Luther Burbank being a thorough Christian," it is natural to conclude that there is confusion of thought somewhere. The truth of the matter is that a very great man cannot be successfully interpreted or "appreciated" in terms of lesser men. Luther Burbank needs no apologies; his life and work reveal an all-embracing spirituality. I cannot refrain from quoting an exquisite passage from Olive Schreiner with which the book is concluded. "Holiness is an infinite compassion for others; greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them. For the little Soul that cries aloud for continued personal existence for itself and its beloved, there is no help. For the Soul which knows itself no more as a unit, but as a part of the universal unity of which the beloved also is a part, which feels

within itself the throb of universal life—for that soul there is no death."

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Amelia Summerville wishes to emphasize the importance of an expressive speaking voice in every human life. She quotes freely; Buddha and Enrico Caruso alike support her arguments. So much enthusiasm, one feels, should rest upon a strong groundwork of explicit statement, but it is only when dealing with public speaking that Miss Summerville becomes truly informative. Her lofty conception of the actor's art leads her, however, to make some very significant remarks. "The actor's highest peak of portrayal is a great sermon; the preacher's loftiest utterance is a gem of dramatic power. Perhaps some day these two will be wedded in the hallowed bonds of spiritual and dramatic interpretation. Will that be the Golden Age of pulpit and stage?" Amelia Summerville was educated in Toronto. She received her early dramatic training from Mrs. Harriet Holman, of whom she speaks in glowing terms.

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Mr. Ivins, in *This Way Out*, tells a story of the west that must surely be unique. It appears that within a certain territory the law at one time decreed that a condemned man should have the choice of death by shooting, hanging or the guillotine. What happened when Elijah Woods, prompted by a sharp lawyer, chose the guillotine, provides material for a most amusing tale. The rest of the book is taken up with verse "written during the course of the day's work by a hardworking newspaper man who has been given to see beauty in the grim wastes of the desert and the jagged, knife-like ridges of the mountains that are the vast, lonely region he has known through an eventful lifetime." Mr. Ivins would not profess to be a poet of consequence; but there is charm in many of his verses. Unfortunately, his work bears the unmistakable stamp of social convention, so that sentiment often comes perilously close to sentimentality, and pleasing reveries are confused with true emotion. What Mr. Ivins evidently believes to be simple remains, nevertheless, exceedingly complex. His verses will seem natural and their real charm will be at once apparent to those whose emotional and moral world is supported by similarly elaborate conventions.

M.A.

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MOST THOROUGH. By J. R. L. Starr. Toronto: Thomas Allen. 35c.

This is a "Father and Son Story" and is most wholesome in character, exemplifying how, by entering into the spirit of his son's boyhood activities, the father may be a telling force in moulding the boy's character.

## PITY THE CONSUMER

**YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.** By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

The authors of this book deserve to be chained through the high places. They have tempered their weapons of attack against misrepresentation with an Attic humor that is much more effective than berserk indignation. Calmly, and with many a sly dig, they make out a case that on the face of it is utterly damning and betrays the pitiful gullibility of that great organism, the public.

There are few, I conjecture, who have not been tempted ere this by alluring recitals of the virtues of this or that preparation or article and have gone into the arcana of drug and other stores with hope-filled hearts, only to discover later that their purchase was a delusion and a snare and there was no health in it.

To such an one this book will come as a boon and blessing for its authors have been evidently "chiefs among them takin' notes" and the result should be to make the reader in future tread delicately in this land of exaggerated advertising where every "prospect" pleases and only "no's" are vile.

The authors delve deeply into the devious windings of Competition and Adulteration with all the attendant legions of abuses and they bring things to the surface that are not by any means provocative of comfort. In the scramble for the consumer's dollar everything ethical seems to go by the board, that is, in the cases cited, for of course there is an abundance of honest advertising. But it is at those who misrepresent and exaggerate that the book is levelled—may it be as successful in the attempt as Saint Patrick was with the snakes.

Our modern buccaneers evidently lack only the horse to outrival Jesse James. A subtle form of attack is evidenced in the following quotation:

"A firm of letter brokers . . . announces. 'We compile freshly made up lists of names with correct mailing address of persons affected with the following ailments' . . ." Then follows a list of diseases. It is easy to understand the appeal this would present to a compounder of a quack medicine and the use he would make of it.

The most revelatory chapters are those dealing with medical quackery. Here the authors doff their cloaks of levity and smite quackery hip and thigh, and with perfect justification. It requires no vast stretch of the imagination to realize just how fertile the field is wherein these quacks work.

By despicable methods they gain the all-too-ready ear of a sufferer and promising him high heaven usually deal out a portion

of hell in return for his money. It is high time these quacks were ground underfoot and yet, despite articles in *The American Mercury* and edicts of the Medical Association they flourish like a green bay tree.

If the facts and instances cited in this book are authentic, and they appear to be, it should become a *vade mecum* to the harassed and much-fleeced consumer. The book does not leave the reader in the debris it causes in the first chapters, but builds an edifice of standards which may not wholly protect us but which is more reliable than the imposing but uncertain structures that at present shelter us. And, to change the metaphor, the book in its humor and cynical detachment is as beneficial and astringent as a cleansing wind in a lazar-house.

T. D. RIMMER.

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## ROMANTIC BUGLES TODAY

**BUGLES IN THE NIGHT.** By Barry Benefield. Toronto: McLeod. \$2.00.

Something like O. Henry's style is Mr. Benefield's latest romance. The cheerfully written tale tells how Easley Wheatley, a Confederate veteran, rescues Alice Kibbe, the heroine, from an unpleasant house and, as his daughter, takes her to New York. In the first years of this century the city is towered and enchanting to the new arrivals, who learn to love it. But they struggle to make a living; the ex-cavalryman taking chance employment while the girl takes charge of their rooms. Mild adventures and heartburnings they have, too; when the landlord attacks "they retreat in good order"—making a house-boat of an old scow, the *Old Lame Duck*, fast on a tidal creek in South Brooklyn. Here in their new home they gather some odd, likeable companions: Wullie, star-gazer and night-bugler; Mrs. "Detective" Bullwinkle; Dr. Juvenny; and the so-called Mr. Tibby, a man who has lost his memory. He and Alice fall in love one night "after a little moon." But one day the sight of a horse at a race track restoring his remembrance, the money-marts of Manhattan again swallow him.

Four years see patient searching; at length Mrs. Bullwinkle's clue finds the vanished Tibby, now a rich man, and Alice plans a party to recall his former partnership. Though Mr. Wheatley is not "present," the old soldier is a fine, loveable character, a true cavalier and at the end he dies happily, surrounded by the *Old Lame Duck's* crew, knowing his daughter has found another protector. The author has cleverly drawn his characters and readers seeking escape from what is called "realism" will enjoy this pleasant, whimsical story.

A.H.B.



SAVOUR OF SALT. By Florence Sandall Livesay. Toronto: Dent. \$2.00.

This is an entirely unexpected kind of book for an author in Ontario to have produced, but it will be all the more welcome, and if its folklore be not indigenous it can very respectably connect itself with the folklore of India, Finland and other distant scenes, and thereby win that universal interest which makes literature. Florence Randall Livesay has already shown her taste for the rare and precious in her *Songs of Ukrania*, and for poetry in her *Shepherd's Purse*, but in this volume she enters on the study of human character and its development. Not a very complete study, perhaps, in the person of Aine, a delightful elf of a child, and a finely expressive woman as the story proceeds, but a full length picture of Auntie McCool, who should live in the annals of Ontario as long as there are people interested in original human nature. It will be a revelation to Protestants, too, to hear that people can actually be original, be themselves, under the discipline of the Roman Church, and it ought to do much to remove the prejudice that has long separated two bodies of people who are one in heart and conscience, and only differ in opinions and certain customs which vary with epoch and climate. There is a fine sympathy in the way these differences are touched in the book, and if it were thoroughly well known that the Boyne Obelisk, blown up by the Nationalists of Ireland, and the Twelfth of July celebrations alike celebrated a battle fought under the benediction of the Holy Father, and a victory celebrated by a Thanksgiving Mass in the Vatican there might be less rancour between the two parties. But Auntie McCool knew no more of this than the majority of Irishmen, and she pursues her delightfully cantankerous way through these pages, always reasonable in the long run, and finally as romantically yielding as the most ardent novel-reader could desire. The book is one of humor, and it is the finer kind of humor that does not need to be illustrated. More the pity that so few people enjoy the type, but this book will have readers, and a multiplying number, for it carries its own recommendation since any reader will be compelled to tell his friend of the treasure he has found. The story is episodic, and discursive, but it loses nothing by this, unburdened by the fruitless detail which modern writers who have nothing else to provide set forth in their dishes. Such pieces as "The Candle," "Springtime and Witches," "The Fairies' Bargain Waistcoat," and "The Unattainable Ninth," are a joy forever, while "Larry of the Seminary," awakens something of the same sorrow of fatality which overwhelms the reader

of Hans Andersen's "Improvisatore," when Flaminia becomes Elizabeth. Both books are the work of artists though the scene and the vein differ widely. A.E.S.S.

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### THE CANADIAN ANGLE

ONLY THIS. A WAR RETROSPECT. By James H. Pedley. Ottawa: The Graphic Publishers Ltd. \$2.00.

This is a book that will be read avidly by those who served in the war, and those who were out of it will experience vicariously some of the thrills that were part and parcel of life at the front.

Most of the American books dealing with the war have been too strongly underlined. True, we have had some whose sincerity was patent on every page, but we have had many, also, that portrayed the life in France as a medley of blasphemy and butchery without the reliefs of rest and fugitive pleasures that helped to color the monotony. Not that the horror of those four years can be glossed over. Despite the almost incredible optimism (a word used advisedly) of the troops there are few on whom the war did not claw deep wounds, either physically, mentally or spiritually. But if there could be no lengthy relief, there were Nepenthean moments when the troops lived gloriously and, human nature being what it is, these are the moments which live most vividly in the memory and surge up to find expression in casual encounters between those who fought together.

Mr. Pedley's book is, I think, one of the most honest and sincere war books it has been my good fortune to read. Creative values aside, it can take its place beside the best reminiscences of the war.

Without ornate tapestry or trimmings, the book is written in straightforward prose that states everything naturally and simply and neither shrinks from unpleasant details nor lays undue emphasis upon them. That is the secret of the book's appeal.

Though chronologically it may be a little haphazard, in the essentials it is a kinematic relation that thrills and stirs memories that usually are submerged and quiescent beneath the stream of peaceful pursuits. For, broadly speaking, these experiences were common to the whole army. They had the same reactions, the same uncomfortable touches of "wind-up" and the same battle for orientation towards the alien life of the trenches. That they won through is a weight adequate to balance all this and few, despite their scars, have not had their lives enriched by the experience.

There are touches of genuine lyricism, also, throughout this book, that make one curious to see another and more creative

effort by Mr. Pedley. It will be strange if it is not forthcoming. But in this book he has written a valuable record and one that, reading between the lines, throws a creditable light upon the author. I venture to think that those who read it will find it a forthright book that once and for all portrays the war as viewed from the Canadian angle, and it is not too much to say that on its plane it should enrich the Canadian literary output.

T. D. RIMMER.

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AN ANTHOLOGY FOR ANIMAL LOVERS. By Elizabeth D'Oyley. London: Wm. Collins Sons & Co. 6s net.

Not only those who love animals will enjoy this anthology, but all lovers of fine literature; for the greatest men have often felt the profoundest kinship with living creatures. Mr. Galsworthy writes the preface and I cannot do better than restate some of the things he has pointed out. The book contains nearly all the best things ever written about animals. The authoress has not only selected well, but she has grouped her selections under suitable headings. We find that translations from Greek, Gaelic and the Bible are as sympathetic and as appreciative of animals as anything written today, and often as amusing. Human nature has not changed so much in two thousand years.

One of the loveliest things in the collection is Thomas Hardy's *Last Words to a Dumb Friend*. Indeed cats seem to come in for the major part of attention, and is it not well known that the cat is the writer's natural companion? She will sit quietly on his desk, content to be near her master; sometimes reaching out a tentative paw to touch his pen. Not always so, thinks Anthony Bertram, who writes of his cat, "That awkward sprite which hides my favorite pencil when I most need it, burns the frying pan the moment I turn my back. That sprite makes Mimi playful when I would read, sleepy when I would play, hungry when there is no milk, affectionate when I am carrying cup or tea-pot." Other favorites are "Petrarch's Cat," and Keats' poem "To Mrs. Reynolds' Cat," but the book is by no means devoted to this animal alone. One of the finest poems inspired by a cat is not included, Thomas Gray's "On a Favorite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes."

R. L. Stevenson, John Masefield, and Robert Herrick are among those who write of dogs. Many are the writers who devote themselves to birds. In fact a surprising number of lovely things have been written with almost as many creatures for subjects. The horse, the donkey, the ox, the stag, the hare, even the toad, have come in for their

share of appreciation. (I know a writer who carried a snail about on his walking stick for company and something to talk to.) It is natural for an artist to be imaginatively sympathetic. Mr. Galsworthy makes the sufferings of animals at the hand of man the theme of his preface and of two contributions. This attitude he shares with Shakespeare, Chaucer, William Blake and Ruskin

J. A. A.

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NOW WE ARE SIX. By A. A. Milne. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.00.

Christopher Robin appears again, now that he is six. In the introduction (which is really the "*Er-h'r'm!*" and means "Now then, here we are,") we are told, "The name of the book doesn't mean that this is us being six all the time . . . We began it when we were very young. On page whatever-it-is there is a thing which is simply three-ish, and when we read it to ourselves just now we said, 'Well, well, well,' and turned over rather quickly." The book is simply lovely from the introduction to the very last rhyme,

When I was One,  
I had just begun.

When I was Two,  
I was nearly new.

When I was Three,  
I was hardly Me.

When I was Four,  
I was not much more.

When I was Five,  
I was just alive.

But now I am Six, I'm as clever as clever.  
So I think I'll be six now forever and ever.

Yes, *Now We Are Six* is just as good as *When We Were Very Young*, and Mr. Shepard's drawings are, if possible, even better. Here you will find the story of bad King John.

King John was not a good man—  
He had his little ways,  
And sometimes no one spoke to him  
For days and days and days.

And then there is the story of Christopher Robin being busy,

I think I am a Muffin Man. I haven't  
got a bell,  
I haven't got the muffin things that  
muffin people sell.

I think I am an Elephant,  
Behind another Elephant  
Behind another Elephant who isn't really  
there.



And another story called "Forgiven,"

I found a little beetle, so that Beetle was his name,  
And I called him Alexander and he answered just the same.

There is the story of Tattoo's kitten, Pinkle Purr, who grew into a big black cat

And whenever he thought of a thing to do,  
He didn't much bother about Tattoo,  
For he knows its nothing to do with her,  
So "See you later," says Pinkle Purr.

There are stories about Christopher Robin's little playmate Anne,

What has she got in that firm little fist of hers?  
Somebody's thumb, and it feels like Christopher's.

And there are stories about Pooh and the Little Black Hen and lots of others that I cannot mention here. I wonder who will enjoy this book most, children or grown-ups?  
J.A.A.

\* \* \*

### IN ARCTIC CANADA

THE FAR NORTH. A book of drawings by A. Y. Jackson, with an introduction by Dr. F. G. Banting, and descriptive notes by the artist. Toronto: Rous & Mann Ltd. \$2.50.

These are the first drawings by a Canadian artist of the Canadian Arctic, that great icy, rocky, foggy and sunny land, full of unknown mountains, lakes and glaciers, covered with snow and flowers, with light in summer and darkness in winter.

Mr. Jackson accompanied the 1927 Canadian Government Expedition in S.S. Beothic and the seventeen drawings cover his travels from Godhavn, in Greenland, to Baehé Post, on Ellesmere Island, 900 miles farther north, with calls at intermediate points.

The titles are enough to make one wish for this book, Godhavn, Etah, Baffin Bay, Fram's Haven, Beechey Island, Arctic Bay, Eclipse Sound and many others. Icebergs, Eskimo, Glaciers, Kayaks, dogs, mountains, dovekies, ducks, seals and walrus all appear in these arctic drawings with descriptive notes for each, well written and interesting.

The seventeen plates are beautifully printed and the entire book is a notable Canadian production.

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The Telegram, of St. John's, Nfld., advocates a Public Library for that city which has had no such institution since the destruction of the Athenaeum in the fire of 1892.

LIGHTS UP. By Grace S. Richmond. New York and Toronto: Doubleday Page and Co. \$2.00.

Mrs. Redmond's latest book, *Lights Up*, comes as a refreshing breeze after the withering blast of many of our modern novels. In the opinion of one famous magazine editor, "it is the best novel that Mrs. Richmond has ever done, and will inevitably outdo in popularity anything she has yet written." That is a strong statement when we reflect upon such characters as Red Pepper Burns, Mrs. Red Pepper and those others that are so familiar to us.

Joan Dare is the irresistible heroine of the book. She is the typical modern girl, in the very highest sense of the term, who is extremely frank, rides, drives her car, hikes, swims, shoots, plays the piano and violin, and even dons overalls to help her carpenter build her house on the hill to which she goes when she wishes to be alone at her sketching. Mrs. Richmond draws so much from her own experience for her characters that one wonders to just what extent she had her own younger daughter in mind when she conceived this character.

It is small wonder that Joan, the daughter of Madeline Dare, the portrait-painter, and Morton Dare, the sculptor, has a talent for sketching. Her brother Sherman, the young bond-dealer, is talented, too, being a good musician. These four constitute a charming family, affectionate towards one another, missing one another when apart, and yet big enough to let each develop his or her own individuality without any one personality trying to dominate another.

Crossways, the Dare country-home, a mile from the village and thirty miles from New York, forms a delightful setting for this happy family and provides a restful atmosphere for its many visitors, wearied from the noise and confusion of the city. This rambling old brown house, with its low ceilings, its art treasures collected by Madeline and Morton Dare in their travels, its rows of books, its comfortable furniture, radiates hospitality and comfort.

Joan's father and mother are spending the year abroad and she has given up her apartment in New York to remain at Crossways, with "Hoppy", her housekeeper, as chaperon, and Aunt Olivia called in occasionally, too. It is on the occasion of a trip to the theatre in New York in her long, rakish, grey roadster—with Blimp, her police dog for company, and a revolver in her pocket for protection—that she sees her old friend, Peggy Faulkner, the beautiful but selfish spoiled darling of fortune. Joan's keen perception soon sees that Peggy is wretchedly unhappy so she resolves to ferret out, and remove if possible, the cause of her unhappiness.

These two girls are perfect foils for one

another; Joan with her tanned complexion and dark, curly brown hair—and Blimp, the police dog; and Peggy, with her fair skin and light, wavy tresses—and her Pekinese dog. In Joan's own words, Peggy is 'china' while she is 'clay;' now china is perfect to begin with and pretty to look at, but easily shattered, whereas clay can be moulded gradually into the perfect finished product.

Joan, with her characteristic kindness—she can show a flash of temper, too, when the occasion warrants—sets about to 'light up' Peggy's sad heart. When she finds out that her friend is grieving because she has lost the love of Lane Fullerton, the man whom she herself loves, her code of honor is so strong that she even helps Peggy to win him back. She has such control over her emotions that she goes to Peggy's wedding, looking happy and dressed 'like a fashion-plate,' and Bob Ramsey is the only one who even senses the ache in her heart. Perhaps that is because of the close bond between himself and Joan, for it was always to her that he came with with his writings for her approval or honest constructive criticisms. And it was she who served to restrain his high-strung emotions at such times.

At last, as Joan sees each of her friends, except Chris Rand, marry and pass to a certain extent out of her life, she realizes that he alone has been a 'giver' to her while all the rest have been taking, taking, taking from her. But it is only when she thinks that Esther Ellery, the daughter of the wealthy architect who has become impressed with Rand's ability, has won his love that she realizes that after all he, and not Lane Fullerton, is the man she really loves. Chris Rand is one of the finest characters one could wish to meet, for like the houses of his own creation, he has builded his character slowly and wisely, using only the best timber available.

Humor and rare bits of philosophy here and there serve to add interest to one of the "sweetest, wisest love-stories ever told."

L. PEARL WHIDDON.

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## D. H. LAWRENCE'S NEW BOOK

Reviewed by Katherine Hale

Because D. H. Lawrence is much more, and fortunately much less, than a writer of conventional travel books, his *Mornings in Mexico* is a significant piece of work. The book is composed of eight short chapters, but its author makes you see and feel more in these chapters, sometimes in a brief para-

MORNINGS IN MEXICO. By D. H. Lawrence.  
Toronto: Macmillan. \$2.50.

graph out of one of them, than a wordy writer could do with many added words. For Lawrence himself not only observes but feels, his senses are alive as well as his mind; mystery exists for him in the primitive places of the earth because he has it in himself to apprehend mystery. His descriptions of Indian dances are descriptions of a religious mystery, for he sees underneath all that he wishes to record, and in his descriptions he is wise enough to suggest rather than to explain. In his hands the English language is flexible material.

Therefore the corner of a bright, hard country in which for the time being he lives while writing this book, the house itself, the patio, Rosalino, the Indian houseboy, who is eternally sweeping away dead leaves, the walks to neighboring villages, fiestas, above all Indian rites and dances come alive and the very pages upon which they are written seem also to come alive as though by miracle. In other words one is actually brought into contact with the subject. Here is a dance procession, for instance:

"There they come, the two long lines of wild animals. And behind them the men and boys stepping on those soft pointed toes, moving in slow silence under the winter sun, following the slow swinging progress of the dancing maidens. Everything is very soft, subtle, delicate. There is none of the hardness of representation. They are not representing something, not even playing. It is a soft, subtle being something. Yet at the same time, it is a game, and a dramatic naive spectacle."

And again, describing Indian youths in a race:

"They are putting forth all their might, all their strength, in a tension that is half anguish, half ecstasy, in the effort to gather into their souls more and more of the creative fire, the creative energy which shall carry their tribe through the year, through the vicissitudes of the months, on, on in the unending race of humanity along the track of trackless creation. It is the heroic effort, the sacred heroic effort which men must make and must keep on making. As if hurled from a catapult the Indian youth throws himself along the course, working his body strangely, incomprehensibly. And when his turn comes again he hurls himself forward with greater intensity, to greater speed, driving himself, as it were, into the heart of the fire. And the old men along the track encourage him, urge him with their green twigs, laughingly, mockingly, teasingly, but at the same time with an exquisite pure anxiety and concern.

"And he walks away at last, his chest lifting and falling heavily, a strange look in his eyes, having run with the changeless god who will give us nothing unless we overtake him."

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## AN OMISSION

On page 364 of the November issue, in the mention of the League of Western Writers in convention at Seattle, there was an inadvertent omission. Major Bullock-Webster, of Vancouver, was elected chairman of the Dramatic Section. He was one of the speakers at the convention dinner and has since been elected second vice-president of the league.



ARABELLA'S LETTERS. By Arabella Mary Stuart. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Ltd. \$2.00.

The simplicity of style, the quaintness of expression and the skill with which the character of each member of the family and their friends is delineated, makes every letter full of interest. The risks and hazards of postal deliveries, to say nothing of the expense; the perilous dangers awaiting those who would cross the wide expanse of ocean in the sailing vessels of a hundred years ago; the difficulties encountered and the inconveniences to be met with in overland travel—all are made to seem very real in these intimate family letters.

The writer in her girlish gossip pictures admirably the different places of interest which take her fancy, particularly Malta. Picturesque little Malta with its unending steps, queer habitations and the exacting routine of military life, each day filled with the usual round of social functions, is vividly brought before us. The gradually increased longing for the winter gaities back in Canada at Quebec and at Montreal, where Mary Gordon, the young English bride, was setting the pace in the social round; the months of anxious delay while waiting for word of home and dear ones; the excessive heat and discomfort of Malta, all tend to bring out the strength of character, the loyalty and devotion of the homesick Arabella.

Throughout the letters there is a vein of humor which peeps out when family matters or fashions are being discussed. Splendid characterization is woven through the letters here and there and one has only to read a sentence or two from Sir William's letter to Arabella, written after the death of his eldest son and youngest daughter, to get an indelible impression of the true heart and soul of this splendid Englishman.

"Since that time much has happened—each season with its joys and sorrows has come and gone, until the time when the great and awful trials God in His goodness permitted to descend upon us have truly tried our Faith. And still I think I can say we have risen above the Flood of Troubled Waters, and rest our feet upon the solid foundation of the knowledge that our Maker in His Infinite Wisdom knoweth best. Lady Seymour has shown a spirit of true fortitude and poor indeed would be mine if I failed to give her support . . . My dear wife is very brave; in all honor to her and our children, I cannot hold my head any less erect or let my shoulders droop."

There are many expressions used—quaint, old-fashioned and delightful—that charm the reader. The little volume breathes a fragrance of roses and forget-me-nots and old-fashioned delicacy. Through the slender

thread of Arabella's own romance, gleaned more from the scanty pages of the little diary than from the letters themselves, one feels the beauty and sanctity of a love that ennobles and enriches the soul and tends to strengthen faith in a Divine Providence.

A. H. SELBY.

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THE GULF OF YEARS. By Watson Griffin. Toronto: The Point Publishers. \$2.00.

A story thoroughly Canadian in theme is this new book from the pen of Watson Griffin. The author calls it a chronicle advisedly. The simplicity, sincerity, and complete naturalness of this history of a small group of Ontario people constitute its charm. Just as in real life we frequently encounter men and women who are so much interested in religion, politics, sociology and philosophy that they like to discuss them, so in this faithful record of a section of life as he sees it, the chronicler makes us acquainted with men and women of similar tastes, and he does not hesitate to record some of their discussions. These discussions are, in effect, delightful and somewhat platonic in nature. Dr. Ruth and his friends are just as much interested in the pursuit of truth as ever were Socrates and his followers. They "reason high and long," in a manner which the author declares is characteristic of Canadians, on the subjects that interest them.

The "story" interest of the chronicle centres round the love of a man for a woman who is seventeen years younger than himself—his doubts concerning his eligibility, and the girl's anxious but sometimes baffled desire to convince him that she returns his affection.

H.M.R.

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#### DEATH OF FLORENCE B. FINK

The death occurred in Winnipeg, on December 6th, of Florence B. Fink, a Canadian poet, whose work has appeared at different times in *Canadian Bookman*. She was a native of Toronto, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blyth O'Connor, who still live in this city at 114 Clinton St.

Deceased was an arts graduate of the University of Toronto, and of the Ontario College of Art. She was married in 1920 to Mr. C. B. Fink, and for a number of years had resided in Winnipeg. Besides her other literary work she composed over three hundred songs, among them being some that were sung with conspicuous success by Fiske O'Hara.

Readers of *Canadian Bookman* will recall her exquisite poem written on the occasion of the death of Marjorie Pickthall, and published in these columns in the issue for May, 1922.

# Canadian Authors Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

### National President

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### National Vice-President

Hon. E. Fabre Surveyer  
128 Maplewood Ave.  
Montreal

### National Vice-President

Col. G. E. Marquis  
Bureau of Statistics  
Quebec City

### The Annual Meeting at Calgary

**P**REPARATIONS are now under way for the shaping up of the programme for the Annual Meeting to be held in Calgary the first week in July.

A circular letter has gone to the president and secretary of every one of the fourteen branches, asking for the co-operation of that branch in some number on the regular programme and for a contribution to the social evening of the first day. Replies from some of the branches are already at hand, indicating a ready response to these requests of the National Executive.

The Secretary will be greatly assisted in this work of preparing a programme if the branches would take up this matter promptly. Correspondence across Canada requires a good deal of time, even if answers are prompt, and delays from any branch tend to retard the whole programme.

### The Annual Bulletin

*The Annual Bulletin* is now in the mails and should reach every member of the Association whose names are on our lists within a few days, if they have not already arrived. The delay in publication has been due to the difficulty in securing anything like accurate branch lists. The Secretary is aware that there will probably be errors in the *Bulletin*, in spite of all the care that has been taken, but he will appreciate any communications pointing out errors

which may be corrected in subsequent bulletins.

The questionnaire form which accompanies the *Bulletin* is intended to enable the national officers to answer a great many questions which come to them in the course of the year, and to enable them, also, to give publicity to the work of the members of the Association as opportunity offers. Here again, a prompt response will assist in the work of the Association.

### Musicians, Artists and Dramatists

A memorandum has gone to each of the branches calling attention to the sections of the Constitution relating to the membership in the Canadian Authors Association of musicians, artists, and dramatists. The National Executive is strongly of the opinion that the Canadian Authors Association would be very much strengthened by the addition to the membership of those who qualify in these three sections. Will the officers of the local branches, therefore, give this matter their very best attention?

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Indications are that this is going to be the Canadian Authors Association's big year. Not only are new branches being organized but existing ones are showing increased activity, notably the London and Western Ontario branch, of which the president is Dr. Sherwood Fox, lately elevated to the presidency of the University of Western Ontario. Recently Mrs. Ruth Holway Higgins, short story writer,



assumed the secretaryship of this branch and a short time ago had a conference with the National Secretary, Dr. Hardy, in connection with a forward programme for this branch.

Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts, National President of the Association, reports to his fellow members on the National Executive, that on his way west to give a series of lectures in University of British Columbia, on Canadian Literature, he had several interesting and valuable contacts with members of the organization in Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and elsewhere.

The Toronto branch has been rapidly growing the past year or two and now has a membership of nearly 140. It is expected that Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, (L. M. Montgomery) who was signally honored by Premier Baldwin, of Great Britain, when here last summer, will be a speaking guest of the branch in February. Miss Mazo de la Roche has also consented to take part in the programme on that occasion. Miss Marshall Saunders, first vice-president of the branch, has been unable to take her usual deep interest in the activities of the branch because of indifferent health.

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#### \$1000 FELLOWSHIP COMPETITION

It has been announced that the Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Dr. Adam Short, and Dr. Oscar D. Skelton, will be the judges in the Royal Bank Economic Fellowship competition.

In order to stimulate general interest in problems of national importance and to encourage advanced study along economic lines in Canadian universities, the Royal Bank has offered a \$1,000 Fellowship to the student at any Canadian university who shall prepare the best 3,000 word paper covering one of the topics specified. The subjects selected for the papers which are to be submitted March 1, 1928, are as follows:

Does Canada need a Federal Farm Loan System? A study of Dr. Tory's report and Federal Legislation.

Canada's optimum of population and how it may be obtained. In this context the word optimum may be defined to mean the ideal number of people of the type

Have you heard of  
"Abbey Dawn" and the  
beautiful candles that  
are burning there?

Have you heard of the  
strange and romantic at-  
mosphere in which the  
Abbé dwells as he gives  
his Soul to the coming  
day?

For you he has opened  
the Door of the Morning  
to a new vista, a Cana-  
dian literary treasure-  
house of Beauty and  
Song.

#### "The Quill and the Candle"

by Wallace Havelock Robb

Ryerson Press  
\$2.00

which will be most satisfactory for the building of the nation.

The potential development of Canadian trade in one of Canada's foreign markets.

Economic possibilities of the Maritimes. A study of the Duncan report.

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#### POETRY RECITAL TOUR

Next month A. M. Stephen, poet, novelist and draatist, of Vancouver, is to make a poetry recital tour of the Prairie Provinces under the auspices of the Saskatchewan branch of the Canadian Authors Association. He is one of Canada's own authors, a native of Ontario. He was born near Hanover, Ont., in 1882, and has five notable books to his credit—two volumes of poems, a novel with a British Columbia coast setting, the *Golden Treasury of Canadian Verse*, and an anthology of Canadian prose and verse forming an introduction to Canadian literature.

Mr. Stephen is an active member of a number of literary organizations and is president of the Vancouver Poetry Society. Not the least of his achievements is the place he has won as an interpretive reader and lecturer. This applies with particular force to his interpretation of the spirit and life of the Canadian West.

## A COLLECTOR'S VADE MECUM

Many books have appeared of late for the guidance or the pleasure of the collector, or would-be collector, of books, but it can be safely said that none among them all combines the two purposes named in a greater degree than does *English Books, 1475-1900: A Signpost for Collectors*, by Charles J. Sawyer and F. J. Harvey Darton, just issued in two stately and finely printed volumes by Charles J. Sawyer, Ltd., of London, and E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York.

The work, which is dedicated "with respectful homage to all collectors of English books," is described in the preface as "an attempt to show chronologically, except for some pages on special subjects, which type of English book and, within strict limits, which books are today considered desirable by the book collector; and, so far as is possible within the limits of our space, why they are desirable." And on the whole the authors have succeeded admirably well in their purposes as thus set forth.

Chapter 1, in some ways the most important in the volume, is entitled "Why," and essays to answer the question, "Why pay so much for the first edition?" and another question which rises out of that one, "Why do prices fluctuate so strangely?" The answer to the first question is brief and to the point. It is that high prices are paid by book collectors "simply because the particular edition of a particular book is rare, and they desire exceedingly to possess it, and will strive to do so to the limit of their financial powers." Of course, you may ask why anyone should want a particular edition of a particular book, but by doing so you would show that you are not of the stuff of which collectors are made, and, anyway, no collector would trouble to answer your question. Rarity is, of course, the prime factor in deciding the value of a book, but condition likewise is an important factor, and is becoming a steadily increasing one. Time was when any shabby, dog-eared copy of a first edition would be prized, but now-a-days collectors are becoming more and more insistent upon their books approximating as nearly as possible the condition in which they first left the publisher's hands. In fact, there are some, if not many, collectors—and I don't mind admitting that I am in sympathy with them—who insist on their books possessing the original dust wrappers in which they were sent out to take their chances in the rough world. This, of course, refers only to more or less modern books, for up to a comparatively recent time books were issued without the protection of the paper wrapper which practically every

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But rarity and condition, important as they are in their places, count for little or nothing unless there is present another important element, an element which those who are not collectors overlook when they effect to scorn those who are. This is the possession by the book's author of qualities entitling him to a standing in the world of literature. No collector who knows what he is about buys, or will have anything to do with, the books of writers who are not worthy of the honor of being collected.

I venture to put forward at this point what I believe to be the great justification for book collecting:

*Styll am I besy Bokes assemblynge,  
For to have plentie it is a pleasaunte  
thing,*

run some lines by an old time lover of books; and right true are they. It certainly is pleasant to gather books about one; but over and above the personal pleasure of it is the realization that, by collecting books, one acts as a preserver of literature. There are plays of Shakespeare's the original issues of which have disappeared as if they had never been, while of others only a meagre number remain. This, I do not hesitate to declare, is due to the fact that there were in Shakespeare's day few, if any, collectors such as those who today make it their business to search out and preserve the writings, no matter how insignificant or immature they may be, of the authors they admire. And, by the same token, here also, I venture to say, is the explanation why practically nothing is known today of the details of the lives of Shakespeare and his fellow-writers. Had there been in those days collectors of the sort we have today we should not now be faced, as we are, by a blank wall when we seek to know something of the personal lives of those men of centuries ago, whose work today constitutes the greatest glory of our English literature.

*English Books*, after answering the question "Why?" goes on to answer the equally important question "What?" and then proceeds to deal in more or less complete detail with the English books which attract collectors all the way down from the days of Caxton, England's first printer, to Rudyard Kipling, not only mentioning them by name, but also describing any peculiarities which distinguish the first editions, and giving their values, or approximate values, as set by the auction room or in booksellers' catalogues.

It would be a pleasant task to summarize these most interesting volumes chapter by chapter, but that, of course, is out of the question here. I cannot refrain, however, from mentioning—not with critical intent,

but just to show that even the best guided may not know or express all that is to be known on his own subject—that all that *English Books* says of Kipling's *The Smith Administration* (Allahabad, 1891,) a copy of which recently brought \$14,000 at auction in New York (the highest price by long odds ever paid under such circumstances for a book by a living author) is that "only six copies are at present known."

The authors, of course, do not include Canadian writers in their consideration, but as one who has long taken a special interest in such writers—or, rather, the more important of them—I venture to suggest here to young Canadian collectors that, while it is all very well for them to try to gather together the books and other publications of such contemporary English authors as, say John Maschfield, Walter de la Mare, Lord Dunsany and John Galsworthy, they will have just as much fun and just as much satisfaction in collecting such Canadian authors as Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Norman Duncan, Marjorie Pickthall, and, among the newer men, Wilson MacDonald and E. J. Pratt. And I'll warrant that they will have just as much trouble, too, if they set about to make their collections of those writers complete by including the pamphlets, broadsheets, leaflets, etc., which most of them have issued privately or in limited editions; for such things are to be found, where they are to be found at all, only by dint of hard searching—and the favor of fortune. Few Canadian collectors as yet, so far as my knowledge goes, are "going in" for the work of native Canadian writers, but I believe that this condition will be changed before many years have passed, for the writers I have named above, with others whose names will readily occur to those interested, are writers of whom, as Canadians, we have every reason to be proud.

R. H. HATHAWAY.

\* \* \*

DON COYOTE. By William Chambers. Toronto: Thomas Allen. \$2.00.

In these days of mining excitement on the stock market a mining novel ought to gain additional kudos. The hero of this book is a veritable Don Quixote tilting at windmills. Through a chance bit of chivalry he happens upon information which soon involves him in a struggle which is proceeding for the control of a rich gold mine. By dint of resourcefulness and a narrow escape from assassination, he outwits the malefactors in their plans to destroy the mine workings, incidentally, locates a huge fortune in ore and steals the girl from the man who had caused a'l the trouble.

# The Collector

AN interesting and, in its way, important, sale of Americana from the libraries of the late Dr. Arthur De Lisle, of Montreal, and others, took place on November 9 at the Anderson Galleries in New York City, 232 items bringing a total of \$5,207. Among other books of special Canadian interest sold were Baquerville de la Potherie's *Historie de la Amerique septentrionale*, 4 vols., Paris, 1722, the excessive'y rare first edition, relating entirely to Canada and the Iroquois Indians, and containing plates comprising the earliest views taken in Canada, \$65; *An Excursion through the U.S. and Canada, during the Years 1822-23*, by an English Gentleman (Capt. Blaney), London, 1824, \$13; *Case of Peter du Calvert, of Montreal*, London, 1784, \$35; Champ'ain's *Oeuvres*, 6 vols. in four, Quebec, 1878, \$27; Char'voix' *Histoire et Description General de la Nouvelle France*, 3 vols., Paris, 1744, \$40; Christie's *History of the late Province of Lower Canada*, 6 vols., Quebec, 1848-55, \$18; Doughty and Parmelee's *The Siege of Quebec*, 6 vols., Fitzpatrick edition, one of 325 copies, Quebec, 1901, \$45; Franchere's *Relatione d'un Voyage a la Cote du Nord-ouest de l'Amerique dans le Annees 1810-14*, Montreal, 1820, \$80; Garneau's *Historie de Canada*, 4 vols., Quebec, 1845-52, first edition, Vol. IV., having the Quebec imprint, suppressed and unknown to Gagnon, \$30; Jesuit *Relation for 1655*, Paris, 1658, the sole edition and containing the genuine blank end leaves, \$75; Joutel's *Journal Historique du Dernier Voyage que feu de la Sale fit dans la Golfe de Mexique* (etc.), Paris, 1713, first edition, with the scarce map, dated 1713, \$45; Le Clerc's *Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspesia*, Paris, 1691, first edition, \$37.50; Lescaubot's *Historie de la Nouvelle France*, Paris, 1609, the rare first edition, with, at the end, *Les Muses de la Nouvelle France*, dated 1609 (few headlines cut into), \$95; Maseres' *An Account of the Proceedings of the British and other Protestant Inhabitants of the Province of Quebec*, London, 1775, \$20; do, *Additional papers concerning the Province of Quebec*, London, 1776, \$22.50; do, *The Canadian Freeholder*, 3 vols., London, 1776-9, \$42.50; *Reglement de la Confrerie de l'Adoration Perpetuelle du S. Sacrament et de la Bonne Morte*, Montreal, 1776, said to be the second book printed in Montreal, \$16; *Officium in honorem Domini*

*Nosti J.S. summi Sacerdotis et Omnium Sanctorum ac Levitarum*, Montreal: Mesplet, 1777, \$16; *Manuscripts Relating to the Early History of Canada*, second series, Quebec, 1868, \$15; *Les Soirees Canadiennes*, Quebec, 1861-5, complete set, 60 parts in 29, with the supplements to the first and second years, apparently unnoticed by Gagnon, \$35.

\* \* \*

Edmond Buron, writing in *Nova Francia*, Paris, expresses the belief that Christopher Columbus might never have set forth on the voyage which resulted in his discovery of the New World but for the inspiration that he received from *Imago Mundi*, a book written by Pierre Dailly, Cardinal of Cambrai, at the end of the twelfth century, in which the churchman, who was also an eminent cosmographer, definitely asserted that the earth was round, and that another continent could be found by direct sea crossing from Spain. M. Buron bases his belief on an examination of a copy of *Imago Mundi* conserved in the Colombine Library at Seville and once belonging to Columbus. On the margin of the pages the explorer emphasized his own beliefs in the Cardinal's statements, and as a mark of appreciation of those sections which were especially inspiring to him affixed the sign of the cross.

\* \* \*

What is declared to be the second largest historical collection of historical Bibles in the world was left by Rev. Dr. W. Barnett, of the Canadian Bible Society, who died at his home in Toronto recently. The world's largest collection is owned by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The late Dr. Cooper's collection numbered between five hundred and six hundred volumes, and included copies of the famous "Breeches" Bible, which, published in 1560, owes its odd title to the translation: "Adam and Eva made themselves breeches;" the "Vinegar" Bible, which, printed in 1717, earned its curious sobriquet by the substitution of that word for "vineyard," in the well-known parable; the "Bug" Bible, in which the fifth verse of the familiar ninety-first Psalm reads, "So that thou shalt not need to be afraid of any Bugges by night," and the "Treacle" Bible, which uses the word "treacle" in place of balm when asking, "Is there no balm in Gilead?"



The library of the late James Mavor, head of the Department of Political Economy, at the University of Toronto, has been shipped to Cambridge, Mass., having been purchased for what is called the Baker Library of the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard University. The library, which comprises 8,000 volumes of bound books, and about 12,000 manuscripts and pamphlets, and which includes important material bearing on Canada's economic development, was offered, according to newspaper statements, to the University of Toronto, as a whole gratis for five years, provided that it was placed in the stock room and catalogued, but the offer was not accepted. These statements, however, have been contradicted by the University Library authorities. Prof. Mavor's unique Russian library of some 1,000 volumes went to Tomona College, California, about a year ago.

\* \* \*

Byron's "Last Will and Testament," dated August 23, 1811, and written a few days after his mother's death, was sold at Sotheby's in London recently for £530. It is a document of nine pages, and in it Byron directed that his body should be buried in the vault of the garden at Newstead without any ceremony or burial service, and the estates were bequeathed to his cousin, George Anson Byron. A first edition of *Timbuctoo*, the poem with which Tennyson won the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge in 1829, was sold at the same sale for £620. Only a few copies of the poem were printed, and no other copy has ever been offered for sale by auction in England. A first edition of Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*, (Salisbury, 1766), was sold for £325.

\* \* \*

A very fine and beautifully decorated thirteenth century psalter, the work of a Northern French artist, with seven full-page miniatures and eight large historical initials, was sold for \$175,000 at Sotheby's in London on December 12.

\* \* \*

A record price for a Burns letter, £2,000, was paid at Sotheby's on December 14, for a fine, apparently unpublished epistle of four pages quarto to Alexander Cunningham, containing Burns's immortal song, "O My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose." Dr. Rosenbach, of New York, paid £2,700 at the same sale for a first edition of Kipling's *Schoolboy Lyrics* (Lahore, 1881).

\* \* \*

A collected set of first editions of Mark Twain brought \$3,100 at auction in the American Art Association Galleries in New York City recently. The set, including a biography and bibliography, comprised sixty-five volumes, all in their original bindings

with one exception. A typewritten manuscript of Joseph Conrad's *Typhoon*, on 133 quarto pages, with hundreds of alterations and corrections in the author's hand, and signed in full twice, brought \$1,100, while a first edition of Fitzgerald's translation of *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, (London, 1859), bound in green morocco, with some repaired leaves, sold for \$650.

\* \* \*

### Catalogues Received

Henry Stevens, Son & Stile, London: *Americana: Historical and Geographical Books, Pamphlets and Manuscripts relating to America* (comprises 578 pages, containing 2,136 items, including Canada, Fur Trade, Hudson's Bay, Hudson's Bay Co., Newfoundland, North-West Coast, etc.); Swets & Zeitlinzer Amsterdam: *Geography. Maps. Views. Travels.* (No. 24); Daniel H. Newhall, New York City: *Americana.* (No. 254), including Canada, etc.; Henry Danielson, London: *Interesting Books on General Literature* (No. 27); Henry Young & Sons, Ltd., Liverpool: *Rare and Interesting Books* (Nov.-Dec.); Burnham Antique Book Store, Boston, Mass.: *Interesting and Varied selection of Books and Pamphlets* (No. 50); Gumuchien & Cie, Paris: *Livres Rares and Curieux* (Bulletin No. 2); James Miles, Leeds, Eng.: *Recent Purchases in Books, Ancient and Modern.* (No. 243); Raphael King, London: *Rare Books and Modern First Editions* (No. 1); James Wilson, Birmingham: *Hatton House Christmas Catalogue* (No. 646); G. H. Last, Bromley, Kent, Eng.: *Miscellaneous Books* (No. 141); Frank C. Brown, Boston, Mass.: *Books of Beauty and Value*; Centaur Book Shop, Philadelphia: *Modern First Editions and Modern Presses* (No. 13); Frank Redway, London: *Scarce and Interesting Books* (No. 29); C. Richardson, Manchester, Eng.: *Miscellaneous Second-Hand Books* (No. 101); Chelsea Book Shop, Croydon, Eng.: *Francis Clarke's Catalogue of Books*, (No. 25); Surrey Book Shop, Woking, Eng.: *Choice. Rare and Interesting Books*, (No. 45); Wright Howes, Chicago: *Americana, etc.*, (Opportunity Book List No. 7); Gotham Book Mart, New York: *Modern Books*, (No. 9); Wm. J. Steubing, Mount Vernon, N.J.: *First Editions and other Rare and Desirable Books.* (No. 266); Shepard Book Co., Salt Lake City, Utah: *Rare Americana and Miscellaneous Books.* (No. 205); E. R. Robinson, Troy, N.Y.: *Miscellaneous Old Books* (List No. 32); B. H. Blackwell, Ltd., Oxford: *Antiquarian and Modern Second Hand Books*, (No. 234); R. Fletcher, Ltd., London: *Rare and Interesting Books, etc.*, (No. 32); Ernest W. Stevens Cannington, Bridgewater, Eng.: *Interesting Miscellaneous Books*, (No. 18.)

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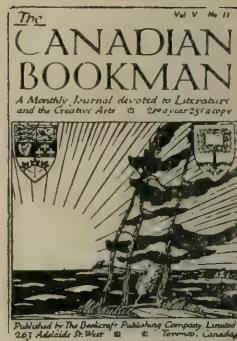
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Editorial and Business Office: 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. X., No. 2

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## Parnassus and the Public

By C. F. Lloyd

BEHOLD a phenomenon in our time, a poet who is popular, a poet who has descended from Parnassus to sit in the market place and sing for the mob, a poet who, damned by the *litterati*, has restored to the despised word "poetry," some of the pristine glory it enjoyed in the morning of the world when the blind man of Scios' rocky isle was singing of the ten years war in Troy. I refer, of course, to Mr. Edgar Guest, whose effusions appear daily in I do not know how many hundred newspapers and whose books of verse actually find publishers to publish them and a public to buy them after they are published. A hardened old bookseller told me recently that no novel that he can recollect has had anything like the sale of Guest's verse.

Let me placate the *litterati* at once by remarking that Mr. Guest's poetry is of no more use to me than life insurance to a mummy. I have read a considerable quantity of it and am not going to attempt any critical analysis though I fancy this would be all too easy. I can quite understand why it appeals powerfully to yokels and waitresses and small clerks and plumbers. It deals with a few common and fundamental things such as birth and death, getting married and getting religion. It touches the primal emotions. It employs a few simple images, such as dolls and cradles and buggies and old dresses folded up in

lavender. It clothes these things in words as simple and direct as the statement that pigs are pigs and it is sincere, make no mistake about that. Mr. Guest may not be a good poet, according to the standards of the *litterati*, he may even not be a poet at all, but he is not a conscious and deliberate charlatan.

Let me leave Mr. Guest to go his ain gait for awhile and run back over three centuries of English poetry. Perhaps I may discover what is wrong with poetry. I know one thing that is wrong with contemporary poetry: Poets, like women, are becoming much too intelligent. Now a poet has no more business being intelligent than a cow has to wear spats. I believe it is generally conceded that England has produced more good poetry than any of the continental nations, perhaps more than all of them put together. I will undertake to pack all the really first-class poetry in the English language, outside of Shakespeare, into a volume much smaller than the *Golden Treasury*. Of verse there is a plethora, a flood that makes the Mississippi look like a creek, but of poetry in the true sense there is remarkably little.

Speaking of Mr. Guest's popularity, I can recall only two modern English poets who enjoyed a similar popularity; Kipling, a sort of sublimated Guest, who descended upon England out of the East, like some



strange tropical bird, and sang himself into popularity by dressing what the average Englishman felt about a number of things, such as war and colonies and Russians and Hindoos, in vivid words arranged to rhythms that set the blood dancing, and Tennyson, who gave magnificent expression to the Englishman's incurable fondness for morality. At the risk of being played alive by some surviving Victorian let me say boldly that two-thirds of Tennyson's verse is neither better nor worse than Edgar Guest's. To be sure the remaining third is quite splendid. Anyone who can read Marianne at the Haunted Grange, The Lotus Eaters, The Lady of Shalot, Rizpah, The Brook, Revenge and Ulysses, without feeling all the strange thrills that poetry was meant to produce is a "finished and finite clod, untroubled by a spark." But it was not these lovely things that gave Tennyson his immense hold on the English middle class; it was the banal puerilities of *Enoch Arden*, the sentimental twaddle of *In Memoriam* and the more than dubious mediaevalism of the *Idylls*.

Did Queen Victoria ever read *The Idylls of the King*? I doubt it. That wise and skeptical old sphinx had many a mental reservation that neither her ministers or the public knew anything about. I wonder why all her biographers, including Mr. Strachey, missed the true significance of her friendship for Disraeli? Dizzy's outrageous flattery will not entirely account for it. There is enough evidence in the Queen's letters and diaries to convince anyone with an atom of commonsense that flattery alone would not have made her anybody's friend. I suspect that she had few real friends. There is a note of insincerity in her "Dear Uncle Leopold," and dear this and dear the other, but her friendship for Dizzy was genuine. I refuse to believe that a woman who could pick the Earl of Beaconsfield for a friend was stupid. It was the

impact of a dominating intellect that drew the queen to the great Jew. To appreciate intelligence you must have a little of your own. Victoria may have had a narrow mind, a small mind, if you like, but she was far from being a fool. She made Tennyson a peer and by that step vastly increased his and her own popularity. I fancy there was a cynical smile at the corners of her heavy mouth when she signed the patent. Why did she never offer Browning a peerage? Because Browning never could have been popular and the queen was both a woman and a politician. Oh, I know exactly how peers are made, but do you suppose the Sovereign cannot honor a subject when he chooses?

Are there a hundred people in Canada who read Browning? Apart from students and college professors are there fifty? I enjoy him in moderation. I know my Browning from the first halting line of Pauline to the final Salvation Army-outburst of *Asolando*. With the exception of such poems as *May* and *Death*, *Evelyn Hope*, *Youth* and *Art* and the *Ride* from Ghent to Aix, I could never read anything of Browning's without fancying myself in a vaudeville theatre watching a skilful performer keep sixteen balls in the air and all in rapid motion at once. He is amazingly clever but of the strange intoxication that real poetry produces he gives me scarcely the premonitory symptoms. He is a splendid example of what the curse of too much intellect can do for a genuine poet. I used to enjoy watching him pull rabbits and roses out of a top hat as much as a boy enjoys his first circus, but the performance has grown stale. I have learned how to do the trick passably well myself, and it is seldom worth doing.

Is Matthew Arnold popular? I have a suspicion that both in his prose and his verse that melancholy gentleman will outlive all other other Victorians, big and little, except perhaps

Newman, and be "found of angel eyes in earth's recurring paradise." His poetry at its best is lovely, both in form and substance, and if there is anything better of its kind than "On how to translate Homer," I have not come across it. The whole of Arnold's work is permeated by a serene, classical radiance, like the light of a winter full moon, and most of it is as depressing as a wet blanket on a cold morning. If I ever make up my mind to commit suicide I shall almost certainly spend the last thirty minutes before turning off reading the Scholar Gypsy and Thyrsis. The world needs Arnold at this minute and will have to return to him later, when the present hullabaloo has subsided. To borrow a remark about Gibbon, he was exactly the sort of person that any Bolshevik would certainly want to kill, because he was civilized.

Wordsworth is another great poet who owed a measure of his popularity to his bad poetry. It was not Tintern Abbey, Michael, Daffodils and the exquisite little Lucy poems that gave Wordsworth his hold on the great, moral middle class, but the stale nonsense of the ecclesiastical sonnets and the dismal balderdash of the Excur-sion.

A greater poet than either Tennyson or Wordsworth, Coleridge, has never been popular and is scarcely known today, save as the author of the hackneyed "Ancient Mariner."

Keats is popular chiefly with anaemic school-ma'ams and young college professors, to which one might add young poets, who mistake the delicate, frosty Wedgewood of the odes for genuine Greek work which it resembles as much as a sermon by Billy Sunday resembles one by Jeremy Taylor.

Strangely enough Shelley, whose wings of flame make the pinions of all other modern poets look like goose feathers, is still popular with the mob. You do not believe it? It is true none the less, my dear. I often go into the

public library and catch a bricklayer or a steamfitter sitting on the radiator reading the Witch of Atlas or Adonais. I don't know what he finds in them to satisfy his yearning for what he calls a kick. It may be the note of revolt or the strange, unearthly beauty, but the fact of Shelley's continued popularity is indubitable.

Another poet who is still popular with the great unwashed is Blake, and this is all to the good, for the *Songs of Innocence and Experience* contain some of the purest and most natural poetry ever written. By natural poetry I mean the kind that sings itself straight out of the poet's own heart without having to be put together with a monkey-wrench and a pair of pliers. A good deal of contemporary verse must require a whole set of steamfitter's tools to construct its complex blather and it is not worth the trouble.

Thanks be to God, all the tame, reasonable poets of the eighteenth century are as dead as their reasonableness. They are dead for the same reason that a still-born child is dead; they were never alive. A poet has no more to do with reason than a bootlegger has with the ten commandments.

And now we come to the great, turbulent, fruitful seventeenth century. What made Milton popular, his theology or his poetry? His theology, of course. It was the worst parts of the *Paradise Lost*, the debate between the Father and Son and that appalling piece of poetic wholesale murder, the battle between the good and the bad angels, that won the greater number of admirers, not the magnificent figure of Satan, the terrific picture of the lazar-house or the overpowering beauty of Eve and her bridal bower. As for poor Dryden I would like to lay a wager that he is less known outside of university circles than any other great English poet in spite of his superb knowledge of English and his fine technique.



What about Herrick? At last we come to a name upon which the blight of Puritanism has not fallen, a bit of the real old merry England. I wonder the Puritans did not kill Herrick. He was the supreme embodiment of everything those sour and gloomy fanatics most hated: plum pudding, turkey, wine, laughter, generosity and all the gentlemanly virtues. He had no more morals than a politician. The Puritans ruined English poetry and a good many other things. An intense conviction of sin usually leads first to a bogus repentance and then to an intense conviction that other people have sinned. The Puritans were the original snooters of the morality squad and we are not rid of them yet, not by a long shot. But Herrick was as free from Puritan morality as he was from Puritan prejudices. He was a flamen of Jupiter Capitolinus, born twenty-two hundred years too late, swaddled in the robes of an Episcopal clergyman and as little hampered by them as a prohibition-enforcement officer is by any gentlemanly reserve. Nothing can be sweeter, less artificial or more absolutely spontaneous than the best of Herrick's lyrics, yet they are the perfection of art.

Of Shakespeare's great name I need say nothing here. A hundred years beyond Shakespeare we come to Dan Chaucer, as true a poet as ever trolled a lay, with a marvellous eye for all the types of human character. One may read a hundred volumes of history and learn less about the middle ages than it is possible to gain from a single careful perusal of the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*. Chaucer is as free as a bird from the modern curse of too much intellect. Yes, too much intellect and too complete a divorce from the ordinary life of men and women. There you have in a nutshell a diagnosis of the disease that has eaten the heart out of poetry.

And now what shall we do about it? I propose that two or three of

our talented male poets, of the younger generation, lay aside their college gowns, lock up their libraries and ride the bumpers, preferably late in the fall, from Halifax to Vancouver. Let them do a little cub reporting, interview a few politicians and business men, peel potatoes in a lumber camp for a couple of weeks, keep time for a railroad gang, get themselves thrown out of a couple of Socialist meetings and learn with what obscene fury a man of the workers can turn and rend the intellectual classes and all their ways and works. Let them feel the film of hatred that still divides the educated from the uneducated and sense the near presence of that abyss into which the proletariat may some day precipitate the whole of civilization. Then having gained experience of life and mastered their technique let them give us a few poems that will cut to the heart of things and set the blood spurting. I do not mean crude, realistic poems. Every once in awhile some little, lonely bard writes a horrible screed about raw butcher's meat and purple moons and the world soul and the strange delights of adultery. Instantly there is a howl from the morality squad and the ancient twaddle about artists being immoral takes on a fresh lease of life. But the poor little poet is not immoral. He is merely trying to give expression to his vague yearning for a spree. If a real street-walker accosted him he would drop dead and the cork out of a bottle of Seagram's whiskey would knock him cock-eyed.

No, if poetry is ever to have a rebirth it must shake off all the false and vapid trumpery of the schools and return for its inspiration to where the first poets got theirs, to the very heart of the great, toiling, moiling masses of yokels and railroad men and steel workers and fishermen and plain women. It must learn again how to touch these people with the dynamic of an unearthly beauty, clothed in language as simple, direct and vivid

as the language of Homer or the old testament.

In conclusion, since I am in the humor for constructive criticism, let me give the young poets one more bit of advice. At whatever sacrifice of time, comfort and effort, know your Greek. One line of Greek poetry of the great age, the age of Homer and Aeschylus, is worth ten lines of English. In the best early Greek work there is a central core of fire, a stark simplicity of phrase, a vivid and startling directness of expression and a merciless sincerity that you will search for in vain in English poetry outside of Shakespeare, Blake, Shel-

ley and Burns. Remember that to an ancient Greek, Venus was as real as the sea she rose from and that both were, for him, clothed with a terrible beauty of which we, poor grubs, can see not a trace anywhere.

Instead of sneering at Edgar Guest let us do what he has done and do it better, or shut up. Since the mob will not ascend Parnassus, let us come down from the cold seclusion of the mountain top and sit in the market place. Let us once more sing songs for the people and if they are good enough I believe the people will listen, but they will have to be very good indeed.

## Blind Characters in Fiction

By Sherman C. Swift

FOR close to a hundred years now writers of varying power and knowledge have attempted to describe blind characters belonging to different social strata. Since the Great War the number of such attempts has enormously increased—and the end is not yet. So far as I am aware, however, Canadian fiction has been reasonably free from the *blind menace*—if I may venture to use that term. It is a pity that Louis Arthur Cunningham has seen fit to inoculate his novel, *Yvon Tremblay*, with this virus, which results in an unnecessary blemish.

Whether or not there is a special psychology of blindness is still a moot point among investigators. My own opinion, based on many years of the closest association with blind people and observation of their mentality, is that there is no more a specialized psychology of blindness than there is of any other social group living under conditions peculiar to itself. The doctors, ministers, school teachers,

journalists, engineers, farmers, miners, etc., all have their class view of life, which differs from group to group where special problems are uppermost, and is only common or universal at those points where it touches matters of uniform and general concern. So it is with the blind—the educated, intelligent, refined blind, I mean, those who may be taken as typifying their class, and not the exceptional individual, who is either above or below the average.

Now, it is, of course, inevitable that the sighted should instinctively react to a feeling that blind people are, or should be, different in their mentality from the rest of humanity. I say, *instinctively* because the ordinary man judges his fellows very largely by the ocular response made to gesture or speech. He watches the eye of his interlocutor and infers from his observation the effect of his words or actions, or of the particular situation in which the one or the other find himself. Lacking this guide, the sighted



man is, so to speak, lost in the night without any sure *point de repère*. He feels he is talking into the empty air, that he is acting before a blank wall. The total result is a complete misconception of the blind man's nature and abilities. If the sighted man would only stop to reason awhile, he would perceive the absurdity of his deduction, but the trouble is that most people (even some very well educated people) seldom *think*: they merely *feel*.

The average author, therefore, who attempts to describe blind characters, almost always falls into error from lack of accurate observation and logical reasoning. It is rare, indeed, that we find such a sane treatment of the blind as is seen in Edith Ballinger Price's splendid work, *My Lady Lee*. But Miss Price here describes a character who is a real personality, an actual being whom she studied for years, and whom she has practically, if not legally, adopted. For those writers intending to create sightless personages for the purpose of their plots, I earnestly recommend *My Lady Lee* as a reliable guide. They might also consult with profit those portions of Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii* in which he deals with Lydia, the blind flower girl—though Lytton, I suspect, was led on by a happy inspiration, rather than by actual knowledge. And for scientific treatment, our author could not do better than study Maurice de la Sizeranne's *Les Aveugles par un Aveugle*, and the more recent works of M. Pierre Vilely, *Le Monde des Aveugles* and *L'Aveugle dans le Monde des Voyants*. And now for Yvon Tremblay:

Guy Tremblay, the reputed father of Yvon, is not really a principal character in the work under review. He is one of the principal minor characters. But he is blind. Since an author does not usually create personages merely for the sake of padding, we are naturally led to examine into

the *bona fides* of Guy. Yes, he has a necessary place in the picture—as Yvon's father. But why blind? Personally, I can find no justification whatever for this feature. Guy Tremblay could have said and done everything he is reported to have said and done while still in possession of perfect vision. His psychology is not determined by his blindness, for Mr. Cunningham indicates very plainly that he had it in full measure while still in the world of the seeing. All his lack of sight could do was to accentuate peculiarities already existing. Guy's blindness, then, is either the result of his creator's desire to introduce something new and original into Canadian fiction, or because he thought that physical darkness gives birth from the moment of its falling to an exaggerated and pathological state; or, because of some supposed necessity of the plot which entirely escapes my notice. Guy Tremblay is, indeed, too unimportant in our contemporary literature to expand energy and time upon in the way of extended criticism. But as a blind man I feel that I must raise a voice of protest against connecting blindness in fiction with insanity, dishonesty, criminality, cunning, or any other mental or spiritual abnormality. And if my readers will take the trouble to consult the rapidly growing mass of fiction treating in major or in minor the question of lack of physical vision they will note that in the main blindness is attached to some undesirable personage. Among the exceptions it is not rare to find the blind character recovering his sight, and one is left with the suspicion that it was the author's preconceived intention in this regard which kept his creature mentally normal; in fact, he was never thought of at all as a really truly blind man. It is to be hoped that in succeeding editions of *Yvon Tremblay* Mr. Cunningham will forget to make Guy Tremblay blind.

# Who's Who in Canadian Literature

ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

By Gertrude E. Forth

ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE, fiction writer and nature romancer, was born in Scotland, Ontario. Perhaps the fact that he spent his boyhood years close to the great heart of nature enables him to crystallize into book form all that is finest and best in the wild-woods world he loves.

His maternal Scottish ancestry reverts to Duncan Ban McIntyre, a Gaelic bard whose nature poems now rank among the classics. Jean Blewett, so widely beloved and so well known as "a women's poet," is a sister.

While Mr. McKishnie occasionally writes verse of a high order he has chosen prose as the form of artistry in which his rare gifts find expression. His stories of the out-of-doors reveal an intimacy with the "furred and feathered denizens of the forest" and a perhaps unrivalled understanding of their life habits. Comedy and tragedy alike are so unerringly depicted that even the most casual reader, as he follows the trail of animal romanticism, is imbued with a greater reverence for the forest creatures and for the Creator who in His all-wise fashion planned their place in the scheme of the universe. *Openway* and *Mates of the Tangle* are rich in messages gleaned from a close comradeship with nature's children and translated by the author with graphic vividness. *Openway* was syndicated and put into book form for preservation. It has since been translated into French.

Following is an excerpt from *Mates of the Tangle*: "Like the sparks of a dying camp-fire, the northern stars had filmed and retreated before the advance heralds of dawn. It was as though the world of solitude, having

spun its course throughout a night of gladness, had suddenly died, leaving behind the tang of fir, faint odor of fern and pungent scent of dew-drenched moss.

So rested the far-sweeping forest, dark and silent, a fabric cast from God's great loom whose shuttle had ceased to move.



ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

Then, somewhere deep in the darkness, a single note awoke, and with the strength of sweetness stirred the wilderness to a sigh. Silence again, then the note of the wood bird grew into a gushing song, and a faint murmur grew up among the trees. Later the murmur deepened to a glad rustling, and as if in answer to the wild bird's summons, there was light, and sound, and life throughout the solitude."



Indian legends from the pen of Archie P. McKishnie are uniquely fascinating, and, though a slender creation, may be classed among his best work. Each is an exquisite bit of art delicately chiselled from a rough block of ancient wood-lore and bearing the immortal touch of a master craftsman.

A number of short stories which vary in their degree of excellence are among McKishnie's productions. In these, as in his novels, he runs the whole gamut of emotions, but whether it be an enchanting portrayal of forest drama or a humorous tale of the dusky South, it is unfailingly characterized by a wholesomeness of purpose.

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

*Gaff Linkum.* Toronto, 1907.

*Love of the Wild.* Canada and U.S., 1910.

*Willow the Wisp.* Canada and U. S. 1912.

*A Son of Courage.* Canada and U. S., 1915.

*Openway.* Canada and U.S., 1920.

*Mates of the Tangle.* Canada, 1923.

*Brains Limited.* England and the Colonies. 1924.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In train for early publication is *Little People of Marsh Realm.*

## Lawren Harris

### An Interpretation

THE art of Lawren Harris seems to transcend art; and whether or not it loses itself in the process will be a matter for unending dispute. But of one thing the interested spectator, who is a little confused, can be quite sure: Lawren Harris knows exactly what he is doing and why he is doing it. His aim is not to be obscure but crystal clear, to bring not a revolution but a revelation, to enlarge and not restrict the scope of art.

The difficulty we at first experience in approaching this most transparent art form is, of course, subjective. It is not so much our presumptions with regard to established forms that stand in the way; everyone is now familiar with artistic anarchy, and we are quite prepared to accept the new. It is something deeper and more personal that obstructs our view. Here is stark simplicity of form and color, something that must be grasped as a whole or rejected. All secondary attractions have been sacrificed to one primary aim. That this aim is, per-

haps, the highest imaginable does not strike us at first. We only know that familiar sweets, to which we have grown accustomed, are not provided. We ask for sugar and are given tonic bitters, we seek pleasure and are faced with revelation. What wonder that every timid human pretention and every petted appetite cries out in horror!

Lawren Harris is essentially a mystic, and to interpret a mystic in terms of practical people is the hardest task in the world, so much depends upon shared conceptions. We advance from the ego to a realization of the peculiar characteristics of other men; from the characteristics of other men to the essentials of Man, as specifically revealed; from man to that larger Being in which he is included (not a specific Being in space, which would be local, but that which is truly representative). Finally we are interested in the Being of one moment only in so far as that moment serves to reveal eternity. Natural Science has

prepared the way for modern mysticism; it has helped to bridge the gap between matter and spirit, given an intellectual sanction to our deepest awareness. It has made a fool out of the nineteenth century materialist.

Lawren Harris paints Canadian scenes in Canada, and his personality dominates a Canadian art movement; but his work, though nationally inspired, transcends nationality at every point. At times he frankly leaves the map altogether in his search for reality. Two of the pictures shown at the recent exhibition of the Group of Seven in Toronto were purely mystical, and the questing pilgrim would do well to view them last. The "Ice House. Coldwell" provides an excellent introduction to Lawren Harris's rarefied atmosphere. Here the shock of contrast between our expectation of sentimental associations and the wisdom of a stark solitude is in no way relieved. At first we seem to encounter death itself. But it is not death in tragic guise; for a tragedy over which we may weep is but another form of sentimental expression. It is death as it would appear to eyes that have

passed beyond death. Here is a world in which all things are potential or have been already expressed, a world in which no single form of life triumphs over other forms, in which there are no idle dreams. Here is a vision of a single, shouting reality in which life and death as we know them have appeared to God during countless ages before the various forms of life had evolved, each with its private and shifting scale of values; the world as it was and as it will be, as it must be even today, regarded in the light of eternity. Here the soul of a man may become one with the Everlasting, beyond sentiment, beyond good and evil, beyond victory and defeat, beyond death itself.

In obscure words I have tried to express the indescribable. Lawren Harris succeeds much better on canvas. His works should be contemplated in silence and immobility; only thus do they become comprehensible. The measure of his success may be gauged by comparing his work with that of others who have tried to employ similar methods.

MARCUS ADENEY.

## The Group of Seven

Their 5th Annual Exhibition

THE members of the Group of Seven have this much in common, freedom from tradition, and Canada as a source of inspiration; but each one paints distinctively according to his own lights. The fifth annual exhibition on view in February at the Toronto Art Gallery showed a very interesting diversity in the canvases of these seven artists.

Lawren Harris continues his search for ultimate values. His results are not "Canadian," they are beyond Canada and today. And while he paints the eternal, A. Y. Jackson per-

sues the momentary. The latter is a master at catching the mood of a landscape in paint, and of using everything in his picture to intensify that effect. The atmosphere of November or March is immediately apparent. We know when the snow is thawing or freezing and feel the difference in temperature between sun and shade. The spirit of the Laurentians is in his painting of a narrow road ascending a series of gently rising hills.

"October" and "Sunrise" are painted with the bold strength one



looks for in canvases of A. J. Casson. The warm light on "Houses in the Ward" and "Houses in Rosseau" is dealt with more gently. Best of all I liked "Ontario Village" with its houses piling up against the grey sky and water in the rutty road.

I have seen restless skies in pictures of Frank Carmichael's. In this exhibition that restlessness is not in sky or water, but in the rock itself. Nevertheless the wind blows through "Lake Wabagisik" and the effect of "Evening, North Shore Lake Superior" is sombre and magnificent.

Arthur Lismer has become quick to detect and emphasize rhythm in the subjects of his pictures. Perhaps this emphasis in details breaks up his main rhythm into too spotty a pattern of light and dark. This does not occur in "Evening Silhouette" where the character of the Georgian Bay rocks and the scrub pine are clearly represented. His older picture "Islands of Spruce, Algoma," makes a wider appeal.

J. E. H. MacDonald and F. H. Varley were not well represented. The former's large painting "Near Mount Goodsir" was rich in color and tapestry-like in texture.

Outside the Group of Seven the strongest Canadian painter is undoubtedly Charles Comfort. No less modern than theirs, his work bears a living message and is warmly appreciated by public and critics alike. Because it fell to the lot of the Group of Seven to break with old traditions in Canada, and because Charles Comfort painted after this break and outside the Group, it may be his destiny to reap a harvest of their sowing. At any rate he seems to see his way clearly before him, unclouded by doubts, and his painting is a joy to the beholder. What can one say of that barren road in "Out West," changed to a riot of glory by the setting sun? Outstanding also among the guest contributors was the work of Edwin Holgate.

JEANNE ADENEY.

## Dust

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

OUT of the dust, and unto dust again!—  
And when my prisoned songs shall break, at last,  
The all too fragile phial of my heart,  
Let me be one with all the deathless past;  
Scatter my ashes far and wide, that I  
May drift forever 'twixt the earth and sky!

How could I brook the cramped and sunless tomb,  
I who have worshipped beauty all my days?  
Far sweeter to be borne upon the winds  
Along this lovely world's most lovely ways,  
One with the rainbow arched across the skies,  
One with the flaming pyre when daylight dies.

## Splinters From a Free Lance

### XII.—TIME AND PLACE

THE best time to do one's writing and the most suitable place in which to do it have so long been the subject of discussion and debate that the subject threatens to become as eternal as the one about which came first, the hen or the egg. As matters for discussion they're both on the same plane: that of inanity. One writes when one writes where one writes—what could be simpler?

Writing is gloriously hard work. Try eight hours of it a day and see how much you enjoy your evening off. Many can write page after page without, apparently, much effort; but if you like to have the pages widely read it's not a bad idea to have a thought behind, say every tenth sentence. If you're doing really good work you have a thought, a worthwhile one, behind every sentence.

Enter Anthony Trollope: "I had long since convinced myself that in such work as mine the great merit consisted in acknowledging myself to be bound by rules of labor similar to those which an artisan or a mechanic is forced to obey. A shoemaker, when he has finished one pair of shoes, does not sit down to contemplate his work in idle satisfaction. "There is my pair of shoes finished at last!" What a pair of shoes it is. The shoemaker who so indulged himself would be without wages half his time. It is the same with the professional writer of books. Having thought much of all this, and having made up my mind that I could be really happy only when I was at work, I had now quite accustomed myself to begin a second pair as soon as the first was out of my hands. He set himself "to write with my watch before me, and to require from myself two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an

hour. I have found that the two hundred and fifty words were forthcoming as regularly as my watch went."

Brother scribes, there speaketh Anthony Trollope. Think it over, look at Anthony's literary output and the rewards received therefor. Then admit with me that there is a lot of wisdom in the genial squire's philosophy of writing. Ye gods, what a newspaper man he would have made!

I have tried Trollope's system, but finding that I wrote fifteen hundred words the first hour instead of the thousand he exacted, I "layed off" for the rest of the day and decided that his method was not for me.

With all due respect to the formidable array of novels that Trollope wrote and the fine sum of money he made thereby—three hundred and fifty thousand dollars up to 1879, I think his method will stand a lot of questioning and should it be laid down as a law for all who write it would cause a lot of us to have nervous prostration or drive us to dish-washing or house-painting, where we really belong.

A man's writing keeps pace with his thoughts. If you think like a racehorse you can write like a stenographer taking dictation at five minutes to six. But if you follow Trollope you'll be going at high pressure all the time and if ever you really pause to think you're done, you're short-circuited and the machine stops.

I've never watched another writer work, but my own experience is that when once in a while I know what I'm talking about I'll write like sixty, so fast that when the dashed thing comes to be typed I can't read it. But most often I jog along, stop here and there to gaze vacantly out the window and wonder what steamers have to blow about; now and then to admire



a picture on my desk, to hold a one-sided conversation with my dog or to howl at my sister's infants who are playing blacksmith outside the study door. If it's a very fine day I'll give up writing and go for a walk. I never bother to do more than six or eight thousand words a day and very often, indeed, I do less.

Sometimes I wish I were Anthony Trollope and could take a pencil in my hand and say, "Johann Faber, do your duty," and, presto, in a few hours I'd have made a week's wages. But I can't do that consistently and I'd rather despise myself if I could.

When you're half-way through a novel or have started a short-story that simply has to be done because Friend Wolf's tawny paw is under the door, it's an exquisite pleasure to fill your pipe, slink from the uncomfortable desk chair to your easy chair that fits you like a pair of old trousers and loaf a couple of precious hours over a book of essays or some dainty poems or just nothing at all. You feel so guilty yet so defiantly happy; like a small boy "jigging" from school on the day of an examination.

Then you contemplate the work to be done, smoke some more, decide to go back to it and change your mind to keep an eye out for the postman or to go downstairs and get the newspaper that the boy has just left. Sometimes the firebell rings and you'll always count the strokes and if the box is handy home you'll go out to see what's doing. You grimly determine to stay up half the night and finish the chapter. But bed-time finds you very tired and tomorrow looks like a good long day with ample time to do the neglected work and a lot more.

But next morning you'll roll out at ten. You have headache and writer's universal complaint. You seek migraine and have a horribly bad temper. Maybe the coffee is burnt or the bacon too impossibly salt. If your

temper's bad enough you can say they are, anyway. By the time you've smoked a bit and read the paper and sneered at the editorials, it's the hour for lunch. You don't feel hungry, but you go for a walk and return to fool yourself that you're going to work. And thus another day.

Writers are the laziest of men, because they loaf the most precious of time. A man with the divine gift of writing should be writing all the time; novels should come from him as automobiles from a factory. And they doubtless would, and would have as much variety.

There are writers and writers. We all love to cling to the picture of the pale, shabby, temperamental young man who spends more time striding up and down the creaky floor of his garret, starving to death, apostrophizing the gods and sundry sweethearts, than he does in actual composition. We all hate to picture a well-fed chap in a sack suit and clean shirt sitting down at a well-groomed typewriter and turning out a set number of words in a fixed space of time. It contradicts all the lackadaisical traditions of literature. It makes writing a sordid commercial thing, like book-keeping or juggling money in a bank.

In reality the writer's life is a combination of the ideal and the real, of the genius and the clerk. You can't be a genius and have a temperament all the time, or you'll starve. You can't be a copy-maker every hour of your day or you'll kill genius. You can pack no end of variety into your work if you're a writer, and when really great writers talk of having certain set hours for composition I shudder and long for a big cavern in a desert where I can be away from such men. If you have set hours, why not engage in store-keeping or some business where you have a clock to punch? What heresy for a writer to say he has fixed times for writing! Shades of Goldsmith, Johnson and a

hundred sturdy wights gather round me and behold yon monster who says "I write each day without fail from nine to twelve." That's bondage of the foulest sort. The writer's creed should be to write as much as he can when he should and studiously to shun everything that tries to constrict or make him mechanical. Freedom is the big thing, freedom of thought and freedom from habit.

Anthony Trollope, like Thackeray, could write under almost any circumstances and did not require like most of us a private cage into which to withdraw and gnaw the bones of creative effort with many growls and mutters. Conan Doyle is like that and we have to admire the man who can go about his writing while people around are talking and laughing and children making bedlam. They needs must have both facility and poise, and no nerves whatever. I wonder at them, for it has been my experience that long hours of writing beget sensitive nerves and Stevenson said that after two or three hours of work his own temperament was not at all equable. It's the inevitable reaction to the intense strain of stringing thoughts together and even in the act of writing most men are hyper-sensitive to any disturbing sound. I suppose it's all in what you're used to. The poor hack who lives in a small flat with a talkative wife and six children just has to plough ahead and steel himself to the hubbub; the student who has lived in a house under monastic rule will always want extreme quiet and the sound of someone's whistling will drive him to insanity.

Most of my remarks about time and place of writing are intended to be facetious and I should be appalled if anyone took them seriously. Every man must make a rule for himself. Some say that the night hours are the best for writing, others claim that early morning is the time. I find it easier to write rapidly in the early

morning, but easier just to write in the evening. After all, night is a quiescent, reposeful time and gives to the spirit that splendid calm on which the least idea makes a very good ripple. One is more given to contemplation under a glowing lamp than under a glaring sun and thoughts come up out of the night that never dare show themselves at noontide. But there's nothing to prevent a person writing at any hour of the day or night once he has learned that the distaste and unwillingness to go about it is to be conquered by a little effort and is not really an insurmountable barrier to turning out work. If writers waited until they felt like writing, until that "urge," beloved of correspondence schools, just forced them to scribble, there wouldn't be much work done. Often one does sit down to his desk and fresh paper with actual zest and relish and a spitting on the hands and a hunger for work. But usually it seems much more fun to sit and read and do nothing, than to push a pencil over many weary quires of paper.

I cannot conceive that Anthony Trollope ever sat hour after hour idle at his desk, thinking, pondering, railing at the lack of things to write about. For Trollope to admit himself stumped would be for him to say that his brain had stopped functioning. Yet it doesn't seem that he jotted down the first idea that came into his head. He did, however, write much that is commonplace, little that is valuable. That, from his method of working, is to be expected.

We all experience those long, bitter hours, sometimes days, when our powers of expression seem at a complete standstill and we sulk in the doldrums and feel as if we'd never turn out another worthwhile line. I wish I knew a panacea for that dire ill. I'd like to know where I could find one. Sometimes reading helps and sometimes calomel, but the spells do come and linger and run their



course like a cold, the mumps or the measles.

If in those times of becalment you can force yourself to write you are following the best course. You may be writing drivel; if so, sell it to the magazines. The fact that you are writing anything at all is what counts, for, after a spell of idleness it's hard to get back to work, and the longer the spell the harder it is. Oh, there's a lot in Trollope's method and I'd be almost inclined to envy the man who could work with such machine-like consistency.

It is well to school yourself to be able to write at any hour of the day or night, but certain types of literary work, notably the modern magazine short story, have to be pretty well thought out before you attempt to set them down on paper. Sometimes you can't work out that disgusting thing called the plot. You may have a good opening situation, however, and as you write about it an interesting and logical development will occur to you. Some writers work entirely by that method and depend on the characters, when set down in some involved situation, to act their part and work out their own destinies. I've found it a very difficult and haphazard method, and in the short story or the novelette there is nothing so consoling and precious as an outline.

This does not mean a cut-and-dried plan, an iron form of framework. No; the outline is a very elastic thing and seldom indeed will it be followed out exactly. It's like the Ten Commandments or any other rules, great for guidance, safe to follow, but often stretched a lot beyond the letter. I am beginning to think that the time spent in turning over a story in your mind, examining it from every angle, telling the plot to some hapless friend or discussing it with some other writer is quite as important as the writing of it.

John Oxenham, who is in real life W. A. Dunkerley, and whose books

serve their purpose, says that the putting down on paper is just a mechanical business; that the brain work is the thing. And while there is room for some debate about this, there is a lot of solid sense in it. What you know best, you write about easiest. If you know your ideas you can express them well, and it is hateful to start a story with only a hazy notion of what it's going to be like, though it is a pleasant sensation if, perchance, it turns out to be pretty good. But the perchance is the big thing there. Starting with a well thought out plot knocks the haphazard element out of writing, and for the novice, especially, it is rather risky to work by any other method than a good session of complete thinking before pen goes to paper.

Use your time judiciously and instead of learning entirely by the route of hard and harassing experience, profit a bit by the advice of the seasoned warriors. That's like telling a fellow not to get married, I know. Somehow, though everything proves to us without doubt that the experience is not all it's supposed to be, we have to go through it in our own way and learn about it for ourselves. Most men start to become writers with no idea of the hazards of the work, its obstacles and difficulties. But they learn, and the learning makes them or finishes them.

The writer who can turn out a short story a day is the hardest to deal with. He would rather try seven shots in a week on the chance of scoring with one than concentrate all his powers on a single effort and have six chances to one of its being a winner. That's not reasonable and, as a rule almost invariable, quantity output does not pay. I write that with glee, because in the two years I've been entirely engaged in literary work I've sold a few hundred short stories, had a novel published, several novelettes and no end of articles. But I've written so many besides that I'm quite

ready to condemn turning out prodigious quantities of work, and to advocate cutting the output in half and increasing the quality by twice as much effort.

Practically everything I sold was first-draft writing. That is, it was done once and only once. I blush to tell it and with the stern advice of the gentleman who markets my work I have resolved that an unrevised story will never again go from me. Ages ago I knew, subconsciously at least, that it were better to turn out one story into which a week's work had gone than six or seven that had taken part of a day each and might produce results and again might not. It was a fallacious business. Often I'd been told that quantity production in writing didn't pay. I tried it and I'm now ready to admit that it doesn't. Not only are few stories that have in them the work of many more likely to sell promptly, but also are they fairly sure to command higher rates. Most of the pulp paper magazines pay from one to two cents a word and most writers get the cent, while the canny ones get two, placing all their small output while the others sell only a fraction of their large quantities of stories written.

The arguments are in favor of writing three or four short stories a month instead of several dozen. You have more chance of placing the three or four because they're better stories. And you'll get higher rates for them. Fear pushes the beginner, fear that makes him write and write madly and run off story after story—weak stories, hackneyed stories, hopeless stories. So learn in time, as most heavy producers have learned, and be sure that every yarn you write is the very best you can do.

Don't write against time; you have all the time there is. Don't wait for inspiration, but go after it and capture it. Don't imagine yourself into that too common condition of many

aspirants who picture an ideal place, an ideal time where writing could be done joyously and with no effort. Most of the time you have to force yourself, but you'll find joy in the doing.

There are rare moments of inspiration when fire will pour into your pages, but there are long hours of steady, sustained effort that produces work which in the end will have a lot of real good in it if you have given of your best and consciously tried to put honest thinking into it.

The "urge" to write is not a myth, but it's not an immediate, motivating force. Rarely if ever does the "urge" drive you to your desk, but even in the moments of distaste and repugnance for the actual writing down of words, that desire to do, to create, is in you, and you have the gift. A lot of will must be brought to bear to get you to the desk sometimes; the backbone must be stiff to hold you there. It's not easy, but it's every writer's experience and you, as others, will find it worth your while.

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### A NATION'S LIFE BLOOD

"Without national books, Canada is without national standing," said Percy Gomery, Vancouver author, in an address to the Rotary Club of that city. "The books of a country," he added, "are its history, and if succeeding generations are to be well-informed on the history of their own country and its ideals and their national heritage, the books must be forthcoming."

Mr. Gomery was severely critical of Canadians for not buying books written by their own countrymen, "Canadian books find a better market in far smaller countries than they do in the land of their inspiration. Australia, with a population not half that of Canada, sells twice as many Canadian books."

Mr. Gomery concluded with an appeal for the development of a native Canadian literature as its life blood. Failing that Canada could never achieve real greatness as a nation.

\* \* \*

"Thanks for reminder of renewal," writes Miss F. A. Potts, of Edmonton. "I would not wish to miss a number of *The Canadian Bookman*."



## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—1927 broke all book publishing records in Britain with a total of 13,810 books.

—Saskatchewan authors are to publish a book of verses written by residents of that province. It is to be ready by Easter.

—*Johann Lind*, by Laura G. Salverson, a novel of Saskatchewan, purporting to reflect the reactions and aspirations of the polyglot population of that province, has just been released for serial rights. Mrs. Salverson describes it as "A human interest story written in the Scandinavian style."

—Captain Harwood Steele, the author, gave an illustrated lecture on "The Canadian Mounted Police in the Arctic," before the Empire Club, of Toronto. He is a true son of the Mounties, born at the barracks at Ft. McLeod, Alberta, son of the late Gen. Sam Steele, who for more than thirty years was a famous figure among "The Riders of the Plains."

—Alice Ames Winter, Minneapolis, has been adjudged winner of the National League of American Pen Women's national "best book" contest. Mrs. Winter's book, *The Heritage of Women*, won first choice among those submitted. The book tells of some of the notable women of the world who have contributed in various ways to the advancement of their times.

—Madge MacBeth put up a strong defense of the modern novel in the course of an address before the St. James Literary Society, Montreal, on the subject: "Rearing a Novel Family." She said that there would never be a great literature until the public was ready to accept the truth, to see life in all its phases without any protective cloak.

—one of the most unique events in the history of the Toronto Branch of the Dickens' Fellowship, was that of February 9th, when nearly two hundred of its members presented themselves attired in the costumes of characters in books by Dickens. As a newspaper report had it: "The rotund and rubicund Mr. Pickwick staked his stately way about the hall; the cringing and criminal Jew, Fagin, slunk furtively by; the stately Mrs. Skewton swept past with a rustle of billowing silks and hoops, and, not to be omitted, the obese and gin-sipping Sary Gamp, reeled riotously along. A dainty figure was Mercy Pecksniff, as she tripped lightly by, and the tall and poker-stiff 'Dr. Snammer of the 98th,' contributed a colorful martial touch to the surroundings."

## Inside Stuff . . . .

### PYTHAGORAS AND HIS PHILOSOPHY

Enquiries at such likely spots as the information department of the Public Library of Toronto and the Library of the University of Toronto, have failed to produce information about a book or pamphlet on *Pythagoras and His Philosophy*, by Arthur Harvey, but the University Library did have on file a copy of the annals of the Royal Society of Canada, Vol. 10, 1904, in which on pages 239 to 263 of Part I., appears an article by Mr. Harvey under the same title. Perhaps this paragraph may bring forth the desired information which is sought by one of our readers.

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### CANADIAN MAGAZINES NARROW?

A Canadian writer, English-born, in indicating her intention to discontinue her subscription despite her definite assertion: "I do like *Canadian Bookman*," gives as her reason the fact that she has to look to American magazines for recognition: "I feel more loyal to the magazines that have recognized my work than to Canadian magazines."

"The last few years there has been a lot of talk about boosting Canadian literature, but so far, with one exception, all my own work, while it has been accepted and paid for by some of the best children's magazines in the States, has not been accepted in Canada. *Little Folks*, Salem, Mass., *Child Life*, of Chicago, Ill., *Child Play*, of Cleveland, O., *American Motherhood*, and other magazines in the States have been very generous to me. I have submitted manuscripts to Canadian publishers but they have always been turned down.

I do think Canadians should have a broader outlook, and not turn things down unless they are purely Canadian. This stunts a Canadian writer. Many American writers have written on other subjects besides America, and their work has been accepted. The *Atlantic Monthly* was not so narrow that it even thought of withholding a prize for a novel because it was Canadian.

If you can explain these things to me, I might feel a little more like making an effort to help along Canadian magazines."

\* \* \*

### WOULD MISS IT

Mrs. Irene Hudson, of Loughheed, Alta., in sending in her subscription remittance, says: "I would miss this little magazine very much if deprived of it . . . I endorse all the good things that have been said about it and at that I doubt whether full justice has been done to it."



## A Search for Lasting Value Among the New Books

By Marcus Adeney

THE most vital problems of today are educational problems. Slowly it is being realized, not only by individuals here and there, but by the interested public at large, that educational difficulties cannot be overcome by expanding the machinery of instruction. Efficiency is not enough; we must have light and then more light; we must advance ourselves and see to it that our educators are advancing if we are to deal fairly with the next generation.

Successful production of anything depends largely upon knowledge of three things: what we want to produce, how we are going to produce it and the nature of the raw material. All state-controlled schools have to produce socially acceptable and serviceable men and women. We know that much care cannot be given to individual talent, and a reasonably good system is accepted very much on its merits—until someone comes along and points out that we are not getting a fraction of possible results, that we have been and are working very much in the dark, that if we turned out motor cars as we turn out "educated" human beings, the industry would crash. Sufficient study, we begin to imagine, has not been given to the raw material, to the means whereby knowledge is acquired and applied, to the ideal nature of an ideally educated human being as the finished product. We are as backward with regard to ourselves and our children as we are forward with regard to our environment.

What do we presumably adult persons know about our high school students, for instance? Nice young people who, as a rule, look upon their school work as rather a bore and amuse themselves whenever possible. Or are they amusing themselves? Perhaps those experimental affairs, sentimental or otherwise, which we regard with kindly tolerance, are more significant than appears. Perhaps the really important events of youth take place out of school when that most difficult of adjustments—of youth to maturity—is somehow being made. "All that we are, all that we accomplish," said Carl Spitteler, "we owe to our high school years. For during them our character ripened and received its stamp." How im-

portant it would seem, then, to know our material and to develop it accordingly, to insist that our educational system shall induce ways of thinking rather than forms of thought, ways of dealing with life rather than codes of conduct, ways of satisfying the deepest needs of the soul rather than modes of belief, ways of attaining self-discipline rather than submission to authority.

The first really intelligent book about high school youth that has come to my notice is called *The Gateway to Life*. (Knopf.) It is by Frank Thiess, a young Baltic writer who hopes to present, in a series of four novels, a comprehensive picture of post-war Germany. The Canadian reader will at first feel a certain strangeness in the presence of these tempestuous youngsters. They are so terribly honest—even crude, so sure of their own reactions, so convinced that they are the victims of an adult conspiracy. These young people actually go in search of spiritual values, and knock their shins against a hard world in the process. Most parents will, of course, refuse to believe that their boys and girls are even remotely like these Germans; but some of us, whose high school days are recent memories, know differently.

The conflict of visionary youth with unenlightened authority must be as old as civilization. The creative fire that burns afresh in each imaginative individual has always been regarded at best with suspicion, at worst with active hostility by well-meaning parents and pedagogues. The fresh, vital, unexpected, unaccountable thing that is an individual must ever amaze those who look to the next generation for their own personal justification. What we have learned we would fain teach others. More than anything else do we resent any denial of our own scale of values. Yet our values, like everything else, alter with the passing of years, and each generation must come to terms with a new world.

Forrest Reid, in his new book *Demophon*, (Collins), tells us how a child that was to be a farmer had been favored by the Goddess Demeter, how she, having initiated him into many mysteries, was finally driven



away by a jealous mother. Afterwards the boy Demophon felt rather than knew his kinship with the Immortals. For some years he was a "singularly docile child. Not quite such a bright little fellow as before, perhaps; indeed, somewhat dull and apathetic; but his bodily health remained perfect and there was no more nonsense about woodboys and other questionable companions." Little Demophon was sent to school where he learned poetry "of a didactic and improving character." Some time later, having run away from home, he recited some of this poetry to an expectant mule-driver. "The mule-driver's jaw dropped. As the poem proceeded his expression became more and more that of a man suffering from some acute internal discomfort. . . . The poem went on. Every single word of it was a word of wisdom; every line showed Pittakos (the schoolmaster) to be a learned and virtuous person." But nevertheless the performance ended abruptly as a large hand was clapped over Demophon's mouth. The mule-driver could endure no more.

Only once again did the boy speak in terms of his schoolmaster. This was when the recluse, Sophron, once a popular philosopher, complained bitterly that "the average Theban would rather claim kinship with some broken-nosed boxer of the second rank than with me," and Demophon quoted, "Still, you are famous, and immortal fame is the crown of life." Sophron was unimpressed. "Words, child, words. Nothing is immortal—neither this earth nor the sun that warms it: still less the pitiful race of beings that creep about between the two, and who will disappear the day after that warmth is withdrawn." But Sophron, who is very wise, is not quite wise enough, for he denies all human knowledge of the Gods; and Demophon, who is foster-child of Demeter, has played with Hermes and Pan, and was once saved from death in a miraculous fashion by Dionysos. For him to have denied the Gods would not only have been blasphemous but absurd. Those who know Mr. Reid's eloquent appreciation of W. B. Yeates, or his revival of boyhood in *Apostate*, are familiar with the prose-music that now flows enchantingly through *Demophon*. This sort of book, like an altogether charming woman, should be loved rather than critically appraised.

Some persons imagine that mythologies have been outgrown. We, who are enlightened, may trifle pleasantly with the Deities of ancient Greece, comfortably assured that they have no objective reality. But what of our own mythologies, the imaginative creations of today? I maintain, not without some reason, that there never was a period in which myths flowered more prolifically or were believed in more earnestly and that we do indeed live in a Golden Age of sup-

erstition. Science has had a lot to do with it. Those who adopt scientific theses without regard for scientific method (which makes every assertion a conjecture based upon suppositions which are eternally open to correction) generally succeed in opening up rich fields of pure mythology. I do not speak disparagingly. A myth, be it understood, may be profoundly true in a symbolic sense. Myth-producers, however, generally insist upon a literal acceptance of all their findings, which unfortunately tends to destroy what spiritual value a new myth might have possessed. There are modern philosophers who maintain that Natural Science, dealing only with the world of appearances, is itself an elaborate myth. This consideration makes it additionally strange that so many esoteric cults should appeal to Natural Science for support. The word "scientific" is used spuriously more often than correctly.

The publishers have dressed Dr. F. H. Du Vernet's volume, *Out of a Scribe's Treasure*, in dark navy blue and stamped it with black letters. So much dead weight of respectability, combined with an unfortunate title, is almost sure to repel the very people whom Dr. Du Vernet would have been most anxious to reach. When I took the book from my shelf it was with a pity-the-reviewer feeling: fifteen minutes later I was estimating the cost of distributing copies among my friends—especially the theological students. This collection of short essays (occasional contributions to Canadian newspapers) should find a place in every library of contemporary thought. Since reading *The Impatience of a Parson* the conviction has grown upon me that the best minds in the world today are being devoted to that tremendous task, carrying Christianity into the Modern World, preserving it as a living issue, so that the Modern World may be saved from the tragic consequences of an absurd and superstitious materialism. What fighters these Churchmen are, what heroes in defence of a reality so many of us try to deny! And the biggest men always seem to place humanity first. There is nothing esoteric about their appeal; indeed they make sophistication and cleverness seem mean and small and rather pathetic—because nothing is more sad than sophistication suddenly cornered by reality.

Dr. Du Vernet was neither optimist nor pessimist. He looked out upon the world sanely and knew that the seeds of construction and destruction are everywhere. But "The trend of the times is toward a deeper realization of the inward and spiritual meaning behind the traditional forms and the ancient creeds. The Church has nothing to fear from the onward march of knowledge." He saw that as men enlarge their knowledge of the world so may they

deepen their awareness of God, that all barriers between reason and faith, as between Church and Church, are arbitrary, futile and un-Christian. "The crying need of today is the careful satisfying of the intelligent craving of the rising generation to know the reason why one action is right and another wrong. What we want is a great educational campaign in the way of scientific education of the social conscience." Archbishop Du Vernet was a true man and a Christian and I hope his book runs into many editions.

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ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S VOYAGES. Vol. 3  
in Master-Works of Canadian Authors.  
Edited by John W. Garvin. Toronto:  
The Radisson Society.

The appearance of each successive volume in the series of Master Works of Canadian Authors, as published by the Radisson Society increases one's admiration for the work John Garvin is doing in making this notable contribution to Canadian literature. The latest volume presents Sir Alexander Mackenzie's own story of his voyages, an epic of discovery in British North America in the latter years of the eighteenth century. A most interesting introduction is contributed by Professor Charles W. Colby, of McGill University, and there are twelve illustrations in sepia and a map indicating the courses of the two voyages. The frontispiece is a fine reproduction of a painting of Sir Alexander Mackenzie by Lawrence, and facing it there is a reproduction of the title page of the first edition published in London in 1801. The volume is one of 495 pages and is a good piece of book-making.

First published more than a century and a quarter ago and being a work of such first-rate importance, it should be familiar to all Canadians both for its historical value and romantic appeal but, as with many other books falling into the same category, it is questionable whether more than one per cent of Canadians know it at all familiarly and for that reason the work of the Radisson Society in making such books accessible to Canadian homes where they will get into the hands of young Canada, must be strongly commended.

Prof. Colby in his introduction points out that it was the fur trade that made possible the discoveries of Samuel de Champlain and those of Mackenzie nearly two centuries later. Before the passing of Canada into the hands of the British, the French had pushed westward beyond the Red River, their most westerly establishment being Fort Jonquière. Political misfortunes alone prevented the French *voyageurs* from

pushing forward steadily to the Pacific. Five years after the Cession it had become clear that the aborigines were no longer a factor in politics. The resistance of the French and Indians alike broken, the new masters of Canada were only prevented from taking full possession by those physical obstacles which nature opposes to the march of civilization.

As a measure of Mackenzie's habit of mind and literary style when dealing with a larger subject, his comment on the failure of the French missionaries to leave a permanent mark on the North American Indians is cited:

"The cause of this failure must be attributed to a want of due consideration in the mode employed by the missionaries, to propagate the religion of which they were the zealous ministers. They habituated themselves to the savage life, and naturalized themselves to the savage manners, and, by thus becoming dependent, as it were, on the natives, they acquired their contempt rather than their veneration. If they had been as well acquainted with human nature as they were with the articles of their faith, they would have known that the uncultivated mind of an Indian must be disposed by much preparatory method and instruction to receive the revealed truths of Christianity, to act under its sanctions, and be impelled to good by the hope of its reward, or turned from evil by the fear of its punishment. They should have begun their work by teaching some of the useful arts which are the inlets of knowledge, and lead the mind by degrees to objects of higher comprehension. Agriculture, so formed to fix and combine society, and so preparatory to objects of superior consideration, should have been the first thing introduced among a savage people; it attaches the wandering tribe to that spot where it adds so much to their comforts; while it gives them a sense of property, and of lasting possession, instead of uncertain hopes of the chase, and the fugitive produce of uncultivated wilds. Such were the means by which the forests of Paraguay were converted into a scene of abundant cultivation, and its savage inhabitants introduced to all the advantages of a civilized life."

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### A POLLYANNA SONG

From Arthur Stockwell Ltd., of London, comes a new issue of sheet music, "Keep it Going," words by Maude Ireland, music by Edward St. Clair. The message conveyed by the song is worthy of Pollyanna being designed to spread a smile and "keep it going until it encompasses the world." It is a two-shilling issue.



# An Appreciation of *Jalna*

By Raymond Knister

SOMEbody should write a book about the genius of women, if the subject has not already been treated. Particularly the genius of women writers; since in no other field, perhaps, are women so assured and so taken for granted now as the peers of men, as in the field of literature. This is an idea I have had for a long time, but I have no designs upon it. Probably it is just as well, as the following may show. Anyway it is Mazo de la Roche's *Jalna* which inspires the remark once more.

*Jalna* seems to me almost purely a book for women. *Possession*, the best of Miss de la Roche's earlier novels, is not. There is some coherence of character, and something like an established, dependable, manlike order of things; you know what Derek Vale would do, and he duly does it. Not so the characters in *Jalna*; all you can count on is that Grandmother will eat immensely, and even she weakens a little toward the end, until her hundredth birthday comes.

Now this has little to do with the comparative value of the two books. There are two classes of women writers. Those who write of women's concerns and the things they know perfectly and, given sufficient endowment, achieve perfect effects. To this type belonged Jane Austen. Then there is the imaginative, or rather the more inventive type, which boldly assails the ground of men, and confident in their genius, these women writers often carry off the laurels and achieve their aim, creating a world of their own, vastly entertaining and moving to men and women readers, but a little amusing to men readers who see astoundingly penetrating observation or guesses coupled with equally astounding errors of fact. Of this type is Charlotte Brontë, whose work is a sort of poetry in the large. But a better example of genius and high confidence in her own realism is Georges Sand.

It was of Georges Sand that I was thinking when I read *Jalna* the other day. What astounding characters, what an atmosphere, what keen observation. But an attempt at realism ruins such a book. Such a family could have been wholly convincing only in an element of poetry. The task of depicting them was Shakespearian, and we lose faith in their reality appreciably when we are told that they do this and that which ordinary dwellers on Canadian farms do. What they had for breakfast really should not interest us; they are of the order of Hawthorne and Hugo. They are real with the transient immediacy of a dream.

Astoundingly clever the Whiteoaks are, down to Wakefield and illegitimate Pheasant; but they have the motivation of children. With spites and tiffs they devote most of their powers to humiliating each other. The whole family is roused to a scene of uproarious and febrile confusion which finally prostrates the female part of it, to devise and execute a suitable punishment for the nine-year-old misdemeanours of Wakefield. On the other hand they connive (almost) at wholesale adultery with an easy nonchalance which would be the despair of more sophisticated people. Alayne, the publisher's reader who so amusingly falls in love with Eden, the poet, loses all individuality on coming to "*Jalna*," and becomes merely a straw in the wind. Such, however, are they all. Perhaps it can be explained by psycho-analysis. The grandmother has dominated them too long.

One of the most interesting things this book does is to destroy the myth of the imperturbable and self-contained English types. Perhaps this has to be done every so often. Shakespeare and Dickens seem to blow off steam for the whole race. In this case, such may be the office of *Jalna*. In any event there is such an energy of conception and such a brilliance of style that Miss de la Roche's next book will be awaited with the greatest curiosity in all quarters.

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NO OTHER TIGER. By A. E. W. Mason. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

The followers of A. E. W. Mason will be delighted with his latest effort. As a story to while away an hour or so, it has all the well-known qualities of intrigue and mystery that distinguish this author. One notable fact—notable in this class of fiction—is that the characters are not merely shadows employed solely to point out subtlety of plot. The characters are, with one exception, well drawn and act as logically as can be expected in the bizarre circumstances created by the author. The exception is Corinne the dancer. Mr. Mason has faltered noticeably in his portrayal of this character and of her relations with Ariadne, but probably this is due to the exigencies of the story.

At any rate few will quarrel with this as the book succeeds in its aim of entertainment without any undue stress upon the reader's mental powers. Viewed in this light Mr. Mason has written an entertaining novel and one that will be enjoyed heartily by his large circle of readers.—T.D.R.

KIRBY'S ANNALS OF NIAGARA. Edited by Dr. Lorne Pierce. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. \$3.00.

When I heard that William Kirby's *Annals of Niagara* had been resurrected and edited by Dr. Lorne Pierce, and republished by the Macmillan Company of Canada, I rejoiced, and eagerly sought a copy. It seemed to me that a real service had been done to our historical literature. But when I read on the last page of the editor's Introduction these words: "The present edition contains the corrections preserved in Kirby's own copy, together with numerous others. Some attempt has been made to achieve here and there greater clarity and felicity of expression." I became alarmed. Could it be possible that the editor had made 'corrections' in the English and in the facts of so great a scholar and writer? It seemed incredible, but I must ascertain; and what did I find?

1. With regard to changes in English. I found *seven* in the first two pages, and my indignation was such as to restrain me from further comparison with the original. Here are three examples: Kirby wrote, "The names and achievements of the early explorers and missionaries, and of the traders and soldiers who have figured there, would fill volumes of interest." The editor changed the predicate to read, "would fill several fascinating volumes."

Kirby: "Pleasures and pastimes that are not the allowable recreation, etc."

Editor: "legitimate" for allowable.

Kirby: "Cartier sailed up the great river as far as Hochelaga, made many observations and returned to Quebec, etc."

Editor: A period is placed after Hochelaga, and a new sentence begins with, "He made many observations, etc."

2. As to facts. The editor does not change these, but adds critical and explanatory notes at the ends of chapters. There is space for three references only:

(a) On page 83 there is a paragraph by Kirby in which he compares the United Empire Loyalists with the rebels in the revolution of 1776. Among other things he says, "The men of position with wealth, learning, and culture, were generally opposed to the rebellion. Literature disappeared for two generations after the revolution." Dr. Pierce interprets this paragraph to refer to the Mackenzie Rebellion of 1837, and in quite a lengthy note on page 88 corrects Kirby's assumed misstatements in this fashion: "Canadian literature had not begun before the Rebellion, except for Major John Richardson's *Ecarté* (1829), *Wacousta* (1832), and *The Canadian Brothers* (1840), and Thomas Chandler Haliburton's *History of Nova Scotia* (1829), *The Clock-maker* (1836), etc., etc."

(b) Kirby relates how Governor Simcoe

had come to Upper Canada in 1792 to organize the province for municipal and parliamentary representation and government, and by legislative enactments to establish courts of justice, etc. In his opening address to the Legislative Council and Assembly, the Governor expressed his gratification that "the wisdom and beneficence of our most gracious Sovereign and the British Parliament" had given to this new colony a constitution virtually identical with that of the Motherland, and which he described later when he closed the first session, as "The very image and transcript of the British constitution." It is well known that the British constitution at that time was one of the most democratic in the world. But Dr. Pierce comments as follows on page 124: "Simcoe did not remember at the moment this peroration was given that Canada had an irresponsible Executive, which was quite the image of nothing in democratic practice." When he wrote that was he still thinking of the Rebellion of 1837?

On pages 122 and 123 Kirby tells about the great council of Indians held in 1792 with 3 Ojibwas and nations represented, and with American commissioners and some Quakers in attendance. "The Indians demanded the withdrawal of the Americans from the country north of the Ohio river. It was not and could not be granted. The council, finally, after some months of talk, broke up without accomplishing anything, etc." Read now the editor's comment on page 124: "Strange to relate, the treaty with the Indians, which grew out of this Council, seems to have entirely disappeared. There is no record of it, which to say the least, is most unfortunate." How could a record be found when there was none?

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Kirby's "Annals of Niagara" is full of important data that every adult Canadian should be familiar with. "Onghiarra," the chief town of the Neutral Indians, who were totally destroyed by the Iroquois about 1650, became later "Niagara," with the accent on the penult as Goldsmith accented the word in "The Traveller," 1764:

"Where wild Oswego spreads his swamps  
around,  
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

Still later it was called "Niagara," with the accent on the antepenult, and finally "Niagara-on-the-Lake." This town was also called "Newark" when it was the seat of government, in Simcoe's time, and for some time before and after.

Chapters III, IV and V are mainly translations from the "Jesuits' Relations," pertaining to the Neutral and Erie Indians, and to the efforts of the missionaries among them. They grip and hold the attention.



Fort Niagara, across the river, was founded by Chevalier La Salle in the winter of 1678, and was held by the French for eighty years, when it surrendered to Sir William Johnson.

Chapter VI gives some information about George Washington, then a British officer, which is not generally known. We are told that Col. Washington, in command of a Virginian force in 1754, attacked and killed the French commander, De Jumonville, under a flag of truce, at Fort Necessity, and that when he surrendered later to Coulon de Villiers, brother of De Jumonville, he admitted in the articles of capitulation that he was an "assassin." And one infers that Washington's life was spared by his conqueror, because of this admission. Kirby closes the chapter with these stinging words: "Washington was the prince of land jobbers. He had secured a grant of over 200,000 acres of land in the territory, hence his over-eagerness to drive out the French and violate the flag of truce."

Let these titles, inserted by the editor, indicate the contents of most of the succeeding chapters: "The Siege of Fort Niagara," "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," "The Coming of the Loyalists," "Pioneer Niagara Families," "The Hungry Year," "Colonel Arent Schuyler De Peyster," "The First Rector," "The Arrival of Governor Simcoe," "The First Parliament of Upper Canada," "General Isaac Brock," "Smouldering Fires of Rebellion," "Ontario Community Life in 1800," "The Call to Arms," "Queenston Heights," "The Capture of Newark," "Sacking the Town and the Reprisals," "The Fidelity of the Indian Tribes," "Peace," "Niagara's Eclipse," "The Rebellion," and "The Fenian Raids."

Kirby's *Annals* is one of the best of Canadian histories, and it is regrettable indeed that it was not reproduced as he wrote it, and had it published in 1896. Like everything else in the universe language is in constant evolution, and so it is desirable that the phraseology, spelling and punctuation of every distinguished writer should be kept intact, so that students of the future may be able to compare the literary outputs of different periods. Apart from this, what creative artist can feel safe as to posterity, if an editor, decades later, is to be permitted to revise his texts?"

\* \* \*

STRANGE CORNERS OF THE WORLD. By J. E. Wethereld. Toronto: Nelson. \$1.75.

Informative and most interesting is this new volume by Mr. Wetherell, who is familiar to readers of *The Canadian Bookman* by reason of his poems, which have appeared in these columns.

Coming to this book from forced atten-

tion to some of the new books of the sensational type in fiction, was a relief in itself; but the reading of the description of the first of the strange corners, "The Island with a Secret," was so interesting that the effect was to make one settle right down to enjoy this book.

The secret of Easter Island is bound up in the immense statues carved out of gray lava, standing from five to thirty feet high, which are scattered all about the island. There are also amazing stone platforms and stone houses, built without mortar, each house about a hundred by twenty feet in size. These houses are lined with upright slabs painted with geometrical figures and pictures of animals. The hieroglyphic carvings and writings in strange script are different from any found elsewhere in the Pacific Islands.

Who built the stone quarries and who erected these strange images and houses? That is the mystery of Easter Island that has baffled and continues to baffle scientists.

Almost equally interesting are the present-day descriptions of this island of which the climate is said to be as nearly perfect as any place in the world.

"The inhabitants are divided sharply into two sections living at different ends of the island. One class, the darker, have huge lobes in their ears, reaching down almost to their shoulders. This connects them with the dark people of Melanesia. The other class are much lighter in color and have normal ears. Both classes are handsome and have attractive manners, although their voices are oddly harsh."

Quito, the "city above the clouds," is graphically described with some attention to the romantic history which makes it as old a city as Jerusalem or Troy. The bulk of the people use the Quechua tongue, which has come down to them from the ancient Incas.

Llassa, the Forbidden City of Tibet, is naturally included among the earth's strange corners, but there are some of which the vast majority of readers will here be introduced to for the first time. In all there are thirty of these unfamiliar places all bound up in strange stories, making this volume much more interesting and worthwhile than the average book one picks up.

\* \* \*

## THE CANADIAN

The "Canadianism" of the *Canadian Magazine* promises to come to the fore under the editorship of J. E. Rutledge. A series of outstanding Canadian short stories which have helped to make fame for their authors is now being run, that in the current issue being Marjorie Pickthall's "The Distant Drums." Accompanying the story is a brief biographical sketch and portrait of the author.

# Canadian Authors Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

### National President

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Toronto

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### National Vice-President

Hon. E. Fabre Surveyer  
128 Maplewood Ave.  
Montreal

### National Vice-President

Col. G. E. Marquis  
Bureau of Statistics  
Quebec City

### ANNUAL MEETING AT CALGARY

THE dates of the annual meeting at Calgary this summer have been slightly changed from those announced in the December *Bookman*. The dates are to be Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, July 4-6, with the closing session at Banff on Saturday, July 7th.

The preparation of the programme is now under way and the first draft is under consideration by the National officers and by the Calgary committee. Any branches which have not yet reported as to their share in the programme are urged to write the Secretary immediately. The National Executive would like very much to have every branch take part in the programme.

A letter from the National President tells of most interesting and encouraging meetings with the Calgary and Vancouver branches and a visit to Seattle as a guest of The League of Western Writers (Seattle Branch). It is quite probable that the league may send representatives to the Calgary meeting. Dr. Roberts is hoping to visit the other Western branches on his way back to Toronto.

### Victoria and Island Branch

The Victoria and Islands Branch of the Canadian Authors Association held the December meeting at the home of Mr. J. R. Simons, St. Patrick street. The meeting took the form of a Yuletide party and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Stories of Christmas in the early days of Victoria were told and readings given from old

diaries. Through the efforts of Mr. C. C. Pemberton a very valuable book lately acquired by the Provincial Archives was kindly loaned for the occasion by Mr. John Hosie, Provincial Librarian and Archivist for B.C., and members were greatly interested in this beautifully written and printed almanac which gave details of the voyage of the Norman Morrison from England to Victoria in 1853, and many details of the daily happenings in this settlement during the time of the Hudson's Bay regime. An extract from the diary of Lady Brassey's voyage in the *Sunbeam* in 1876, describing a Christmas spent in the Sandwich Islands at the crater of Kalaeua, was contributed to the seasonable programme. A quotation contest entitled "Jack Horner's Christmas Pie," cleverly arranged and conducted by Miss Eugenie Perry and Mrs. Hermia Harris Fraser, was entered into with great spirit before a delicious supper was served. Mr. Donald Fraser, Chairman of the Branch, moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Simons for his gracious hospitality.

On December 19th the executive of the V. and I. Branch entertained the Rev. R. E. Knowles, novelist and editor, of Toronto, and Mrs. Knowles, at a reception and tea at the Empress Hotel.

The Branch regretfully learned of the death in La Mesa, California, of M. Achille Frechette, who with Mde Frechette had been a member of the local association during their residence in Victoria in the winter of 1922.



The January meeting was held in the Archives of the Parliament Buildings and was a joint meeting with the B. C. Historical Society. Extracts from the diary of Mrs. Barkley, made at the time of Captain Barkley's voyage to the Pacific coast during the latter part of the 18th Century, were read by Mr. Donald Fraser. This diary proved itself to be a remarkable document of great historic value, and the details furnished on many important matters by this bride of seventeen are quite astonishing in their variety and completeness. Mrs. Barkley has settled for all time the question of the discovery and naming of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, by Captain Barkley in 1787. Details of a long correspondence between Captain Walbran and Judge Howay, and letters on the same subjects from C. C. Pemberton and Mr. R. T. Walkinshaw, were cited in the history of the search for this important fact. Lantern slides of Nootka and other West Coast points on Vancouver Island were shown, together with maps, Mr. John Hosie and Mr. W. Newcombe furnishing some interesting comments. Pictures of Chief Maquinna were also shown. Mr. John Hosie was in the chair and expressed the pleasure of the Historical Society at having the Victoria and Islands Branch C.A.A. with them.

Moved by Mrs. R. B. McMicking a standing vote of sympathy was passed to the family of Mrs. Bushby, widow of the late Hon. A. T. Bushby, whose death took place in England on January 10.

The late Mrs. Bushby, who was eighty-seven years of age, was the fourth of the five daughters of the late Sir James Douglas, and was born in the historic house on Elliott street, which he occupied as second governor of the Crown Colony.

After her marriage she spent several years in New Westminster when her husband, Judge A. T. Bushby, was registrar-general of British Col-

umbia and county judge. After his death in 1915 she lived for several years in California, eventually going to England.

Four children survive, three of whom are living here. Mrs. Fitzherbert Bullen. Mrs. W. W. Bolton and George Bushby. One daughter, Mrs. Reginald Hopwood, resides in England.

Agnes Mountain, in Northern British Columbia, was named after the late Mrs. Bushby.

### Calgary Branch

The now famous novel *Jalna* was the subject of discussion of the Calgary branch of the Canadian Authors Association at the January meeting, held at the home of Mrs. R. W. McClung on Monday evening.

Each of the eleven characters was discussed by a different member of the club, beginning with Mrs. McClung, who gave a character sketch of the old grandmother, whose 100th birthday concludes the book.

### Saskatchewan Branch

The Saskatchewan branch of the Canadian Authors Association has announced the intention of publishing at Easter a small volume of verse written by residents of Saskatchewan, with the object of bringing before the public the poetic talent of the province.

### Report on Copyright Situation at Meeting of Toronto Branch

At the February meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association on Saturday, Feb. 11th, President Elson announced that a meeting of the Dominion Executive had been held that day dealing with the copyright situation. The Ladner Bill will be up in Parliament again this session, but may have but one reading pending results of the meeting of the Berne Convention to be held in Rome beginning May 8,

at which Canada will be represented. Canadian interests are vitally affected by Italian proposals to come up at this congress. Canadian authors and composers are studying the whole situation so as to guard their rights in the creative field and the Canadian Government may be appealed to for co-operation in this connection.

"The story of a Vanishing World" was the subject of a most entertaining address by L. M. Montgomery, of *Green Gables* fame, and her stirring recital of events in the mackerel-fishing days on the north shore of Prince Edward Island and particularly the incidents in connection with the wreck of the "Marco Polo," the Canadian-built sailing vessel with a speed record which had never since been equalled, gave rise to a desire to see these tales put into book form as a real contribution to Canadian literature.

Florence Randall Livesay followed with a thoughtful review of modern poetry based on recent contributions to the periodical press.

A resolution was passed extending sympathy to the family of Austin Bothwell, President of the Saskatchewan Branch, whose death occurred at Regina on Friday, February 3rd.

\* \* \*

### DO AUTHORS BUY BOOKS?

"Oh, authors don't buy books!" That's the reply frequently flung out at the suggestion that Canadian book publishers ought to advertise in *Canadian Bookman*.

What is the reaction of Canadian authors to the aspersion cast upon them in this belittling of their capacity as buyers of books? *Canadian Bookman* feels that this is an illogical attitude to take by publishers, all the more so because the author-subscribers are outnumbered nearly four to one by other subscribers who are not writers, but booklovers and readers of books.

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## New "Musson" Books

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### FANNIE HURST

Fannie Hurst has written the first great novel of 1928 in *A PRESIDENT IS BORN*. Daring in its originality, brilliant in its execution, few novels this year will arouse more curiosity, or satisfy readers more completely than this. \$2.00

### FRANKAU

The old rhyme about so much good in the worst of us gives Gilbert Frankau his theme for *SO MUCH GOOD*. The good and bad in Marjery Nolan combine to make her story one of unusual vitality and originality. \$2.00

### DELAFIELD

In *THE WAY THINGS ARE* Mrs. E. M. Delafield has turned her remarkable gift of character analysis upon the problems of Laura Temple, who might, in a sense, stand for every woman. It is a striking study of a married woman. \$2.00

### BASIL KING

Should a woman ever sell herself? This is the question behind Basil King's great new story *PLUCK*. The pluck of Felicia Manning was put to the test many times in the struggle to keep herself and the rest of her family clothed and fed. \$2.00

### IAN HAY

Ian Hay heads this list with a new full length novel entitled *THE POOR GENTLEMAN*. The plot is as new as the New Year, the adventure is as exciting as it is mysterious, the charm is as spontaneous as when this happy author wrote "Pip" and "A Knight on Wheels." "The Poor Gentleman" is the perfect British gentleman. \$2.00

### WALLACE

Edgar Wallace celebrates Leap Year with a "double" surprise. His new novel *THE DOUBLE* starts off at the double and the double keeps turning up. In 1928 it is going to be more and more impossible not to be thrilled by Edgar Wallace. \$2.00

### J. B. PRIESTLEY

In *THE OLD DARK HOUSE* J. B. Priestley has written a mystery story with such literary brilliance that the publishers guarantee it. The book is sealed from page 158 on and we defy you to read to 158 without desiring to know what happens next. If you do your money will be refunded to you. \$2.00

### HILAIRE BELLOC

Hilaire Belloc's new mystery story, *THE HAUNTED HOUSE*, is written with originality and an eye for piquant situations. It is the story of the efforts of John, the squire's son, to recover his manor house in Sussex, and win the girl he loves. Illustrated by Gilbert K. Chesterton. \$2.00

### RUBY M. AYRES

Ruby M. Ayres is incomparably deft at handling such a plot as that of her new novel *BROKEN*. Lovely, gentle Julia's romance has gone hopelessly wrong and the threads of love and hate are desperately tangled. But out of the shadows comes understanding. \$2.00

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The whole of the parish library of Whitechurch, Hants, by special permission of the vicar and parochial council, was auctioned at Sotheby's in London recently. The total amount realized was £1,523. The library included among other rare "lots" a copy of Wynkyn de Worde's *Chronicles of England*, a black letter book "emprynted at Westminster" in 1498, which brought £540. Only eight copies of the *Chronicles* are in existence, and of these three are imperfect and all but two are in public libraries.

\* \* \*

A set of six volumes of the early American editions of Charles Dickens, inscribed by Dickens to George P. Morris, author of the song, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," dated New York, 1842, was sold at Hodgson's auction rooms in London recently for £1,410. A copy of *The Pickwick Papers*, published in Philadelphia in 1842, was sold for £490.

## THE WORK OF THOMAS HARDY

An Address by Prof. Pelham Edgar

A fine compliment was paid to the memory of Thomas Hardy, the last of the great Victorians, by the Empire Club, of Toronto, when on February 9th they had as their guest Prof. Pelham Edgar, to present an appreciation of Hardy and his work. In the annals of English literature, Prof. Edgar said that there had been an age of Shakespeare, an age of Milton, an age of Dryden, an age of Pope, an age of Tennyson and an age of Hardy.

Dealing first with Hardy the poet, and referring to his early poetic efforts as "blunt finger-strumming on an unmellow instrument," the speaker passed on to his later poems, reading several which had a marked effect on his audience.

Despite the gloomy note in all Hardy's work, many of his poems had a value that would compel recognition throughout posterity.

It was, however, his novels more than his poems that contributed to the greatness of Hardy. Prof. Edgar dealt in turn with *Desperate Remedies*, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *Far From the Madding Crowd*, *The Return of the Native*, that epic work, *The Dynasts*, and on through thirteen novels, besides volumes of short stories, to *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and *Jude the Obscure*, which had been received with such an outcry that Hardy took it as a relief from further effort in that sphere of authorship, turning to his first love, the poetic form of expression.

While not blind to Hardy's imperfections, the speaker's considered opinion was that Hardy's prose work was greatly conceived and presented.

The club's warm appreciation of the address was aptly expressed in a brief speech by Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs.

# The Collector

**D**R. H. P. BIGGER, Canadian Archivist in London, is the first Canadian to receive the Oxford degree of doctor of letters, having been thus honored recently for his book on Jacques Cartier. He will publish another book on the same subject shortly.

\* \* \*

The report of the Canadian Public Archives for the year 1926, as submitted by Dr. A. G. Doughty, Keeper of Public Records, to the Secretary of State, comes from the King's Printer at Ottawa, and shows that large additions were made in each of the departments during the year. The work of the copyists in the Public Record Office in London, and in the Archives des Colonies, the Bibliotheque Nationale and other repositories of historical papers in Paris, has made available a considerable amount of additional documentary material to students of the history of Canada. Two exceptionally valuable collections received during the year were the papers of the eminent banking houses of the Baring Bros. and Glynn, Mills & Co. These institutions financed many of the most important undertakings both in Canada and the U.S., and their papers are a mine of information on the economic and political history of both countries. Another notable gift was that by the late Earl Amherst of Montreal, Sevenoaks, of a copy of the *Atlantic Neptune*, a possession of his famous ancestor, Jeffrey Lord Amherst, who received the capitulation of Canada from Governor Vaudreuil on September 8th, 1870. There are three volumes in the set, which was presented to Lord Amherst by the author, Col. des Barres, the first two volumes containing charts of the sea coasts of Nova Scotia, and the third charts of the sea coasts of New England. The volumes contain, in addition to the charts, one hundred plates of views along the Atlantic coast, many of them not appearing in any other known copy of the work. The absence from the report of the appendices which usually accompany reports of the Archives is explained by the fact that the papers which form the material of these appendices were published in 1926 as separate volumes. These comprised the report on the Northcliffe Collection which contained the Monkton papers (which was noticed by The Collector at the time of publication), two volumes on Currency and Exchange, and the

List of Pictures in the Public Archives (also duly noticed in this department.)

\* \* \*

The oldest Protestant prayer book known—some authorities think it may be the long-lost prayer book of Martin Luther—is now in the United States, having been recently acquired in Germany by Hans Trausil, German author, now living in New York. The book, a tiny parchment volume dated 1510, containing 134 pages, hand-lettered in mediaeval Gothic, is believed to have originated in one of the mediaeval monasteries of Germany, probably Wittemberg or Dresden. It is written in red and black ink, with attempts at illumination in gold, 13 lines to a page.

\* \* \*

A magnificently decorated psalter of Eastern France of the 13th century, containing beautiful miniatures, realized £3,500 at auction in London recently. A Roman Missal on vellum, written in Italy about the year 1000, sold at the same sale for £1,700, while a MS. of Tristram, on vellum, with 50 miniatures, brought £520. Manuscripts of the romance of Tristram are extremely rare. There are five 13th century MSS. in Paris, but all are imperfect, and the example just sold was reputed to surpass them.

\* \* \*

A celebrated ancient English illuminated manuscript depicting the miracles of St. Edmund, King and martyr, in the Holford collection, according to a recent announcement in The London Daily Telegraph, has been sold for a large sum, probably in the neighborhood of \$150,000, to an unnamed American private collector. The St. Edmund manuscript, which originally came from the Abbey of Bury St. Edmund, is one of the earliest and finest of its kind, dating from the twelfth century, and is in a remarkably fine state of preservation.

\* \* \*

Dr. A. S. Rosenbach, the New York and Philadelphia book dealer and collector, telephoning his bids from Philadelphia, bought a vellum copy of the first Aldine *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, the most famous illustrated book of the fifteenth century, at the sale of the late Sir George Holford's library at Sotheby's London auction rooms on December 6, for £3,000. The bidding started



at £500. Bernard Quaritch, the London book dealer, who was the underbidder, got revenge when he outbid Dr. Rosenbach for the Landino *Dante* of 1481, with a complete set of engravings attributed to Baltini, for which he paid £3,950.

\* \* \*

A signature of Button Gwinnett, signer of the Declaration of Independence from Georgia, whose autograph is generally considered the most valuable in the whole range of American history, brought \$18,600 at the Anderson Galleries in New York City on November 4, at the auction of the American autograph collection of Charles Francis Jenkins, of Germantown, Pa. This is a considerable drop from previous Gwinnett signatures prices, an autograph of the Georgia signer having been sold in November for \$28,500, and a document bearing the names of Gwinnett and five other signers of the declaration having brought no less than \$51,500 last March. A historical letter by Abraham Clark, signer from New Jersey, was sold at the Jenkins sale for \$1,120, and a Benjamin Franklin letter brought \$1,300.

\* \* \*

Proofs of the first edition of Dr. Samuel Johnson's dictionary were bought by Laurie Magnus, a London publisher, for \$16,250 at Sotheby's auction rooms in London, on November 20. This is believed to be the highest price ever paid for any Johnson relic. The proofs, with numerous corrections and additions in the handwriting of the author and his amanuenses, were all bound. In addition to the marginal notes, there is a slip with each proof containing illustrative passages, many in the handwriting of the author.

\* \* \*

### Catalogues Received

Louis Laurin, Ottawa: *Canadian and Americana* (No. 6), including such rarities as a "complete and perfect" file of the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi pour le Province de Quebec*, with the sequel and continuation of the *Rapports*, Montreal, 1877-23, 141 vols.; ditto, *Recueil periodique des lettres des Eveques et les Missionnaires des Missions des deux Mondes*, 1820-62, 33 vols.; Franchere's *Relation d'un Voyage a la Cote du Nord-Ouest*, Montreal, 1820, original edition; Robson's *Account of Six Years' Residence in Hudson's Bay*, London, 1752; Selkirk's *Les Communications de Mercator*, Montreal, 1817; Arthur Rogers, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.: *Old Miscellaneous Books and Modern First Editions* (No. 14); Thos. Thorp's, London: *Ancient and Modern Books* (No. 182); R. Fletcher Ltd., London: *Curious and Interesting Books of the 15th to the 16th Centuries* (No. 35);

Peters Bros., Liverpool, Eng.: *Miscellaneous Books of Interest* (No. 84); Thos. C. Godfrey, London: *Books and Prints* (No. 123); Joseph K. Ruebusch, Dayton, Va.: *Books Relating to Virginia History and American History* (No. 30); Ernest W. Stevens, Cannington, Bridgewater, Eng.: *Americana* (No. 111), including *Canadiana*; C. Howes, Hastings, Eng.: *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* (No. 27); W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge, Eng.: *Fine and Rare Books* (No. 300); Jas. E. Tregaskis & Son, London: *Some Nineteenth Century English Books* (948th Caxton Head Catalogue); Tngpen & Stonehill, London: *English Literature* (New Series, No. 6); Holland Bros., Birmingham, Eng.: *Interesting and Scarce Books* (No. 332); James F. Drake, Inc., New York: *First Editions and Rare Books* (No. 181); Wm. Brough & Sons, Leamington Spa, Eng.: *Second-hand Books* (No. 38); James Wilson, Birmingham, Eng.: *Clearance List of Books at Bargain Prices* (No. 647); P. C. Cutelle, London: *An Interesting Collection of Books in Various Branches of Literature* (No. 17); Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge, Eng.: *General Literature* (No. 440); F. Bianca, New York: *A Miscellany of Rare Books* (No. 4); Geo. A. Van Noddall, New York: *First Editions, Associations, etc.*, (No. 235); Noah F. Morrison, Elizabeth, N.J.: *Americana*, including *Canada, etc.*, (No. 218); N. J. Bartlett & Co., Boston, Mass.: *Preliminary Clearance List of Americana* (No. 16); Wright Howes, Chicago, Ill.: *Americana, etc.*, (No. 8); P. Finimore, Birmingham, Eng.: *A Selection of English Literature, etc.*, (No. 15); Schulte's Book Store, New York: *Americana, First Editions, etc.*, (No. 98); S. Drayton & Sons, Exeter, Eng.: *New Year's List of Second-Hand Books* (No. 350); Grafton & Co., London: *Miscellaneous Books* (No. 63); Wm. George's Sons, Ltd., Bristol, Eng.: *Second-hand Books* (No. 387); Albert Sutton, Manchester, Eng.: *Second-hand Books* (No. 274); Friedman, New York: *20% Annual Clearance Catalogue* (No. 138); Birrell & Garnett, London: *English Books Before the XVIIIth Century, Newspapers, etc.* (No. 17); Andrew Block, London: *Books, Prints and Autograph Letters* (No. 4); Henry Young & Sons, Liverpool: *Rare and Interesting Books* (Part 521); Thomas Thorp, Guildford, Eng.: *Miscellaneous Books* (No. 388); W. and R. Holmes, Glasgow: *Second-hand Books in Miscellaneous Literature* (No. 106); E. Hector, Birmingham, Eng.: *An Interesting Collection of Choice Books* (No. 289); Geo. J. C. Grasberger, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.: *First Editions and Autographs*; Francis Edwards, London: *Arts and Crafts* (No. 504); Frank Hollings, London: *Olden Time Books* (No. 152).

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*A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature  
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Vol. X.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1928

No. 3



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

*125 Simcoe Street*

*Toronto, 2, Canada*



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FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. X., No. 3

TORONTO, MARCH, 1928

25c a Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

## The Human Touch in Canadian Poetry

By Lionel Stevenson

IN paying tribute to the poetry of his young friend Robert Browning, Walter Savage Landor declared:

Since Chaucer was alive and hale  
No man hath walk'd along our roads with  
step  
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue  
So varied in discourse.

The attempt to prove and explain fully this affinity between two poets which makes them closer akin to each other than to the hundreds who flourished in the five centuries between them reveals it to be their preoccupation with the study of individual human character. Leaving out of account the drama, which is counted as poetry at times by virtue of metrical form but is otherwise governed by tyrannies and revolutions of its own, the topics of poetry during that long era excluded almost completely what we know at the present day as psychology. Since Browning's time, however, it has rapidly assumed a place of importance which renders advisable some analysis of its poetic effectiveness and legitimacy.

In discussing this new point of view and field of material, I wish to avoid the word "realism," although in some respects it applies to the interest in people as they really are and the method of presenting them with the illusion of actuality. On the one hand, however, the word is one of those indefinable generalizations which everyone understands accord-

ing to his own choice—including those who choose to discard it entirely; on the other hand, in my interpretation one of its essentials is a dispassionate scientific accuracy which is incompatible with the poetic qualities of emotion and imagination. So I prefer to designate the concern with psychology which animated Chaucer and Browning as "the human touch."

Even at the present day, critics are by no means agreed in admitting such "commonplace" or "ephemeral" themes as psychological studies into the canon of poetry. Many champions of the classic tradition maintain openly that only the material hallowed by centuries can assume the dignity of poetic authenticity; whereas certain radicals are equally dogmatic in condemning all poetry which does not concern the problems and conditions of the present day. In recent months Gilbert Murray has declared that "the kingdom of poetry" is only for such stories as those of Homer and the *Chanson de Roland*, and Upton Sinclair has decried Robinson's "Tristram" because its theme is "a domestic triangle in a royal family dead some half dozen centuries" instead of the digging of subways. When two proclamations in the realms of aesthetics are thus mutually exclusive, it is usually safe to assume that both are wrong, for in the house of poetry there are many mansions, and the devotees of "Marpessa" are



not *ipso facto* either superior or inferior to the devotees of "The Man with the Hoe."

The existence of such conflicting extremes, however, suggests that there is a serious critical problem involved, and that no authoritative pronouncement has yet been established. Most people feel vaguely that the conditions of modern civilization demand a certain element of social theorizing and contemporary significance in any literature that would claim to be representative, and yet they consider some topics to be too "ugly" or too "factual" for poetry. Some definite gathering of evidence must obviously be attempted, as the first step toward determining whether "the human touch" has justified itself among the high poetic themes.

Two distinct categories can readily be established, depending on the motives which prompt the authors to adopt the human touch. The motive may be either artistic or ulterior; in other words, it may either be the desire to create an "imitation," as Aristotle would say, for the sheer pleasure of analysing and reproducing a fresh example of nature's fascinating handiwork, or else it may be the recognition that literature can be the most effective form of propaganda, insinuating moral lessons into the consciousness of people who would never glance at a tract or listen to a sermon. Never, perhaps, can the two motives be entirely isolated from one another, and in some poems it may be impossible to decide which is responsible; but in the majority of cases one or other unquestionably predominates.

Chaucer, for example, may possibly have wished to hint at some ecclesiastical abuses of his time, but surely his primary interest in the Prioress and the Monk and the Pardoner was in their quaint and inconsistent and altogether human characteristics. The author of "Piers Ploughman," on

the other hand, wrote his grim descriptions of poverty and injustice to call attention to the evils that seared his sensitive heart. Coming down to the well-meaning but somewhat abortive efforts of the "romantic" poets to yoke their visionary Pegasus with the plodding ox of everyday human kind, one can similarly contrast Wordsworth's idiot boy and Michael and Alice Fell, created to fulfil an artistic theory, with Blake's chimney sweeper and little black boy, glowing with his ardent if hazy social sympathies. The nineteenth century, with its vast spread of humanitarianism, produced several great propaganda poems, such as "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Cry of the Children," which may be set alongside Browning's purely analytical studies of human beings. The foregoing outstanding examples may serve to illustrate the difference between the "ulterior" and the "artistic" uses of the human touch.

Both types can be further subdivided. The artistic purpose may be either to restore the lost innocence of poetry by direct contact with unsophisticated thought and speech, as Wordsworth sought to do, or to incorporate into poetry a new type of material, such as the hitherto-unrealized subtleties of behaviour which appealed to Browning. The ulterior purpose can be partitioned according to the method adopted for enlisting the reader's sympathy. It frequently takes the form of satire, destroying illusions by presenting an unvarnished view of facts and thereby making the reader laugh at the folly of his former unthinking acceptance; the result is a sense of shame that goads him to improve the conditions which have been ridiculed. Again, the method may be utopian, describing more ideal conditions so that the reader longs to imitate them. Or it may undertake directly to awaken pity and horror by forcing on the reader's at-

tention in the most sympathetic light a state of affairs which he has ignored.

The chief difficulty of a poet who would use the human touch for serious effect is the danger of the ludicrous. A reader who encounters the everyday sayings and doings of himself and his friends invested with the insignia of poetry which he is accustomed to associate solely with remote and exalted themes, is apt to be tickled with a sense of incongruity. This fact is well-known, of course, to all the writers who have made use of the "mock-heroic," which is one of the easiest literary effects to achieve—though rarely raised to a high level of literature—because the comic effect of incongruity is so immediate and irresistible. It is chiefly, probably, to avoid such undesirable results that recent poets have sought, as the vehicle for their innovations of subject-matter, a new set of forms free from the connotations of conventional poetic material.

In addition to incongruity, a further comic effect is frequently produced by grotesqueness. An element of caricature is present when the so-called "ugly" or "distorted" aspects of phenomena are brought into contact with the "beautiful" and "regular" themes of the classic ideal. Any impartial presentation of human nature is bound to touch on things that are ugly or misshapen, and many other things which are accepted in practical life become so when placed in aesthetic context. The tendency to laughter which usually results is probably an instinct of self-protection, to avoid horror and nausea. Browning recognized this danger, and forestalled it by mingling genuinely comic details with his serious psychology. The "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," for instance, is elaborated with droll particulars, although the basic theme is a frightful abyss of insane malevolence.

The effort to avoid the ludicrous

often involves an unhappy poet in the other morass of the sentimental. Over-serious and emotional treatment of familiar and insignificant matter is the most frequent type of sentimentality. Of course, there is no arbitrary standard of either the sentimental or the ludicrous, and the reactions of individual readers are shaped by all sorts of subjective influences; for instance, "The May Queen" is laughable to some people, mawkishly sentimental to others, and yet to many it is genuinely moving and lovely. The poems which are to be admitted to the inmost treasury of poetry, however, must transcend such qualified acceptance, and so the examples of the "human touch" which have won that distinction are those which satisfy some universal interest.

The prevalence of the human touch in poetry of the present era is due to various tendencies. Chief among them are the dominance of the novel, with its minute analysis of character, the application of scientific methods to the study of mental processes and social movements, and the growing sense of communal obligation. If poetry was to keep any importance in present-day culture, it could not ignore a whole range of interests which were occupying with ever-growing earnestness the minds of thinking people. By reflecting the new concepts of current thought, the poets who devoted themselves to the human touch showed a vitality and independence superior to their confreres who adhered to the safe and hallowed beauty of the old themes, though at the expense of much temporary scorn and some misdirected experiments that will always seem awkward or drab.

Canadian poetry, which has had literary significance only during the century since the human touch began to manifest itself largely in English poetry, can supply examples of practically all the types which have been



mentioned. As I have pointed out elsewhere, the human element in Canadian literature is relatively much less predominant than in the literature of older civilizations, and several of the leading Canadian poets have devoted themselves exclusively or primarily to the interpretation of nature, being uniquely situated for direct communion with her spirit with the minimum of human modification and prejudice. The Canadian poetry of the human touch, therefore, is not so completely distinctive of the new land, except in so far as the life and customs portrayed are distinctively Canadian; but even when handling the same themes of social protest or psychological analysis as their European confreres, the Canadian poets usually reveal something in their point of view which betrays the new world perspective.

The one type, of those which I mentioned, which is conspicuous by its absence from Canadian poetry is the satiric. Satire is the final outcome of artificial and highly organized society, wherein genuine enthusiasm is regarded with suspicion unless it take the form of assault upon civilization's follies. The Augustan age in English poetry, wherein it flourished most successfully, is the remotest from the Canadian literary spirit, and far-reaching changes will have to occur before the vision of Canadian poets is limited to the foibles of their fellows or the personal enmities of politics and art.

The best of Canadian humorous poetry, therefore, is of the kindly tolerant sort which finds inexhaustible delight in the humblest manifestations of human life, corresponding to the type of painting designated as *genre*. Conspicuous in this vein was William Henry Drummond, who gave the *habitant* a permanent and enviable place in literature with his sympathetic whimsical verses, the nearest approach in Canada to the mood of

the Scottish "Kailyard School." Another kind of treatment, substituting serious objective delineation for Drummond's comic self-identification with his models, has been accorded to his material by Mrs. S. Frances Harrison and Professor Frank Oliver Call. Here is one of the latter's vivid pictures:

Beyond the doorway of the tiny room  
The yellow autumn sunshine died away  
Into the shadows of the waning day;  
Wrapped in the twilight stood old Marie's  
loom,  
A shapeless mass of timbers in the gloom;  
But one small window cast a golden ray  
Upon a bench where sky-blue homespun lay,  
Lighting the dusk-like sheaves of chicory  
bloom.

Above the loom the Holy Virgin hung,  
Blue robed and smiling down; and old  
Marie,  
After the evening angelus had rung,  
Arose and touched the picture lovingly  
With rough brown hand, then turned and  
looked once more  
Upon her sky-blue cloth, and closed the door.

A similar gradation from humorous to grave may be observed in the poetic treatment of other Canadian themes. Probably the most frequently treated is that of rural life and the routine of the farm, since many Canadian writers can look back on such experiences with the pleasant blend of whimsicality and sentiment which haloes reminiscences of childhood. Popular presentation of this material has been achieved by Peter McArthur, R. K. Kernighan, Thomas O'Hagan, Jean Blewett and others. The pictorial counterpart in this category is Charles G. D. Roberts' sonnet sequence, *Songs of the Common Day*; although the actual human touch in them is secondary to the description of rural landscape, they are related to the present discussion by virtue of treating homely familiar subjects. An earlier poem of farm life was Isabella Crawford's "Malcolm's Katie."

The latest chord of the human symphony to sound in Canadian poetry, and perhaps the most difficult to

transmute into poetic beauty, is that of city life. Not only is the city and its problems a very recent development in Canada, but also the poets have had to establish gradually their right to seek material without restriction, before they could venture on topics so generally associated with the drab and the sordid. A daring pioneer is Mrs. Harrison, whose first volume contained, in addition to her *habitant* sketches, several vivid monologues of the Quartier Latin, full of plausible detail, and who has more recently taken the further step, in *Songs of Love and Labor*, of depicting the petty shop-keepers of Toronto, who have not even the glamor of artistic dissipation to recommend them. A typical portrait may be cited:

Then there is V. Leone, close at hand.  
His stock is all of vegetables, piles  
Of ice-green cabbage, regally tinted aisles  
Of purple egg-plant, coppery carrots tanned  
To deeper bronze, with onions satin-fair  
And opalescent, laid in furrows neat  
Between the red tomato and the lair  
Of sinuous cucumbers, magenta beet,  
Green celery—ah, an expert must have dealt  
With this rich produce. May he not have felt  
A pride as high in more than sunset glow  
As that of some great colourist supreme?  
Brothers in feeling, all their days they go  
Each seeing but his own bright-coloured  
dream!

Another poet who has found much of her most effective material in the city streets is Louise Morey Bowman. "The Mountain that Watched" gives a startlingly panoramic view of Montreal, from the slums to the ice palace, from the immigrants to the financiers. In "The Little Death" she presents a strongly emotional study in surroundings of abject poverty. Her shorter poems, such as "Prayer in Scarlet and White Paint" and "The Post Box" impress upon the reader the sensuous beauty or imaginative excitation latent in everyday sights. And in "Oranges," "Twins," and "Bob Cooning," she reveals the drama and poignancy of

simple souls in their uncomprehending efforts toward an adjustment with life.

Every poet of the new theme has to begin by confronting the problem of poetic form and diction. Common-place human beings and their environment must be described in the appropriate words, the only alternative being the vicious circumlocutions of the eighteenth century, which insisted that a fish could be mentioned in poetry only as a finny denizen of the deep; but in calling a spade a spade the poet must beware lest the metre he is using retains such definite connotations of the traditional themes that the incongruity becomes laughable. It is interesting that both Mrs. Harrison and Professor Call—as well as Dr. Roberts in *Songs of the Common Day*, turned to the sonnet. By rigorous restraint and simplicity they have given it a new beauty, despite its lofty lineage, and have exemplified once more its mysterious adaptability to the varied moods of English poetry. At first reading their sonnets may seem flat or over-subdued, but further acquaintance proves their charm, and shows that there is artistic purpose and technical skill in their avoidance of meretricious coloring.

Mrs. Bowman, on the other hand, avoids the established rhythms almost entirely, and develops an interesting form of her own, a compromise between vers libre and regular rhyme. This, combined with a colloquial diction and an unflinching pictorial sense, gives distinction to her work. Here is a passage representative in method, though unusual in complete absence of rhyme:

There is a marvellous washing  
creamy and snowy-white  
hung high on lines  
stretched from upper and lower balconies  
in the back-yard, across the narrow lane  
behind my rusty apple-tree  
and dusty lilac hedge;  
and a great splendid 'woman-by-the-day'  
comely and fat, with a bronzed skin



and tumbled blue black hair,  
 and an ugly and joyous scarlet gown,  
 is hanging out the clothes . . .  
 wet heavy clean white clothes . . .  
 soft liquid splashes of light amidst dull  
     dusty trees  
 and sombre dirty bricks.  
 The laden lines begin to ripple seductively  
 in the cool sour east wind.

The particular form in which the human touch most vigorously and abruptly manifested itself in Victorian poetry—the dramatic monologue of Browning—finds few successful counterparts in Canada. There was a real capture of the Browning quality in Mrs. Harrison's "Vie de Boheme"—just as her "Happy" was a monodrama in the vein of Tennyson's "Maud"—and there is a sequence of dialect poems from Isabella Crawford's "Old Spookses Pass" to Mrs. Bowman's "Twins"; furthermore Marjorie Pickthall frequently composed in the form of dramatic utterance; but none of these achieve the complexity of psychological revelation that was Browning's uncanny gift. A number of other Canadian poets produced dramatic monologues, but they are formal and lifeless. Special mention is due to two ambitious sequences in this form—"The Modernists" by Robert Norwood, and "The Immortals," by Albert Durrant Watson; both poets, however, were chiefly concerned with conveying the spiritual significance of their protagonists, rather than idiosyncrasies of character, so their work is closer to "Paracelsus" than to Browning's later and more individualized creations. Robert Norwood's real contribution to Canadian poetry of the human touch is "Bill Boram," which combines adventurous narrative, realistic descriptions of life "down north," and psychological analysis.

Coming finally to the poetry of "ulterior purpose," expressions of social criticism and revolt, one thinks immediately of Wilson MacDonald. He can write also in the objective

manner—"Center Street" and "Christmas Dinner at Child's," are examples of poems on city life; but when he is moved by contemplating the sufferings of his fellow-men, as in "Volga" and "The Song of the Hemp," and the Whitmanesque paeans of brotherhood in his earlier volume, the appropriate phrase is not "the human touch," implying gentle and dispassionate observation, but "the human flame." Recognizing the effectiveness of Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," he uses the simple ballad metre which has been rendered familiar by hymns and nursery rhymes, and it is the stark directness of statement and power of compelling pity and horror which cause his potent propaganda to be also great poetry.

That this note will continue to prevail in Canadian poetry is suggested by the fact that the most recent poet of significance, A. M. Stephen, strikes it firmly and repeatedly. In addition to the narrative poems of picturesque episodes from pioneer days in British Columbia, his volume, *The Land of Singing Waters*, includes several poems on the social theme. His manifesto is the poem entitled "Art," wherein a painter's purely aesthetic delight in a scene,

Beauty's self  
 Caught sleeping in a curve, or all  
 The spectrum in a ray of light,  
 is contrasted with the poet's recognition of human drama and tragedy in the passing crowd, the conclusion being that

till man shall end  
 His weary pilgrimage on earth  
 True Art is servant to the Lord of Life.

In "Words of the Morning" and "Gold" he eloquently condemns the artificial barriers of wealth and the frustration of happiness by the industrial system; in "Lebanon" he contrasts modern warfare with Christian ideals; and in "The Blossom and the Fruit" he amazingly evokes the

terrific drama implicit on the psychological aspect of heredity.

The foregoing examples may have sufficed to show that the human touch in its various manifestations is by no means absent from Canadian poetry, although it unquestionably occupies a secondary role, since even the poets who have been quoted devote a large proportion of their work to themes of nature and mysticism. Canadian poetry could not aspire to a place in

the world-symphony if it entirely ignored the claims of human compassion, and by paralleling the work of the older poets, Drummond, Isabella Crawford, and Seranus, (all three, it may be noted, of Irish birth or parentage) with that of the most recent, MacDonald, Stephen, and Mrs. Bowman, I hope to have indicated that a tradition of genuine sympathy and artistry has been permanently established.

## Last Post

By C. F. Lloyd

L O! where a passionate splendour of pure flame  
Heralds the day's release  
From the tumultuous present's stormy claim  
Into a boundless peace,

Clear as a robin's call through dripping leaves,  
After a night of storm,  
In silvery tones the plaintive bugle grieves  
Above each flag-draped form.

Silence, O haunting bugle, for no cry  
Of grief or pain may bring  
One passionate heart throb to the dead who lie,  
Deaf to the voice of spring.

The day dies and the little wind of night  
Moans mournfully and low  
Adown that pathway of the fading light,  
The way we all must go.



# Splinters From a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

## XIII.—THE NOVEL

**A** GLANCE at the novels that have led in sales during the past season will disclose the interesting fact that the really big sellers have been, with scarcely an exception, plotless. The trend away from the novel that depends upon suspense has become strongly marked and the great demand for philosophical and psychological stories shows beyond cavil that even the less highbrow readers are no longer thrilled by the ultimate fate of the heroine left in the clutches of the villain and about to be heaved over a high and rugged cliff.

There is, to be sure, and doubtless will be for a long time to come, a fair demand for the plot-story; but the business men among novelists, and most novelists are business men, have long since given up juggling jackstraws and turning out stories by formula. It simply isn't being done.

Witness the phenomenal interest in biography, in familiar essays, in such books as *Dusty Answer*, *Jurgen* and *Money Writes*. Here is a definite evolutionary phase of the novel. Plot and even melodrama still have a fair appeal, but fourteen-year-old minds, while still numerous, are not so plentiful as many suspect. No fourteen-year-old mind could possibly find anything interesting in Rosamonde Lehman's *Dusty Answer*. The book is a deft treatment of two unhackneyed themes, not pleasant ones, Lesbianism and Homosexuality; but it sold and sold and still is selling. It treads on new ground; it doesn't bore, even while it does not delight. "Every phase of normal sex complication," says my own private authority, "has been exploited to the full, and the public is bored to tears by the hackneyed struggle of a soul for Beauty

and Understanding out of the murk of sex-repression."

So that's it. We must push the boundaries farther and the ancient wisdom of Havelock Ellis is woven into our best-sellers. This new form of the novel has not yet crystallized. In its present state it's little more than a long, familiar essay, strong in characterization and introspection, but not necessarily getting anywhere, not vouchsafing an answer to any particular question, nor affording a solution to any baffling problem. The questions asked in a thousand different ways, have all been answered; the problems have all been solved. So now we just speculate, philosophize and shrug our shoulders on the last page, before writing finis.

The recent passing of Thomas Hardy was so much in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. The romanticism that Hardy stood for seems to have gone with him. Hardy has few worshippers in the modern school. It turns rather to James Joyce, Frank Harris or Conrad Aiken and it's highly probable that all we'll get at the last page is a shrug of the shoulders, if not worse. Next autumn will see a still more marked evolution of the novel, for, when novels begin to evolve there's really nothing to stop them from keeping on until they're quite metamorphosed.

Life does not move in the pattern of the plot-novel. The climaxes of human relations are not arbitrary and, if a novel stick to truth, the high point may come as readily in the first chapter as in the last. That books without suspense or emotional drive should interest the vast numbers of people that have purchased them this year is a credit to the people and one may reasonably deduce that minds

now-a-days are far less lazy than of old.

Not so very long ago, persons who read biography and enjoyed it were considered extraordinary. Also, the character-studies and treatises on psychology that now pass as novels would have been thought very dull indeed. Books keep pace with the times, even anticipate them. Literature has no room for conservatives, except on very dusty shelves of the libraries, unread, unremembered and unquoted; while it welcomes the radicals with open arms, and clings to them.

Such writers as have been haunted by the bogey of plot, with all the devices of conflict and suspense arising therefrom, should now be in their millennium; the plotless novel is quite the thing and all the plotless novelist needs do is sit down and write about a set of characters, the fewer the better, as long as the two or three sexes are represented; picture them going nowhere in leisurely manner and leave them when he's written ninety or a hundred thousand words, whether or not they are really fit to be left just there.

Of course, the more bizarre the relationships of the characters, the more significant is the novel. It's well to have abnormal characters. If they act just as you and I, no one will care much about them. But if the smoky-eyed heroine has a taste for homicide and the hero loves men to the exclusion of all women, you may be sure you've got hold of something pretty good and will be able to buy a yacht, if not two yachts, on the first year's royalties.

A novelist is supposed, we believe, to interpret life—whatever that may mean. But is life to be interpreted by throwing light on the darkest corners and dragging out the hairy monsters that lurk there? Have we so completely dealt with respectable gentle-

men and ladies that to give the scene in all its glory we must produce the perverses and let them hold the stage for a while? The queers will put on a different type of play. It will make us sit up and take notice, but will it have a long run? Again, literature is a radical business and full of the unexpected. Who can say that there will not soon be a revival of *East Lynne*?

"The plot-story is gone for good," say the wise ones. Let's hope so. Writing one is no joke. The novelist's craft will be simplified by the tabu of plot. It's a matter now of letting loose your own philosophy, airing your own ideas about life and your knowledge of it, through the medium of character. There's nothing cut-and-dried about it. A good snappy biography of some clergyman you dislike or some girl who turned you down, with no names mentioned, passes as a novel, for who now shall say what is a novel and what is not?

The younger school of novelists is not striving for the real. There is about the plotless books an absence of striving. Things are stated as they are and their reality alone is relied on to produce the effect. Style helps; and to carry through a plotless story one requires a captivating style. That's a blessing. It used to be, and still is in the general run of short stories, and some novels, that the plot, if it were strong, would atone for defects of expression. But when you have no plot worth mentioning, you have to write and you have to think. Characterization, description, of a superfine variety, are essential. In a plot-story they were merely accessory. It didn't matter so much what a character thought or actually was, what he did was the important thing. And description, inasmuch as it retarded the rapid unfolding of the plot, was cut to a minimum.

By discarding plot, in the mechan-



ical significance of the word, we approach nearer to life as it is, we get more faithful pictures, and they may be every whit as interesting, though they are mere vignettes, as the ponderous gilt-framed canvases that plot painted. Completeness, satisfaction, the lived-happy-ever-after idea are the things the modern novel shuns. There is no more idealizing of life and love, hence there is more truth, for idealization is the shaping of a perfect outcome, and so few things in life approach even a near-perfection.

Time was when people read books to get away from life, and has the world changed so greatly that now people wish to get a closer glimpse of it? The modern novel is devoid of pure romance, of glamour; and while the great American product, hokum, seems still to find hordes of ardent swallows, the hordes are outnumbered by the hosts of those who won't be hokumed, to whom sublime sacrifice, noble renunciation and heroic love have become matters of ridicule, fit only for the morons, whom, like the poor, we have always with us.

The function of the weaver of tales has changed. The bards of old, the minstrels, the troubadours and minnesingers made fanciful stories of wild and unreal romance. They aimed more to entertain than to instruct, more to keep their hearers from thinking than to make them think. They did not try to become a force in the life of nations. But who today will deny that the novelist cannot challenge the authority of pulpits, the ponderousness of politicians? He writes now not to amuse nor to flatter nor to preach, but to hold out such truth as is, undistorted, unimpaired. He shuns embellishment as he scorns pretence. He is, and must be, free of inhibition and external restraint. He speaks with his own tongue his own mind and fears not to offend any man if that man needs offending.

Life, its passions, its follies, and its beauties, furnishes the raw stuff of which novels are made. As life is infinite in its permutations, so novels may be infinite in variety. Sameness is something which should not be. Glenn Frank suggests that every man be his own author, and for the sake of variety, if nothing else, we sigh for the possibility of his suggestion being taken. There are so many standardized minds writing books, so many who proclaim to the world that their own way of thinking is the only way, so many who haven't the plasticity that a real novelist must have; so many fossils.

Novels should not be opiates, but stimulants. We hold with Thoreau that books, any books, to be worthwhile, should pique us rather than apply salve—"such as an idle man cannot read, and a timid one would not be entertained by, which even make us dangerous to existing institutions—such I call good books."

Why not? Timid persons never did much, timid books do not endure. If a man really thinks, and novelists surely are supposed to, he will have some thoughts that won't please all men, that may antagonize his brother and sister. But if they're real thoughts, let them antagonize the world rather than have them suffer abortion. The world is too much to the timid; simply by weight of numbers they rule and when a real thought falls amongst them, as a rock among a close-packed crowd of bleating sheep, their agitation is not an offensive, any more than the sheep's would be; it is merely an agitation. Still, they may crush you by weight of numbers if you can't say "bo!" loud enough.

It will be long before we have an English *Anna Karenina* or *Smoke*, or *The Brothers Karamazov*. Thither we tend—but timidly. And we shun too harsh fare on too big platters.

One comes from reading of the

passing of Ibanez. So soon after Hardy. But the young world writes on blithely, rashly, not emulating these that are dead, not looking at all with reverence at these who "rode to death that old warhorse of romance." Why should they? Tradition plays such havoc with life that literature may well be reasonably free of it. The Tesses and Marguerites don't walk today, if they ever did. Let's have Ginger Molloy, the scrub-lady's daughter, her of the shameless lips and knees; so free of repressions. We'll give her a trial. By-and-by she'll be a relic, but its the grist near-to-hand that must be used. And no heroics, none whatever.

Never was such a hard-headed, hawk-eyed clique as these who write the novel of today. "Art," someone says, and we stand aghast. For, "see how that book sold," says one. "Let's get as far away from plot as ever we can. It's what they want; for they buy. Would you have the critics hail you, read all that has been written from Aristophanes to Bernard Shaw—then do something different."

If you're after His Majesty the Moron, content with his plaudits and his goodly buying, you don't have to worry about that. He can still be kept in suspense. Behold the western stories. Pile on the interest and have a hook at the end of each chapter, a specially large one in about six places at equal intervals. That's pot-boiling. You can live by it. But you'll never reach the half-million who bought *Dusty Answer*, you'll never be considered intellectual by the intellectuals, though you may be another Harold Bell Wright and serve your purpose.

It's a serious business, writing a novel today. We love to think of Anthony Trollope working by the clock, and Thackeray drifting from place to place, a page here, a page there; and R. L. S. loafing through the Pyrenees with a donkey. It was so haphazard, so casual—just what we thought the novelist's life would be till we tried it out and found it wasn't all beer and skittles, "what," as Michael Arlen would say, "with one thing and another—."

## The 56th Annual O.S.A. Exhibition

By Jeanne Adeney

THERE has been much talk and criticism centering about the members of the Group of Seven. Even people who felt the strength of their painting have asked one another, "But is it art?" According to Robert Nickolls, "Art remains what it was, the discovery of personal truth through the emotional consciousness of man." And W. J. Turner has this to say of it, "Art is good according to the fullness in which it expresses spiritual life." Human beings tend to exalt their own opinions, especially their opinions on art. How hard it is to modify our views on this subject! In connection with the Group of

Seven I recall George Santayana's explicit statement, "the highest things are communicable to the fewest persons, and yet, among these few, are the most perfectly communicable." Can it be that we, and not the Group, are responsible for any lack of understanding?

I mention the Group of Seven because, after its recent show, the fifty-sixth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists seemed to lack vitality. We may not have agreed that all was right with the Group, but after seeing its work we certainly could not agree that all was right with the O.S.A.; and if we came away



with the suspicion that all was not right with our own artistic appreciations, so much the better.

In the large exhibition of the O.S.A. there was much good painting. Indeed, some of the pictures were as fine and as fresh as anyone could desire. Among these, the painting of Jackson, Lismer and Casson was not obtrusive. But having wandered, uneventfully for the most part, through three of the rooms, it was startling to come suddenly upon "The Great Rock," by Charles Comfort, hanging between "Wilderness," by the same artist, and "Waterfall," by Lawren Harris. After the first shock, however, one began to share the feeling of awe suggested by that mighty crag.

This exhibition included a number of water-colors and a very interesting collection of drawings and etchings. Definite signs of modernism have crept into the sculpture, in "Flight," by Emanuel Hahn, and in "Pugilist," a forceful bust by Harold V. Shaw.

### THE ARTS IN RUSSIA

While much has been destroyed in Russia during the past ten years, her arts have flourished. Theatrical men of other countries have made pilgrimages to study her stage technique, for in things theatrical Russia is supreme. George Russell "A.E.," in his recent Toronto lecture, said that the worst thing that could happen to a conquered country was to have its art traditions, and therefore its arts, destroyed by the conqueror. The same thing doubtless applies to a revolution, in which case the Bolsheviks are not guilty of the ultimate crime.

So great an interest is taken in the stage in Russia that the Council of Trades Unions and the Workers' Club have organized troupes which travel throughout the country, acting the news from headquarters to large audiences. The news is presented with a certain amount of burlesque to make

it amusing. There are State theatres, municipal theatres and a peasants' theatre with ingenious and economical stage sets. Someone has invented a travelling theatre designed to fit into a box car so that the drama may reach outlying districts. When the door of the car is opened the stage is revealed and the sets move on pivots. There are even children's theatres.

Of music in Russia it can be safely said that composers are encouraged to write, and that the concert halls are packed with listeners. It is true that this music is under the direction of the Soviet Government and that composers are subject to certain restrictions. The aim of course, is to satisfy a larger number of people than formerly, when concerts were mainly for the upper classes.

The arts in Russia are not for the few but penetrate the whole social strata down to the peasant folk who have recently sent an exhibition of their crafts to New York. From one little village called Palekohva, came many beautiful laquer boxes decorated with figures and landscape, well drawn and brightly colored. Toys of many kinds were there, unbreakable dolls, bears carved from wood, little figures which moved by the swinging of a weight attached to a string, and series of objects fitting one inside the other like some of our blocks. These toys, even when crudely made, are full of spirit. The people of a district in Siberia spend their long winter months carving articles out of ivory, the only material at hand. They make paper cutters, boxes, cigarette cases, cane handles and combs which are often beautiful, but the lifelike mice and dogs and the complete family scenes, each member doing some characteristic thing, are more amusing.

It is natural when so great an interest is taken in the drama, that theatrical effects should be worked out with small models and puppets.

## Solution

By Nathaniel Benson

“GOD,” I asked, “oh, why make You  
Angels’ deeds for men to do?  
For Your all-rewarded good  
Is not all within my blood.

If to You I chain my mind  
There is much I shall not find.  
All that You would have me be  
Is but half in all of me.

I am made unlike You, God;  
Half is star, and half is clod,  
And the seed that You have sown  
Bears much fruit You would not own.”

Lightning-like there blinded me  
All the Light I asked to see;  
Swiftly as a sudden flame  
The eternal answer came:

“Know you that Despair I made,  
Courage comes to one afraid—  
As from darkness cometh light  
Suffering leads toward steadfast sight.

Know you I created Doubt  
Seeking final wisdom out;  
Hate I formed to burn away  
Guileful love of yesterday.

Know you I created Lust  
To consume the crumbling dust,  
As a furnace whence the soul  
Rises crystalline and whole.

Grief I made to mould the child  
Into manhood reconciled.  
Evil made that man might see  
Good was of eternity.

Man’s own mind evolves my Law,  
Sees his dread soul-foemen’s claw  
Drive him slow with scourge and rod  
To the triumph of a God.”



## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—Premier King's book, *The Message of the Carillon*, is having a remarkable sale in England.

—Based on library statistics, Toronto is challenging Boston as a centre of culture and learning.

—first prize in the Canadian-wide essay contest conducted by the Women's Press Club of Toronto, was won by Prof. Archibald MacMechan, of Halifax, with his essay "O Canada."

—A. M. Stephen is extending his recital tour to Eastern Canada, his itinerary including an engagement in Toronto for March 16th at Aldine House, when he will deal with aspects of Canadian literature in addition to reciting selections from his own works.

—among recent exponents of Canadian literature on the platform were Donald G. French and Dr. George Locke, both of Toronto. Mr. French was the guest of the Women's Canadian Club, of London, Ont., and Dr. Locke's address was to a capacity house in the schoolroom of St. Andrew's Church, Orangeville, Ont.

—Prof. A. T. DeLury, of the University of Toronto, gave a most informative address on "Modern Irish Poetry" to the Woman's Art Association, of Toronto, on March 8th. The writers dealt with were the younger poets and dramatists identified with the Irish Literary Movement—W. B. Yeats, Synge, Russell, Joseph Campbell, Alice Milligan, James Stephens, Lady Gregory and others who "were caught up in the stream of beauty." Professor DeLury read a number of selections from the different poets mentioned as examples of simplicity of language, coupled with beauty and artistry of thought and expression.

—Robert de Roquebrune, who recently finished his third novel, *Les Dames Marchand*, a story of life in Quebec, is now in Paris engaged on the Dominion archives. Mr. de Roquebrune was brought up in one of the old seigniorial manors. He is rather pessimistic regarding the future of French-Canadian society, as indicated by this passage: "Our French-Canadian society is suffering from a freedom in manners and a dangerous falling off in belief. American materialism is seriously affecting this society

almost safeguarded up to now from worldliness and unbelief. The desire for money makes each day this Canadian set more brutal and more vain."

—"Maria Chapdelaine" is to write her memoirs. The heroine of Hémon's famous romance of Quebec is Miss Eva Bouchard, a native of Peribonka, in the Lake St. John district. Her book will reveal the intimate side of the deceased author. The book is to appear in September.

—Dr. Lionel Stevenson, a member of the C.A.A. and author of *Appraisals of Canadian Literature* and *A Pool of Stars*, has been elected president of the California Writers Club, which has a membership of about 250, chiefly in the vicinity of San Francisco. At his inaugural dinner, on March 6th, two other Canadians played prominent parts. One of the speakers was H. Glynn-Ward, author of *The Glamor of British Columbia*, who is at present living in Southern California, and contributing short stories to English and American magazines. The other Canadian was Grace Jones Morgan, formerly of Chatham, Ont., who is entertainment chairman of the California Writers Club. Her first novel, *Salvage All*, of which the scene is Esquimalt, B.C., has just been published in New York. The publishers characterize it as a literary "find," and "the best sea-faring story since Conrad."

—in a recent lecture delivered to the Dickens Fellowship, of Winnipeg, Mr. W. J. Healy, Provincial Librarian at the Parliament Building, Winnipeg, dealt with early days in Manitoba, centering his remarks about two rare books: *Dot It Down*, a story of life in the Northwest, by Alexander Begg. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1871, and *A Sketch of Both Sides of Manitoba*, "perpetrated by Jeff Gee, being a narrative of seven years' varied experiences in the Prairie Province of the Dominion of Canada. Something fresh on an interesting subject. Price 50 cents. Nelsonville: Manitoba Mountaineer Book and Job Printing Establishment, 1881." *Dot It Down* is a book of 367 pages, bound in blue cloth, with a gold design on the cover. It is a romantic, melodramatic novel. The other book is of 143 pages, with green paper covers. It is remarkably well printed. On the flyleaf is the inscription: "To the Library of the Legislature of Manitoba from the author, J. F. Galbraith." Mr. Healy informs *Canadian Bookman* that he has heard of three other copies of *Dot It Down*, and of one other of Jeff Gee's book. Nelsonville is no longer on the map of Manitoba. It vanished more than forty years ago.



## A Search for Lasting Values Among the New Books

By Marcus Adeney

THE first Canadian drama was presented on water with "wavering lines of autumn hills" as a background. This was at Port Royal in the year 1606, and it was designed by young Marc Lescarbot as a suitable welcome for Sieur de Poutrincourt, returning from an exploring expedition to the south. This *Theatre of Neptune* must have been quite a splendid affair. "As Sieur de Poutrincourt prepared to land in the shallop, they saw advancing toward them the great god Neptune, royally robed, bearing the symbols of his power and attended by six noble Tritons. To the rear trailed more humble beings, six supposed savages in canoes bearing gifts." Actual savages, we presume, played no part in the masque, so that the speeches attributed to four Indians naturally express French desires more clearly than native sentiments. These speeches are, in fact, quite illuminating. They show how self-satisfied and intolerant were the aristocrats who first attempted to establish relations with the Red Men.

So often representatives of (presumably) superior races fail to realize that the one thing all men have in common is self-respect. It may be that among the most "backward" peoples dignity is most cherished. Certainly no western nation of today knows the peculiar personal pride of a typical Chinaman. And we have every reason to believe that the American Indians were excessively proud, as individuals and as tribes, while their respect for ancestry was prodigious. Were not the Senecas descended from the first Red Man, sprung directly from the sun? Such aristocracy the French aristocrats would doubtless fail to appreciate, since recognition would have damaged their own lordly claims for special privilege. So, in *The Theatre of Neptune* the innocent savage declares:

We come to give our vows, in truth,  
Unto the sacred Fleur-de-lis  
Unfolding from your faithful hand.

And what could be more abjectly submissive than this?

Our little talent in the chase  
We beg you use, from hearts entire,  
To live forever in your grace  
Is all our wish, our whole desire.

The first English translation of this remarkable little play has been published, together with the French text, by the Houghton Mifflin Co. It is adorned with photographs and drawings of the period, excellently reproduced. A most attractive little volume of which only four hundred and fifty copies have been printed.

### The Wind-Ships

Almost all Canada's ways were waterways in the early times, and those who came to her shores from the Old World were carried by the wind-ships. It was only natural that sooner or later the Maritime provinces, well timbered and washed by the Atlantic ocean, should send forth stout vessels of their own to circumnavigate the globe.



Frederick William Wallace, who tells us a great deal about Canadian shipping in *In the Wake of the Wind-Ships* (Musson), is not at all explicit concerning the early days, and too explicit when he comes to the Golden Age of Sail—the 'fifties of the last century. Historical material is, of course, cumulative. It begins with nothing at all and ends with the baffling excess of contemporary life. Some over-emphasis on the near past may be unavoidable, but the picture, as a consequence, is thrown out of perspective. No doubt Mr. Wallace would have been glad to provide more information where it was



plainly needed; but in the absence of records what can an honest man do?

Though burdened with a tremendous array of facts regarding ships, tonnage, owners, costs, crews and specific voyages, this book is enlivened by many splendid sea-stories, often told very simply at first hand. The general reader, however, sometimes feels like a small boy out in the cold. Facts in themselves may be deadly things, and here are so many of them that one can only be grateful for a poor memory. *In the Wake of The Wind-Ships* is a handsome book, handsomely illustrated.

### The Navy

It is hard for some of us to realize that the admirals of today knew the British Navy at a time when the skilful handling of sails was all-important. Steam was introduced only gradually, and as gradually the wind-ships passed away. Admiral B. M. Chambers writes of this transition period in *Salt Junk* (Constable), but he tells us very little of the transition itself. This book, which is illustrated with the author's own very clever sketches and a color plate, is frankly one of personal reminiscence, and as such it possesses a great deal of charm. Admiral Chambers is so much more expressive than he knows. Here is the portrait of a gentleman, one who almost ideally represents his class and time.

Ah! These Englishmen! They are a source of alternate irritation and delight to more logical foreigners, who cannot understand such exquisite and unreflecting chivalry, such self-security without a hint of boastfulness, such modesty and innate gentleness combined with ready courage. In fact they love a good fight, and the mental certitudes with which they have been reared practically secure them from the warrior's most deadly foe, the fear of fear itself. Admiral Chambers is the British Navy. His spirit expresses itself in the Service, and this gives a terrific solidarity alike to his own nature and to Britain's protective forces. Words could not even hint at the capacity for heroism latent in such men. Even their limitations must be classed as advantages, for where there is the least question action is most effective.

*Salt Junk* is so well seasoned with amusing narratives, and the style is so easy, intimate and frankly "unvarnished," that to many people it will seem an ideal travel book. I need scarcely add that a peculiarly English form of good taste (which excludes serious literary effort with the briefest apology) characterizes all that the admiral has to say.

### The Maid of the Mist

Every year, so the story goes, the Iroquois tribes used to hold a Beauty Contest near

the shore of Lake Oneida. Here they would select, in quite a modern fashion, the maiden most worthy to be Miss Iroquois—only they didn't call her that. The Indians were serious-minded people and believed in supernatural intervention, especially where their crops were concerned. To give the girl a Whippet motor car and a trip to Hollywood would have seemed to them supremely foolish. Miss Iroquois was consecrated to a higher destiny; she was to reap the maximum personal advantage and at the same time to ensure good crops for the coming year; in short, she was to become the bride of the Great Manitou.

It is hard for us to imagine the frame of mind which sustained Miss Iroquois through her hour of trial, for even the most innocent of maidens now have their moments of scientific doubt. But in those days religious assurance was absolute. Miss Iroquois welcomed her nuptials with the Great Manitou almost as gladly as her people welcomed the harvests a grateful deity was sure to provide. When she committed her body to the Falls of Niagara the occasion was one of rejoicing. But there was one last moment. . . .

Launcelot Cressy Servos tells us (in *Frontenac and the Maid of the Mist*, Hal DeGruchy Co.) that the exquisite Theala, already abandoned to the fatal stream, looked up at Frontenac, unwilling but helpless spectator of the tragedy, and there was love in her eyes. "With a great cry he rushed to the brink and would have fallen into the flood but the strong arm of Goyer restrained him."

Romantic end to a strange book. They say that George Moore, dissatisfied even with his best work, brings out new and revised editions whenever the urge is upon him. I trust that in its present form *The Maid of the Mist* is not to be taken as final. On page 67 we are told that "L'hut moved over between he and the girl," a blunder repeated on page 201, while on page 68 there is no conclusion whatever to the last sentence. These are merely samples. That the author has a certain amount of talent is clearly shown in the first few chapters; as the story progresses, however, the writing goes from bad to worse. Mr. Servos is evidently intoxicated by his own story—an intoxication which the reader cannot share—and the result is most depressing.

### The Blue Canadian Hills

From England comes a most delightful little book about Northern Ontario. It is entitled *To the Blue Canadian Hills*, and is issued by the North Country Press, Leeds, as a supplement to *The Microcosm* for 1928. Dorothy Una Ratcliffe describes a week of

adventures near Lake Timiskaming where she appears to have enjoyed herself immensely—so much so that when the motor boat spluttered on the way home "I had wild hopes (she says) of a breakdown, and having to paddle ashore and being held up in some wonderful moose-haunted bay, until weeks later a passing motor boat from Timiskaming should find us." All profits from the sale of this Travelogue (which is beautifully printed and illustrated with photographs) will be given to the Canadian Red Cross Society.

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### EMOTIONAL STUDIES

**WORLD'S END.** By Jacob Wasserman. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

In this volume of short stories Wasserman displays the comprehensive grasp of emotional values that is the hallmark of his peculiar genius.

Most of the themes lie outside the realm of common experience. Wasserman has little sympathy with trivialities and in these tales he employs situations which tear aside the masks of convention and bare the souls of his protagonists. Thus we get humanity at its best and worst and the figures of Maria Yakovlevna and Siebold are the zenith and nadir of his theme.

In the initial story there is a poignancy that is sharpened and accentuated by the unexpected rebellion of the degenerate son against his father's lack of understanding and by the father's cross which is the realization that a word in season would have saved his son from degeneracy and suicide. Here we get an interplay of cross purposes that culminates in stark tragedy.

"Golovin" is of a different nature. Golovin, a cultured adventurer, and Maria Yakovlevna, a woman moulded on noble lines, meet and in an extraordinary encounter their minds suffer a mutual defeat.

Three other stories complete the book and in the five tales Wasserman covers many phases of the emotional plane: Paternal, Sexual and Spiritual love and, as in "Jost," Pity. On one side the father, confronted with the dissipation of hopes he had nursed for years; on the other the petty, mean-souled government official melting at last to humanity through the agency of a slain child; the resolute soul of Maria Yakovlevna and the sacrifice of Lukardis—all these go to make a book which reinforces the evidence of Wasserman's genius. Such an author deserved a sympathetic interpreter and he has found one in Lewis Galatière, whose translation must be closely akin to the original for the characters live and suffer before the eyes of the reader and the

book is not a mere transcription of incident—it is a vivid delineation of warring souls.

T. D. RIMMER.

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**MADELEINE DE VERCHÈRES.** By E. T. Raymond. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

**THE STRICKLAND SISTERS.** By Blanche Hume. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

Heroines are not lacking in Canadian history and these two brief studies in The Ryerson Canadian History Readers series give us a picture of the essential part women played in the early days of this young country.

Most of us know well the story of the little Madeleine de Verchères, and it is most charmingly told here by Miss E. T. Raymond, in a form both attractive and interesting to school children. The strength of character and the bravery displayed by this youthful heroine is a splendid example, and one could wish that Miss Raymond had seen fit to include also a brief outline of the bravery and fortitude which this same Madeleine exhibited during the later years of her life.

The story of the Strickland sisters, while, perhaps, not quite so outstanding as that of the dramatic younger heroine, brings before us a very vivid picture of the trials and tribulations of early pioneer days in Canada, and the life of these two brilliant women has been well portrayed in Miss Hume's little volume. The hardships and difficulties encountered by Mrs. Traill and Mrs. Moodie and their families nearly one hundred years ago, were doubtless much the same as those faced by our own great grandparents. Many were the trials of those first settlers and to these early heroines, no doubt, can be traced the foundation of the strength and ruggedness which underlie our youthful nation.

The records of these two exceptional women well deserve the high regard and the position they hold in Canadian literature. The story of their lives is simply told in this Little Reader, and it will prove instructive to grown-ups as well as children.

A.S.M.

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### 5,000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA

Frank Yeigh's popular compilation, "5,000 Facts About Canada," for 1928, is out, having reached its twenty-fifth year. The edition is marked by many tables showing the marked progress of the Dominion in a quarter of a century, while the stirring story of our national development in a single year is strikingly shown in a series of crisp paragraphs in 50 chapters, ranging alphabetically from "Agriculture" to "Western Canada."



## A FINE NOVEL FROM SCOTLAND

### Set in Moray and Skye

Among the most delightful stories that have come my way since I first began to pick favorite books and favorite authors in my schoolboy days, is a tale of Moray in Scotland, with a change of scene to Uiskavagh, Isle of Skye, for part of the action. No wonder it has run into several editions. From its title, *The Key Above the Door*, I feared, at first, that I had picked up a modern thriller, but, instead of being such ordinary fare, it is a book which I put companionably beside *Betty Grier*, another of my Scottish favorites.

The author of *The Key Above the Door* is Maurice Walsh, and I hope that there will be more books from the same source.

The story is told in the first person by its central character, Thomas King, of Loch Ruighi, who forsook the wandering paths of the world "and anchored me loosely in a stone bothy on the limestone breast of Cairn Rua, above the lonely, shining waters of Loch Ruighi."

A tale is unwound embracing love, adventure, and companionship, spiced with the best sort of humor.

Thomas King has as friends Neil Quinn, out of Ireland, and Alistair Munro, a Hiel-an-man from the borders of Caithness, with a passion for fishing, in the pursuit of which sport he by no means balks at poaching.

Agnes de Bure is a lovable heroine and there is, of course, a villain to the piece. The triangle of the two men and the one woman is deftly used in weaving the tale, but what appeals most of all are the companionable men in the story. Just read this quotation from a letter from Neil Quinn to Tom King:

"Look where I do be, long man, at Uiskavagh, Isle of Skye, on the shores of Loch Eyndale, that runs and winds from the open sea that Stevenson wrote songs about—Skye and Mull and Canna and Eigg and Rum, and Barra low down on the horizon—as famous an archipelago as any in song or story. All about me are the wine-red moors, and over every prospect tower the wonderful pinnacles of the mighty Cuchullin Hills. . . . Come you over and see life with me. And, unlike Kipling, you don't need to buy no 'am neither. There be fish in the sea greedy for mussels; whiting, the chicken of the sea, codling fresh-bearded, haddock marked by Peter's thumb, and torpedo-tailed mackerel; there are lochs in the hills—hills like your own and lochs not as big as Ruighi—stocked with Loch Leven trout and rainbow trout and sea trout that have been transplanted;

there are coney amongst the limestones on the brae-faces, and red grouse on the moors, and blue hares a-plenty. Also there is a motor-boat, double-keeled and with a most entertaining engine. And above all there is the Whiskey—Uiskavagh whiskey, the finest whiskey in the world when drunk in Skye; old as a grown man, mild as goat's milk, soothing as a woman's hand in your hair, inspiring as a tune a very great whiskey."

Needless to add, Tom King went to Uiskavagh and what befell there has a most important bearing on the ultimate outcome of the story.

JOHN MACKLEM.

### SOME REAL—SOME PASTE

THE JEWELLED HERD. By Ida M. Evans.

Toronto: Geo. J. McLeod Limited. \$2.00.

This smoothly-written story holds interest for many types of readers. Briefly, it deals with a young couple, living in New York, who are plainly dissatisfied with their lot and nearly face poverty, when Ira, the husband, loses his job. They are then led to pose as people of personality; he as a mystical "Master," while Alma, his wife, is a good prompter. As soon as Ira's fame grows, crowds of wealthy society women—the jeweled herd—who delight in "precious thoughts" flock to his lectures; and the money flows in. Their varied life in those short years make up the book. Amusingly drawn are the characteristic culture-seekers, the household incidents, the highly efficient secretary, Ira and Alma's home-town relations, and the few friends they retain. After the climax, which seems to end their hopes, Ira fortunately inherits a small farm from an uncle in Oregon. He and Alma are only too glad to bid New York goodbye, and leave for the little farm in the west.

A.H.B.

\* \* \*

### THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION

In preparation for the forthcoming meeting of the Berne Convention, to be held this Spring in Rome, a meeting was held under the auspices of the Canadian Manufacturers Association in Toronto on March 7th, under the chairmanship of Mr. E. J. Hathaway. The Canadian Authors Association was represented, including Chairman Burpee, chairman of the C.A.A. Copyright Committee, and a notable factor was the spirit of harmony which prevailed. A resume of the whole situation will shortly be sent to all C.A.A. members by Chairman Burpee.

\* \* \*

### VETERAN AUTHOR PASSES

The death occurred in Winnipeg on March 7th of Rev. Dr. John MacLean, author and historian, and pioneer missionary. More extended reference to his passing will appear in the April issue of *Canadian Bookman*.

THE KEY ABOVE THE DOOR. By Maurice Walsh. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 7s 6d.

## SPRING IN SAVARY

**S**URELY, the author's 'Desire': "Could I but make one thing of beauty before I die, . . ." has been realized in this little book. At beginning and end it reflects the seasons at Savary, for Savary is a real island, where just such scenes occur as the one so vividly portrayed in the first poem:

"Lo an Island! a world of wings,  
(Dipping and flashing and fluttering wings)

Of gulls and linnets and singing things  
All singing different tunes.  
The morning rings with the aching call  
Of gulls, while at twilight, over all  
Sounds the fluting song of loons."

So many writers of both prose and verse are careless or prolific in the use of adjectives, that such expressions as: "aching call," "fluting song," "lace-like grace," used of the "new-clad trees," and "black-bird bugles" have a gratifying resonance. Curiously, this poem has a refrain line, suggestive of a trial of new verse forms, in which a word is caught from the line before. Alternated with the conventional form of meter, it has an arresting note: . . . "a breeze

"Of spring softly trying first songs in the trees,

(Just timidly trying out songs in the trees)  
With a voice soft as any caress.

Fine, intricate drops of rain leap and bound  
On the spikenard drums, who re-echo around  
The "news," for behind this bright lattice  
of sound

Dame Nature is changing her dress."

There are many unusual poetry words—almost technical words, in fact, as though the author hurled defiance at science to spoil her sense of rhythm, words like: "foliate," "spikenard," "planisphere," "alchemy," "vortex," "opaline," "candelabra."

For the West Coast influence, "The Lions' Gate," (a poem not included in this collection) "Those high twin peaks . . . watching for ever-more their far-famed gate," may be compared with "Sunrise on Grouse Mountain" which reveals how this poet handles her palette of color:

"Veiled with ethereal amethyst  
Are fairy greens and airy mauves;  
A star hangs low  
As if the grave-eyed morn held out a lamp  
To light the path by which her shining feet  
Approach the planisphere.

Low in the west a tragic cloud a-fire  
Hides, like a silver secret in its folds  
A sickle moon."

Happy Vancouver, that had Pauline Johnson to depict in words her Sunsets and has Alice Brewer to portray her Sunrise!

The poems, like the play of the author's emotions, go far from Savary and back again more than once. But there is a "Sapphic from Savary," "Life's Bather," which seems to touch a deeply personal note:

"Swimming in shallow water all the time,  
How safe—but oh! how dull is life;  
I long to pass into the deeper sea  
Where strife and buoyancy are rife.

\* \* \*

"O for a little ship of dreams called  
'Faith,'

Or 'Love,' to sail me past the roar  
Then would I, joyous, plunge in that  
bright sea,

And LIVE—Not lurk along the shore."

And then, how different, "The Dream:"

"I dreamt I was in England  
And oh! 'twas Spring time there;  
From swelling throats  
The liquid notes  
Of birds filled all the air  
With rivulets of music  
And streams of silver sound;  
The tumbling rills  
And pearly trills  
Gushed melody around."

"The Flagpole," linking England with the Savary coast—the great pole at Kew Gardens once grew on the West Coast—seems to visualize the poet's personality in some strange way. There is always this play of feeling back and forth between the two countries their scenery and traditions. The note of sympathy with Savary is again evident in penetrating fashion in "The Lonely Tree." It is on this note that the book ends:

"When twilight browns the hills behind;  
Poignant his aspect, mute, forlorn;  
'Tis loneliness and not the storm  
Has broken that great heart which pined  
For those long vanished of his kind;  
Now dark-twigged memories that bind  
In sombre grief at Savary."

There is an intensity of feeling in these poems that is distinctly different. It is as though full of feeling, she can yet consider the play of human emotions in a detached way as one who has lived and knows all their reactions; as though having run the gamut of human emotion, she has begun all over again.

Through all Alice Brewer's poetry, there is a sob of sadness. In nature seen through her eyes, there is a reflection of an inner life half seen and half concealed. There is a strange note of frustration as if standing detached, every blow of life strikes half unheeded an answering note.

MRS. W. GARLAND FOSTER.



# Inside Stuff . . .

## A DRAW!

As was expected, "Parnassus and the Public," by C. F. Lloyd, in the February issue has occasioned considerable discussion. One Toronto reader, upon reading it, telephoned *Canadian Bookman* to immediately discontinue sending the journal to her, asking for her bill to date.

"But surely," we replied, "one article that does not please should not utterly condemn a journal! . . . Why not send in a communication for publication, answering points on which you disagree with Mr. Lloyd?"

Strangely enough, the February issue had the opposite effect upon a Sandwich, Ont., subscriber. She received the February issue just after having written to have her subscription cancelled. She liked that number so well that she immediately sent \$2 to be reinstated as a subscriber.

Another subscriber who visited the office was equally strong in praise and condemnation of different portions of Mr. Lloyd's article.

\* \* \*

## FROM A TEACHER OF LITERATURE

Writing from Wolfville, N.S., Miss Rosamond M. DeWolf Archibald, in renewing her subscription says:

"Please know that I have enjoyed more than I can tell you the reading of the *Bookman*, that I use it continuously in my class-room in the teaching of English Literature to the boys and girls of Horton Academy of Acadia University, and that I urge each member of my classes to become a subscriber to it. I read them excerpts, and use these in our own book-review course.

"If there is one thing more than another on which I lay daily emphasis it is the appreciative reading of Canadian authors! And because I prefer to abide in Canada on a pittance rather than stray afield in comparative affluence in teaching, I compel their attention.

"Someday I hope my preachment may bear fruit in the enlargement of your roll call of subscribers. You are doing a tremendous service for Canadian literature. All power to you!"

In a postscript Miss Archibald says: "Just by the way, Mr. Weaver, I consider 'Parnassus and the Public,' in the February issue, itself worth a year's subscription!"

*An Arresting, Stimulating, Convincing Book on the Age-Old Question, "What Can a Man Believe?"*

## Oatcakes and Sulphur

By James Leonard McGuire

"A remarkable book—one of the most remarkable of the season, being a book of theology that's as readable as a best-selling novel. It is a plea for the eternal certainties by a young modern who writes with the zeal of John Knox and the devotional spirit of Thomas à Kempis."—The Scribe, (one of Canada's leading book-advisers.)

"The confession of faith of a plain man who is endeavoring to conciliate his knowledge of science with his religious beliefs."—S. Morgan-Powell, in the Montreal "Star."

"The author has formulated a philosophy of conduct for himself that is free from controversial or sectarian bias, a philosophy that will beyond doubt be acceptable to many others . . . who, struggling among the theories of great teachers, will read with joy these plain and assuring words of a fellow-man."—St. John "Times-Globe."

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## WORTH EMULATING

The Nova Scotia Branch of the C.A.A., in its annual report, showed a favorable balance after having paid for subscriptions to *Canadian Bookman* for all its members, thirty in number.

\* \* \*

## TWO OMISSIONS

In the February number the name of the reviewer of William Kirby's *Annals of Niagara* was unfortunately left out. This review was by John W. Garvin, who is one of the most ardent of Kirby's admirers.

In Mr. Adeney's article on the art of Lawren Harris, the dropping of a line spoiled the true sense of one vital passage. This should have read: "Here is a vision of a single, shouting reality in which life and death as we know them have been lost and forgotten. This is the world as it must have appeared to God during countless ages before the various forms of life had evolved, etc."

Reference to the article will show the significance of the line now supplied.

\* \* \*

Angus Mowat has succeeded Mrs. L. Walker, as Librarian of the Public Library at Belleville, Ontario.

# Canadian Authors Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

### National President

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### National Treasurer

John M. Elson  
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### National Vice-President

Hon. E. Fabre Surveyor  
128 Maplewood Ave.  
Montreal

### National Vice-President

Col. G. E. Marquis  
Bureau of Statistics  
Quebec City

THE *Bulletin* for 1927 has now been distributed to all the members whose names appeared in the printed lists in the *Bulletin*. These, as has already been explained, were compiled from the lists sent in by the branch secretaries and from the treasurer's records. We have already found evidence of a good many changes of address and errors of one kind and another. A careful list is being kept of any corrections sent in to the Secretary's office for assistance in preparation of the list for next year. In case any members have not yet received their copy of the *Bulletin* their notification to the Secretary will receive prompt attention.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge receipt of so many of the questionnaire forms which have been returned by the members. One gets a very much better idea of the wide range of activity of the members of the Canadian Authors Association even by a hasty perusal of the records of their work. It will enable the Secretary's office to be of very much greater service if all of these forms are filled out and returned as promptly as possible.

### Calgary Convention

Considerable progress has been made in the programme for the Calgary Convention, and thanks are due especially to branches of Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatchewan, Toronto, and Montreal, and Halifax, for their prompt and definite acceptance of their share in the programme. The other branches have the matter under

consideration, and they will probably be heard from very shortly.

Every letter from Calgary indicates that the local committee there is lining up a wonderful series of attractive functions. It is quite evident that the West is prepared to do its full share in making the 1928 conference the finest thing yet in the history of the Canadian Authors Association.

### Bulletin of Montreal Branch

Several meetings of great interest have been held recently.

On January 21, the members of the branch met at the Ritz-Carlton hotel when the guest of honor, Mrs. Madge Macbeth, of Ottawa, gave a very fine address, "The Rearing of a Novel Family."

On February 25th, through the courtesy of the Westmount Council, the members had the pleasure of visiting the new greenhouses adjoining, and of holding a meeting in the Westmount Library. Mrs. C. B. Waagen, of Calgary, delighted the members by her description of western life, in a lecture entitled, "Prairie Horizons and Eastern Backgrounds." Mr. John Elson, our National Treasurer, was also a guest at this meeting, and spoke briefly on some aspects of the Copyright Act, and of the coming convention at Calgary in July.

The awards in the recent competition of One-Act Plays held by the Drama Group were made at a meeting held at the Ritz-Carlton hotel on February 28th. Sir Andrew Macphail announced the names of the prize-win-



ning plays on behalf of the judges. Miss Jean Steele Foley, Prof. F. E. Lloyd, and Sir Andrew Macphail. Of the ninety-three plays received from all parts of Canada, the first prize, \$75, went to Merton S. Thelfall, of St. Lambert, Que., for his *The Guests of Captain Hargraves*. The second award, \$50, was made to Marjory Reynolds, of Vancouver, for *No Man's Land*. Mary Wallace Brooks and Leo Kennedy, of Montreal, shared the third award for *The Mother of a Prophet* by the former; and *Pierrot and Columbine*, by the latter, each receiving \$25.

The plays receiving honorable mention were as follows, in the order of merit:

1. *The Right of the Seigneur*, by W. A. Tremayne, Montreal; 2, *The Maker of Dreams*, by Miriam Stein, Montreal; 3, *Mr. Willcocks of 1812*, by J. E. Middleton, Toronto; 4, *Jesus Wept*, by Nancy Rankin (Mrs. N. S.) Hudson Heights, Que.; 5, *The Return of the Emigrant*, by Mazo de la Roche, Toronto; 6, *The Devil's Christmas Stocking*, by Robert Ayre, Winnipeg; 7, *At the Dove and Eagle*, by Pauline Perrigard, (Mrs. H. R.) Montreal; 8, *Love*, by P. N. Jacobson, Montreal; 9, *Carved Ivory*, by Pauline Perri-gard, Montreal; 10, *The Writ*, by Mrs. Kate Simpson-Hayes, Winnipeg; 11, *God Forsaken*, by Chas. E. Carruthers, London, Ont.; 12, *A Lively Corpse*, by Andrew Watson, Montreal; 13, *Trousseau Tea*, by Mrs. Leslie Gordon Barnard, Montreal; 14, *On Parole*, by Miss Elizabeth Jerrold Church, Montreal; 15, *The Cure*, by Chas. E. Carruthers, London, Ont.; 16, *On the Ancaster Road*, by J. E. Middleton, Toronto; 17, *The Pike*, by T. M. Morrow, Montreal; 18, *Remembrance*, by Mrs. Minnie Hallowell Bowen, Sherbrooke, Que.

Mr. Thelfall won the I.O.D.E. \$100 prize for a one-act play in 1927 with his play, *Two Tricks in Diamonds*.

Miss Reynolds won the \$100 prize offered in 1924 by the Vancouver Little Theatre Association for the best play by a Canadian. Her play was entitled *The Connoisseur*. Miss Mary Brooks was first convenor of the Drama Group, Montreal, five years ago, and is editor of *One-Act Plays by Canadian Authors*. Mr. Leo Kennedy is a frequent contributor of verse and essays to *The Fortnightly Review*, McGill University, and is a graduate student there this year.

Mr. Elson, at this meeting, gave some interesting information about the work the National Executive is sponsoring in the gathering of biographical and bibliographical data about Canadian authors. A questionnaire form had been sent out by the National Secretary to all members of the Association and the result would be the accumulation of useful and reliable information for present and future use. Mr. Elson also reported regarding the Executive's activities in connection with the copyright situation.

\* \* \*

Thoughts that arise in me after reading thoroughly *The Authors Bulletin*.

Halifax: "The Secretary-Treasurer is able to report a balance on the right side after paying the Club's subscriptions to *The Canadian Bookman* and lunching Mrs. Eric Brown and Dr. Lorne Pierce.

Dear Halifax

How rich you wax

According to your secretary.

You still have gold

Enough to hold

Though you have lunched

(In manner wary?)

Good Mrs. Brown

Who came to town,

And Dr. Pierce.

Was she a fairy?

Was he dyspeptic?

Secretary?

—F.R.L.

### MAKING, PUBLISHING, SELLING

The whole story, in three parts, of the making, publishing and selling of books was told at the February meeting of the Toronto Branch of the C. A. A. Mr. E. J. Hathaway told of the typography and general construction of books, including margining, illustrating, designing of covers, binding and jackets. Mr. French carried the story through the publishing stage, while Mr. William Tyrrell told of the part played by the bookseller in the distribution of books.

\* \* \*

### PASSING OF AUSTIN BOTHWELL

The late Austin McPhail Bothwell, M.A., Regina, writer and educationist, was Saskatchewan's first Rhodes scholar, and a student of English literature who had shown brilliance in schools of Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and during his scholarship term at Oxford. His work as an instructor was well and favorably known in the central west, and more especially in Winnipeg and Regina. For nearly three decades he had been identified, with increasing prominence, with the educational and literary life of Saskatchewan. His work as a book reviewer and critic was outstanding, and had been well received in New York.

Mr. Bothwell was for four years president of the Saskatchewan branch of the Canadian Authors Association, was the first editor of *The Saskatchewan Teacher*, was president of the old Regina Male Teachers' Association ten years ago, was later president of the Regina Collegiate Teachers' Alliance, and was also for five years a member of the Regina public library board.

As president of the provincial branch of the Canadian Authors Association, the quality that attracted the members to group themselves around Mr. Bothwell year after year

was the vivid flame of his affection for books and writers. His warmth of feeling for every work into which the author had breathed the genuine breath of life was such as he had for flesh and blood creatures. No club meeting was complete without a reference by him to the new friends he had made among books. The most important achievement of the Association under his presidency was the publication of the book, *Saskatchewan: Her Infinite Variety*, by way of celebration of Saskatchewan's coming of age.

Among the literary delights of the year for many people in Regina, were the Book Week lectures by Mr. Bothwell. No one kept himself better informed about the choicest volumes of the year, and he had the happy knack of making his favorites among these seem completely irresistible.

For a good many months Mr. Bothwell had been making preparations for writing his Ph.D. thesis, the subject chosen being *The Life and Writings of Thomas Mann*. This living German writer, the author of *Buddenbrooks* and *The Magic Mountain*, made a strong appeal to Mr. Bothwell, and he hoped to present in his own book an analysis of the European author's philosophy and style.

Born at Perth, Ontario, Mr. Bothwell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bothwell, still live there. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Jessie Bothwell, and three young children, George, Barbara and Christine. Mr. Bothwell's two brothers predeceased him, one having been killed in France during the war and the other in a railway accident a few years ago.

\* \* \*

### DEATH OF GRACE BLACKBURN

The death occurred in London, Ontario, on March 4th, of Grace Blackburn, assistant editor of the *London Free Press*, and a writer and dramatic critic of note.



## CANADIAN DRAMA

New York City, March 3, 1928

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

May a Canadian, resident for the nonce in New York, tell you the pleasure it is to keep in touch with Canadian thought in letters, by the *Bookman's* appearance?

In your January number appeared a most interesting review of "An Outline of Canadian Literature," the book by Lorne Pierce, the review by T. G. Marquis.

Will Mr. Marquis pardon me if I differ from him in one paragraph of the review? It is the line where he quotes Dr. Pierce: "The future of Canadian dramatic art depends upon the Little Theatre Movement." Mr. Marquis adds: "We cannot agree with this. It must depend upon a man of genius, one having a wide knowledge of life and a master of his art. When that man comes"—and so on.

I side with Dr. Pierce.

As long as Canada is content to swallow the second best and third best plays of New York, stock companies and expensively staged girl-and-music shows as her sole theatrical food, we shall lack our "great" dramatic writer as well as the lesser ones.

The greatest writers in the United States today came from the Little Theatres, and found their mastery in their art from the plays they put on themselves and worked over.

O'Neill, the literary giant whose plays are translated into nine foreign languages, was unappreciated by commercial men, and started his dramatic career on a wharf shelter in Provincetown!

Paul Green, whose southern plays are considered very fine, is one of the Carolina playmakers, whose theatre is on a University campus.

And so on and so on.

The worth-while plays are being made up at Yale and in many other small theatres, where the girls and boys who will be famous tomorrow try their wings.

No giant, even Michelangelo and Shakespeare, appeared alone in their days—there were minor peaks leading to Mont Blanc!

We will only develop our Canadian talent in playwriting when we take the theatre seriously as the very breeding place of all the Arts, and neither a commercial investment nor a toy. Nor must we be apologetic over it, as some university in my own town appeared when they added a dramatic course, in fear and trembling that the parents and guardians would consider it a time-wasting occupation.

Look what the centre of Hart House Theatre has done for the culture of Canada!

Develop and respect the love of beauty, instead of apologizing for it, develop the

talented boys and girls in the finest and most serious art theatres we can support, and even if, artistically, we are where the U.S.A. was twenty years ago in the matter of theatres, we will in time have a home grown talent that WILL be great!

MARGUERITE STRATHY.

\* \* \*

## IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

9 Friedrich Ebert Strasse,  
Berlin, W. 9  
February 22, 1928.

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

It happened that I was reading a German copy of the *Fugger News Letters* when your January number reached me. And notwithstanding the interest of the book in my hands I put it aside to delve into *Canadian Bookman*. This was one of the first sentences I read:

"This, I do not hesitate to declare, is due to the fact there were in Shakespeare's day few, if any, collectors such as those who today make it their business to search out and preserve the writings, no matter how insignificant or immature they may be, of the authors they admire."

Now the Fuggers—to go back to my book—were just such collectors of books and writings. And the first bookman of that famous house, Raymund Fugger, lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, a little before Shakespeare's time. The beautiful bindings which were made for him and for his nephew, the count Philip Edward Fugger, are proof of the care these men took to preserve their books worthily. On many of them the Fugger arms are tooled; and on others, as a sign of even more personal interest, the initials "P.E.F." of the count.

I cannot think that such renowned collectors as Grolier, Maioli and de Thou were not collectors of the very kind your reviewer writes of. They happened to be rich men with the means to indulge their taste for fine bindings, and therefore much evidence of their activity remains. How many unknown booklovers of lesser means must have lived in those days, accumulating lesser treasures, but leaving no trace behind by which we might know them. The chances of survival of a collection of books were very small in those days.

Collectors of bookplates are nevertheless familiar with dozens of early book collectors whose methods and preferences are known. Writing from Germany the name of Willibald Pirckheimer readily occurs to mind as a booklover of exceptional culture and taste. His great collection included many books of his time. In some of them he affixed the fine bookplate Dürer made for him. In others one finds the bookplate by the anonymous artist, "master J. B.", which bears the date 1529.

C. E. CARROLL.

# The Collector

THE longest poetical manuscript of Oliver Goldsmith known to exist brought £5,600 at Sotheby's auction rooms in London on February 28, after spirited bidding. This is probably the highest price ever paid for a Goldsmith manuscript. The manuscript just sold is a translation from the Latin of Vida's *Art of Poetry*, and consists of 679 lines in Goldsmith's handwriting.

\* \* \*

A special exhibition of original sources concerning the exploration of Canada was opened recently in the museum of the Redpath Library of McGill University. The exhibit is arranged in four different divisions, covering the first discoveries of America, the exploration of the St. Lawrence, the explorations of the Pacific coast, and the Hudson Bay and Arctic discoveries. Probably the most valuable volume in the exhibit is the 1613 edition of *Champlain's Voyages*, with all the plates. The Jesuit *Relations*, printed in Paris in 1637, relating to the travels of the Jesuits during the preceding year, is another significant volume. The 1648 edition of the *Relations* is also shown in the exhibit. In the Pacific Coast division are first editions of Cook's *Voyages* and Vancouver's *Voyages*, and there is an edition of Mackenzie's *Voyages* published in New York in 1802. In the Arctic division is a copy of Franklin's voyages dealing with his journey to the shores of the polar sea, which was given by Franklin to Mr. Wentzel.

\* \* \*

Strong opposition, according to information from Montreal, has developed to a suggestion by the Dominion Government that the Province of Quebec and the City of Montreal lend historic documents of the old French regime to a French colonial exposition shortly to be held in Paris. Both the Province and the City are declared to be prepared to co-operate with the French exposition authorities to the fullest possible extent, by having photographs or other copies made of the documents in question, but it is held that no insurance could possibly compensate should mishap befall the documents themselves in the event of their being allowed to leave the country. Quebec is richer in historic documents than any other part of the continent, because the French pioneers adopted a law requiring

that all documents of notaries should on death be turned over to the court house of the district.

\* \* \*

The Canadian Government has presented to U. S. Secretary of State Kellogg a photostat copy of one of the original documents which reposes in the Dominion Archives. Mr. Kellogg was much impressed with the archives on his recent visit to Ottawa, and showed particular interest in the original copy of an address delivered to General Monckton on his appointment as Governor of New York in 1761 by members of the bar. As a result, a photostat copy of this document was handsomely bound and sent to him.

\* \* \*

The "Strachey manuscript," regarded as the most important manuscript of American interest in private hands in Great Britain, is to come under the hammer in Sotheby's salesroom in London, April 22-24. A huge price is expected to be brought by this "Historie of travel into Virginia Brittanica," by William Strachey, a member of the expedition which landed in Virginia in 1609, of which only two other copies are known to exist, one being in the British Museum and the other in the Bodleian Library. The copy to be sold, written in 1612, on 132 leaves, and believed to be the earliest of the manuscripts, is the chief item in the collection of which Lord Leonfield is disposing, largely from the library of his ancestor, the Earl of Northumberland, who earned the nickname "wizard" for his scientific studies while imprisoned in the Tower of London.

\* \* \*

The renowned collection of the works of Charles Dickens formed by Thomas Hatton, of Leicester, Eng., was sold at auction at the American Art Galleries in New York on December 7, the 254 items comprising the collection bringing a total of \$38,497. The star item of the sale was, as might be expected, a set of *The Pickwick Papers*, (London, 1836-37), in the original parts (20 in 19), first edition throughout, with all the plates in fine state, and considered one of the finest copies in existence, both as to issue and "points" and condition, which brought \$16,300. The next highest price was \$1,700, realized for what was described as a "superb" set of the immortal Christ-



mas Books (London, 1843-48), comprising 10 vols.: four issues of *A Christmas Carol*, two issues of *The Chimes*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, two issues of *The Battle of Life*, and *The Haunted Man*, all in the original gilt cloth. \$1,500 was paid for an unusually complete file of *The Gadshill Gazette* (Gadshill, 1865-66), consisting of eleven original numbers, three supplements and two announcements, while *Oliver Twist* (London, 1852), in the ten original monthly parts, described as above the average in condition, brought \$1,500.

A signature of Button Gwinnett, signer of the American Declaration of Independence from Georgia, brought \$19,200 at the sale of the American historical autograph collection of the late Zachary T. Hollingsworth at the Anderson Galleries, in New York City, January 26-29. This is a decided slump from the record of \$51,000 for a Gwinnett letter which was established at the same galleries about a year ago. A cut signature of Gwinnett's, on a small piece of paper, brought \$5,200. An autograph letter of Rogers Williams, said to be the first of the founder of Rhodes Island ever offered for sale in the U.S., sold for \$7,350. A letter by John Witherspoon, signer of the Declaration of Independence from New Jersey, to General Schuyler brought \$4,000, while a vigorous letter from Benjamin Franklin to Lord Viscount Stormont regarding the treatment of American prisoners in Europe, sold for \$3,900. Among other items bringing high prices was one of the few existing documents signed by Samuel de Champlain, explorer and discoverer, and his wife, which brought \$3,200. The document was a contract with a servant, dated July, 1617, not long after Champlain's discovery of Lakes Huron and Ontario.

The Kipling boom shows no sign of decreasing; in fact, the signs point in just the opposite direction. A first edition of the suppressed *Letters of Marque*. Vol. 1, of which only four copies are believed to be in existence, brought \$10,900, a record price, at an auction sale of an English Kipling collection held at the American Art Galleries, in New York City, January 16 and 17, while \$5,000 was paid for a first edition of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, one of five copies of the first issue bound up without design on the front cover. Other big prices were: An autograph report to the Royal Automobile Club of an automobile trip in France, made by Kipling, \$3,900; a copy of the rare copyright issue of *Cold Iron*, of which only seven were printed, \$3,300; a first edition of *Schoolboy Lyrics*, Kipling's first book, \$3,300; an autograph manuscript of the poem *Ford O'Kabull*

*River*, comprising about 360 words, \$3,100; a proof copy of *Kim* before corrections of the first English edition—believed to be unique—\$3,000.

\* \* \*

The F. W. Faxon Co., of Boston, announce that the first of a new series of pamphlet reading-lists is now ready, entitled, *The Indians of America: A Reference List for Schools and Libraries*, by Elizabeth G. Dennis, of the St. Paul Public Library. The work is a painstaking and well-rounded bibliography (prepared for and used to excellent advantage in manuscript by the St. Paul Public Library,) and it will be found not only full, but also annotated and classified with special reference to the needs of young people.

\* \* \*

R. R. Bowker & Co., New York City, publishers of the volume, *Private Book Collectors in the United States and Canada*, promise a new, revised and extended edition to be issued early next autumn, making the fifth since the first appearance of the directory in 1915. Book buyers with hobbies in collecting will be listed if they send their names, with mention of their specialties, to the publishers. A limited number of copies only of this directory are printed, mainly for rare-book dealers, publishers of limited and special editions, and others who cater to the rapidly increasing tribe of book collectors.

\* \* \*

### Catalogues Received

Van-Cleland Ltd., Winnipeg, Man: *Old and Modern Books* (No. 5), Canada, North West, Arctic Regions, Indians, etc.; Walter M. Hill, Chicago: *Americana: A Selection from a General Collection* (No. 119), including, among other important Canadian items, three *Jesuit Relations*, issued in 1640, 1655 and 1669, all in the original vellum; Magg Bros., London: *Maps and Valuable Books* (No. 499), Literature, Art, Biography, Voyages, etc.; Henry Sotheran & Co., London: *Books and Engravings on the British Army* (No. 808); Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston: *Americana* (No. 172), including a good run under "Canada"; McLeish & Sons, London: *Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Books, etc.*, (No. 35); P. J. and A. E. Dobell, Bruton Street, London: *Rare and Valuable Books, Autograph Letters and Manuscripts* (No. 74); C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston: *Rare Books and Pamphlets* (No. 975); Peters Bros., Liverpool: *Miscellaneous Books of Interest* (No. 84); Ernest W. Stevens, Cannington, Bridgewater, Eng.: *Americana* (No. 1, N.S.), including Canada; Thomas G. Godfrey, Stonegate, Yorkshire, Eng.: *Books and Prints* (No. 123); R. Fletcher Ltd., London: *Curious and Inter-*

esting Books of the 15th to the 20th Centuries (No. 35); Stephen Hunt, Southborough, Kent, Eng.: *Colored Plate Books, First Editions, etc.* (No. 8); Chas. E. Lauriat Co., Boston: *Clearance Sale of Books from Private Libraries*, (Jan.-Feb.); Frank C. Brown, Boston: *Old and Curious Books, First Editions, etc.*; Noah F. Morrison, Elizabeth, N.J.: *Americana*; J. W. Brown & Son, Rugby, Eng.: *Rare, Interesting and Desirable Books* (No. 33), *Americana, Old Shipping, Whaling, etc.*; Harold Hill, Tunbridge Wells, Eng.: *A Scholar's Catalogue of Ancient and Modern Books* (No. 114).

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Vol. X.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1928

No. 4



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

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Editorial and Business Office: 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. X., No. 4

TORONTO, APRIL, 1928

25c a Copy  
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## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

ROBERT WATSON

By Anne Anderson Perry

A CANNY and cheerful Canadianized Scot who has done himself and his adopted country remarkably well is Robert Watson, the genial president of the Manitoba Branch of the Canadian Authors Association; author of half a dozen or more successful novels; editor of *The Beaver*, staff magazine of the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as special publicist for that ancient and honorable Company of Adventurers; Bard of the United Scottish Association of Winnipeg, which has some thousands of members; "past grand" treasurer of the Canadian Authors Association and always *persona grata* wherever two or three writers are gathered together to discuss their craft or the cash returns therefrom.

Robert Watson is not Scottish and "Heilan'" for nothing. The Canadian Authors Association found him a "Heaven born" treasurer, and he is ever a good business man with a keen eye on markets, methods and men, combined with a most refreshingly humorous outlook on life and

letters. Nor does he grudge telling the truth about his struggles.

"I'm like that woman who knew all about bringing up children because she'd buried six of them," said Mr. Watson at a recent gathering of writers where methods of novel writing were under discussion. "I've buried

at least six and created quite a few which are still alive, and although I can't say that I think authorship in Canada has reached the status of being either a profession or a business, in the sense that a writer here can afford, as in Europe, to devote his whole time to it, I am content to keep on "yammering and stammering" for expression in books and to put a lot of hard work into it too. It's hard work that does it with me and an everlasting sticking to it, even if the

next door baby does caterwaul in the sacred two hours which I set aside for writing novels every evening of the week."

As Mr. Watson's "yammering" has already resulted in the production of such well known books as *Me*



ROBERT WATSON



and *Peter, Spoilers of the Valley*, *Stronger Than the Sea*, *My Brave and Gallant Gentleman* and other popular fiction, soon to include a serial now running in *MacLean's Magazine* called *High Hazard*, *An Arctic Romance*, besides a book of ballads and poems, a volume of natural history studies in verse for youthful readers, a valuable text book for schools, *Canada's Furbearers*, and a symposium on the art of writing, this hard working Scot speaks from a wide experience of the writer's game, an experience including also many types of public-ity material of a high order.

"Giving one's formula for writing makes me feel as the bootlegger must have felt before the Royal Commissioner when he was asked to give his recipe for good Home Brew, but I may say that I never make plots. I create the characters and then let them work out the plot themselves. Sometimes they run away with it and surprise me, but whatever else happens to them I always try to keep the color of the hair and eyes of the heroine the same from the first chapter to the last, as I was trained in accuracy from my youth up and it pains me to observe the laxity of some authors in this respect."

Mr. Watson's youth was passed in his native city of Glasgow, where he was born some forty odd years ago of Highland parents. It is recorded that he was indeed accurate and brilliant as a scholar and that he gained two bursaries in his school days, besides reading an unconscionable number of the adventure stories of Dr. Gordon Stables and determining that some day he too would try hard to write such "ripping yarns."

For twenty years after coming to Canada in his early manhood Mr. Watson was accountant with the Hudson's Bay Company, sixteen of which were passed in British Columbia, ten of them on the coast and six in the interior. Then there was one year in

Saskatchewan and four in Winnipeg, so that he is thoroughly Canadianized and an enthusiastic westerner. One of his distinctions is that he is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

Interesting facts in connection with some of Mr. Watson's books are that his volume of natural history studies for children, was illustrated by his clever and charming wife, Anne McNaught Johnstone, who is also Scottish: that the United States educational authorities have ordered 25,000 of this book under the special title *Our Furry Friends*, and that he always keeps a carbon copy of the first draft of a novel because "inspiration sometimes gets away from one" "in the re-writing and hard work following the original conception.

Mr. Watson looks forward to the day when Canadian authors will be an increasingly powerful body of citizens. As treasurer of their organization it was his great ambition to build a substantial fund to meet their need in the immediate future of fighting their battles in the business world and he spared no efforts in this endeavor.

"Canadian writers," said he in conversation recently, "have no cause to be ashamed of their work. They progress. Our friends over the border often mistake activity for progress, but I believe that more and more literary products of a high order will come out of Canada and may I say, more particularly from Western Canada, where there is so great a freedom for the human spirit."

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS.

- My Brave and Gallant Gentleman*. 1918. Novel.  
*The Girl of O. K. Valley*. 1919. Novel.  
*Stronger Than the Sea*. 1920. Novel.  
*The Spoilers of the Valley*. 1921. Novel.  
*The Mad Minstrel*. 1923. Western Ballads and Poems.

*Gordon of the Lost Lagoon.* 1924. Novel.

\**Canada's Fur Bearers.* 1925. Nature History study in verse for Children.

*Me—and Peter.* 1926. Novel.

*High Hazard.* 1928. Novel.

*How to Write.* 1928. Text book symposium on the art of writing.

*The Hudson's Bay Company.* 1928 Short history reader.

\**Our Furry Friends in U.S.A.,* 1927.

\* \* \*

## Dr. John Maclean as an Author

By Robert Watson

EDITOR'S NOTE.—As indicated in the last issue, more extended notice is given this month to the passing of one who was a grand old man of letters as well as a notable Western Pioneer. Our readers will recall that Dr. Maclean was the subject of an interesting sketch by "W.K." in the "Who's Who in Canadian Literature" series in the September, 1926, issue. This included a complete check-list of his works—thirty titles in all. This sketch by Mr. Watson has also appeared in the *Manitoba Free Press*.

WITH the passing of Dr. John Maclean, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D., D.D., in the fullness of his years and with his master-builder's tools still in his vigorous hands, little has been said of his wonderful achievements in that field of service to mankind and to Canada for which his name will be preserved long after his efforts in other spheres of work will have been dimmed in the mists of the passing years.

Dr. John Maclean loved only one thing as he did his fellow men, and that one thing was books. He was never happier than when surrounded by them in the library at Wesley college, except possibly when he was handling some brand new volume of his own straight from the publishers' warehouse, for no matter how often an author has had his work published in book form there is still preserved for him the great thrill of accomplishment, unattainable in any other way.

when he turns over the leaves of his latest work just as it arrives hot, as it were, from the baker's oven.

Dr. Maclean's literary output was astounding, and it is a question if he was not the most prolific Canadian author of his generation. He corresponded regularly with many historical and other societies, including the Smithsonian Institute, Canadian institute, Manitoba Historical Society, Ethnographic Committee of the British Association, American Society for Advancement of Science, Ontario Historical Society, et cetera.

A keen and well-informed student of Indian languages, history, customs, folk lore and social and political life, he was continually sought as a handy compendium of useful knowledge by those requiring information on anything pertaining to life in the west from 1880 onwards.

Dr. John Maclean was a poor business man when it came to placing any monetary value on his literary knowledge and work, and he cheerfully acceded to practically every call that was made on him for research and other information, spending hours and often days in compiling material for which others often got the credit as well as the financial return.

When the writer repeatedly reminded him that when an author finished a literary work he should no longer be the author but a man of business, dealing with business men, he would laughingly reverse an old saying, thus:

"Look after number two and forget number one."

Of recent years, at the annual conventions of the Canadian Authors Association, held at Winnipeg, Vancouver and Ottawa, Dr. Maclean was a bright light. When in these cities he was simply hounded by the service clubs to address them, and whenever he stood up to speak in convention his fellow authors were content to sit back and listen, for he seldom rose



without having something of more than general interest to give out.

At the convention at Vancouver in 1926, the doctor accompanied the automobile party which took the new highway, then in the course of construction, up Grouse Mountain, and when the autos could not climb farther, he, to the astonishment of many later-arriving, perspiring and foot-weary stragglers, was discovered to be among the first who had reached the plateau, and this after a punishing two-mile scramble up precipitous mountain roads, over great boulders that strewn the rough trail and over logs and sandy, sliding earth; then, as if to prove his virility, he entertained the visitors to a witty after-dinner speech.

Such was ever the light-heartedness of Dr. John Maclean, who seemed imbued with the perpetual youth of Barrie's Peter Pan.

Just four short months ago, the writer, when in conversation with him over his *McDougall of Alberta*, suggested that it was time he was writing *Maclean of Manitoba*, and a few weeks before his passing he made the laughing and typically modest remark:

"Well, I've taken your advice. I've made a start on it; but who wants to know about John Maclean?"

Little did I imagine then and little did he himself realize how soon the story of his life would be ended.

Canadian letters suffered an irreparable loss when the pen of Dr. John Maclean ceased to travel over white paper, but Canadian letters has reason to be grateful for what it has on record from this kind-hearted, generous, modest, loving and well-beloved Christian gentleman.

\* \* \*

#### A POET FROM THE WEST

An interesting visitor to Toronto last month was the Vancouver poet and novelist, A. M. Stephen, in the

course of his recital tour. Preceding the recital of selections from his own work Mr. Stephen made the claim that Canadian literature of the past three decades equalled in quality that of any other English speaking country. Canada should be proud of her poets, novelists and biographers, and all Canadians should be conversant with the best work of the writers of their own land.

"From the great days of Greece and Rome," said Mr. Stephen, "it is the spiritual things that have outlived the years; and so it will be with Canada; and only by knowing our own Canadian literature can we become conscious of the soul and spirit of Canada and discover our own highest powers as a nation."

A significant part of Mr. Stephen's message was his evidence as to increasing importance of the Canadian literature as a course of study in the schools. This would soon be compulsory in all the schools west of the Great Lakes. The response of the students in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes to the work of Canadian poets was most gratifying, as shown in the contents of the school magazines published by the students.

Besides readings of his own work Mr. Stephen made selections from *The Golden Treasury of Canadian Verse*, which thoroughly delighted his audiences.

\* \* \*

#### Your Message Christina Willey

A WAKING to far music in the night,  
A sudden sun-spear on a day of rain,  
Cold water at trail's end.  
A happy phrase forgotten, found again,  
More calm than rapture, gentler than delight,  
The unexpected greeting from a friend.

# Rain

By C. F. Lloyd

TO city people, hurrying home from work at night or towards work of a morning, or perhaps looking forward to the enjoyment of an infrequent holiday, rain presents itself for the most part as a nuisance, or at best a necessary evil, creating mud, spoiling summer clothes and often interfering with the operations of that many-headed, remorseless monster, business.

Like a good many other things, human beings included, rain can be seen at its best only in the country where its obvious utility rather enhances than detracts from its occasional beauty. I say occasional because not all rain storms are beautiful, some are dreary, sordid and, if one may coin a word, delightful. Nothing can be more squalid than a late autumn rain falling on bare, plowed fields and leafless woods, just as nothing can be more attractive to eye and ear than the first warm rain of spring which comes in this country usually when the trees are in bud, Tennyson's mist of green, the baby leaves only half open. Such a rain seems miraculous in its power to cleanse and revivify, to wash away the last lingering refuse of winter. It sets the sap leaping, wakes the chilled flowers from their too-long sleep and summons the arriving birds to singing and nest building. After the bitter cold of winter, driving the dry snow with a powdery rustle across the roofs, very sweet and soothing, almost sacramental is the murmur on the old shingles of the first spring rain. I have known sick folk, especially those who were waiting the great change, to listen for the earliest sound of the returning rain eagerly, exhibiting every sign of keen disappointment when it did not come. I wonder why they longed for that sound. Is

there something in the vital power of rain almost capable of setting the tide of the ebbing blood aflow up the beach of life again? It would almost seem so.

Next to an early spring rain most welcome is the storm that breaks a long drought. Day after day the parched earth has gaped for the life-giving moisture, like a man dying of thirst. The sun hangs like a great globe of molten metal in the cruel sky. Flowers die, the birds cease to sing, the streams dry up, the grain turns yellow before due time, the cattle seek the few muddy waterholes remaining in the bed of the creek, or disconsolately crop the perishing herbage. Even the deep-rooted trees show signs of suffering, presenting a dry, shrivelled, dusty appearance, like men grown suddenly old. Then, when every green thing seems about to pass from the earth, the wind changes from dry northwest to southeast, and not even the stout burghers of Leyden during their terrible siege welcomed the changing wind more joyfully than does the farmer as he notes the gathering clouds along the horizon, the volant blaze of the sheet lightning, hears the restless rumble of the thunder, and hopes that his perishing crop is to be saved at last. Too often in the Canadian west the rain that breaks the mid-summer drouth becomes ere many minutes have passed the lashing white fury of the hail, completing the destruction which the dry weather began.

I like to sit on the verandah of a farm house and watch the rains of spring and summer, the fruitful rains. But when those of fall set in I prefer the warm fireside and a book. They have no beauty, those fall rains, they grope like the icy fingers of death, searching for perishable clay.



Their gray veils obscure the dull, lifeless landscape and the winds on whose wings they are borne have the voices of lost souls. But with the fruitful rains it is otherwise. They murmur soothingly on the roof, gurgle pleasantly in the eave-troughs or down the dry channel of the brook. They advance bravely round the end of the distant greenwood, their long lances flashing in the sun as he breaks the violet edge of the piled storm cloud into flying splinters of gold. They advance warily with a sort of elfish dance. First come a few heavy drops pattering on the leaves, the grass, the dry gravel, the dusty flowers and drier shingles. Then follows a silence almost breathless. One would think that the suspended rain, high up in the drifting clouds, was pausing mischievously to listen for the effect produced by that refreshing patter of the skirmish line. Then with a roar as of a released Niagara, the windows of heaven are opened and the separate drops become merged into swift, glancing lines or solid sheets that twist and dance in weird contortions if the wind chance to blow up freshly as it nearly always does at such a time. When the storm has spent its force the lines break into drops once more, shining globes of water whose earthward flight can be distinctly traced if they chance to fall between you and the sun.

I was travelling across a Texas prairie some years ago in search of a stray cow. The day had been unusually bright and hot, but after a time the sky became overcast by a thick, leaden pall of low-flying clouds moving west. Suddenly the rain fell upon me in such a body of rushing, tepid water that I fancied for a moment that I had been caught in a cloudburst. It was too warm and soft to be unpleasant, but I never saw such another downpour anywhere else in my life. One minute I was perfectly dry—the next I seemed to have been

plunged over the crown of my head in a warm bath. Within twenty minutes after the storm started the sun was shining again out of an almost cloudless sky and before I reached home I was as dry as when I set out.

Rains vary in their form with the season and the latitude. The rain of early spring in the north is usually a gentle thing, often a mere mist, through which the half opened buds glimmer softly. Those light spring rains are the tenderest things in nature. I like to fancy that it is to such music as theirs that our dead will some day waken out of the formless dust into the glory of the revived body. They do not violate, these gentle rains, they heal; they do not kill, they quicken. The hot midsummer rains fall for the most part sheer down, in long, heavy, unbroken lines. Seen at a distance across a landscape partly in strong sunlight, they suspend ragged veils of blue-black vapor that seems to possess the weight and solidity of old tapestry. They are downright in their onslaught and mean business. The rains of fall and early winter involve the whole landscape for hours and days. They sweep with a curious, slanting curve before the wind, falling with a dull splash, cold as the waves of December, hopeless and leaden as the thud of clouds on a coffin; I hate them.

Of the sounds of rain in the night, heard but not seen, I like best the low, sleep-inducing murmur of the passing shower that comes when the air is hot, lifeless, stagnant as an old fish-pond in a deserted park, and stirs it into vivid life. I have lain awake on hot nights listening for this sound, to fall into a refreshing sleep the moment it came.

Bitterest of all sounds of rain is the splash, splash of the dull October storm falling upon the raw earth of a new-made grave, beating the frail beauty of the pitiful flowers into mud. Listening to this heart-breaking

sound one sees, despite philosophy,  
the discolored stream creeping down,  
down through the thin wood and tin-  
sel of the undertaker's slatternly  
splendor upon the cold, white face  
and crossed hands of what was once  
one's friend. How much better would  
be the white rush of the cleansing

and releasing flame, the pale ashes  
flung to the winds or deposited in the  
urn which love might make a thing of  
beauty.

Even as I write these words the  
rain falls heavily and I dare not  
listen.

"Frater ave atque vale."

## Immortality

By Adah Reid

YOU say I shall not live again?  
Tell me, what should you know of God  
Who will not lay your bitter heart  
In peace against the quiet sod,

And feel all life, pulsing and sweet,  
Push up against your finite dust  
Giving you hope and life and joy  
Freedom from pain and lust;

You said I should not live again?  
I shall believe you when  
I cannot hear the birds in Spring  
Nor see the daffodils again.

## High Winds

By Norman Campbell

BLOW, Blow! O Winds, Blow fierce and high:  
And shout, and shout far down the sky.  
And laugh, O winds, and laugh;  
Here lies the chaff  
O winnow it,  
And scatter it  
And fling it far and wide—  
Leave naught beside  
But sleep, O winds, but sleep—  
A long, long dreamless sleep.

Ah, sleep I may,  
When roaring winds toss high  
Great trees against a leaden sky.  
Such sleep I pray  
When my lax body rests  
Between that old hill's breasts  
Where pines strum sweet and high  
My last, last lullaby.



# Splinters From a Free Lance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

## XIV.—OUR SIDE OF IT

IT never seems to occur to the layman that the work of "writing things for the magazines" implies years of patient and unremitting effort, of hard study and hard work. Not so long ago, a girl who had never before written anything, enquired regarding the editorial address of one of America's most noted papers—the kind of paper it took Fanny Hurst years to make, the kind that pays up to a thousand dollars for the short stories it ordinarily uses. This girl, to all appearances was human, endowed with powers of locomotion at least and she could blink her eyes and talk. But—she had just written an article and planned to send it to this magazine. And I had to answer her with calm visage and casual air. If I'd told her the truth and advised her to save postage, she would have been hurt and incredulous.

There aren't enough bad words in the vocabulary, I contend. This same girl, who is just one out of the multitude, would not think of trying to cut out a patient's appendix or fill a bad cavity in someone's starboard bicuspid. She wouldn't know a soldering-iron from a cotter-pin—yet she'd sit down earnestly at her desk and after a few hours' work send a sheaf of paper off to the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Cosmopolitan* or *Liberty*. God save us!

Why it should be so, I can't imagine. Everyone knows that the surgeon who performs a major operation has put in years of study and apprenticeship; the need of superior training and skill is conceded to him and his work is treated, as it no doubt deserves to be, (Mr. Shaw to the contrary notwithstanding,) with respect and awe. But any bus-driver, cat's meat-man or soda jerker will take up

the lead-pointed scalpel and without a qualm tackle the major operation of producing a short story.

That there are in writing, as in any difficult profession, a thousand and one ramifications, countless rules and canons, a vast body of general knowledge and applied particular knowledge to the phase of life in hand, seems entirely to escape the mind of the masses.

How many people have said to me, "I'd write myself if I had time" or, "I've done a few little yarns myself"—that sort of thing, I hesitate to say. It's simply revolting. No men or women who have made even a tolerable success of writing, no matter how great the native genius they were endowed withal, ever did it without great effort, great toil and great disappointment. Probably it was in this connection that originated the ancient saw about fools doing a nosedive while Lindberghs fly straight on.

Then about books—in this part of the world where the general attitude toward books is, "Why, we have a book already, what's the use of any more?" I have seen elderly ladies and honest clerks and clergymen set aside the entire body of paid literary-critics, ignore their existence entirely if they ever even knew about it, and come out with *ex cathedra* pronunciations on things they knew nothing at all about. It's only ignorance, of course, and should be treated as such, but it's vastly irritating to hear people who have yet to give birth to their first idea, settle in a few words some years of an honest man's thinking.

Hearing such, I often wish that the study of Zola, De Maupassant, Anatole France and Flaubert, Fielding, Hardy and George Moore might be added to the worth-while courses in

Milton, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray in our public schools. However evil the result, it could not be much worse than the present state of affairs.

One of Canada's lady authors had published recently a book that several ponderous persons pointed out to me as a disgrace to our national literature. Idle to tell these people that *Madame Bovary* was so considered in France and that Flaubert was called all sorts of things for having turned out such a book. Idle, nay, worse than idle. Few of them have heard of Flaubert and, for all they know, *Madame Bovary* might be a chiropodist.

We can, obviously, never get far as long as a state of mind so utterly narrow, parochial, and back-woods, continues to persist. Criticism by the untutored is a baneful thing. We have in Canada the writers, men and women, capable of adding worthily to the growing body of our literature, but guilds, leagues, service-clubs and such-like worthy things should in the beginning adopt a policy of hands-off. Nothing too bad can be said of people who call any book that has something of merit "a disgrace to our literature." That is the very thing we must avoid. It has been said by wiser men than me, that there are no bad books—it's the persons who read them.

I do not, in this "disgraceful" matter, allude to the gentle pastoral romance that was published under my name last fall; though it came in for a splendid share of quodlibets, dumb criticism and pyrotechnic displays of ill-will. No one, to date, has openly called it a disgrace, so perhaps there is still hope for the people. I should be greatly encouraged if some kind well-wisher would put it among the disgraceful—that would increase my hope for its future.

Now, all this has been said to make known the attitude of people in general towards authors and books. That it's a fatally bad attitude needs no

demonstration. Writers have to give their very best to their work, heart and soul go into its production, it may cost sleepless nights and days of driving toil, the presumption is that the writer means well. Don't then, too quickly condemn, don't judge out of your own meagre knowledge of the world's literature. Remember—if you don't know this you can take it on faith—that from Ovid to Rabelais to James Joyce, some of the worst writings have been the best.

Also reflect that you don't question the doctor's methods of sewing up a wound or the dentist's way of causing you the most agony. Why then, *en nom de Dieu!* should you criticize literary work unless your own knowledge and skill in such work is as great proportionately as the doctor's or dentist's is great?—in which case, you will rarely criticize, for you will understand.

A writer, if he thinks honestly of his calling and takes his work seriously, realizes that he is charged with the work of holding up life for all to see. Must he never offend? Does life never offend? No matter how much you may ignore the unpleasant aspects of life, I defy you to pass a glue-factory with your nose in good order and not know it's there. No country can have a literature if it frowns on all save that which is most Pollyannian, and it's silly, to say the least, to walk along gazing at the clouds when your new shoes are getting into all sorts of mire, just because you refuse to look down.

There is a new freedom, that after all is an ancient freedom, creeping into Canadian books. It will, inevitably, be hailed as pernicious, subversive, disgraceful. But it will persist, the prevailing provincialism will perish with increase in population and all these people who are living now will soon be dead. So there is nothing to be gloomy about.



But we must bear in mind that greatness, in literature above all, must not be circumscribed by the considerations of town or parish. That's an old plea. In this country it is sad to confess that there is need for it to be made. We should be a tolerant people, should give every man, even if he writes, a chance to have his say; not stifle him just because he affects our personal hallucinations and riles our complexes. Finally let it be said that ignorance, harmful to any calling, can do most harm to one so delicate and spiritual as the writer's, that great books are for great minds; and little minds, which must ever be in the majority, should arrogate to themselves neither the right to praise nor the right to condemn.

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#### A TRIBUTE TO WESTERN YOUTH

Reference was made in last month's report of the meeting of the Montreal branch of the Canadian Authors Association of the address by Mrs. C. B. Waagen, on "Prairie Horizons and Eastern Backgrounds," but what she had to say was worth more attention than this passing mention. She advocated definite educational work through Canadian clubs and other organizations and in the schools, especially the small schoolhouses of the western provinces, along the line of developing Canadian consciousness. There should be an all-Canadian background. This was particularly important in considering the effect upon foreign-born immigrants. The desired end could be accomplished by means of lecture courses and other means of spreading inspirational and informative material about Canada. Clergymen, missionaries and members of the extension departments of universities could be enlisted to take part in lecture tours.

Mrs. Waagen sees great hope for the development of the proper Canadian spirit in the mental quality and characteristics of the rising genera-

tion of Canadians in the western provinces. These young people, according to Mrs. Waagen's observations, are developing an individualism and a feeling of optimism and belief that they are really building something very fine.

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#### VANCOUVER POETRY SOCIETY.

During recent weeks extremely interesting and valuable lectures have been delivered before the Vancouver Poetry Society by members of the staff of the University of British Columbia. Dean Coleman covered the field of the poetry of childhood; Dr. A. F. B. Clark presented an informative synopsis of the views of Benedetto Croce and the New Criticism; Professor E. E. Delavault dealt with modern French poetry. A feature of the last-named lecturer's evening was the interpretative readings from the works of Verlaine, Verhaeren and others of the Symbolist School. Each poem was read in the original by the lecturer and a translation of it by Lewisohn given by the president, A. M. Stephen. The membership of the Society has increased and a spirit of enthusiasm marks its regular gatherings. Six books have been published by members during the season of 1927: *The Land of Singing Waters*, and *The Kingdom of the Sun*, by A. M. Stephen; *My Garden of Dreams*, by Ernest P. Fewster; *The Silent Zone*, by Annie Charlotte Dalton; *The Miracle of Roses*, by A. M. Winlow, and *A Pool of Stars*, by Dr. Lionel Stevenson.

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#### BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO A FRIEND

By Daisy L. Saunders

**M**Y birthday wish—May each succeeding  
year  
Weave in thy loom of life a golden  
thread

Of perfect happiness. May dreary care  
Lie far within the background of thy past,  
His gloomy colors throwing in relief  
The peaceful happiness of days to come.  
Deeper and fuller may each moment be  
Richly embroidered by love's tracery.

## A Poet

By Alexander Louis Fraser

THE crowds pass on: with them he does not go,  
 But tarries to console a sobbing child;  
 Or treadeth softly where the violets blow  
 In some retreat; or is an hour beguiled  
 By Spring's first warbler; or he loves to gaze  
 At lambent lightning or at storm-swept skies;  
 Or to the soul of things devotion pays:  
 Or with the world's birth-throes will sympathize.

Each sound and sight is in his service pressed,  
 And lives in after years when mothers sing,  
 Within the twilight's haze, their babes to rest;  
 Or sacred temples with hosannas ring;  
 Or when dumb hearts find pain or joy expressed  
 In words beyond their own imagining.

## Sunset

By C. F. Lloyd

A STORMY glory lingers in the west,  
 Rich as a thought unfathomably deep,  
 Borne vermeil-winged adown the vale of sleep,  
 When all our earthly being is possessed  
 By the divine omnipotence of rest,  
 While through the fumes of weariness that steep  
 The brain moods, fancies, recollections creep,  
 Till comes oblivion, a most welcome guest.

The glory fades as soon shall fade the glare,  
 Beauty and ugliness of earthly days.  
 The coward soul that shrinks, the brave who dare  
 With all that they have earned of blame or praise,  
 Must to one shadowy rendezvous repair,  
 Vanishing lights that pass beyond our gaze.



## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—the students' executive council of McGill University have decided upon the establishment of a Book Exchange at the University.

—One of the big books of 1928 will be J. L. Garvin's biography of Joseph Chamberlain now definitely announced for autumn publication.

—E. Cockburn Kyte, a librarian of thirty years' experience in England, is to come to Canada as Chief Librarian at Queens University, Kingston.

—Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen is writing a book dealing with the years in which he was actively engaged in politics at Ottawa as Minister and Premier.

—Messrs. T. P. Loblaw and F. K. Morrow, of Toronto, donors of the Stevenson Memorial Library, at Alliston, Ontario, were honored by a civic banquet in that town on March 15th.

—a recent presentation to the Winnipeg Public Library was a volume of poems by Louis Riel, the rebel, published in 1886. The title is *Poesies Religieuses et Politiques*. The poems are in French, most of them with religious themes.

—six requests have been made by other organizations for a repetition of the address dealing with the significance of a national literature for Canada as given before the Rotary Club, of Vancouver, by Mr. Percy Gomersly in January.

—Dr. Lorne Pierce, of Toronto, has recently visited Vancouver in connection with a projected new library of Canadian historical research, of which the first two volumes are being edited by Judge F. W. Howay, of Vancouver. The first will be the papers relating to the *Dixon-Meares Controversy*, and the second will be a translation of Zimmerman's *Captain Cook* by Cecil French.

—an exhibition of rare books, maps and manuscripts at Redpath Library, McGill University, contains among other rarities a copy of *Novus Orbis Regio*, published at Basle, in 1537, the work of Simon Granaeus. There is also a copy of Ducreux's *Historiae Canadensis*, written by a Jesuit father and a first edition, dated 1652, of Horne's *De Originibus Americensis*, besides a wealth of Champlain books and many other volumes dealing with trail-blazers of Canadian history.

—the present system of teaching Canadian history was denounced by Prof. Mc-

Arthur, of Queens University, at the meeting of Ontario Urban School Trustees' Association in Toronto on March 14th. "Much of the history needs re-writing to give it the tang of reality," he said. No other subject was so hated by graduates from Collegiate Institutes as Canadian history. This he attributed to the present "utterly vicious system of teaching for examinations."

—the Library and the Book Shop were the themes of addresses at the Montreal Public Forum recently, the speakers being Mrs. Mary Duncan Carter, Ph.B., assistant director of the McGill University Library School, and Miss Norah Thompson, M.A., book adviser of the largest of Canada's department stores. "A city may grow physically, but not mentally, without a Library," was one of Mrs. Duncan's crisp remarks. Miss Thompson deplored the excessive reading of fiction by women. "Instead of using books as a help in life, they are using them as an escape from life." Speaking of the many beautiful editions of books, Miss Thompson remarked that they urged one to turn a book shop into a beautiful book gallery so that people could turn to them to see the actual beauty of many of the best books.

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### EXTENSIVE RECITAL TOUR

Katherine Hale has returned to Toronto after an extensive recital tour which included Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Edmonton, Vancouver, Victoria, San Francisco and Los Angeles, indicating that she has been carrying Canadian themes pretty far afield.

In San Francisco she filled engagements at the California Writer's Club, the Women's Press Club and the Paul Elder Gallery, and in Los Angeles at the Women's Press Club.

Her subjects on this tour included "French Canada," "Modern Canadian Poetry," "Canadian Houses of Romance," "Legends and Chansons of French Canada."

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Lists of modern books ordinarily make dull reading, it is therefore with a smile we find in the latest Quarterly Book List of the Pratt Institute, the title *Diet and Health, with a Key to the Calories*, a fair pun on a well-known book, says "The Librarian," in the *Regina Leader*.

\* \* \*

The April *Canadian Magazine* has fiction by Beatrice Redpath, J. E. Middleton, Bengé Atlee, besides several interesting feature articles by Canadian authors. The fourth in the series of reprints of outstanding Canadian stories is "Great Godfrey's Lament," by Edward William Thomson.



## A Search for Lasting Values Among the New Books

By Marcus Adeney

FOR a mere man to undertake the solemn appraisal of five novels (very good novels, let me say at the outset) by five of the most intelligent and accomplished of women, would surely be presumptuous. I suspected this at the beginning; now I am fully convinced. Having looked out upon life through five pairs of feminine eyes I begin to realize that my masculine understanding is strictly limited, that there are no end of human subtleties which must necessarily escape the most careful male scrutiny, that the essential differences between man and woman (while implying no superiority on either side) could hardly be overestimated. I make this hazardous assertion in the face of a large and growing body of opinion which claims (with good reason) that the influence of sex upon the mind is negligible. Bernard Shaw, I know, professes to treat his women characters exactly as though they were men. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, for whom I have the greatest respect, maintains that sex does not enter into the question of writing at all. But no woman of my acquaintance can who'ly accept *Candida* as a characterization (to me she is frankly impossible) and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's writings strike me as being peculiarly feminine. Miss Radclyffe Hall recently declared, perhaps justly, that "to-day the women novelists are outstripping the men in England, on the Continent and in America." In which case may we not suppose that they possess certain initial advantages? And are not advantages of this kind usually counterbalanced?

Here are five novels, each distinctly well written and possessing a character of its own. How shall I speak of them as a group? They all interested me, and despite their many differences they interested me in much the same way. The delicacy of the human touch, the keen sense for human relations—this quality they did indeed have in common. It held my attention hour after hour, through page after page of excessive verbiage. For there are far too many words in these five books, a danger which Kathleen Freeman alone seems seriously to have considered. Perhaps the reading public is partly responsible. A certain amount of bulk is, I believe, usually demanded in return for a two dollar investment. But why not a one dollar purchase of thirty thousand words? We live in an age of many printing presses and excessive personal activity. There is much that every intelligent person would like to read and we have so little time to devote to books. All authors, even those who are firmly established in the popular imagination should, I believe, consider these things. The intelligent reader's time is socially valuable.

Another thing that impressed me at the time of reading was the figure of man as seen through woman's eyes. Again I must make an exception in favor of Miss Freeman, who presents the masculine consciousness directly and with remarkable success.

Matts, the hero of *Red Rust*, is controlled by Mrs. Cannon with an iron hand and really lives only during certain moments of rare poetic exaltation. In his contact with others he simply embodies the womanly ideal of a considerate man, and so loses all individuality. Matts will thoroughly exasperate many readers of his own sex, even those who would naturally share his evolutionary enthusiasms. *Red Rust* exalts the evolution theory. If there had been no suppression of scientific education in America this book would never have appeared in its present form. Foreign readers will probably be surprised to find so much spiritual significance attached to the improvement of wheat by selection (a noble form of mysti-

RED RUST. By Cornelia James Cannon. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

IRON AND SMOKE. By Sheila Kaye Smith. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

THE RESPECTABLE LADY. By Katherine Tynan. London: Collins.

NOVEMBER NIGHT. By the author of *Miss Tiverton Goes Out*. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

QUARELLING WITH LOIS. By Kathleen Freeman. London: Jonathan Cape.



cism); but some of us on this partially benighted continent needed something of the sort if only to show that "religious" enthusiasm may centre just as strongly about *The Origin of Species* as about the Book of Genesis. All honor to Cornelia James Cannon for a sincere and vital piece of work. Here we have not only an "Epic of the Soil" but a foretaste of the tremendous work of art which will at last do justice to our complex modern world.

Humphrey, in *Iron and Smoke*, remains rather shadowy. But since the book is so frankly about women this does not greatly matter. The story of two generations provides material for some significant (and amusing) social contrasts. Incidentally we are given a very good suggestion of the Great War, as it affected certain English ladies in Sussex, together with a few hints as regards the feelings of those who had to do the dirtiest work. The story is original and, as need hardly be remarked, is expertly told. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, I am inclined to believe, missed genius only by a hair's breadth.

Katherine Tynan tells us about more nice women in wartime. Her male characters are spoken of always in terms of womanly interest, and one hates to think what effect this book will have upon hesitant bachelors. Fortunately not all wives are permitted to sink wholly into the woman's world of personal interest. When they do so marriage is a failure; for, as some wit has remarked, the value of marriage lies precisely in its power to humanize a man and to dehumanize a woman. I do not for a moment wish to disparage *The Respectable Lady* which is in many ways an excellent novel. But how the male reader longs to scatter those women and all their affairs as one might scatter an ant-heap, to bring them face to face, just for a moment, with something beyond themselves and their intimate friends, something big enough to justify the bringing of more children into the world (for sentiment certainly is not enough.)

*November Night* is a stream-of-consciousness novel. Denise lives a smart, unsatisfactory life amid the luxurious surroundings that were to console her for the loss of a career and the man she loved, also for the eternal presence of Horace. Horace does not seem very important at first; a big, slow, methodical brute who makes Denise's empty, difficult life each day a trifle more difficult. Such discouraging people, one feels! Could anyone's stream of consciousness be less interesting? Then, as the story proceeds in its leisurely fashion, so cleverly, so consistently, and with an infinitude of dots (how easy it must be to write descriptive passages which trail off

into dots whenever immediate inspiration is lacking!) gradually one comes to feel a certain sympathy for Denise. It happened to me in spite of prejudice and a lot of natural ill-feeling. But if Horace had remained only a ghostly accessory to Denise's miserable stream of consciousness one would still be tempted to dismiss the whole novel with a few contemptuous remarks. However, he does not. He amazingly comes to life, breathes, suffers, and there are parts of this book which, if you read them aloud to someone who can really appreciate, seem almost unbearably real.

Gregory, in *Quarrelling With Lois* would be immediately and clearly recognizable to any man, as a man, something which could not safely be said of any other character in these five novels. Moreover the book is mainly about Gregory, and expresses Gregory's point of view, with which Miss Freeman frankly sympathizes. He is not an exceptional man in any way, nor does he associate with exceptional people; but so skilfully has Miss Freeman presented her characters that they stand out definitely as symbols of our times. For instance, there is Gregory's mother, whose will is not very far removed from the Will of God. What she decides must be for the best, for everyone's best. Her son, on the contrary, is frankly egotistical. He wants what he wants, for himself alone. He thinks that everyone is inclined the same way, including his mother, and his actions are singularly generous and honorable if only because he has accepted selfishness, with all its implications, as a fact in nature, and does not expect others to share his own point of view. *Quarrelling With Lois* might have been written as a play. It is brief, witty, and wonderfully human.

George Moore is reported to have said of music and art generally that it was 'just mere spitting at the stars. And when women try to spit too the thing is worse than ridiculous for they cannot compete with men.' I rather think that saying will endure, it is so vulgar and expressive and shocking. Of course no one will agree with him, but some such remark was necessary to balance Miss Hall's extravagant claims. For my part I believe that fewer women than men possess the power of emotional detachment and verbal reticence necessary for the creation of truly great works of art. A novel is like a capacious jug; into it all manner of things may be poured, and it will not, like those slender vases, poetry or painting, overflow. When another *Bridge of San Luis Rey* is given to the world by a woman I shall retract all these generalizations and humbly apologize. But not until then.

WINTERSMOON. By Hugh Walpole. Double-day, Doran & Gundy. \$2.00.

Walpole's devotion to the disappearing Victorians is again evident in his newest book and many are the readers who will find it a volume to be treasured as a lasting joy. As a novel it is characterized by Walpole's usual good craftsmanship. Viewed from all angles it is well done. For those readers whose concern is the story itself, the book is satisfying, but there is an added joy for those who set store on an author's bi-products. For instance, such readers will thoroughly enjoy the comparatively inconsequential part played in the story by Johnnie Beamister—or rather the glamor which Walpole throws around this character.

Beamister has achieved man's span of three-score-and-ten when the story opens. His own activity in life has, of course,



HUGH WALPOLE

slowed down, but he still manages to get an immense satisfaction out of the world—which is London. In fact he is one of the owners of London. What city in the world can compare with London? His whole being exudes admiration for London as he sees it and he approves of all that he sees, for his daily course is along the same pleasant way between his quarters and the Zophany Club. Despite temptations to turn into other attractive streets, he must pass along the same way, crossing the street at exactly the same spot in order to realize to the full his daily joy in his own London.

Thus each morning he casts approving eyes on the architecture of St. James' Church, which he has attended since boyhood. Even the window of the shop with flowers at prices that only the preternaturally rich could afford to pay, has his approving daily glance. Not that he ever desires or has occasion to actually buy any of the flowers, but it is a pleasant part of the picture of his London.

Similarly is the reader taken into the inmost thoughts of the genial old gentleman at his beloved Zophany Club and in the intimate precincts of the bachelor quarters where he is so faithfully served by an equally ancient retainer, having mental habits not a whit less thoroughly ingrained than those of his master.

Whole passages should be reprinted to properly convey these delights, but perhaps these references will serve to indicate the nature of some of the bi-products which so enhance the reader's enjoyment of this book. J.M.

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SALLY OF SHOW ALLEY. By Homer King Gordon. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co. \$2.00.

Sally is read-headed. Her mother, who had been an actress, determined that her daughter should be "a lady." She imparted high ideals to the girl. But at 18 Sally is left an orphan, none too well provided for and, discovered by an astute theatrical "scout," she gets into her natural habitat—the wings and dressing rooms of big Broadway productions. Her ideals are a stumbling block to her stage career and the fight between her Puritan principles and the gay night life of the Rialto, is the theme of the story, which is thronged with figures and moves buoyant and spiritedly along to a fitting conclusion.

\* \* \*

OF THEM HE CHOSE TWELVE. By Clarence Edward Macartney. D.D. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. \$1.50.

Dr. Macartney, who is one of the best known of United States preachers, a former moderator of the Presbyterian church, in this book gives a straightforward analysis of the different temperaments and characters of the twelve apostles. This is done in a manner that will stimulate further study. It is a strong plea for greater faith.

\* \* \*

AMERICAN ECONOMIC HISTORY. By Walter W. Jennings, Ph.D. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co. \$3.00.

This is a volume of over five hundred pages packed with information. It covers the ground from exploration and settlement, through territorial expansion and growth of population, dealing with such subjects as immigration problems, agriculture, animal



life on the farm, general development of manufacturing, tariff policies, labor, lumbering, mining, fishing and trapping, the winning of commercial independence and foreign trade, transportation facilities, domestic commerce, money and banking.

This is just a cursory skipping over from peak to peak of the many important questions thoroughly dealt with by the author. The work has been painstakingly done and is most informative. Canadian readers are here afforded a book that will tell them a lot that they ought to know about their big neighbor.

Dr. Walter Jennings is professor of Economics in the University of Kentucky.

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**PARTNERS THREE.** By Elby Wagner. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co. \$2.00.

Elby Wagner will talk about Alaska but he won't talk about himself in the ordinary way, nor will he supply a photograph of himself—and that's that! He says he prefers to let his books speak for themselves and they do. They reveal that he knows his Alaska. *Partners Three* is a tale of the Alaska gold rush and the reader of this book does not need to be told that Wagner himself was in that rush. There are, of course, plenty of other books in similar vein. Some people think the Yukon and Alaska have been done to a turn by novelists, but there are plenty to welcome a stirring tale such as this.

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**ONE WIDE RIVER TO CROSS.** By Christine Whiting Parmenter. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co. \$2.00.

Christine Parmenter began writing for the magazines about ten years ago. One of her other recent books is *The Unknown Port*. In response to a request for biographical data she says:

"I am sadly lacking in college degrees (which look so well in a sketch of this sort!), my education having been picked up, for the most part, at home where a multitude of good books spilled over everywhere and reading aloud by my mother was an almost daily entertainment. Writing seems to be my only hobby, which is perhaps fortunate, as it consumes several hours every day; and my household consists of one husband, one daughter and one Spitz dog, without which the family would not seem complete." *One Wide River to Cross*, is the story of a young woman who was born on the wrong side of the river! Her mother had forsaken a wealthy home to marry the man she loved and the only home he could afford to give her was on the wrong side of the river in a somewhat exclusive and pretentious town. The author has worked out a most interesting story from this situation. Rosemary, the heroine, has a fine fighting spirit.

**MR. BATTLE PAYS THE BILLS.** By Mary Imlay Taylor. Crowell. \$2.00.

Here is a story of a big business man of the self-made type who, besides owning the biggest factory in the town, supports "an expensive family and a domineering wife who heads up the various club activities of their town; a weak, over-indulged son who has been pampered through early life and college . . . and a daughter whose chief problem is a certain young impecunious lawyer whom she favors, but who is in her mother's black books."

The sturdy, self-reliant old Battle who "pays the bills," stands back of it all and wonders "how in thunder things are going to come out anyway." It is through his eyes that the story is revealed to the reader. It is a refreshing tale. The action is swift and there are plenty of dramatic situations.

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**HORSE-LOVERS.** By Lt. Col. Geoffrey Brooke. London: Constable. (Toronto: Macmillan.) 12s 6d.

This is an admirable volume for all lovers of the horse and especially for those who take a keen interest in the hunt. The appeal of the book is strengthened by a fine colored frontispiece and several line drawings.

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### THE IMAGE OF LOVE

**T**HY peace, O God, forever dwells  
With man in Thine own image made;  
And did we see this man in men,  
Mankind were unafraid.

No more in arrogance would rise  
The nations set in ranks for war,  
For he who could love's image see  
His brother would restore.

Of love and hate as twin we speak,  
Though God is love and All-in-all;  
He in His holy temple is,  
And there let silence fall.

When spirit stirs, let flesh withdraw,  
Let matter as a shadow flee;  
The glory of the Lord is ours,  
As waters fill the sea.

This is the first poem in *Songs of Deliverance* (second series) a new and enlarged edition. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

\* \* \*

**ESSAY WRITING.** By R. D. O'Leary. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co., paper, 20 pages, 25 cents.

This is a handbook for the use of teachers including fifteen pages of assignments followed by half a dozen essays in outline and an illustration of the process by which one may arrive at a leading predication (or central idea) to work out an essay.

CLAIRE AMBLER. By Booth Tarkington. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy. \$2.

Tarkington is never more interesting than when dealing with young characters, and as a picture of the modern American "flapper," (I don't like that word but it certainly does express a type), his latest book is a work of art.

Claire is only eighteen at the opening of the story, and she is pretty enough and intelligent enough to turn the heads of all the men with whom she comes in contact. She is intensely self-centered and rather as a shock comes her awakening to the fact that there are other people besides herself who have thoughts and feelings to be considered.

Claire is nothing if not modern. She is sophisticated, talking glibly on all possible subjects, besides having all the other attributes of the modern girl. As to dancing, she wears out enough slippers to keep a factory going.

The second part of the book deals with the European touring of the Amblers. Men of various nationalities come within the sphere of her influence and are captivated.

The third part of the book sees her pass her twenty-fifth birthday with the remark that now she knows she will never get married. But fate wills otherwise and the outcome is a subtle tribute to Claire's real character and to the type she represents.

J.M.

\* \* \*

### THE GREAT LIFE

THE RADIANT STORY OF JESUS. By Alphonse S  ch  . Toronto: McLeod Limited. \$3.50.

This is a striking book in many ways. In it a student of the Nazarene can find interest and instruction. M. S  ch  , who is a distinguished man of letters, bases his account mainly on the four canonical Gospels, but he adds material from apocryphal writings as well as legends of Jesus' time, probably collected in the Middle Ages. His notes on the girlhood of the Virgin Mary, on other women associated with the new faith, and on the childhood of Jesus are entertaining; although (as is the way with traditions) he is slightly inaccurate in some cases. Yet the writer's comments, having no theological bias, are left to a reader's reason.

Viewing the literature of that early time, it is known that different disciples wrote Gospels, besides the four in the New Testament. Mark's likely precedes all. Luke wrote a second version of his "Good News" more than a score of years after his first. Peter and Paul both had Gospels of their own. There is the so-called Gospel of the Nazarenes, and many other fragments discovered

in this century. But M. S  ch   does not refer to them. He has not sought to dazzle or be even "literary"—he says in closing the preface: "I wanted my work to be simple and measured." Several Psalms are quoted and also extracts from the Prophets connected with the expected Messiah. The book is not a critical study; nor is it unconventional. In fact, it is full of reverence for the Master's life, teachings and individuality. A.H.B.

\* \* \*

### "... WITH WHITE FIRE LADEN"

The memory of John Ravenor Bullen, late representative in Canada for the English Quill Club, and former conductor of its trans-Atlantic *Circulator*, will long be pleasantly recalled by those who knew him. His poetry had a charm of its own, as many readers recognized, coupled with a firm lyrical beauty. A collection of his poetical works are published in a handsome volume bearing the imprint of the Recluse Press, Athol, Massachusetts, under the title *White Fire*.

It is difficult to say which poem seems most striking, for all are equally tuneful but certain sonnets hold attention. The book is in sections, the single "White Fire" first; the second is called "Arcady," beginning with "The Copse," followed by many dealing with the beauties of nature. Then follows "My Ideal" and the other love poems, showing their writer possessed some delightfully happy memories. "1914" treats of English ideals, and the last section is "The Music of the Spheres," ending with the simple yet beautiful three-verses, "Thy Perfect Peace." A.H.B.

\* \* \*

THE ESSAY. By R. D. O'Leary. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co. \$1.75.

The scope of this book is suggested by the titles of the five chapters: "What is an Essay," "The Essayist Type of Mind," "Aspects of the Essay," "The Structure of the Essay," and "Tone and Style of the Essay."

The author is professor of English at the University of Kansas. He presents his book with the hope that there will be a "more and more obvious interest in the human art of ideas as preached by all the great essayists for more than three hundred years."

His treatment of the subject is thoroughly modern. It is not a dry-as-dust professorial treatise but is concerned with the essay as a practical literary type written with charm and distinction. In the opening chapter the author discusses no fewer than eleven phases of the question: "What is an Essay."

This is a valuable addition to Crowell's library of books for students of English.



## THE HERESY OF ANTIOCH —AN INTERPRETATION

Reviewed by John W. Garvin

ONE evening, in the Fall of 1916, I addressed a county convention of teachers in the city of London, Ontario, on the subject of Canadian literature. It was shortly after the publication of the original edition of *Canadian Poets*. Robert Norwood was then Rector of the Cronyn Memorial Church, and Albert Durrant Watson and myself were his guests for the weekend. In the concluding paragraph, I made special reference to the Rector and prophesied that within 20 years from that date the name of Robert Norwood, "poet preacher and preacher poet," would be known throughout the English-speaking world. At the time he had published but one book of verse, *His Lady of the Sonnets*, but I had had access to three unpublished volumes, and had heard him preach two sermons. Today, eleven years and five months later, Norwood has seven books of notable verse printed and the brilliant prose work under review, and for nearly three years has been Rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, New York City, one of the most influential of Christian churches.

But this story is not told to laud my prophetic foresight, but to draw attention to the extraordinary mental and spiritual capacity of the man who has just published *The Heresy of Antioch*, a most penetrating insight into the life and mission of St. Paul.

Paul, the Apostle, was the first to grasp the revolutionary significance of the teaching of Jesus—the loving fatherhood of God, and the universal brotherhood of men—and the first to realize that the message was not only for the Jews, but for all humanity; and with what splendid faith and courage he went forth among the Gentiles to spread the light. But as barbaric cruelty and hatred prevailed in the hearts of men—the conquering Romans and the more or less enslaved nations brought beneath their yoke—what a task was his!

Like St. Paul, the Rector of St. Bartholomew's has little patience with man-made creeds and ceremonies, which have too long obscured the living message of the Christ, but he reverently accepts the Sermon on the Mount; and Jesus as his chief exemplar.

In this book you will find the phrase, "the tenderness of the universe" several times repeated. It is a striking phrase and is used because Dr. Norwood believes with Bergson that the whole objective universe in

constant evolution is but manifestation of the Infinite Life or Consciousness which is God, and believes further that Jesus was the supreme spiritual moral and loving embodiment in human form of the Infinite Spirit for the enlightenment of the world.

Paul's unique ministry was "the ministry of Protestantism" (pages 93-95). "What is Protestantism? It is the expression of an independence of all ecclesiastical authority. Proceeding from the conviction that man is divine in origin, it posits for him an inward illumination won by his assertion of himself as a son of God. To be a son of God, a man must posit for himself identity of nature with his Father. That identity is the ground of his authority for speaking in terms of a personal experience with God. Protestantism is an assertion of the right of the individual to find his way to God. It is the expression of the belief that the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, that the light that was revealed in Jesus is also revealed in those who love God. The Sermon on the Mount constitutes all the articles of Christian Protestantism."

For a time, when a young man, after he had read Renan's *Life of Christ*, Norwood's faith in a historical Jesus was shaken, but the testimony in Paul's Epistles, written as they had been in the colloquial Greek of the days of the Apostles, and carefully preserved in the original tongue, restored his faith with increased power. Saul of Tarsus had bitterly opposed the teaching of Jesus and had persecuted His disciples unto death, but the spirit of the Master had called him, and there was no gainsaying his testimony. He knew all the facts at first hand and his fine intellect and dominant personality had yielded to the redeeming influence of the Saviour of men.

Good poets invariably rank high as writers of prose, and Robert Norwood is no exception to the rule. His diction is clear and strong, and the interest never for a moment flags. He has a profound knowledge of his subject, and he has that mystical flaming vision which so characterized the life and letters of St. Paul. Read this book and you may discover that this 20th Century Paul has a message for humanity, as ringing and almost as much needed as that of his great prototype.

\* \* \*

THE PALESTINE CAMPAIGNS. By Colonel A. P. Wavel, C.M.G., M.C. London: Constable. 12s 6d.

This volume is in the creditable series, "Campaigns and Their Lessons," edited by Major-General Sir Charles Calwell, K.C.B. The last previous volume was *The Waziristan Campaign*, by Col. H. de Watterville. Like that book, this new volume is replete with maps in colors and valuable appendices.

THE HERESY OF ANTIOCH. By Robert Norwood. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy Ltd. \$2.50.



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Your Bookseller Has These

THE RYERSON PRESS

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**SALVAGE ALL.** By Grace Morgan Jones. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co. \$2.00.

This is a first novel by a Canadian author, a native of Chatham, Ontario, who is now living in California. It is a tale of Vancouver Island and from the appearance of Tisana, the street singer, in the opening passages, the story is replete with incidents and scenes that are gripping in their realism. Tisana is practically a waif. True, there is her drunken father, good natured and abusive by turns, but his existence is of no real benefit to her. But she is not without friends for there is Peter—big, burly Peter, able seaman—who, whenever he is ashore, plays the part of big brother to Tisana. Another trusty friend is a retired old sea captain who keeps an eye on the girl during her father's long sprees. Tisana loses Peter for quite a long time, when the big fellow is shanghaied, not getting back home for many months.

The salt of the sea is in this tale and there is a powerful climax in a fight to the death on board a vessel that is drifting on the reefs.

*Salvage All* is an unusually good first novel. Its scent of the sea, together with admirable characterization, especially that of the happy-go-lucky little Tisana, give it outstanding merit.

\* \* \*

**THE BRONZE TURKEY.** By Elizabeth Willis. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co. \$2.00.

At thirteen Alicia Abercombe, after having been a pampered "poor little rich girl," suddenly finds herself left to her own resources in Western Canada. She finds that she must fend for herself in the give-and-take atmosphere of a household on a big Canadian farm. While this is an outdoor story for girls, there is nothing mawkishly sentimental about it. In fact it is a picture of healthy family life and the boy and girl characters of the tale are remarkably well drawn. The tale is full of action, humor, with a goodly portion of hard common sense. Girl Guides and all girls going in for athletics and outdoor life will like it immensely. The attractiveness of the book is enhanced by the color illustrations by Howard Hastings.

\* \* \*

**THE PORTRAIT INVISIBLE.** By Joseph Goltz. Toronto: Macmillan. \$2.00.

This is a novel of almost incredibly swift action and is full of startling situations, including the outcome of it all. The significance of the title is the consuming passion of a scientist named Galt as to the motives and reactions of men and women. He is heartless and has no moral sense but has an uncanny insight which gives him a strange hold on all who come within his range of action.

**HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY.** By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D. 480 pages 8vo. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co.

Dr. Dresser has given us this notable work following up his service for students in the publication of his *History of Ancient and Mediaeval Philosophy*. That volume gave a survey of philosophical thought from the sixth century B.C. to well into the Middle Ages. This new volume carries the reader from that point to leading tendencies of modern thought.

The work is divided into two parts—the first leading from Francis Bacon to Immanuel Kant, the second from Kant to the present time. Among those considered in Part I. are Bacon, Hobbes, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Locke, Berkeley and Hume. Part II. starts with a thorough-going study of Kant, followed by Ficht, Schelling, Schleiermacher, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Mill, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and modern schools of thought.

Though this book marks the transition between the older schools, based on differing world conditions as contrasted with the more materialistic modern civilization, Dr. Dresser points out that the trend of thought remains essentially the same, modern thought constantly reminding us of contributions made by the ancient Greeks.

The author in the preface concludes as follows:

"The references at the close of sections include works in English especially available for introductory study. Readings in the briefer works of the philosophers in the earlier period, such as Descartes' *Discourse on Method*, and Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge*, may readily be supplemented by Rand's selections from the works of classical modern philosophers. For the period after Kant, works on special phases of idealism are particularly recommended, notably Royce's *Spirit of Modern Philosophy* and *Lectures on Modern Idealism*. The Philosophy Series of the modern Students' Library includes small volumes of selections from the works of Descartes, Hume, Hegel, and other modern philosophers. The author's indebtedness, in addition to his debt to Royce and other historians of special periods, is indicated by footnotes."

\* \* \*

**I'D VENTURE ALL FOR THEE.** By J. S. Fletcher. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy. \$2.00.

In this new thriller Fletcher has chosen the '45 in Scotland as his background. The central character is a young Scottish nobleman who has fled his country with a price on his head because he had cast in his lot with the Stuarts. Exciting episodes lead to dramatic climaxes—all drawn from the actual history of that romantic time.



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## April Winds

By Frank Talbot Smith

**A**CROSS the fields of Arcady  
The winds of April call  
To lure the beggar from the street,  
The monarch from his hall.

The princess in her palace tower  
Among the turrets high,  
The maiden by the cottage gate,  
Have heard the joyful cry.

And maid and monarch, queen and  
clown,  
Come rushing forth amain  
To hear the winds of April shout  
Across the fields again.

Across the fields of Arcady  
Brave company have they  
Who go to hear the gipsy winds  
Upon an April day;

For hosts of yellow buttercups,  
And crowds of daffodils,  
And swarms of white anemones,  
Come trooping o'er the hills

To join the merry company  
Of those who sally forth,  
Of lowly and of high estate,  
From east, west, south and north,

From hovel, city street, and lane,  
From cottage, tower and hall,  
To hear across Arcadian fields  
The winds of April call.

\* \* \*

### A NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE

The past month has seen the establishment of a new publishing house in Toronto—the Balk-Preston Co., “at the sign of the Golden Galleon,” the significance of which is the Golden Galleon Library of books at 15c, which this firm is introducing and of which a number of titles are already out. These books are most attractive in appearance and when the list is complete, it will comprise a most desirable array of books in compact form. One of the latest additions to this list is a new edition of Constance Davies-Woodrow's book of poems, *The Captive Gypsy*.

The Golden Galleon Library, however, is

## AMERICAN PROSPERITY

*Its Causes and Consequences*

By PAUL M. MAZUR

Mr. Mazur speaks with authority, and the heads of a number of important firms have presented this book to all their executives. He has had the opportunity to study the growths of American prosperity and its workings today, as well as the leisure to write a sound book which shows keen insight into the future. And that future, according to Mr. Mazur, may be far from rosy for the United States, with inevitable repercussions on Canada.

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**IRWIN & GORDON LTD.,**

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but part of the new firm's publishing programme. Already published is a new translation of Prosper Merimée's *Carmen*, the source of Bizet's famous opera. This is an attractive book of handy pocket size published at 50c. Also ready is a book of ghost stories: *They Return at Evening*, by H. R. Wakefield and almost ready are a goodly list of other notable titles. Special interest attaches to the coming of an edition of *The Beggar's Opera*, by John Gay, with airs of the songs, at one dollar.

Mr. Maurice E. Balk, one of the principals of the firm, is himself an author. A collection of his short stories will appear under the title of *The Threshold and Other Tales*, while two of his books, *Iole and Heracles* and *To M. L. P.*, are included in the Golden Galleon Library.

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# Canadian Authors Association

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### Calgary Branch

**M**R. R. B. FORSYTHE, President of the local branch, has been honored by having his story, *Yellow Clay*, double-starred in O'Brien's Collection.

The Executive is forming plans for the entertainment of the National Convention, which will meet in Calgary the week preceeding the "Stam-pede."

Three books of poetry have been brought out recently by Calgary writers—*Ecstasy* and *Other Poems*, by Elaine M. Catley, *Rhapsody*, Songs and Lyrics, by Frank P. Gill, and *Pen Pictures*, by Vera Philbie McKim.

### Halifax Branch

Two very interesting meetings of the Halifax branch of the Canadian Authors Association were recently held, one on January 20th at the home of W. T. Allen, and the other on February 18th at the home of Chesley Allen, with Dr. Archibald MacMechan, president of the local branch, presiding. Among the business matters discussed was that of the value of subscriptions to the *Canadian Bookman*, which was endorsed as a means of holding members together. Two prize contests were brought to the attention of the members. The first of these was the short story contest to be conducted by *MacLean's Magazine*, for which three prizes are offered: \$500 for the first, \$300 for the second, and \$200 for the third. The second related to the competition conducted by the English publishing house of Chatto & Windus, who offer

£300 for first and £200 for second prize, the subject to be an historical novel laid in the period before 1850, the novel to be at least 65,000 words in length, and to be in the hands of the publishers by May 31, 1929.

Dr. MacMechan read from the *Canadian Medical Journal* a poem by Mrs. Charles Archibald, entitled "Anaesthesia," and a piece of descriptive writing by one of the members of the Association, entitled "In the Heart of the Highlands," was also read, together with an interesting paper on "The Settlement of Chedabucto," which was presented by the author, Dr. Jost.

### Ottawa Branch

The feature of a meeting of the Canadian Authors Association, Ottawa Branch, held recently at the Daffodil tea rooms, was the reading of a play in four acts, *The Dublin Devil*, written by Lloyd Roberts, president of the local branch of the Association.

Read by Capt. Leslie Chance, well known member of the Ottawa Drama League, the play, which is one of those light, romantic creations, written purely for the amusement and entertainment of an audience, is full of adroit digs at the hypocrisy of life in the upper storeys of society. The time of the action is the reign of George I., and the action takes place on and around the island of St. Kitts, in the West Indies. The story deals with a pirate ship and more especially with the captain, "The Dublin Devil," and with the Bishop of St. Kitts, who

when forced to change places with the pirate leader, becomes a far more bloodthirsty man than his predecessor ever dreamed of being.

Following the reading, an historical outline of Canadian drama was given by Miss Helen Creighton. Others who spoke were: Mrs. Eric Brown, Professor E. E. Prince, and Mr. Roberts. A pleasing feature of the evening was the fact that most of the members appeared in fancy dress costumes designed to represent books or characters well known in literature.

### Victoria and Islands Branch

Mr. Alfred Carmichael was elected president of the Victoria and Islands Branch at its annual meeting in March. He succeeds Mr. Donald A. Fraser, who has held the office for the past two years, and who was the recipient of an expression of hearty thanks from the members before he left the chair.

The complete roster of officers for the ensuing year is as follows: President, Mr. Alfred Carmichael; first vice-president, Mr. Donald A. Fraser; treasurer, Miss Eugenie Perry; secretary, Mrs. Ebbs-Canavan; assistant secretary, Mrs. Fraser; executive, Mr. C. C. Pemberton, Mrs. Polgreen, Mrs. W. Henderson, Mr. J. H. Regan, Mrs. Rathom and Mrs. Hutchinson.

The special guest of the evening was Mr. Tom McInnes, Canadian author of prose and poetry, introduced also as the son of a former Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, and as a brother of Mr. W. W. B. McInnes, Governor of the Yukon. A skilled analyst of verse, Mr. McInnes, before quoting some of his poems, told something about the old French forms which he had followed through Villon and Rosetti. Among the poems which he read were "The Ballad of the Piaroon," "Vilanelle of Mutton," "The Lady of Ventures," some of the "Round-about Rhymes" and "Zalinka" and "Laughter" from his *Com-*

*plete Poems*. He was warmly applauded and thanked as he took his seat.

Following a lecture on "Some Aspects of Canadian Literature," given by Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts in Victoria College recently, the lecturer was the guest of the Victoria and Islands Branch. The reception was held in the library of Victoria College and Dr. Roberts was welcomed by Mr. Alfred Carmichael, president of the local branch, the executive and the members and local adherents of the branch. Replying to Mr. Carmichael's request for a short address upon the Canadian Authors Association, Dr. Roberts spoke at some length, and very entertainingly on the objects of the association—to foster a national spirit and to bring together in a common bond all producers of copyrightable material, be they writers, artists, musicians, composers or draughtsmen.

### Meeting of the National Executive

A meeting of the National Executive Committee was held in the King Edward Hotel, on Saturday, March 31st, at which were present His Honor, Judge Surveyer in the Chair, and Messrs. J. W. L. Forster, George H. Locke, J. M. Elson, Pelham Edgar, L. J. Burpee and E. A. Hardy.

Communications were presented from various branches and members, as were also the reports of the officers.

The President has been active in the West during the last three months and has been the guest of honor of various conventions.

The Secretary reported the issuance of the Annual *Bulletin* for 1927 to all the members of the various branches.

The Treasurer's report showed a net balance of about \$1,300.

The principal matter for discussion was that of the copyright situation. A careful memorandum had been prepared by Mr. Burpee and sent out to



each member of the Council following a meeting in Toronto in February of the Toronto members to discuss the question. After very careful consideration of the whole matter, the Executive decided to send a memorandum to the Prime Minister setting forth the views of the Canadian Authors Association on the necessity of revision of the copyright situation to provide adequate protection for Canadian authors, and also tentatively decided to send a representative to Rome for the coming Conference at the Berne Convention.

The preparations for the Calgary Conference were reported to be well under way. A good deal of the programme has already been definitely arranged and the Local Committee in Calgary is hard at work shaping up a most attractive programme of social functions. The Conference dates have been decided upon as Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, July 4, 5 and 6, and the Annual Conference dinner on Saturday, the 7th, at Banff.

Canadian Book Week was given consideration, the Secretary and Treasurer being instructed to issue some publicity material, and it was decided to get into touch as early as possible with the various national, provincial, and local organizations which might be interested in assisting in Canadian Book Week.

\* \* \*

## Toronto Society Has Its Portrait Painted

By Jeanne Adeney

WHEN Richard Jack, R. A., recently completed a number of portraits of Toronto people, the Art Gallery arranged an exhibition before they were claimed by their owners. Mr. Jack is a famous English artist who has executed several commissions for the Royal Family. The Toronto

portraits were expertly painted, as one would expect. Those of little Julia Ross and the Hon. Wallace Nesbitt were handled with real sympathy but on the whole the exhibition was disappointing. It looked as if Mr. Jack had painted these people as they appeared in their fine clothes and superficial attitudes, without searching for essential characters. The women looked strained and rather chalky, but Mr. Jack had done full justice to their satins and furs. No pearl was left unpainted, no stone was missing from any ring.

Some years ago mural paintings were wanted for a building in Ottawa, and the commission was given to an American artist. This artist, although he executed the decorations, stated that there were painters in Canada who could have done the work just as well. One is inclined to wish that certain eminent Canadians would practice some of the Nationalism that they preach. The eighteen portrait commissions which went to an English artist would have meant much to painters of real merit here in Canada,

\* \* \*

## OXENHAM'S GREAT IDEA

For eight years Rev. George C. F. Pringle has been supervising three-score logging-camp libraries, in connection with the marine mission, now part of the United Church. In a message written aboard the "Sky Pilot," while at Vananda, B.C., he broadcasts an appreciation of a book with One Great Idea despite what he refers to as "a fantastic and almost impossible plot and hurried stage carpentry of no particular value." But on account of that great central idea he says: "If I had the money I would place a copy of this book in the hands of everyone who would accept it throughout the world." The book is John Oxenham's *The Man Who Saved the World*. Mr. Pringle characterizes it as "a trumpet call to all true men and women in their efforts to destroy the devils which prey upon men's bodies and souls in modern civilization."

## CONCLUDES LECTURE COURSE

After delivering a series of ten lectures on Canadian Literature at the University of British Columbia, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts is returning to Toronto this month. This lecture course made a fine impression. Besides covering all aspects of the subject, the course included convincing arguments to show why Canadian Literature, French and English, should be taught in our Schools and Colleges.

## Inside Stuff . . . .

### PARNASSUS AND THE PUBLIC

And still the tributes to C. F. Lloyd continue to come in on the strength of his Parnassus essay in the February issue. A number of queries have come in asking "Who is C. F. Lloyd?" *Canadian Bookman* hopes to make its readers better acquainted with him by publishing more of his essays as well as occasional poems with which he favors us.

The latest tribute is from Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, who says in part: "Such scholarly, witty, pungent, provocative, yet essentially wise and sane writing as his Parnassus essay is enough alone to justify the existence of any literary journal."

\* \* \*

### FROM THE QUAKER CITY

Among recent letters received by *Canadian Bookman* was the following:

"Dear Friend:

"Will these please publish the enclosed poem and send me a copy of the issue containing it along with cheque at usual rates? If thee does not use it please return it so that I may send it elsewhere; but I very much hope thee will use it and that I shall hear from thee soon."

Thine truly, — —

Unfortunately the poem had to be returned as not being quite in line with our requirements.

\* \* \*

Among the poems reprinted from *Canadian Bookman* by *Public Opinion*, of London, was "Love Gardens," by Mary Matheson, which appeared in a recent issue of this journal. The same journal reprinted from the January issue, Roxy R. Greer's article "Europe's Oldest Literary Society," dealing with the floral games at Toulouse.

\* \* \*

### WON \$1,000 PRIZE

In March, 1927, The Royal Bank of Canada announced a competition for Canadian university students who were interested in Canadian economic problems. A thousand dollar prize was offered for the best

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paper on one of the following topics:

Does Canada need a Federal Farm Loan System?

Canada's Optimum of Population and how it may be obtained.

The potential development of Canadian trade in one of Canada's foreign markets.

Economic possibilities of the Maritimes.

The committee of judges, consisting of the Right Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King, Dr. A. D. Skelton and Dr. Adam Shortt, have just announced that they awarded first place to the paper on the question "Does Canada need a Farm Loan System?" by Mr. Dermot A. Davies, a student at the University of British Columbia. Mr. Davies states that he will undertake graduate work in economics under this fellowship at McGill University during the academic year 1928-1929.

As a number of the papers submitted in this contest were interesting treatments of important Canadian economic problems, The Royal Bank of Canada will publish a booklet containing one or more essays on each of the assigned topics.

# The Collector

WHAT was the precise location of the first printing press at Montreal? It has been for years the opinion that Fleury Mesplet, the printer of Montreal's pioneer newspaper, *Gazette du Commerce et Littéraire Pour la Ville & District de Montreal*, now known as *The Montreal Gazette*, had printed the paper in what is now the famous Chateau de Ramezay. Now comes Louis Carrier, the Montreal publisher, with a flat contradiction of this belief. Mr. Carrier, in an address delivered before the St. James' Literary Society, of Montreal, recently, said that, after assiduous delving into the archives at Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa, he had come to the conclusion that Mesplet first set up his establishment in the market place and there, after considerable tribulation, succeeded in starting publication of his newspaper on June 3, 1778. Mr. Carrier claimed that Mesplet's own writings proved this, and he claimed further that he could find no record of Mesplet's press ever having been set up in the Chateau Ramezay, although publication of *The Gazette* continued until his death in 1791.

\* \* \*

Dr. G. R. Lomer, librarian of McGill University, Montreal, while working in the British Museum last summer, noticed that a display of early imprints shown in a case in the King's Library included nothing from Montreal. He found on his return home, however, that he was able to offer the Museum a copy of *Le Juge a Paix*, printed in Montreal in 1789, by Fleury Mesplet, Montreal's first printer, and according to an announcement by the University an acknowledgment of the presentation has now been received from the keeper of printed books of the Museum. *Le Juge a Paix* was issued in monthly parts of 32 pages each under the title, *Traduction de Burn's Justice*, the first number appearing in March, 1789, and the subscription price being one shilling per part.

\* \* \*

The original manuscript of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, with the author's own thirty-seven illustrations, was sold to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, Philadelphia, at Sotheby's auction rooms in London April 3rd for £15,400, a record price for a modern manuscript. The manuscript had been in the possession of the original Alice, Mrs. A. Pleasance Hargreaves, for 66 years.

Mrs. Hargreaves, after the sale, said her one regret was that the manuscript was not to remain in England. Dr. Rosenbach thereupon promptly offered to sell it for the price he paid to the British Museum, and efforts will be made to raise the money. A first edition of *Alice in Wonderland* also was sold to Dr. Rosenbach at the record price of £500. The salesroom was crowded for hours before the sale opened, and bidding on the manuscript started at £5,000.

\* \* \*

Edgar Allen Poe's own copy of the first edition of *The Raven* brought \$7,600 at an auction sale at the Anderson Galleries in New York City on April 2nd, Gabriel Wells, the New York dealer, being the purchaser. The volume, which bears Poe's autograph on the cover, was given by him early in 1840 to a friend, in whose family it has remained ever since. The wear which the book shows is said to have been due to Poe's own use.

\* \* \*

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, Philadelphia, paid £5,000 at Sotheby's in London on March 28th for a copy of the *Songs and Sonnets* of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, dated 1559. The volume once belonged to Horace Walpole, whose bookplate it carried. Eight editions of this Elizabethan rarity were issued between 1557 and 1587, but of the third edition, to which the copy just sold belongs, only one other copy is known to be in existence, and that is in the British Museum.

\* \* \*

A remarkable collection of books by and relating to Daniel Defoe was purchased by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, Philadelphia, for £3,000 at the sale of the Holford Library at Sotheby's in London on March 27th. The collection consisted of eighty-six lots, nearly every one of which was made up of one or more volumes of many tracts and booklets. The greatest rarities in the collection were copies of the original *London Post* of 1719, wherein *Robinson Crusoe* first appeared as a serial.

\* \* \*

A first edition of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, one of the rarest of English literary works, published in 1751 by R. Dodsley, at sixpence a copy, was knocked down to Walter Spencer, a London bookseller for £1,290 at Sotheby's auction rooms



in London on March 19. The late Sir William Fraser in the latter part of the nineteenth century purchased the original manuscript of this work for only \$1,100, and it now reposes in Eton Library.

\* \* \*

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, paid £10,500 at Sotheby's auction rooms in London on April 4th for the Ward Diary, dated 1629 to 1682. The diary, never completely published, was kept by the vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, and is of the greatest importance for its contemporary references to Shakespeare. For example, the vicar comments on Shakespeare's death thus: "Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted." He also mentions that Shakespeare's allowance for two plays a year was so large that he spent at the rate of £1,000 a year.

\* \* \*

The Wantage-Crawford Shakespeare first folio, so-called because it was located by Sir Sidney Lee in the Library of Lady Wantage, which was sold recently to an American collector for £10,000, is reported to have again changed hands for a price in excess of the previous record of \$65,000. The name of the new owner is withheld. This first folio was once offered as a gift—and refused with a statement that proved to be prophetic. Sir Coutts Trotter, grandfather of the late Lord Wantage, and the then owner of the book, lent it in 1835 to John Halkett, of Richmond Hill, and later begged him to keep it as a mark of his esteem. Halkett declined, however, on the grounds that Coutts' descendants a hundred years later would greatly value its possession.

\* \* \*

A copy of the first edition of *The Dynasts*, Part I, by the late Thomas Hardy, with the rare 1903 titlepage, brought \$2,000 at a sale of modern first editions held at the galleries of the American Art Association in New York City, March 13-14. \$1,000 was paid for a first octavo edition and the first edition in parts of Dickens' *The Adventures of Oliver Twist*, while the same price was paid for five volumes of *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, 1845-47, containing etchings by John Leech and an article by Dickens, "The Spirit of Chivalry in Westminster Hall." Other notable prices included \$660 for a first edition of Bernard Shaw's first book, *Cashel Byron's Profession* with a lengthy and amusing inscription by the author on the flyleaf, and \$460 for a first issue of the first edition of Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*, with the red and green title page.

\* \* \*

The New York Library Association and

the New York State Historical Association, according to an announcement in the latest news sheet issued by the Bibliographical Society of America, have under way a survey of local history material in that State. The subject is being attacked from different angles. A questionnaire was answered by some 103 libraries and historical societies. Mr. Rowse, formerly of the Historical Association, also began a survey, county by county, and Miss Vicker is continuing. All this material is at the Historical Association's headquarters at Ticonderoga. It is probable that the first results will be a location of newspaper files in the State. It is hoped that this will be preliminary to a record of some material for the entire country.

\* \* \*

Mr. Alfred W. Pollard, the eminent British bibliographer, contributed to *The London Times* recently news of an earlier piece of printing by Caxton in England, than had been known. The first date hitherto assigned was Nov. 18, 1477. Now it appears that on December 13, 1476, Caxton printed at Westminster a papal indulgence issued to Henry Langley and his wife. The significance of this find is that it shows that Caxton brought with him to England the type which he had already used at Bruges, at any rate his punches and matrices. This earlier printing, about a year before the date previously given, exhibits two fonts of type.

\* \* \*

### Catalogues Received

Thos. Thorp, London, *Ancient and Modern Books* (No. 123), Americana, etc.; G. H. Last, Bromley, Kent, Eng.: *Rare Books, Tracts, Autograph Letters and Manuscripts* (No. 142), Americana, etc.; Wm. George's Sons, Ltd., Bristol, Eng.: *General Literature* (No. 284); Union Square Book Shop, New York City: *Curious, Extraordinary and Rare Books and Autographs* (No. 28); P. J. and A. E. Dobell, 77 Charing Cross Road, London, Eng.: *Choice Books, Chiefly Modern* (No. 348); Elkin Mathews Ltd., London: *Books, Chiefly First Editions* (No. 18); C. W. Unger, Pottsville, Pa.: *Americana, Historical and Literary* (No. 721); The Centaur Book Shop, Philadelphia, Pa.: *Modern First Editions and Modern Presses* (No. 14); Christian Gerhardt, New York City: *Autographed Association and Presentation Copies of Choice, Rare and Scarce Books* (No. 175); Edgar H. Wells & Co. Inc., New York City: *Catalogue of Books, Principally of First Editions of Various English Authors* (No. 24); Dauber & Pine Book Shops, Inc., New York City: *Catalogue of Desirable Books* (No. 29), including Americana and Canadiana; Pickering & Chatto, London: *Old and Rare Books of English*

*Literature* (No. 245); Ingpen & Stonehill, London: *A Remarkable Collection of Books Illustrating the History of the English Novel 1600-1850*, (N.S. No. 7); Myers & Co., London: *Scarce and Interesting Books in all Branches of Literature* (No. 264); B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, Eng.: *Antiquarian and Modern Second-hand books* (No. 233); Wyman C. Hill, Leominster, Mass.: *First Editions and Miscellaneous Books* (No. 9).

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"The keen visualization, the swift tempo, the unmistakable sincerity and the gusto (there is no other word for it) in "Heavy Laden" fashion it into one of the most promising first novels that I have read in a long time."—"New York Herald-Tribune."

## An Artist in the Family

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN. \$2.00

Mrs. Millin deals with the triumphs and tragedies of human nature on lonely farms upon the South African veldt. Of this new book, "The Tatler," (Eng.) says: "Altogether a novel which it would be a definite loss to miss reading."

## A Small Boy in the Sixties

GEORGE STURT. \$3.00

George Sturt, who wrote for the most part under the pseudonym of George Bourne, was by trade a wheelwright, by profession an author. This book contains his memories of his own childhood—spent around his father's shop—and of the life and customs of an English rural town in the sixties. "Beautiful, limpid prose . . . A piece of undying economic history."—"The Spectator."

## The People of the Twilight

DIAMOND JENNESS. \$3.00

Mr. Jenness, who is chief of the Division of Anthropology in the National Museum of Canada, spent three years in the Arctic, during which period he had the unusual good fortune to be adopted into an Eskimo family. He writes of "The People of the Twilight" with a quiet humour and a warm humanity, and the reader may count on being both entranced and informed—a most happy combination.



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# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature  
and the Creative Arts*    290 a year 25c a copy

Vol. X.

TORONTO, MAY, 1928

No. 5



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

*125 Simcoe Street*

*Toronto, 2, Canada*

# "THE BEST OF HIS GENERATION"

—André Maurois.

WHO, though an American, is called the greatest of the younger French novelists?

WHO lives in Paris and writes in French though his native state is Virginia?

WHOM a famous American critic has compared to Balzac and a great French biographer has likened to Tolstoy?

WHOSE first novel, *Avarice House*, made him the talk of literary America?

WHO has recently been awarded the famous Femina-Bookman Prize—a joint honor from England and France? (This prize has been awarded in the past to *Jean Christophe*, *Bliss*, *Lady Into Fox*, and other notable pieces of modern literature.)

WHOSE latest novel has been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club as its book for May?

## Julian Green

André Maurois says: "With the publication of *The Closed Garden*, several fine minds see in JULIAN GREEN a novelist who is without doubt the best of his generation. One can imagine nothing more vivid than the depiction of this sad house and tragic life of its three figures. Above all I have been struck by a power to evoke details which at times recalls Tolstoy."

AUTHOR  
OF

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*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. X., No. 5

TORONTO, MAY, 1928

25c a Copy  
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## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

SIR GILBERT PARKER

By Blanche Hume

ONE need have only a general familiarity with Ontario villages to picture "Camden East," the pretty little hamlet into which Gilbert Horatio Parker was ushered on the 23rd of November in the year of our Lord, 1860. There was the long "Main street," with its village store and post-office, and no doubt the inevitable blacksmith shop. The Parker home, a low, frame, two-story dwelling, was located opposite the post-office, and has been immortalized in Sir Gilbert's poem, "In Camden Town."

A lilac bush close  
to the gate,

A locust at the  
door.

A low wide window,  
flower-filled,

With ivy covered  
o'er.

Sir Gilbert's father Joseph Parker, was born in Ireland in 1807. He served with distinction in the Rebellion of 1837. The last twenty-five years of his life were spent in Belleville, in a house on George Street, which is still standing.

Gilbert Parker was the eldest of six children, the others being Lionel, Harry, Frederick, Arthur and Josephine (Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Toronto.)

Physically young Parker was never very robust. He was of a studious temperament and acquisitive of knowledge, rarely letting a day pass without adding to his store. While his main interests seemed to centre in his studies, he was not insensible to the charm of out-of-doors, and could frequently be found roaming bare-footed across the fields and through the woods of his native county of Lennox. After passing through the local schools he attended Ottawa Normal School



SIR GILBERT PARKER

from which, at the age of seventeen, he received his second class teacher's certificate. Following this he taught school for a time and then entered Trinity College, Toronto, with the intention of becoming a clergyman of the Church of England. He left Trin-



ity, however, at the end of his second year and returned to teaching, this time as a member of the staff of the Ontario Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville.

In 1883 Parker was ordained deacon in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, by Archbishop John Travers Lewis, and for a time served the church at Trenton. Realizing that his inclinations and ambitions were literary rather than ecclesiastical, he soon resigned this charge. During the summer of 1884 he attended a course in elocution, given by the Faculty of the National School of Elocution and Oratory at Philadelphia, at Victoria University, which was then situated at Coburg, Ontario. Following this he taught oratory at Queen's University for a time. While there he gained a widespread reputation as an elocutionist and was in great demand.

Leaving Canada in 1885, Gilbert Parker went to Australia. From that time on his life was more than ordinarily eventful. He had not intended to stay in Australia longer than to make a tour of the country, but on returning from his trip was offered a position as associate editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. So favorable were the terms that Parker felt it would be foolish to refuse, particularly as the offer held out a promise of further travel, a promise that was later fulfilled, for when he left Australia, several years afterwards, this young Canadian had visited nearly every portion of the South Seas—New Caledonia, New Hebrides, Fiji, Tonga and Samoa, as well as many parts of Australia itself.

While in Australia Parker met George Reynolds, the actor with whom he became acquainted through the writing of an unsigned article in which he praised Reynold's acting of Henry V. Reynolds persuaded him to write a play—an adaptation of *Faust*—which was a success. Thus en-

couraged, he wrote two others—*No Defence* and *Heart of Gold*. So the author whose distinctive work for many years has been in the realm of the novel, began his career as a dramatist.

Parker spent almost four years in Australia and then went to London. He might have continued to write plays possibly, had he been able to predict certain financial success. But just about this time three of the most outstanding dramatists in England had had failures. While Parker was not yet married there were members of his family dependent upon him. He felt that he could not afford to spend a year on a play and run the risk of its being unsuccessful. So he turned his attention to the writing of novels and in this capacity rose rapidly to fame. Possessing marked natural ability, he combined with this an extraordinary capacity for industry. While his social and political interests naturally absorbed a great deal of his time—he became a member of the British House of Commons in 1900 and represented Gravesend until 1918—he always managed to preserve a generous portion for the creative work of writing.

In 1895 he married Miss Amy Van Tine, daughter of the late Ashley Van Tine of New York City. Lady Parker entered enthusiastically into her husband's literary and social aspirations, and until her death in 1925 shared the distinction of the honors which crowded thickly upon him. He was elected a member of some of the most exclusive clubs in London; was elected a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute; was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. In 1901 he was knighted by King Edward VII while later he was created a Baronet and made a Privy Councillor.

Although he preferred the refinements of English aristocratic society to the pioneer environment of a com-

paratively new country, Sir Gilbert remained at heart a lover of the country of his birth. He numbered among his friends such distinguished Canadians as Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Etienne Cartier and George R. Parkin.

The fame of Sir Gilbert Parker has been chiefly identified with the historical novel, although even in his first two books, *Embers*, a book of verse, intended only for his friends, and *A Lover's Diary*, a sonnet sequence, can be discerned those elements of style which characterized his later and more outstanding work—high moral purpose, a love of beauty, a quiet humor, painstaking craftsmanship.

vast sources of material which Parker later discovered for himself and adapted to his own literary requirements. To Kirby he owed more than to all others who had preceded him. The early history of the struggle between the French and English for possession of this continent and of Canada, fascinated him. *The Trail of the Sword*, his first attempt at an historical novel, followed the publication of some half dozen earlier novels, for which *Pierre and His People* furnished the introduction. *The Trail of the Sword* appeared in 1895 and in the same year *When Valmond Came to Pontiac*, a story which took absolute possession of its creator, Sir Gilbert tells us, and which was complet-



SIR GILBERT IN MUSKOKA

Attended Summer Gathering of Literary Folk on Occasion  
of His Last Visit to Canada—Observe Charles G.  
D. Roberts Shoving off the Boat.

The innate sense of the dramatic which was noteworthy in Gilbert Parker in the old days at Queen's—it was said then that he knew his Shakespeare by heart—and which contributed so greatly to his success in the class-room, was later capitalized in the writing of books. To a notable degree he possessed that instinct for the romance in scene, character and incident which is inseparable from the successful writer of the historical novel.

William Kirby, whose *Golden Dog* appeared in 1877, pointed the way to

ed in four weeks' time. It was conceded by the critics to be his most finished work up to that time, and, as one of them put it, "satisfactory alike to those who read for amusement and those who read for art."

*The Seats of the Mighty*, written in 1894-5, was an historical novel with a wider scope, a novel of the conquest of Canada, of powerful and sustained interest, the characters well drawn and vivid, the incidents thrilling in conception and treatment. This was the first notable romance since the days of *The Golden Dog*, and Parker



was the first Canadian to write fiction that could be compared with the best of its kind, judged by international standards. Because of their fresh dramatic treatment of early life in Canada, Parker's early books gained immediate popularity. *The Chief Factor* (which he later suppressed), *Pierre and His People*, *The Trail of the Sword*, *The Lane that Had No Turning*, and *The Right of Way* definitely established his place and his public, putting him in the class of the fortunate author whose name on the cover of a book ensures for that book a favorable reception. Whether he writes of Canada in the days of the Conquest, or Canada today, of Egypt as in *Donovan Pasha*, of the Channel Islands, as in *The Battle of the Strong* (a story with a Jersey Island setting, full of action and strong in characterization, of South Africa, as in *The Judgment House*, of Australia or of the isles of the Southern Seas, this Canadian novelist, born in the little town of Camden East, Ontario, but for many years a resident of London, England, is assured of an international audience.

## CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

## POETRY

- Embers: Being a Book of Verses.* (For Private Circulation Only.) 1908.  
*A Lover's Diary.* Chicago, 1894.

## DRAMA

- Adaptation of Faust.* 1888.  
*The Vendetta.* 1889.

## PROSE

- Round the Compass in Australia.* London, 1892.  
*Pierre and His People: Tales of the Far North.* London, 1892.  
*The Chief Factor: A Tale of the Hudson's Bay Co.* New York, 1893.  
*The Trespasser.* London, 1893.  
*Mrs. Falchion.* London, 1893.  
*The Translation of a Savage.* London, 1894.  
*The Trail of the Sword.* London, 1895.  
*When Valmond Came to Pontiac.* London, 1895.  
*An Adventurer of the North.* London, 1895.  
*A Romany of the Snows.* New York, 1896.

- Tales of Our Coasts.* (With others.) London, 1896.  
*The Pomp of the Lavilletes.* Boston, 1896.  
*The Seats of the Mighty.* London, 1896.  
*The Battle of the Strong.* London, 1898.  
*The Liar.* Boston, 1899.  
*The Hill of Pains.* Boston, 1899.  
*The Lane that Had No Turning.* London, 1900.  
*The Right of Way.* London, 1901.  
*A Pardonable Liar.* Boston, 1902.  
*Donovan Pasha and Some People of Egypt.* London, 1902.  
*A Ladder of Swords.* London, 1904.  
*The March of the White Guard.* New York, 1906.  
*The Weavers.* London, 1907.  
*Northern Lights.* London, 1909.  
*Cumner's Son.* London, 1910.  
*The Going of the White Swan.* New York, 1912.  
*The Judgment House.* London, 1913.  
*Collected Works.* Imperial Edition. New York, 1913.  
*The Money Master.* London, 1915.  
*You Never Know Your Luck.* London, 1915.  
*The World in the Crucible.* London, 1915.  
*The World for Sale.* London, 1916.  
*Wild Youth and Another.* London, 1919.  
*No Defence.* London, 1920.  
*Carnac's Folly.* London, 1922.  
*The Power and the Glory.* London, 1925.  
*Tarboe.* London, 1927.

## IN COLLABORATION

- Old Quebec: The Fortress of New France.* London, 1903. In collaboration with Claude G. Bryan.  
*The Land, the People and the State.* London, 1910. In collaboration with Richard Dawson.

\* \* \*

## NO DEARTH OF SUBJECTS

The "Who's Who" series has been running for over two years, but there are enough subjects to continue the series indefinitely, including many more big names in literature. By the way, is not the presentation of this series about as good an answer as could be made to the question sometimes raised as to the existence of a Canadian literature? Those who have been closely following the series will be interested to learn that in an early issue the subject is to be William Kirby, contributed by Dr. Lorne Pierce.



# Trees

By C. F. Lloyd

I CANNOT remember a time when I did not love trees, by day and by night, in summer and winter, in leaf and out, big trees and little trees, almost as much as I loved books and horses, a fox terrier dog, and, since I grew up, a pretty girl. I love the sight of trees and the sound of them and the feel of them too, so that if I were blind I should love them still, even as Mr. Petulengro vowed he would love life as long as he could feel the wind on the heath.

There is something big, brotherly and protecting about a tree that I do not find in any other bit of non-animal nature. "My tree brides," Oliver Wendell Holmes called the great elms of New England as he went about the countryside measuring them with his tape. The mountains stand coldly aloof from our hot mortal life. The sea is cruel, inscrutable, repellant. The prairies have that in their vastness that breeds loneliness, seeming to prepare one for a strange isolation of the spirit in "worlds not realized." But trees, whether in the primeval forest or clustered about our own rooftree, are companionable. They share our misfortunes and our common fate. They were born as we were born and though they may outlive the oldest among us by some brief centuries, they too must die. Their life cycle is longer than ours but their sap moves to the same rhythm as our blood, and flows, ebbs and finally sinks back into the spring from whence it came, even as ours.

Perhaps it is this common fortune, the memory of bright and dark days shared together which with a certain nobility of form and a hint of powers only half guessed at, never used, that makes of a great tree, alone among the vegetable creation, almost a fit

companion for man. We enjoy flowers, rear them tenderly, search in tropical forests for rare ones, pay exorbitant prices for them, wear them in our buttonholes till they fade but never suppose, even in our maddest moments, that they are of kin to us. If we are poets we may make of the rose or the bluebell a pretty symbol of the fragility of human existence. But there is a patronizing note in even our sweetest songs about flowers. They are toys, the loveliest and most ephemeral things in the world. But who ever thought of patronizing an oak?

Of all the phrases that have stuck in my mind from earliest boyhood I confess my favorite, the one that has most warmed my heart and lifted up my spirit in dull moments, filling my mind with images of home and the old glories of my race, is one that was constantly on the lips of my paternal grandfather, Sir Tempest Tarbreaches, admiral of the blue, "The wooden walls of old England." I can well recall the old gentleman walking about the great park at Seaworthy Abbey, in a long blue frock coat, cocked hat and gaiters, with a telescope under his arm, sticking acorns in holes made with the ferule of his walking-stick that his country, God bless her, might never lack stout oaks with which to build her wooden walls, and this at a time when wolfish destroyers were smashing the Channel seud into smoke and the plans for the first dreadnought lay on the table at the Admiralty. The old man's work will not go for nothing, for if England needs no more wooden walls she needs stout hearts and where can a boy find a stouter heart growing in his breast than when climbing during a great wind to the tip-top of some mighty oak and feeling the rhythm of

the storm in his blood and something of the tree's strength entering into his tense nerves and taut muscles. Of wooden heads there will always be plenty everywhere, but we will let them bide.

My happiest hours when a boy were spent at Seaworthy Abbey. The house was situated at a lonely spot on the south coast of Wales. There were great oaks in the park and tall, dark pines on the hill beyond, through whose needles the wind sang as wild a tune as ever excited mingled feelings of wrath and melancholy in a man's heart. Talk about the old bards and their songs: they sang no fiercer, or more blood-stirring ditty to king or bowman, in hall or on the march, than the pines of Seaworthy sang to me on dark December afternoons, when snow mingled with the foam at the foot of the cliffs and the scream of homing gulls sounded like the death cry of drowning men. I have climbed every tree in the old park, oak and pine, save those that have grown up since I left. A little dark-eyed tomboy of a cousin climbed most of them with me to the grievous detriment of her small hands, short frocks and lace frills. Little she cared for torn skin or linen and never laughed more gleefully than when balanced on the extreme end of a swaying bough where I, somewhat heavier and much more clumsy, could not follow her. A sailor's bride since then, she has been dead these fifteen years. I wonder whether her ghost ever haunts the daisy-sprinkled park at lambing time now and whether the nesting birds ever see her small, piquant face peering round the bole of a tree into their nest as she used to do.

Among my earliest Canadian recollections is one of dark logs hurled pell-mell, end over end or shooting forward as though flung from the hand of a giant, down the foaming rapids of an Ontario river. Tall,

lithe men, in red and black striped shirts, mackinaw pants and spiked boots, carrying long, steel-shod pike-poles, were leaping madly from log to log in an effort to reach the shore. They all succeeded that time, but on another I saw one poor fellow slip between the racing logs and disappear forever.

The forest trees of the new world partake somewhat of the national character, being on the whole taller, slimmer and of more rapid growth, and I believe shorter life, than similar species in Europe. I have seen noble elms and pines a-plenty in Canada but no such oaks as those of Seaworthy.

Of all forest trees the oak gives one the most overpowering impression of sheer strength, just as the elm is the most graceful and, under certain conditions of situation and weather, the white pine is the noblest. To see a gigantic pine anchored to the bare face of a rocky escarpment or standing sentinel on the extreme verge of an immense cliff, in the dazzling white and blue of a clear winter morning, is to enjoy one of the most spirit-stirring sights in nature.

If ideas of strength and grandeur attach to oak, elm and pine surely the beeches are among the most beautiful of trees, especially in the fall when their foliage assumes that rich, coppery tint that distinguishes them at that time from all their fellows.

Most witching of trees is the white birch, Corot's favorite, delicate in line as it is lovely in colour. Seen under the clear light of a full moon, its sensitive leaves all a-tremble as though for very joy, the birch is queen of the woods.

The sugar maple is a noble tree, as is the shell-bark hickory and the Southern pecan and even the ragged western cottonwood has a charm of its own.

An outlaw among trees, almost al-

ways solitary, gnarled and storm-bitten, but a rare favorite of mine for all that, is the despised white-thorn. I never see it without recalling Jothan's clever and telling fable of the trees. "Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou and reign over us." There was a huge white-thorn of immense age in a little hollow, high up among the Malvern hills. When I was a boy I used to climb up

to it, sit among its twisted roots and look down through the mist of a summer morning at the gray towers of Malvern Abbey.

Yes, I have loved trees all my life, as the best friend I ever had, almost the only one, loved them, and when this journey is done we shall both sleep through the autumn nights beneath the dancing red leaves of a maple.

## The Silver Birch

By Edgar Andrew Collard

SHE stands alone on a distant hill,  
That runs to the blue of the sky;  
In her glory of green and her branching of white,  
Where winds go wandering by.

She sings a song to the flaming dawn,  
When dew is all aglow;  
Like the song of the sea on a sandy shore,  
Musical, soft and low.

She rests her leaves 'till the setting sun,  
Has sunk in misty bars;  
Then all night long she lifts her arms,  
And sings to the silent stars.

And splendor with the autumn comes,  
When frost his work has done;  
Splendor of crimson and purple and gold,  
In the gold of the autumn sun.

## Gertrude MacGregor Moffat\*

(Born May 13, 1884; died October 8, 1923.)

By Mary I. Gates

THERE'S not a field of this familiar farm  
But wears a fairer face because of you,  
Who came so far to show the simple charm  
Of all the common things I thought I knew.

I walked these meadows green and brown and white;  
I saw the furrows blacken with each fall;  
I watched—and tired of watching—how the night  
Sets her cold, silent stars above it all.

But when the tuneful magic of your song  
Touched distant, dimming spires; near fields of green;  
And straight white roads; where I had lived so long  
I found a beauty I had never seen.

\*Mrs. Moffat's poems were published in 1924, under the title "A Book of Verses."



## A Candid Critic

Says Canadian Authors Lack Humor and Do Not Create  
Outstanding Characters

SEEKING for something new and original for the programme of the annual meeting of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Authors Association, the net was thrown out to catch Toronto's sporting editors and the haul included W. A. Hewitt, sporting editor of the *Star*, and Austin Cross, of the *Globe*, who referred to himself as pinch-hitter for Fred Wilson, sporting editor of that newspaper.

Mr. Hewitt gave a brief though comprehensive outline of the place of the sporting page in journalism, including the fact that it was in Toronto that the idea of a sporting page as a separate department originated. This was over forty years ago, the first of all sporting editors being the late H. J. P. Good.

The pinch-hitter was a surprise package! After letting the rest of the scribes into the inside circle of the fraternity of sport writers, their wiles and their realism, he handed out a few jolts to Canadian authors. Some of his hearers seemed to think that he landed rather squarely on the solar plexis, while others wondered whether he had read widely enough in Canadian literature to really know what he was talking about.

"The first fault I have to find is that Canadian authors lack humor," said Mr. Cross. "I may not have read widely enough, but I contend that if a sufficiently great humorous character is created, like Don Marquis' 'Old Soak' or P. G. Wodehouse's 'Bertie' and 'Jeeves,' the world will hear about them. There may be comic writers in this country, but there seems to be a dearth of really facetious fellows who make the pages sparkle with their wit and whimsicality. I don't want to go into a long

dissertation about this, but I have not yet heard of a 1928 counterpart to 'Sam Slick.'

This fault is not confined to Canadian writers. Such able authors as Dorothy Canfield are almost without a laughable line. Kathleen Norris is deathly serious. Terhune can't see anything but love and dogs—and so it goes.

"The next accusation," continued the speaker, "is that Canadian writers take themselves too seriously. If you ever saw a number of reporters together and a number of *litterateurs* assembled, you'd know what I mean. The Ottawa colony particularly is infected with the hauteur that the capital breeds and to be unbending and natural is heresy indeed! Don't ask me why this is so—I only know that it is."

"My last charge, your honor and gentlemen of the jury," continued this frank critic, "is that Canadian writers have been so busy trying to be up to date with their psychology and their style that they haven't created any outstanding characters. I can think of only 'Sam Slick' and 'Caleb Gare' that stand out in my reading. Maybe I haven't read much, but I can at least be taken as an average man-on-the-street. People may or may not have liked Sinclair Lewis, but he has created 'Main Street' as a phrase and given a place in our language to *Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry* and *Babbitt*. In fact the word 'Babbitt' now has been taken into the language and implies something for which we never had a word before. 'Babbitt' has also supplied the language with the antonym to 'Cassandra.' You can like Sinclair Lewis or you can despise him, but you have got to admit that he

creates characters. Our Canadian literature is as barren of enduring literary characters as Greenland is of palm trees and we'll never have a real literature until we get some great national characters into our fiction. Where is the typical Canadian as depicted in our novels? I have never seen him."

Mr. Cross clinched all this with the argument that it was not enough that Canadian writers should be good writers, but so much better than the average, that American readers would be impressed and demand more of the writings of these Canadian authors.

"We've got to be not only as good as they are, but a whole lot better."

Mr. John Garvin stepped into the breach in defence of notable characters in Canadian fiction stressing Sam Slick and Caleb Gare, mentioned by Mr. Cross, and adding Ralph Connor's 'Sky Pilot' and L. M. Montgomery's 'Anne' as characters known throughout the world.

Dr. Hardy took a humorous fling at the writers of sports by objecting to the way that stuff really worth reading was crowded out of the newspapers by sporting columns that injected themselves even into the first page.

Reading over a fellow passenger's shoulder on a street car he recently saw a new word. A heading in large type told of somebody being "kayoted" by an opponent. Trying out the new word in his class at school that day he found that he was woefully behind the times. All the boys knew it—in fact the comment of the boys was: "That's an old one!"

This influence of new words being brought into the language by sporting writers occasioned some interesting discussion and as to the influence of the sporting page, Mr. E. J. Hathaway showed how, in conversation with an editor, he had learned how a certain outstanding musical critic had been brought in by that editor to put

life and interest into subjects pertaining to music and art, after the manner of the success scored by the sporting department.

### The New Officers

The recommendations of the nominating committee were adopted as follows, as applying to the ensuing year:

Honorary President—Miss Marshall Saunders.

President—John M. Elson.

Vice-Presidents—Florence Randal Livesay and John W. Garvin.

Sec.-Treasurer—Miss M. E. James.

Assistant Secretary—Miss B. G. Ferguson.

Executive Committee—Bessie Gow-an Ferguson, Pearl Foley, J. W. L. Forster, Donald G. French, Percy Ghent, M. O. Hammond, E. J. Hathaway, Owen E. McGillicuddy, Lydia M. Parsons, E. J. Pratt.

Delightful incidents of the evening were presentations to the retiring secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Horace Parsons, and her assistant, Miss James.

### The President's Message

President Elson briefly sketched the history of the Canadian Authors Association now numbering over 700 members with fourteen branches. This membership included a most imposing list of distinguished names in spite of the superior and exalted attitude of certain men who dipped their pens into black and gloomy ink whenever they had anything to say about the organization.

In 1895 the number of books written by Canadians and put out by Canadian publishers could be counted on two hands. This had grown to nearly fifty a year; counting only the books financed by the publishing firms themselves.

The Toronto branch with its 144 members, represented about one-sixth of the total C.A.A. membership. Mr. Elson reviewed the work done by this branch during Book Week. Over



20,000 people had been addressed on the subject of Canadian literature. These speakers were not boosting their own works and part of the objective of these drives was to offset the appalling influence of the circulation of over 80,000,000 copies of periodicals from the U.S. in Canada every year. It was urgently necessary that something should be done to cultivate a consciousness of the works of our own Canadian writers and the significance of these writings in the building of the nation.

The copyright situation was reviewed, Mr. Lawrence Burpee being at the present time in Rome as Canada's representative in the Berne Convention. The Dominion Government was also represented there and revised copyright legislation would follow.

### SPREADING THE CANADIAN GOSPEL

It is good to know that some of our Canadian authors and exponents of Canadian literature are ever spreading interest in the development of the Canadian spirit, and especially the good work that has been and is being done by Canadian writers.

In western cities great audiences have greeted Katherine Hale, A. M. Stephen and Walter McRaye. The latter addressed over 2000 school children in Edmonton on the work of Canadian writers, and this address was broadcast over the radio, resulting in many letters coming in from all parts of the Prairie Provinces asking the name of the publishers of Charles G. D. Roberts' *History of Canada*, which had been dealt with prominently in the address.

Another of Mr. McRaye's addresses at Edmonton was on "Canadianizing Canada."

"There is nothing wrong with Canada," said Mr. McRaye. "This country is all right, but the trouble is with the Canadians. Don't worry about the Empire; it has held together for

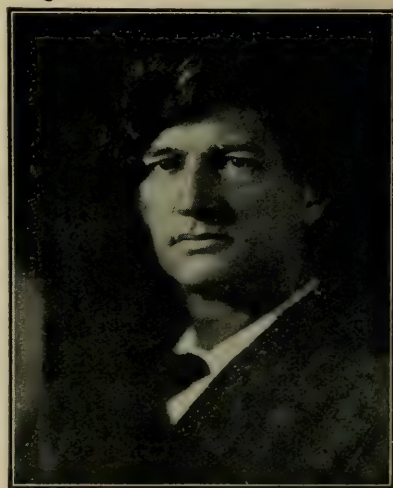
some years now, and will be here after we are gone. Our duty is to uphold our own nation."

Mr. McRaye urged that an embargo should be placed upon the export of Canada's raw materials, such as nickel, asbestos and pulp. He also urged the importance of having more Canadian history taught in the schools.

The beauty of Canadian literature was also shown by Mr. McRaye, whose rendering of Dr. Drummond's poems aroused keen interest. Possessing dramatic ability and rich vocal equipment, his interpretation of these poems afforded rare pleasure. His reading of A. M. Stephen's poem, "Canadian," proved to be a hit of the evening.

### LITERARY HONORS

Two events of significance in the literary world this month were the conferring of the degree of LL.D. by Queen's University, Kingston, to Dr.



BLISS CARMAN

Lorne Pierce, of Toronto, on May 2, and the presentation of the Lorne Pierce Medal by the Royal Society of Canada, at Winnipeg, on May 22, to Bliss Carman, in recognition of his great contribution to Canadian literature.



# Hints to Editors

By An Amateur Author

WE are continually being given suggestions as to the best way of approaching editors. The writers' journals are full of them and our comrades who have "arrived" are usually willing and eager to pass along any tips about the best way of dealing with these temperamental custodians of the portals we are striving to enter.

How avidly we read and listen to everything in this line! How earnestly we try to follow the various bits of conflicting advice! In one article we read that an accompanying letter may have an irritating effect on the super-sensitive editor and lessen our chances of a sale with him; again, we are told that we might send a letter, but it must be short! (All authorities agree that a long letter would be disastrous.) Some advise taking our offerings to the editorial offices in person, others counsel us to use the mail. We are told to send our manuscripts flat and we are told to send them folded once. We are told to clip the pages together and we are told to send them unclipped. Then there are the things we are warned about that some of us who are a bit experienced would never think of doing: sending badly typed work, using too thin paper, failing to send a stamped and addressed envelope or sending insufficient postage.

We do want to please them, these highly strung, susceptible editors. We try our very best to give them what they like, but it is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, and there are some of us that feel that all this striving to please is a bit one-sided. Many an aspiring author has sent away a manuscript perfectly typed, attractive in every way and accompanied by a return envelope and sufficient postage, and he has received back

(perhaps after a lapse of weeks) a dirty, crumpled, disfigured manuscript that cannot be sent out again without being entirely re-typed. How often has an author sent out a timely article or story to have it kept in the editorial office for so long that when he gets it back it is no longer seasonable and must be counted "dead wood." A few hints to editors would surely not be amiss. We offer them with modesty and trepidation.

In the first place every editor who returns a manuscript after keeping it more than two weeks should be courteous enough to send with it a personal letter. When a manuscript fails to come back after that length of time the author's hopes begin to rise. He is familiar with the system used in so many editorial offices which sends the decidedly undesirable story back at once after being read by the first reader. He knows that his manuscript must pass through several hands before it reaches that holy of holies—the sanctum of the editor in chief. The fact that two weeks have passed without the wanderer returning gives him hope and the hope grows with each succeeding day. Then, at last, instead of the thin envelope containing the cheque he had begun to expect, and perhaps already spent, in imagination, comes the bulky one he had self-addressed and stamped weeks before. Poor author! Only those who have been through the experience can realize the bitterness of his disappointment. He has reached the lowest level of the valley of humiliation. A short, kindly note of explanation from the editor would have done much to mitigate the hurt, and it was surely owing to him, but how often there is nothing enclosed but a cold, brutal rejection slip.

Then there are those manuscripts

that come back to the author showing plainly that they have been subjected to careless and rough handling. Of course, one expects that a certain amount of pristine freshness will depart in the manuscript's journeying through the mails, but we are speaking now of those unmistakable marks of ruthlessness. We have even seen a rejected manuscript which has been stamped on several of the pages with the name of the publication it had been submitted to.

We know that many editorial offices are punctilious in their care of what has been offered to them, but there are many who are not, and we wish that these would be a little more considerate in the handling of our property.

And there is that perennial question, "Why has my manuscript been returned?" We have been told repeatedly, by every authors' manual and magazine we have ever read, that it is quite impossible for the busy, over-worked, harassed editor to send a personal letter with every returned manuscript. We quite understand, and, far be it from us to expect anything so absurd. Nevertheless, the editor who takes the time to send a few lines about our story, or even scribbles a word or two over the rejection slip to lessen the sting, will

ever call forth our deepest and most grateful appreciation. Of him we pray, "May his tribe increase."

One word about the manuscript—the rare, rare manuscript that is accepted. When an editor decides to use a story or article why does he not send an acceptance slip? It is true that there are some editors who follow this practice but they are very few, and they rarely send their notices of acceptance with the alacrity that they send the rejections. It would cost nothing for postage to do this, for the stamped and addressed envelope the author had sent with his manuscript could be used. (We have often wondered what the editors did with those stamps we stuck so securely on the envelope that was never used!) It would save the author weeks of anxious waiting and scanning of the pages of the periodical he had submitted his story to, and it would not be very much trouble for the editor. Of course, when, in the fullness of time, the author *does* hear glad news and receives the cheque, in his joy he "remembers no more the anguish," but it might have been avoided with a simple acceptance slip.

With humility and great reverence we offer these few hints to the all-powerful, mighty editors we are constantly striving to please.

## The Habit of Book Giving

By Grenville Kleiser

COMPARATIVELY few persons know the joy and satisfaction of book giving. Only those who have formed the habit realize its beneficent and far-reaching influence.

Not many can give libraries as did the great Scotch philanthropist, but all can give books, and this habit once formed will bring inestimable pleasure to both giver and receiver.

There are a surprisingly large number of intelligent men and women

who seldom think of a book as an appropriate and acceptable gift, but choose something that is as useless as it is disappointing. When a vaudeville artist asked an acquaintance to suggest what she should give to a friend as a birthday remembrance, and was advised to give a book, she ingenuously replied: "Oh, she has a book!"

A prominent American businessman has been in the habit, during



many years, of buying a dozen or more copies of any book that particularly impressed him, and of presenting them to his friends or associates. These books have formed enduring links of personal friendship and affection. He calls it his "hobby" and it has been a practical means of bringing inspiration and happiness into the lives of scores of people.

But while there are many books which can safely be offered to any of one's friends with an equal chance of welcome acceptance, it is often more advantageous and mutually gratifying to offer a book specially chosen to meet the tastes or ascertained needs of the recipient. In this way he receives not simply a present, but a present of something that particularly appeals to him—perhaps that he is actually wanting. This bestows a double value on the gift, and also eliminates the risk of tendering a book which, while perhaps a good literary standard, fails to meet the peculiar tastes of your friend.

"But how am I to know just what he would like to read?" you ask. "Am I to put the question bluntly to him, and thus take away the element of surprise, or am I to run the risk of offering him a book he already has?" This matter is largely one for individual decision; but if the book in view is of some value, it is certainly desirable to ascertain, directly or indirectly, whether or not your friend already has it on his shelves. Should the work be of an educative or technical nature (say on painting, architecture, landscape gardening or birds), the most practical plan is to find out whether that particular volume would be helpful, or whether the recipient could suggest any more useful one on the same subject. After all, the main object of a book-present is to bestow some cultural benefit, and the choice must therefore be carefully studied.

If the prospective recipient has

just returned from a holiday abroad, a finely illustrated book on that part of the world would be acceptable; should he be starting to form a library, a set of some famous author's works or a volume of standard poetry would help create the essential nucleus. A biography, or the correspondence of a distinguished personage is usually much appreciated by a book-lover; let the "personage" be a musician if your friend be interested in music, a statesman if he is a student of politics.

The modern novel, as a rule, cannot be regarded as a wise choice for a present. In the first place, interest in it is largely transient; it may be read—perhaps half-read—laid aside and forgotten. Secondly, there is such a mass of fiction available in every form (magazines, newspaper serials, cheap reprints), that a person cannot be expected to attach much regard to a present of this kind.

Books of essays meet with grateful acceptance in most cases, since they usually possess a wide general interest and may be read and re-read profitably at odd moments. Even if one or two among the essays fail to interest the reader, the others are likely to do so in varying degrees, so that some definite measure of appreciation of the book is assured. Nothing is more galling to a donor than the reflection that his present may have fallen quite "flat," so that meticulous care in choosing is essential.

Many book-lovers endeavor to accumulate sets of books of uniform size and binding; if therefore you can so select your purchase as to extend a particular series, your thoughtfulness will be doubly appreciated.

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The Canadian edition of Grace Jones Morgan's *Salvage All*, reviewed in a previous issue, is to be handled by McClelland & Stewart. The author, now living in California, formerly lived in British Columbia, and is a native of Chatham, Ontario. *Salvage All* is an original and well-written story although a "first novel."



## *It Is Reported* THAT—

—new editions are forthcoming of Bliss Carman's *Pipes of Pan* and Charles G. D. Roberts' *New York Nocturnes*.

—that after June 1st of this year Longmans, Green & Company will be the Canadian representatives for Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., publishers, New York.

—the Library Summer School at McGill University, Montreal, will be held this year from July 3rd to August 11th in order to allow more teachers to attend.

—Dorothy Davis Kynnersley, at one time honorary secretary of the Victoria and Islands branch of the C.A.A. has returned to British Columbia from England.

—Canadian National Institute for the Blind, at its Library at 142 College street, Toronto, loaned over 20,000 volumes in Braille and other embossed types, to 850 blind readers last year.

—Walter McRae, lecturer, reader and exponent of Canadian literature, is writing a book of reminiscences that will cover incidents occurring in all parts of Canada, which he has traversed from coast to coast more than a hundred times.

—Constance Lindsay Skinner, Canadian author and poet, has recently been elected a Fellow of the American Geographical Society in recognition of her articles on polar exploration. She is a daughter of the Cariboo country, having been born at Stanley, B.C., on the old Cariboo road, the daughter of a Hudson's Bay factor.

—Walter McRae has just concluded a lecture tour of the Prairie Provinces as an exponent of Canadian literature, and that a similar tour of the Maritimes and Newfoundland began this month. In the west Mr. McRae's work has resulted in libraries of Canadian works being started in many High Schools, the school trustees evincing great interest in this movement.

—a Vancouver writer of letters to the press scores booksellers out there for relegating Canadian books to an insignificant and remote corner with an apologetic sign: "Canadian Books by Canadian Writers." Surely not! The idea is rather prevalent that Vancouver outshines all other cities in the Dominion when it comes to the appreciation of all things truly Canadian.

—a series of illustrated lectures on Canadian historical subjects is being given in Vancouver under the auspices of the Canadian Club, the latest being an address by the Provincial Librarian, John Hosie, on

the discoveries on the Pacific Coast by the famous navigator, Captain Cook. But for the visit of Captain Cook, British Columbia would have become a Spanish instead of a British possession.

—instead of issuing a typical piece of propaganda of the blue book variety, to provide information to tourists about the ancient city, the Quebec government has published a thoroughly interesting and desirable book on *Quebec and the Isle of Orleans*, in which lovers of historical lore will find a veritable treasure-chest. Not the least interesting is the appendix giving a collection of French-Canadian songs.

—the Page Co., of Boston, recently received a bomb and death threat. The message was printed in large letters lengthwise on a single sheet of paper and headed "Warning to Publishers." The body of the message of warning reads: "If you publish any books of any kind about us we will blow up your place and kill you and we don't mean maybe. Keep your mouth shut and watch your step. We mean business. (Signed) The Dope Ring."

—at the last meeting of the Canadian Literature Club, of Toronto, Kathryn Munro was awarded first prize for a serious poem entitled "Sweet Lavender," also winning first prize for a humorous poem with "The Snow Soldier." Lillian Leveridge won second prize in the first competition and T. H. Litster, second prize in the humorous poetry competition. The judges were C. L. Rowe, Fred Jacob and Prof. E. J. Pratt. In the Fiction Group, A. C. Henderson was the contest editor. First prize was awarded to Miss Leveridge for a short story of early Canadian life, entitled "The Prayer that Saved." Second prize went to A. J. Woodthorpe, for his story entitled "A Phantom Oasis."

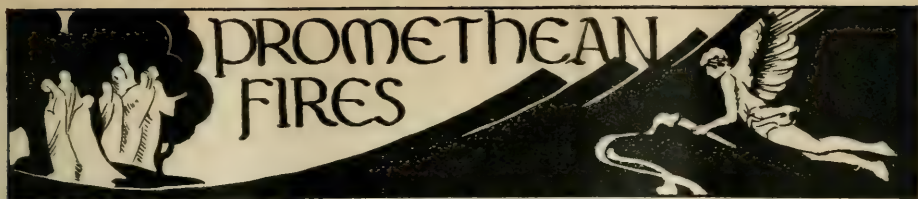
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### PRESENTATION TO MR. BRITNELL

The opening of the new Albert Britnell Bookshop in Toronto was marked by a reception at this finely appointed new store on the evening of May 25th. An interesting feature was the presentation of an illuminated address to Mr. Roy Britnell by the Publishers' Section of the Board of Trade. Something further about this interesting event will be given in the next issue.

\* \* \*

Not to be disturbed by receipt of a bill for three years' subscription, a B. C. subscriber encloses that amount, plus bank exchange, and adds: "I have been expecting a statement for some time, so was not surprised at the amount. I have always enjoyed *Canadian Bookman* and would not care to be without it."



## A Search for Lasting Values Among the New Books

By Marcus Adeney

WHAT goes into the making of a very good book? Something more than style and cleverness, surely, something more than airy phantasy or convincing realism, some quality that is at once familiar to everyone yet active in only a very few. A very good book seems to dissolve differences. It is concerned with the serio-comic and pathetic whole of human experience and not with one very little man's very little point of view regarding good and evil. It is, for all who have the gift of understanding, a revelation, no less inspired because the official seal of divinity is lacking. To those who have loved and labored greatly inspiration is no stranger. There are prophets today even as of old, though they speak in a modern tongue and work no apparent miracles. Let us give heed to the very good books of our own time.

*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, by Thornton Wilder (Albert and Charles Boni) is a very good book. And it is significant that when at last a book appears combining intense feeling with philosophic thought (which is only the thought of everyone freed from entanglement) expressed in language that a child could understand, there is general acclamation both in this continent and abroad.

Brother Juniper, having seen the bridge of San Luis Rey "divide and fling five gesticulating ants into the valley below" was visited by a curious thought. Why did this happen to those five? To him it seemed that "this collapse of the bridge of San Luis Rey was a sheer act of God. It afforded a perfect laboratory. Here at last one could surprise His intentions in a pure state." So Brother Juniper piously and laboriously collected his evidence; and if the Divine Intent was not, even then, quite as clear as the good Brother could have wished, who shall say that the effort was in vain? But Thornton Wilder indulges in no special pleading. "For all his diligence," he says, "Brother Juniper never knew the central passion of Dora Maria's life; nor of Uncle Pio's; not even of Esteban's. And I, who claim to know so much more, isn't it possible that even I have missed the very spring within the spring? Some say that

we shall never know and that to the gods we are like the flies that the boys kill on a summer day, and some say, on the contrary, that the very sparrows do not lose a feather that has not been brushed away by the finger of God." Strange what an affirmation there may be in the humble acceptance of a mystery! For this book contains a splendid affirmation, despite its deep and penetrating irony. The wise Madre Maria, at the last, having carried the heaviest burdens and known the bitterest disappointments, reflects to herself, "Soon we shall die and all memory of those five will have left the earth, and we ourselves shall be loved for a while and forgotten. But the love will have been enough; all those impulses of love return to the love that made them. Even memory is not necessary to love. There is a land of the living and a land of the dead and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning."

\* \* \*

John Oxenham (*The Man who Would Save the World*, Longmans, Green) believes that because we have left God out of the modern world Western Civilization is in grave danger, that private and national ambition, backed by giant armaments, provides a sure road to ruin. Does any thinking person disagree? The man who would save the world "believed with his whole heart and soul that if the world, or even the greater part of the world, would pray this prayer regularly, the world would redeem itself from its selfishness, and its folly, and its sin, and would thereby heal itself of its miseries:

"Our Father in Heaven

We pray Thee to send into our hearts,

And into the hearts of all men everywhere,

The Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ."

And in the story the miracle actually took place. England was redeemed first, then the various nations on the continent, including Russia, "slowly emancipating herself from the harsh rule of her extremists and anxious now for a place in the Comity of Nations and a return to the mystic faith of her forebears." Finally China, Japan, India and America. The new prophet for-



tunately had the "gift of tongues" whatever that may mean.

Here we have a big idea, an idea that is fortunately gaining ground everywhere. If our gain in world mastery is not soon counterbalanced by a similar control of greed and passion, nothing but misery and disaster lies ahead. None of us will deny Mr. Oxenham. In fact, we shall probably support C. F. Pringle, who calls this book "a trumpet call to all true men and women in their efforts to destroy the devils which prey upon men's bodies and souls in modern civilization." But that will not prevent us from deploring the utter inadequacy of this book. It is sad but true that a yearning for the redemption of mankind does not by any means necessitate a real world-interest. We find it much easier to instruct than to study the people of other nations, so often failing to realize that social virtues and religious symbols cannot be everywhere the same. John Oxenham is essentially an Englishman, and the simplicity of his teaching is deceptive for that reason. The man who would save the world must not represent the social ethics of one nation, no matter how enlightened that nation considers itself. And he certainly will not be a "good fellow". Because our popular author is such a very good Englishman his idea of world-redemption will arouse even less interest than it deserves. Is it really strange that at the heart of Mr. Thornton Wilder's novel should be found so many Christian virtues in their purest form, whereas in *The Man Who Would Save the World* we search in vain for a meaning that is universal?

\* \* \*

We live in an Age of Irony. Perhaps there never was a time when solemnity seemed more fatuous. Some day we may wake to find that only the advertisers take themselves and the public (with all its "created" needs) quite seriously. Artists will conceal their desperately earnest intentions behind ever more elaborate screens of humor and paradox, historians will become masters of cryptic utterance, while truth, in any matter whatsoever, will peep out shyly between masses of grandiose propaganda. A sad prophecy? Not at all. It is at present impossible actually to suppress knowledge. Too much has been already distributed. Good sense will remain when National Advertising in America is just one more ghost for small boys to pursue in history classes.

These reflections were prompted, indirectly to be sure, by Lion Feuchtwanger's story *The Ugly Duchess* (Viking Press). Herr Feuchtwanger is so very serious and he writes with such an admirable semblance of levity. Moreover he wastes no words. With

the aid of a few sharp contrasts and apt metaphors he forces any given character into high relief, and what remorseless probing then takes place! (The tables were turned when J. B. Priestley published his brilliant caricature, *The Handsome Duke*, in the London *Saturday Review*. Herr Feuchtwanger will never encounter a more merciless critic.) But destructive elements in the work of a great artist are invariably subordinate to some truly constructive idea. If the weaknesses, the criminal folly of persons long dead, are to be held up before the curious gaze of posterity we want to know specifically why. Civilized people do not seek horrors for their own sake.

It should be remarked, then, that Mr. Priestley's cleverness disregards everything that is truly important in *The Ugly Duchess*. Actually the pathos surrounding that unfortunate woman almost from birth, the tragic insufficiency of her power, even when she would have made every sort of personal sacrifice for the country and the people she loved, the cumulative high tragedy of this one would-be reformer in a world of aristocratic indifference, leave upon the reader's mind a profound and sombre impression. If ever the wickedness of men produced a hell of misery surely it was in Central Europe five hundred years ago. Then one suddenly thinks of 1914-18, and after. Is the Christian sense of social responsibility, as opposed to a narrow self-interest, any more widespread in our own time?

\* \* \*

CROWELL'S DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN USAGE. By Maurice H. Weseen. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co., 700 pages, 8vo. \$4.50.

What a boon it is to get a usable compendium of grammatical and rhetorical terms and rules, of words frequently misused, and of common errors!

To writers and to students in any English course this book is invaluable. It is ideal as a home study text-book, desk companion or reference book, its contents having been selected and so arranged as to prove of the utmost practical usefulness. All points are illustrated by means of clear-cut examples drawn from everyday speech.

The book deals with fundamental matters—grammatical correctness, and standard usages and shows the preferences expressed by different authorities. It does not stop with grammar in the narrow sense, but includes rhetoric prosody and correct English composition in general. The alphabetized lists include stumbling blocks in English and "crudities of construction that keeps us from saying what we mean."

The author is Professor of English in the University of Nebraska.



RECORD FLIGHTS. By Clarence D. Chamberlin. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. \$2.50.

This liberally illustrated book is a most interesting volume of special value to those who are concerned with the progress of aviation. Part I. is concerned with the flight from Roosevelt field to Berlin, Germany, with considerable attention to the dissensions and mishaps that delayed that hop-off, a sense of the dramatic being introduced by the references to the unexpected appearance of Lindbergh as a contender for trans-Atlantic non-stop honors and the \$25,000 prize which had stirred the activity of Chamberlin, Byrd and other notable fliers. Had Chamberlin's plans not again and again miscarried by reason of bickerings, misunderstandings and accidents attributable to other people, his flight would have been far in advance of the rise of Lindbergh as a contender. Rather naive is Chamberlin's first reference to this development:

"The Wright Company had refused offers of \$25,000 for the Wright-Bellanca plane from manufacturers who wanted to copy it and from a young air-mail pilot, Charles A. Lindbergh, because he wished to start alone in it for Paris."

And later:

"Meanwhile, Lindbergh, who seemed a far-away and vague rival for trans-Atlantic honors while test-hopping a new monoplane at San Diego, California, had become a contender to be reckoned with when he flew overnight on May 10th and 11th to St. Louis and thence on another non-stop flight to Curtiss Field one day before 'Friday the 13th' that had balked us."

Developing from the row between Charles A. Levine and Bertaud, who was originally to have accompanied Chamberlin, an injunction in the Brooklyn Supreme Court restrained Levine and the Columbia Aircraft Corporation from sending the Bellanca monoplane on a trans-Atlantic flight without Bertaud. That injunction was returnable May 20th at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

"A few minutes before eight o'clock that morning," continues Chamberlin in his book, "Lindbergh thundered down the runway at Roosevelt Field in 'The Spirit of St. Louis,' Paris-bound. I stood on the side lines and watched him go, while in a Curtiss Field hangar a mile away two drowsy cops yawned over their job of seeing that the law's red tape kept the Bellanca on the ground."

A high pitch of interest marks Chamberlin's recital all through the piece. The second half of the book deals with Chamberlin's early days, army training, his apprenticeship as an airman and on through the recital of record flights preceding the big hop across the Atlantic.

THE SOWER OF THE WIND. By Richard Dehan. London: Thornton Butterworth Limited.

In *The Sower of the Wind* Richard Dehan has rendered a vivid portrayal of the pearl fishers and traders of Western Australia, and their dealings with the aborigines. The character of Gaspar Barboas, ex-chiroprapist of London, who acquires the holdings of Droone, retired pearl fisher and trader, and who later incurs the wrath of the natives by drawing off the water from their well-heads, is skilfully drawn in the bold strokes of the master, as is that of Father Paul, the French missionary, whose vigorous and wholesome personality permeates the story. The heroine of this amazing novel is Safra, the beautiful Arunda girl whom Carrie Ferguson, noted anthropologist and traveller, has adopted and educated as her own. Safra saves Barboas from the death curse of Cuggâl, placed upon him by the natives for drying their wells. The autobiography of the heroine which forms a considerable part of the story is wonderful and intriguing. As is usual with the novels of Richard Dehan, the book is lengthy (446 pages) but without proving tiresome to the reader, the author succeeds in creating a splendid romance, bringing it to an unusual and dramatic climax, at the same time disposing of the question of an impending inter-racial marriage which imparts an interesting biological slant to the plot.

FRANK H. GILLESPIE.

\* \* \*

THE PEOPLE OF THE TWILIGHT. By D. Jenness. Toronto: Macmillan. \$3.00.

"What a sad guilt we white men have toward native races," exclaims Fridtjof Nansen in his preface to *The People of the Twilight*, by Diamond Jenness.

"But these people live in a land that will be of no value to us without them," he adds and asserts that they are doomed if nothing really effective is done to protect them. "The land of the great white silence will never more ring with the happy mirth of these lovable children of the twilight." He calls upon the Canadian people and authorities not to allow this thing to happen. Those who read this book will be similarly impressed.

The author is chief of the Division of Anthropology, of the Department of Mines, of the Federal Government at Ottawa. His book is a record of three years spent among the Eskimos of Coronation Gulf and the adjacent coast.

Although a scientist, his book is written with a warm humanity, with a wealth of quiet humor. The style and treatment is most unusual in a book of travel.

## CINDERELLA UP TO DATE

TESSIE MOVES ALONG. By Rob Wagner.  
Toronto: McLeod. \$2.00.

No one need be surprised at this tale's action. It's like a life-scenario. Ready? Camera! Tessie was serving beans in a classy joint on the Bowery, when a movie-picture director, looking for local color, "discovered" her. She became an extra and, having the gift of courage, soon doubled for stars. And she awaits her prince! Mr. Wagner has pleasantly drawn the scenes, his characters are natural, while the plot holds interest and appeal.

Here is the story of Tessie's resolute rise from "the sidewalks of New York" to the luminous heights of movie Stardom. After being sacked from the Beanery, she and her chum Kitty get jobs at the Climax Studio in Brooklyn, when photo dramas were becoming the vogue. To them it was like entering Fairyland—but only for a time. The earnestly joyous Tessie made friends with all "on the lot"—from the camera-kids to the property man—but, refusing to take the Easy Way, she is fired on a false charge. Working for a while at a small hotel, she at length decides to join her best friends, McGowan, the publicity man, and his wife, who had gone to a new studio in Los Angeles. She has enough for a ticket to Chicago; then as a waitress in a chain of station restaurants she works her way to the coast. Mac gives her several screen tests. She is not a beauty, as beauties go, but the camera, looking beneath the surface, sees her lovely face. So she is signed up as Vivian Vane, the fair film-Queen.

Her prince reappears in the book's interesting second section; he has been a studious, young prize-fighter, whom the girl, Tessie, had worshipped from afar; but having also changed his name is now a mining engineer. They meet again in Hollywood—and love lights the way. Yet not knowing each other's past, the author works in a number of plotted points. Doubtless many movie "fans" will recognize some "settings" used in this universal topic, for Tessie Vivian's course makes a readable story.

A.H.B.

\* \* \*

Toronto, May 9th, 1928.

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

May I ask you to publish a correction or two in connection with your kindly notice of my recent Western recitals? I did not speak for the Writers' Association of California, though, through the courtesy of their president, I was invited to be their guest, but for the Theatre Studio, in Berkeley, and also for the Women's City Club and the Paul Elder Lecture Course in San Francisco.

KATHERINE HALE.

## BESMIRCHING CANADA

Another of those wiseacres who stop a moment in Canada and write "an authoritative book about the country" has succeeded in finding a publisher in England. His name is C. Henry Warren. Just listen to him:

Outside Bliss Carman, Canada has never produced a poet worthy of the name, and, outside of Charles Roberts, not a prose writer who even knows what prose means.

Yet it is not that these Canadians have produced no art that troubles me. I did not go out there expecting to find a ready made culture, but I did hope to find a people practising the art of living. In Canada, however, town and country alike suffer this lack. Wherever the railway has penetrated, these thin sophistications are to be found: the same newspaper morals, the same false prophets of religion, the same abominable music, the same lack of imagination. Money is the only badge these Canadians recognize.

He says "There is not a theatre in Vancouver, nor a picture gallery west of Ottawa nor any music in all the land." Ontario he describes as "those vast wastes where only the trapper is truly at home."

Is there some sort of propaganda behind these screeds? Surely the man has more intelligence than to believe what he has written! And why is it that such trash should find a publisher in England?

\* \* \*

## NOT WORTH WHILE

Louis W. Lowe has found a publisher for a book he calls *Must the Church Go?* Of all the superficial books that have come our way of late, this is the prize package. That there are too many books published is quite evident, but some excuse can be found for putting out most of them. For this one, however, we can think of none. It were far better had it remained unwritten and our only reason for mentioning it at all is to use it as an illustration to argue that publishers should seek anew to live up to the slogan "fewer and better books."

\* \* \*

## A TRIBUTE TO DURANT

Mr. Alexander Colquhoun, addressing the Calgary branch of the Canadian Authors Association, paid a real tribute to the French-Canadian author, Dr. Will Durant, whose *Story of Philosophy* has sold to the extent of nearly 200,000 copies. Mr. Colquhoun dealt with this book in its general application and also in relation to Durant's life as published under the title of *Transition*.

Neither Canadian writers, nor any others, Mr. Colquhoun affirmed, could expect to write lasting literature without a philosophy upon which to build. Shakespeare, Dickens, Hardy, all writers who endure, had a particular philosophy to which they were true. This book gave a good introduction to the subject.



### SPIKING AN OLD FALLACY

What a relief it is to hear somebody discount the hackneyed old theory of the "great Canadian novel." Many will go farther than Donald French did when, before the Heliconian Club, of Toronto, he said: "The great Canadian novel may never be written because the canvas is too big." The Heliconians were warm in their applause of another remark by Mr. French to the effect that it was a shame that French was not used more by English-speaking Canadians.

People from other lands coming to Canada should be given the privilege of knowing Canadian backgrounds. "But," he said, "how can we teach them, when we know them so little ourselves?"

\* \* \*

### YOUR CHILD'S READING

The A.C.B. organization, sponsored by the associated book publishers of Toronto, is doing some good constructive work in its reorganized form. A recent bulletin deals with "Your Child's Reading," and asks parents these questions:

Do you know what books your child reads?

Do you know why your child reads certain books?

Do you know how much your child appreciates some books he reads, and why he appreciates them?

Do you discuss books and reading with your child?

On the premise that it is a child's parents who see the continual expression of his mental and physical needs, it is argued that it is they who should, as far as possible, guide his reading, no less than they should supply his physical requirements.

\* \* \*

### NUMEROLOGY

From Mr. R. L. Reid, K.C., of Vancouver, comes an entertaining letter, in which he says:

"I am in receipt of my number of *Canadian Bookman* for April, 1928. It is evident that the Printer, in putting this number together, was actuated by cubist principles, or otherwise advanced in art.

I find page 102 printed on the inside of the cover, page 101 has the advertising sheet on its back, and then comes the beginning of the magazine; then in regular order 110 follows 105, 106 follows 109, 112 follows 107, 118 follows 113, 120 follows 115, and so on. Indeed, my brain is somewhat disturbed by trying to follow the vagaries of the printer.

As I keep all these numbers and bind them, I should be obliged if you would send me a copy somewhat less disturbing."

If any other subscriber has one of these curiosities we shall be glad to send a properly paged copy to replace it.—Editor.

THE ANGLICAN EPISCOPATE OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND. By Owsley Robert Rowley. Milwaukee: Morehouse Publishing Co.

This is a large, illustrated volume of nearly three hundred pages having an appreciative introduction by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The aim of the book is to give some account of the life and work of every Bishop consecrated for the Church of England in Canada, for her Missionary Sees in Honan and Mid-Japan and for the Church of England in Newfoundland. These accounts are accompanied by a full page illustration of each Bishop.

"By the Apostolic Succession," says the author in the opening chapter, 'The Historic Episcopate,' the order of ministers begun by Christ has been continued in unbroken line from century to century, so that any one now elevated to the high office of the Episcopate is the lineal successor of the original apostles, and receives his authority direct from Christ through that unbroken succession and to prevent any break in the continuity, the Church has been very careful from the earliest times to provide that no one may be consecrated to the Office of Bishop, unless at least three valid Bishops unite in prayer for that purpose, and also join together in the laying on of hands.

"Thus the Apostolic Succession is not merely a chain, but rather a net, in which, through the ages, hundreds of interlacing lines mingle, making the continuity absolutely certain. It is, therefore, comparatively easy to trace the succession of the present Bishop of Montreal, to whom this work is dedicated, from any of the original churches at Jerusalem, Ephesus or Rome. "St. James, spoken of in the scripture as the Lord's brother, was the first Bishop of Jerusalem. He presided over the first Church council, the record of which is found in the 15th Chapter of the Acts of the Holy Apostles."

A table and a chart showing the Episcopal Succession to the Bishop of Montreal constitute an interesting feature.

An amazing amount of information has been collected in these pages making the volume one of inestimable value to all Churchmen.

The biographies are concise but enable the construction very readily of the detailed life of the different bishops considered. The immensity of the work may be realized when it is remembered that Mr. Rowley deals with eighty-six individuals in his records covering the years from 1878, when the Honorable and Right Reverend Charles Inglis, D.D., First Bishop of Nova Scotia, came to Canada, to 1927, when the Right Reverend Louis Ralph Sherman, D.D., was consecrated Lord Bishop of Calgary.



# Where and How to

Compiled by William B. McCourtie

Arranged in 70 market groups to make the information  
betically indexed, so that you can

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# Sell Manuscripts

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## *Features in this Guide not in any other book*

Street addresses of magazines are given; editors of 5000 publications named; magazine "slants" specified; complete coverage of what the writer wants to know; both alphabetical and classified arrangements; house organs listed; roster of labor and fraternal papers; copyright and author's rights clearly explained; topical index.

### **An Editor Once Said**

That of all the manuscripts he received, 50% of them were entirely outside the scope of his particular magazine; 25% were pencil written or on both sides of the paper, or otherwise unreadable; 20% had "been the rounds" or were in some particular delayed in transmission, thereby lacking in timeliness; the remaining 5% received editorial consideration.

Therefore, inaccurate information, negligence regarding details and badly prepared manuscripts account for ninety-five out of every hundred rejections. A great many rejections are seen to be easily avoidable. **WHERE AND HOW TO SELL MANUSCRIPTS** supplies complete information to the author, and is in a literal sense invaluable.

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## Inside Stuff . . . .

### Do Authors Buy Books?

What raises this question is the oft-repeated *ad nauseam* parrot-like remarks of certain Canadian book publishers, taking the negative side of this question as an argument against advertising in *Canadian Bookman*. (About 25 per cent. of this journal's subscribers are authors.)

\* \* \*

#### STRINGER HAS 4,000!

"With regard to the contention that authors don't buy books," writes Arthur Stringer, "let me take this occasion to remark: Books seem to be the one extravagance of all authors with whom I have personal contact. They are actually ambidextrous buyers, getting books first for pleasure, and then for professional reasons. They're apt, in fact, to inundate themselves in books—and as I write these lines four thousand volumes frown and smile down on me from my study shelves. To say that an author doesn't buy books is as foolish as to say that a farmer doesn't buy implements—for the garden of the imagination is tilled by the plough-share of printed Ideas!"

\* \* \*

#### HAD A LIBRARY OF 10,000 VOLUMES

Another author, before moving to the Canadian West, had accumulated a library of over ten thousand volumes, which had to be sold because the old home was being broken up. Now a new library is springing up in a new home, started some years later in the Canadian West.

We especially prize a letter telling of the place of honor given *Canadian Bookman* among the periodicals in this new home library.

\* \* \*

"The 'Who's Who' articles are very interesting. They bring me into such close touch with people whom I knew only by most casual acquaintance or through their books. The whole magazine is interesting and I am wondering how we ever got along without it."—Agnes Joynes, St. John, N.B.

\* \* \*

#### A BIRD CALENDAR

Our appreciative thanks are extended to Mr. Wallace Havelock Robb, of Belleville, for a Bird Calendar issued by the Howard Smith Paper Mills Co., which is exceptional in that its circulation performs a genuine service, spreading knowledge of Canadian birds. Each of the twelve calendar sheets presents a reproduction in full color of one of Major Allan Brooks' bird paintings. The reproductions are particularly fine and many will wish to frame these pictures, thus preserving a very fine set.

## BOOKS OF LASTING VALUE

### The Training of an Ambassador

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

Here under the skilful hand of Mr. Hendrick emerges the complete character and temperament of one of the most genuine, whole-hearted, charming men of his time.

\$5.00

### European Skyways

By LOWELL THOMAS

"By Joe; what a thrill! Kept me up all night first time since the war."—Count von Lucknow.

\$5.00

### Havelock Ellis

By HOUSTON PETERSON

In an age bewildered about religion, overawed by science, and obsessed with sex, Havelock Ellis stands alone, a great scientist, psychologist, and writer whose serene philosophy has brought consolation to thousands.

\$4.50

### Wings of Song

The STORY OF CARUSO

Written by Dorothy Caruso in collaboration with Torrance Goddard, this is the story of the greatest of all tenors. Told with admirable restraint and humor. Fully illustrated with photographs and caricatures.

\$3.50

THOMAS ALLEN, Publisher, TORONTO

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## THE CALGARY CONVENTION

### Tentative Outline of Programme

THERE will be five regular sessions of the Conference, viz., Wednesday morning and afternoon, Thursday morning, and Friday morning and afternoon. At these the following subjects will be presented:

Canadian books for boys and girls.

Craftsmanship.

Backgrounds of Canadian literature.

Canadian History and Biography.

Unexplored Fields for Canadian Literature.

Free Verse.

French Canadian Literature.

Book Reviewing.

The Canadian Drama.

Canadian Universities and Canadian Literature.

Full discussion will be given to the question of copyright, including the report of Mr. L. J. Burpee, our representative to the Rome Conference of the Berne Convention.

Of the fifteen branches, ten have accepted their responsibility for a share in the programme and one or two others will probably take a part, so that a very fine programme is assured.

In addition to the regular sessions there will be a good deal of social entertainment. A luncheon on Wednesday noon will be given by one of the Calgary clubs. A reception on Wednesday evening will be given under the auspices of the Calgary branch. Thursday afternoon and evening will be given over to a visit to the Prince

of Wales ranch. On Saturday, July 7th, the Convention will journey to Banff, and on the way the ceremony of making the National President, Dr. Roberts, an Indian Chief, will take place. The annual dinner will be held at the Banff Springs Hotel on Saturday evening, and the president already has a very fine programme for that convention.

As a post-Convention attraction, the president of the Montreal branch, Mr. Howard A. Kennedy is inviting those delegates who are going to Edmonton to stop over for luncheon at his ranch near Lacombe and have a drive around that district.

### Halifax Branch

Members of this branch held their final meeting of the present season at the home of Mrs. Charles Archibald. Dr. Archibald MacMechan, Vice-president, presided.

Attention was called during the session to the fact that the annual convention of the Canadian Authors Association would be held in Calgary this summer and an expression of opinion among the members indicated that three or four from the local branch would attend.

The evening's literary programme was comprised of the reading of three short stories by Miss Elizabeth Nutt, Miss Norma E. Smith and Mrs. Chas. Archibald.

### New Brunswick Branch

A meeting of the executive of the New Brunswick branch was held in the rooms of the Natural History

Museum on Friday evening, April 27th. Mr. A. M. Belding, the president, was in the chair. Venerable Archdeacon H. A. Cody, vice-president, Dr. William MacIntosh, Louis Arthur Cunningham, Major H. G. Christie, Rev. George Scott, Mrs. Margaret Lawrence, and Mrs. N. E. Raymond, were also present.

The organization of the New Brunswick branch, begun last fall by Dr. Roberts, has been completed and a strong membership is assured. Writers living in New Brunswick, and wishing to join the branch, should write the secretary, L. A. Cunningham, Saint John, and application forms will be sent them.

Plans for monthly meetings were discussed, several of the executive offering the use of their residences for this purpose. It was pointed out that New Brunswick has a relatively large representation among Canadian writers, the province having been the home of Bliss Carman and Dr. Roberts and many of the younger poets and novelists of the Dominion.

#### Saskatchewan Branch

At the annual meeting of this branch, M. B. Cody, Regina, was elected president. Mrs. W. G. Ross, Moose Jaw, and Col. A. C. Garner, Regina, were made vice-presidents; G. A. Palmer, recording secretary; Mrs. Clarence A. Richardson, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Grace C. Shierholtz, Moose Jaw, treasurer, and E. C. Stewart, archivist.

The executive committee for the year consists of Judge Gravel, Gravelbourg; Dr. J. L. Stewart, St. Andrew's College, Saskatoon; Mrs. E. C. Storer, Moose Jaw; Mrs. K. A. Greene, Hazelcliffe; George Duncan, Swift Current; Mrs. W. J. Saunders, Marshall; and Rev. H. D. Ranns, Biggar.

#### Edmonton Branch

At the annual meeting of the Edmonton branch, held on April 25th,

1928, the following officers were elected for the coming year: Honorary President, Hon. A. C. Rutherford; President, Rev. W. Everard Edmonds; Vice-president, Mrs. Arthur Murphy; Secretary-treasurer, Mr. M. V. Newson.

#### MR. NOYES AND THE MODERNS

Those who were fortunate enough to hear Alfred Noyes on the occasion of his last visit to Toronto and other cities on this side of the ocean, will be interested in the following message about him sent to *Canadian Bookman* by Foyles, of London, who have again been conducting a series of literary lectures.

"Mr. Noyes is a poet of the traditional type whose lineal ancestor was known primarily as a singer; the form of poetry, he believes, should be essentially musical, and he is impatient of the modern so-called poet to whom music and rhythm are anathema.

He told with glee the tale of two young men who determined to play on the tendency of editors to accept any monstrosity in their anxiety to be modern, and the foolishness of the public in following them. At one sitting they wrote a number of pieces conspicuous for their lack of rhythm and the absurdity of their sentiment and posted them to an editor. They were seized upon avidly as wonderful expressions of the modern spirit; their vogue spread over two continents; professors praised them and the public raved over them. Then the young men gave the show away—but the editors suppressed the news. Mr. Noyes, who was made privy to the jest from the beginning, has not yet lost the humor of it.

Against these modern poets of in-harmony Mr. Noyes quoted Tennyson, who while perhaps not the greatest among poets, was assuredly the greatest master of the musical soul of poetry and he regretted that the author of "Tears, idle Tears," was over-

whelmed for the time being by the clatter of the moderns. Music would, however, come into its own once more and poetry again express the rhythm to which all life moves and grows. None could count John Keats as

naught and did not Keats write, with his keen sense of the rhythmic beauty which is the life of all reality, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—this is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

## Significant Similes of 1927

Culled by Grenville Kleiser

THE use of similes is coming more and more into use, according to Grenville Kleiser, whose continually growing output of books includes one on that subject. The following have been culled by Mr. Kleiser from the large output of 1927:

I plunge forward at the snap just as a hound leaps at the first scent in the hunt.—*Benito Mussolini*.

I will not rush past life like a runaway horse in blinkers.—*Warwick Deeping*.

Love which heals is as free as God's sunshine.—*Julia J. Homermiller*.

Their chatter twists round and round itself like an intellectualized puppy chasing a phantom tail.—*London Times*.

Like the talent which increases with use, the thought which is continually uplifted to magnify God grows in beauty and strength.—*Marjorie Shuler*.

Appreciation helps men like the cheer of the college to a football team battling for a touchdown.—*Rev. C. Waldo Cherry*.

A religion without adventure is like a landscape without a mountain; like food without taste; like a dull day without color in earth or sky.—*Dr. William F. Anderson*.

Reading his book of short sentences is like riding in a springless wagon over a corduroy road.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

He wore his learning, in the beautiful old phrase, as lightly and gracefully as a flower.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

Turning up strange words in a dictionary is an interesting business, like making new friends.—*F. W. Thomas*.

Communism, like a disseminated cancer, breaks out now in one part and now in another of the socialist body.—*London Morning Post*.

A surface smile, like thin ice on a still pond, may seem inviting, but keep close to the shore.—*William R. Rathvon*.

The troubles of our life in looking back seem in the memory like the ice storms that came and clung and melted in the sun.—*Great Thoughts Magazine*.

Today her movements were as incalculable as wind-tossed leaves.—*Ethel M. Radbourne*.

Some words are as unsubstantial as thistledown, as slender as the gossamer

thread that drifts and shimmers in the morning sun, as fragile as the petals of a rose.—*R. M. Lucey*.

No one can play with Christian Science, as a child with a toy, and expect to progress in spiritual understanding.—*Duncan Sinclair*.

She broke hearts as a cook breaks eggs, carelessly and yet of purpose.—*Wallace B. Nichols*.

Some scientists have pronounced matter to be as obsolete as the dodo!—*Eleanora B. Carr*.

At Easter the fact of the risen Christ is set up above the tangle of sin and perplexity and failure, like some great range of hills that towers up in the morning above the shadows of night.—*Archdeacon F. B. Macnutt*.

One may aim at a reduction in taxation, as one may aim at a target, but one does not promise to hit it.—*Winston Churchill*.

There is something in the air which affects aviators like an extra glass of champagne.—*Admiral Mark Kerr*.

Suddenly, that night, invisible dogs yelped about my ears, like discarnate demons.—*Louis Golding*.

If France falls, Communistic anarchy will descend like a vulture on the debris of nations and governments strewn about her.—*M. Albert Sarrant*.

The plane strained to the right and, evenly as a gull, curved gracefully, and slowly came to a stop.—*New York Herald*.

The voice of the dead came out from the earth like a mighty thunder: "What have we died for?"—*Jane Mercurio*.

The dry grass on the hill slopes shimmer in the sunshine like pale gold.—*Edith S. Clements*.

There are certain kinds of thought that are as poisonous as prussic acid, though not as rapid in their action.—*Rev. Studdert Kennedy*.

Suddenly a tiny two-seater skimmed like a swallow past me.—*James Douglas*.

The tiny river was like beaten silver.—*London Morning Post*.

High above to the east the clouds, silver-like, were tinted with crimson of a dozen shades.—*W. L. Shirer*.



Spring in the air, her spirit brooding in the woods, like a hush of music; like the breath of a lover on the cheek of his beloved.—*Edith A. Vassil.*

The result of the conference is like a stepping-stone laid across a morass long deemed impassable.—*London Daily Chronicle.*

Whenever some little awkwardness of feeling is created between the American and British peoples, laughter comes in as a lightning conductor.—*J. L. Garvin.*

Truth at all times has a ring of its own like that of a good coin.—*Gordon Selfridge.*

All through the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, like a golden thread runs the assurance of the ever-presence of God.—*Willis R. Bardick.*

He gave back my hat restored to its pristine freshness and shining like a mirror.—*Ralph D. Blumtnfeld.*

Grey winter has gone like a wearisome guest.—*London Daily Sketch.*

I stood there entranced, saturated, and refreshed, as if that beautiful color were drenching me like dew.—*Mary Borden.*

The storm seemed to burst like a clap of thunder right overhead the conjugal firmament.—*Arnold Bennett.*

His words trickled slowly on to their victim like a Chinese torture.—*Leslie Hore-Belisha.*

Flunkies were everywhere, moving silently in their gaudy liveries, like so many puppets operated by strings in the hands of the pompous major domo who marshaled them.—*Grace Carley Harriman.*

In the Bible the right road and the wrong way are both charted as clear as God's sunlight.—*Edward Bok.*

As noiseless as a bird in flight come to us the truths of God.—*Eleanor Creighton.*

The cheers leaped up at him like buffeting waves.—*Paris Daily Mail.*

Sweet quietude crept in as softly as the springtide's breath.—*Warren C. Klein.*

The cause of the recrudescence of barbarism against religion is the secret dissemination of theories which insinuate themselves like poison among the natives.—*Pope Pius XI.*

Stiff cuffs creak like a motor-car door that

needs oiling.—*Candidus, Daily Sketch, London.*

Flowers, like smiles and music, speak a universal language.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Shallow optimism and get-rich-quick-methods give rise to dreams of easy success like bubbles, but like bubbles they are easily burst.—*George Watson.*

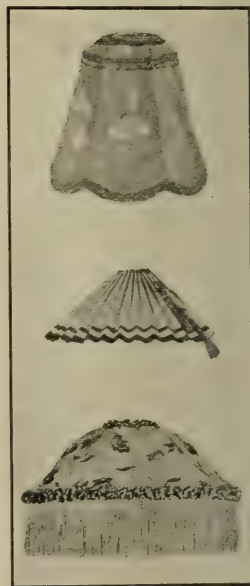
Coming out of church ought not to be like coming out of an anaesthetic.—*Rev. Benjamin Gregory.*

The letter without the spirit is like a motor car without an engine.—*Albert F. Gilmore.*

He shuns publicity as a man with a new straw hat shuns the rain.—*Dr. John H. Kellogg.*

Long living is a knack that can be acquired like bicycle riding.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

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# The Collector

THE thirty-second issue of *American Book-Prices Current*, that invaluable aid to the collector of and dealer in rare books, containing a record of books, manuscripts and autographs sold at auction in New York and elsewhere in the United States from July 1, 1925, to July 1, 1926, and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, reached The Collector's hands a considerable time ago, but, unfortunately, he has been delayed until now in giving it the attention it demands.

This volume, like its immediate predecessor, contains about ten per cent. more material than heretofore; nevertheless, through the use of a reference index to sales, and to the use also of abbreviations commonly recognized but not previously employed in this publication, its bulk has not been increased.

The season of 1925-26 was a notable one, many new titles having made their appearance in the auction room and many new records having been established. The high record for the year was \$106,000, made by the Meik Monastery copy of the so-called Mazarin Bible, printed at Mayence, or Mainz, in Germany, by Gutenberg and Faust in 1450-55, and distinguished as being the first book to be printed from movable types. Other books which brought amounts calling for special mention include the following, viz:

John Milton's *Comus: A Maske* (1637), \$21,500; Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, (1600), \$21,000; John Gower's *Confessio Amantis* (1483), printed at Westminster by Caxton, \$20,000; Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, first edition, (1579), \$17,700; Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566-67), \$16,000; Milton's *Comus* (1637), \$11,500; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, first issue of first edition (1667), \$10,000; the pseudo-Shakespearean *Locrine* (1595), \$9,000; Bradford's *Plan of the City of New York* (1731), \$7,600; Dickens *Pickwick Papers*, first edition, in original parts (20 in 19), with all the "poin'ts" (1836-37), \$7,000; Milton's *Lycidas*, first edition (1638), \$5,900; Shakespeare's *Poems* (1640), \$5,300; *Thersytes, a New Interlude* (c.1550), \$5,000; the pseudo-Shakespearean *Sir John Oldcastle* (1600), \$5,000; Homer's *Opera*, 2 vols in 1, (1488), \$4,200; *The Interlude of Youth* (c.1557), \$4,000; Milton's *Poems* (1645), Alexander Pope's copy, with MS. notes in his hand, \$3,700; Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, first edition of all three parts (1719-20), \$3,525; Gray's *Elegy* (1751), \$3,000.

The prices above quoted are staggering enough, even to the initiate, but almost equally staggering are the prices which were brought by some of the items listed under "Autographs and Manuscripts," as witness:

Button Gwinnett (signer of the Declaration of Independence, and rarest of the "Signers" as regards autographs), D.S.: (a w'il) \$22,500; ditto, D.S. (promissory note), \$19,000; ditto, cut signature, \$10,500; R. L. Stevenson, MS. of *Kidnapped*, 190 sheets, \$10,000; Thos. Lynch, (signer of the Declaration of Independence), aut. sig. \$5,000; *Horae Beatae Mariae Virginis*, illuminated, MS. 202 pp., \$8,750; R. L. Stevenson, MS. of *Catrina*, 150 sheets, \$5,000; Comte de Rochambeau, letter to Gen. Nath. Greene, with Greene's reply, regarding the operations of the Continental Army in the South, \$4,900; Benedict Arnold, A.L.S. to Townshend, London, Jan. 31, 1783, giving narrative of his desertion, \$3,900; A. Lincoln, A.L.S., 2 pp., giving some family history, \$3,200; Thos. Paine, MS. of his Memorial from Prison, \$3,100; Geo. Washington, A.L.S., giving his views on the laying out of the City of Washington, \$3,100; Thos. McKean (signer of the Declaration of Independence) A.L.S., giving history of the adoption and signing of the Declaration, \$3,000; A. Lincoln, A.L.S., 3 lines, 11 words, dated April 8, 1861, \$2,700; Arthur Middleton (signer of the Declaration of Independence), A.L.S., \$2,700; Wm. Penn, D.S. by him and others, \$2,400; Provisional Articles of Peace Between the United States and Great Britain, 50 pieces (from private files of Lord Shelburne, Marquis of Lansdowne and Thos. Townshend, Viscount Sydney), \$2,400.

The huge prices brought by the books, autographs and manuscripts listed above, of course, are of general rather than specific interest to, at any rate, most of the readers of *Canadian Bookman* who trouble themselves to glance over this corner of it, and much greater interest, perhaps, will be excited by details of the showing made by such items coming under the head of *Canadiana* as happened to be offered at auction during the season covered by the volume under review. These items seem to have been neither very numerous nor very important, but here are a few of them, with the prices which they realized:

*Almanach de Quebec*, 1801, with *Quebec Almanack and British-American Royal Kal-*



endar for 1824, 1836 and 1837, Quebec, 1801-37, 4 vols., \$52.50; *Archives du Canada*, 1872-1904, Ottawa, 1872-1904, 15 vols., \$22.50; Beauchesnes' *Les Aventures dans la Nouvelle France*, Amsterdam, 1737, 2 vols., \$28; *Bibliothèque Canadienne*, Montreal, 1825-30, 5 vols., \$32.50; *British Columbia and Vancouver: Handbook of British Columbia and Emigrant's Guide to the Gold Fields*, London, 1862, \$30; Burgoyne's *State of the Expedition to Canada*, London, 1780, \$30 (another copy, \$27); Collection of Acts passed in the Parliament of Great Britain and of Other Public Acts Relative to Canada, (orig. issues), 1796-1841 (15 pieces in one vol.), \$52.50; *Edits, Ordonnances Royaux, Declarations et Arrêts du Conseil d'Etat du Roi, concernant le Canada*, Quebec, 1803-06, 2 vols., \$22.50; Shortt and Doughty's *History of the Canadian People and their Institutions* (Edinburgh Edition), Toronto, 1914-17, 23 vols., \$100; *Lithographic Views of Military Operations in Canada under Sir John Colborne*, 7 col. plates, London, 1840, \$80; Charlevoix' *Histoire et Description General de la Nouvelle France*, Paris, 1744, 3 vols., \$37.50; ditto, *History and General Description of New France*, trans. by J. G. Shea, London, 1902, 6 vols., \$22.50; ditto, *Journal of a Voyage to North America*, London, 1761, 2 vols., \$45; Ellis' *Voyage to Hudson's Bay*, London, 1748, \$17.50; Franchere's *Relation d'un Voyage a la Cote du Nord-Ouest*, Montreal, 1820, \$47.50; Gagnon's *Essai la Bibliographie Canadienne*, vol 1 only, Quebec, 1895, \$10; Harmon's *Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America*, \$37.50; Hearne's *Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean*, London, 1795, \$22.50; Hennepin's *New Discovery of a Fast Country in America*, first issue of first edition, London, 1698, \$150; Heriot's *Travels Through the Canadas*, London, 1807, \$90; Hind's *Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula*, London, 1863, \$20; ditto, *Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition*, London, 1860, \$17 (also \$16); Jefferys' *The Conduct of the French with Regard to Nova Scotia*, London, 1754, \$17; ditto, *Natural and Civil History of the French Dominions in North and South America*, London, 1760, 2 vols in one, \$125; Lahontan's *New Voyage to North America*, London, 1735, 2 vols., \$30; Lambert's *Travels through Lower Canada and the United States*, 3 vols., London, 1810, \$35, (also London, 1813, \$22.50, and London, 1816, \$20); Lascarbot's *Histoire de la Nouvelle France* (with *Les Muses de la Nouvelle France*), Paris, 1610, \$42.50; Durham's *Report on the Affairs of British North America*, London, 1839, \$19; Letter to the Inhabitants of the Province of Que-

bec, Philadelphia, 1774, \$17.50; Mackenzie's *Voyages from Montreal to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans*, London, 1801, \$30; Doolittle's *Map of Upper and Lower Canada, and United States Contiguous*, Cheshire, Conn., 1812, \$35; Maseres' *Account of the Proceedings of the British and other Protestants of the Province of Quebec*, London, 1775, \$25; *Nouvelles Soirees Canadiennes*, Quebec, 1882-88, 7 vols., \$12.50; *Book of Common Prayer*, Trans. into Mohawk by J. Brant, London, 1787, \$40; *Reglement de la Confrerie de l'Adoration Perpetuelle du S. Sacrement, et de la bonne Mort*, Montreal, 1776, \$20; Robson's *Account of Six Years Residence in Hudson's Bay*, \$47.50; Saint Valier's *Catechisme du Diocese de Quebec*, Paris, 1702, \$20; Smith's *History of Canada*, Quebec, 2 vols. \$45; Tonti's *Account of Monsieur de la Salle's Last Expedition*, London, 1698, \$180; Walker's *Journal or Full Account of the late Expedition to Canada*, London, 1720, \$22.50; Weld's *Travels through the States of North America, and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada*, London, 1799, \$26.

Among other autographs and MSS. of special Canadian interest sold during the season were the following: Jos. Brant ("Thayandenagea") MSS. 7 pp., speech addressed to Capt. Claus, pleading for fulfillment of promises of land on the Grand River, \$145; ditto, A.L.S., 3 pp., to George Clinton, \$60; John Deserondyon, Iroquois MSS., dated Lachine, April 9, 1782, condolence for the death of a chief, with trans. and A.L.S. by Abbe Cuoq, trans. by Mrs. Hill and A.L.S. and comments by Wm. Kirby, \$95; Marquis Duquesne de Menneville, D.S. (survey of New France), 14 pp., Quebec, July 6, 1755, with marginal notes in hand of Marquis de Vaudreuil, \$750; Lieut. Henry du Vernet, 2 A.L.S., Detroit, June 1, 1780, to Alex. Shaw, Commissary and Paymaster of Artillery in Canada, \$70; ditto, 3 A.D.S., Detroit and Michilimack, July-December, 1780, regarding army supplies, \$80; Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, A.L.S. 1 p., December, 1644, to Mons. Shumieres, \$210; ditto, D.S., Quebec, Oct. 15, 1691, military commission, \$160; ditto, D.S. "Frontenac" 2 pp., n.d., \$130; Pierre le Moine, Sieur d'Iberville, MS. agreement of Iberville and his brother Serigny with Canadians who agreed to accompany them on expedition against the British posts on Hudson's Bay in 1694, 2 pp., Quebec, August 8, 1694, \$90; Gozon de St. Veran, Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm, D.S. 1 p., Camp de Carillon, July 25, 1757, confirmation of military order by Marquis de Vaudreuil, \$125; P. de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, L.S. "Vaudreuil," Quebec, Oct. 30, 1718; report to French Court on a council with the Iroquois, \$55.



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Vol. X.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1928

No. 6



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# The 15 Cells

By STUART MARTIN



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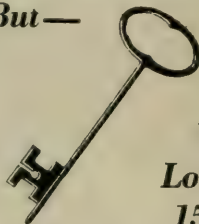
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FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

125 Simcoe Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Vol. X., No. 6

TORONTO, JUNE, 1928

25c a Copy  
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## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

GERTRUDE MacGREGOR MOFFATT

By J. M.

ALTHOUGH represented by only one volume, her collected poems published in 1924 as *A Book of Verses*, edited by Prof. Bernard K. Sandwell, the work of Gertrude MacGregor Moffatt has a real place in Canadian poetry.

She was a native of Stratford, Ont., the daughter of Rev. Daniel Arthur MacGregor. She was left an orphan when still in her childhood and, with two sisters, was brought up in the home of her maternal grandparents at Princeton, Oxford County, Ontario.

Gertrude MacGregor was educated at Moulton College, Toronto, and at McMaster University. She was married in 1909 to Thomas E. Moffatt a teacher who was later appointed to the post of principal of the Public School at Tweed, Ontario. She died in the General Hospital, Ottawa, on October 8th, 1923.

Of the quality of her work, *The Times Literary Supplement*, London, in 1924, after referring to her as an intensely subjective poet, says "... it is as records of spiritual dilemmas, regrets, defeats and victories that these poems deserve attention. Something of the gnomie grace of Mary Coleridge is blended in them, with a devotional impulse reminiscent of George Herbert. The note is subdued ... and yet underlying this

there is the subtle gaiety of one who has put herself into harmony with the life which exacts its due of suffering. It is this mystical conviction which enables Mrs. Moffatt to give significance to those small things with which her verse is preoccupied and particularly those moments in the relationship of men and women which seem insignificant until a poet kindles them from within."

Lovers of the beauties of nature will appreciate reading again her striking poem

### THE PINE

All is erased; leaving this slendering pine  
Alone, like a fine etching on the sky.  
The air, even, a rare sublimity,  
A nothingness, against which to define  
One tree. No cloud is there; nor even yet  
A star. Only the waning amber light,  
Reluctant to resign unto the night  
This signal hour, whereon one thought was  
set.

So does it please God, setting at His will  
All things aside, to lift a lowly flower  
To be the symbol of some glorious hour;  
Or to call in a shepherd from his hill,  
To be a king; or to exalt this pine  
Against the sky, minaret-like, and fine.

As another example of the poet's fine work the following is submitted:

### LYRIC

I want to be where all is very still.  
I do not want to hear a cricket even;  
Nor a least bird-song, from a thicket even;  
Nor any stir of wind, along the hill.

I should not mind if, very far away,  
A village church-bell might be softly ringing;  
Some sense of unsought absolution bringing,  
Not urging me with any need to pray.

I want you near me, reading in some book;  
Not heeding me, but just your shadow stealing  
Along my sight with some cool sense of healing;  
And waking not the stillness with a look.

I want to lie with eyelids folded down,  
As half asleep, though never fully sleeping,  
Watching the long, slow shadows downward creeping,  
To gather in the quiet little town.

\* \* \*

### GROWTH OF THE READING HABIT

When people tell you that the movies and the motors along with the radio have pushed reading away in the background, a perusal of library reports from time to time will encourage the booklover who is inclined to

fear that all these counter attractions threaten to eclipse books. He will run across such headings as "Library's Use Doubled Since 1914"—(*Regina Post*, May 8th;) "The Growth of the Reading Habit," (*Regina Leader*, May 8th;) "Gain in Circulation of Carnegie Library Books," (*Ottawa Citizen*, May 9th.) Almost every day such headings present themselves in newspapers somewhere in Canada, and as the *Regina Leader* said editorially: "A good book happily still has its appeal. It still refreshes and stimulates as perhaps nothing else can. The radio should never be able to supplant good books. They are still of incomparable worth and benefit, an antidote to the mind, enriching it, and also helpful in producing that philosophical outlook upon life which robs living of much of its problem."

## If Fiction, What Type?

By M. Eugenie Perry

THE Canadian editors say, "Action stories, and more action stories; and then, again, action stories; with perhaps an occasional humorous story to cheer up the tired business man; but, if you please, no stories of atmosphere, no character studies, and nothing that could be called merely a sketch." And now has come the unkindest cut of all. The editor of a Canadian women's magazine is reported to have said in a public address, "As you love me, no love stories" or words to that effect.

A woman's magazine without love stories? Shades of our feminine ancestors, what have we here? Still, of course you always can and do, get them from over the line—love stories, I mean—for the editors of women's magazines in the United States still believe the dear public likes to read them. Is it an evidence, I wonder,

that our cousins to the south are less advanced than we are?—or more sentimental?—or merely less emotionally self-conscious?

If a vote were taken, I wonder if it would not be found that there are thousands and thousands of Canadians as tired of the eternal pioneer story as I am. But the edict seems to have gone forth that a story can only be a Canadian story if it is a pioneer story. The editors and publishers insist that Canadian stories must be pioneer stories; the world as a natural consequence, thinks that only pioneer stories can be Canadian stories; and so the down-trodden writer, resigning himself to the inevitable, writes pioneer stories, preferably with Scandinavian characters. Is it not a vicious circle?

Now why is the story about the pioneer so popular with the editors



and publishers? Not, surely, because the long-suffering public wants that type of story. Do you know anyone who does? Ask your neighbor. Is it, by any chance because a large number of those holding down editorial chairs were born in Great Britain; and though they are quite unaware of the fact, still retain somewhere in their sub-conscious minds the idea that Canada is still a colony?

We have articles about immigrants shoved at us continually through the pages of the daily newspapers—well and good, immigrants and their arrivals have a news value; but why use them, also, as the bulwark of Canadian fiction. They are only an incident—an important incident, admittedly—in the life of modern Canada.

Or if we must have stories of immigration, why not start a new style? Why not write a few stories about the repatriation of our well-bred and educated Canadian girls and boys who have gone to California to earn the living made impossible in Canada by the influx of settlers from Great Britain, Russia, Sweden and other European countries. Perhaps if this type of story really caught on, a few of our exiles might be able to come back, and earn a living writing of their experiences over the line.

But about those stories of sentiment, atmosphere, psychology which the editors think the Canadian public doesn't want. Is it because men won't take the time to read them, sometimes call them bosh? Well, isn't it admitted that three-fourths, or more, of the people who make up the reading public are women? And a large percentage of these are elderly women who still enjoy reading a story sentimental or emotional. The women who are just getting ready to vote also seem to have a penchant for emotional stories, but of a rather racy variety, if one is to judge by the magazines they pack around. Three rousing cheers

for the Canadian editors in that they never, never cater to that taste. Still, if love stories they will have—and they will—why not create a taste for simple, sweet love stories with a modern, sensible atmosphere as unlike the cloying unrealities of the Victorian era, as they are unlike the erotic concoctions of the so-called true tales journals, which luridly litter the news stands.

The literary market in Canada is admittedly limited. If only a certain type of fiction finds favor with the editors and publishers, then only the few writers who produce that type of work, can reap the benefit, and Canadian literature from a fiction standpoint will remain stationery. Surely any adequately handled Canadian story, if the atmosphere is true, and the characters convincing, should be worthy of consideration.

Canada has passed the stage where a majority of her inhabitants must earn their livelihood by carving them bodily out of the wilderness; so surely the two-fisted hero of the forests, and the illiterate European peasant struggling sordidly to wrest a living from the unkind soil, might now share their place in the sun of editorial approval, with heroes and heroines of a more introspective, more complex type.

A couple of years ago a movement was started to introduce a more realistic note into Canadian fiction, and in consequence quite a number of more or less realistic tales achieved publication. Propaganda is a much overworked word these days, but a little propaganda of the right sort usually does bring results. Therefore if all who are tired of the eternal over-plotted action stories, including the pioneer story, will state the fact in speech or writing, perhaps the stories of thought, of atmosphere, of sentiment, of character may come into their own, and add their quota to the enrichment of our national literature.

## Three Uncanny Poems

By C. F. Lloyd

IT seems to be the fate of authors in general and more particularly of poets to be remembered by the worst parts of their work. Defoe is remembered by this generation as the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. His *Moll Flanders* is one of the best stories ever written, as George Borrow discovered long ago, but how many of our *litterati* have even heard of it? Ask any fairly well-read man what Thomas Hood wrote and he will reply that to the best of his knowledge Hood was the author of a couple of rather gloomy poems, "The Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs." He may have heard of "Eugene Aram" and "Fair Inez," but one may safely assume that unless the gentleman is a professor of literature or a student grinding for honors in English, he will not have read what I consider Hood's masterpiece, one of the most powerful, fantastic and eerie poems ever written by man, more creepy than any scene in Macbeth or the Medea, namely, "The Haunted House." To appreciate this strange poem it should be read towards twelve o'clock at night, by candle light, with no other human being near to frighten away the spooks by keeping one's blood up to its normal temperature of ninety-eight point six. You may be a modern of the moderns, a sceptic, firmly convinced that the supernatural does not exist, but just you try reading Hood's poem under the conditions named and if you have one tiny spark of imagination you will see more ghosts and hobgoblins than the Society for Psychical Research ever heard of. I frightened a nervous friend of mine nearly to death some years ago by reading "The Haunted House" aloud to her, with a comfortable coke fire glowing

a yard away from us and a dog snoring contentedly at our feet.

To begin at the beginning, "The Haunted House" has the first requisite of a good poem, perfection of form. It is a musical effusion, written in smooth quatrains with the last line in each shortened from five to three feet. Just how the effect of the whole poem is heightened by the unexpected trailing off of each verse at the end from the rapid beat of the first three lines to the melancholy cadence of the last cannot be described in words, but any one with a good poetic ear will notice what I mean if given an example. Here is the second stanza, an admirable introduction, by the way, to what follows:

"It might be only on enchanted ground,  
It might be merely by a thoughts expansion,  
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found  
An old deserted mansion."

That verse prepares one for almost anything in the shape of the uncanny. Is it dream or reality? Is it vision of the night or an actual house of brick and mortar? The poet has already created what is to be the chief note of the poem, an overpowering atmosphere of decay, permeated by something at once evil and unearthly. Every succeeding image enhances the effect, adding to it bit by bit, leading up to and preparing the reader's mind for the grim discovery at the close. Not a word is wasted. Nothing unnecessary or fortuitous is permitted to intrude, nothing distracts the reader's attention. From the moment he approaches the dreadful mansion till he reaches the fatal room every word adds its quota to the thickening atmosphere of horror, and it is a horror intensified by doubt as to where it is



all leading and what grizzly discovery awaits him. Here is the fifth stanza. Observe how the approach of something inhuman, something supernatural and *outré*, is already indicated.

"No dog was at the threshold, great or small,

No pigeon on the roof, no household creature;

No cat demurely dozing on the wall,  
Not one domestic feature."

The next two stanzas add to the sense of desolation, ruin, decay, a decay and ruin marked by a living, invisible presence, at once evil and malignant,, and then follows the grim refrain, repeated at intervals throughout the poem, like the croak of a raven or the voice of a devil, forming as it were the keynote, reiterating again and again, like the accusing voice of a guilty conscience, the dread fact which the poet wishes to impress on the reader's mind.

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted."

It is a long poem, much too long for quotation in full, yet it is not too long, and that is one of its astonishing merits, because given a mind like Hood's with an active imagination and a memory stored with all manner of fantastic and uncanny images, there must have been a strong temptation to overdo the thing. It would have been ever so easy to pass from the essential and effective to the merely adventitious just for the fun of using up one's whole stock of nerve-racking material. Hood has avoided this pitfall, but just how he has avoided it defies analysis. How many additional stanzas would have spoiled the poem? Would one, or five, or seven? Would omitting a single stanza, or even a single image, materially lessen the total effect? I believe it would. It is either a clever work of art, or, as Lord Macauley said of Southey's *Life of Nelson*, a perfect

hit between wind and water. Now I suspect that Hood left nothing to chance. He knew quite well what he was about, choosing this image, verb, adjective, and rejecting that, noting the exact effect of every phrase, every cadence, building painstakingly one of the most uncanny dream castles in literature, a palace of sheer, blood-curdling, hair-raising horror. Here is another stanza. Note how the atmosphere of terror has thickened.

"No other sound or stir of life was there,  
Except my steps in solitary clamber,  
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,

From chamber into chamber."

Can you not hear your footsteps echoing on the stairs of an old, empty house? Can you not see evil faces peering at you out of the gloom of deserted bedrooms? Why humid stairs? Is not the presence of the mildew and fungi that accompany decay, whenever the health-giving daylight is excluded, indicated by that one inevitable word—humid?

On you go, drawn from room to room, from landing to landing by something even stronger than fear, an overmastering curiosity, a determination to penetrate to the centre of the mystery no matter how terrifying it may prove to be. At last you stand in the chamber towards which every object, every sound has pointed since you came within sight of the house. You hear the beating of your own heart. Like Eliphaz the Temanite, the hair on your flesh stands up.

"What shrieking spirit in that bloody room  
Its mortal frame had violently quitted?  
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,  
A ghostly shadow flitted."

Nothing can increase your sense of horror after you have seen that mysterious shadow, cast by no visible object, glide along the wall, poisoning the clean sunlight. You have looked on that "which might appal the devil." You can only put your fingers in your ears and fly, like Bunyan



from the city of Destruction, followed by that dreadful refrain.

"O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,

A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted."

If the purpose of poetry be to overpower the logical faculty, make the unreal real and "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," then, as I have long insisted, "The Haunted House" is a masterpiece.

Who among the young folk of the rising generation has ever heard of Winthrop Mackworth Praed? He and his poems belong as much to the forgotten past of the race as the parlor games of Clusium or the political issues of the old Stone Age. Now Praed was a considerable man in his day, a brilliant lawyer, raconteur and wit, one of the best known figures in London and a member of the House of Commons, regarded by the wise old owls of that renowned assembly as what is known as a coming man. Alas, his rose withered in the bud. Death called for him while he was still well on the sunny side of forty, his work only just begun. It is less than ninety years since he was laid to rest in Kensal-Green cemetery and already oblivion has claimed him. Take warning, ye bright young literary geniuses, you who think your own works immortal. Wear your roses while you may, enjoy the applause of your admiring friends and the favorable notices of the reviews for before the snows of a hundred winters have whitened the mountain and prairie you and your works will have been relegated to the dust-bin of the past and not even the industry of an antiquary will rescue you from that cold and undignified receptacle.

It is difficult to understand how any person with a grain of taste could ever have mistaken Praed for a poet. He has wit, sense, a lively fancy, a fine command of the technic of versification, but of true poetic feeling or

creative imagination he has scarcely a trace. All I want of his work for the purpose of this essay, is one poem, or rather a tale in verse, for it does not rise to the dignity of poetry. Like Hood's "Haunted House," it contains an element of the uncanny, the *outré*, but it is immeasurably below Hood's performance. "The Haunted House" is a product of the imagination. "The Red Fisherman" is a product of the fancy, a much lighter and commoner faculty than the imagination with which it is often confounded. Praed's tale starts off innocently enough.

"The Abbot arose and closed his book

And donned his sandal-shoon,  
And wandered forth alone to look  
Upon the summer moon."

Now all that the foregoing quatrain suggests is a fat, elderly gentleman courting rheumatism and sore-throat by walking in his garden after night-fall. The abbot reaches the bank of a river and follows it for a mile or so till he arrives at last on the brink of a pool which the poet describes in terms intended to excite horror, thus preparing one for what is to follow. But unfortunately Praed's description, unlike Hood's, does not put reason comfortably to sleep or impose on the reader's faculty of belief at all. It excites not horror but scepticism. The picture is overdrawn, the colors are laid on much too thick. The images are not well selected. No pool has the scent of human blood, unless a battle has been fought or a murder committed recently on its banks. "The trees and herbs that round it grew," says Praed, "were venomous and foul." This will not do at all. This is not the way in which the great poets stir our feeble and sluggish imaginations into flight but by the employment in an unusual way of homely images and familiar thoughts.

"Why should a dog, a rat, a horse have life,  
And thou no breath at all?"

ask poor, mad Lear, bending over the

limp form of Cordelia, and every fibre of our being responds to that heart cry of the bereaved father. And when Cleopatra says

"No more but e'en a woman and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
And does the meanest chores."

how one feels the dignity and the poignant humanity of the simple words.

Having reached the grim pool the Abbot sits down beside it, only to be startled by a voice of sepulchral quality singing a dismal ditty about catching fish and roasting them. Glancing about to see where the song comes from he suddenly notices an old, gnarled, fantastically dressed man sitting on a three-legged stool on the pool's brink fishing; but not with ordinary bait. He keeps his bait in an iron box, and queer bait it is. First he takes out of the box a jewelled crown which he attaches to a line and drops into the pool, giving it a kick that sets it spinning as he swings it towards the water. Instantly there is a sound of battle, the fisherman jerks his line from the water and the horrified Abbot sees Richard, Duke of Gloster, lie gasping on the bank. Next the hook is baited with a haunch of venison which lands the Abbot of St. Edmondsbury. Mistress Jane Shore is caught with a rich bait consisting of scarlet slippers, curls, perfumery and jewels. Lastly the grisly fisherman tries to catch the frightened Abbot himself with a bishop's mitre, but fails because just at the critical moment his intended victim manages to make the sign of the cross. Then the fisherman gathers up his tackle and goes away grumbling. The Abbot escapes, but not quite scathless, for, as the red fisherman warns him, he has retained the hook in his mouth after breaking the line and so from that night forth

"He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered  
o'er ban,

He stuttered drunk or dry.  
And none but he and the fisherman  
Could tell the reason why."

It is indeed an uncanny tale. The versification is excellent, much too good for the matter, but the red fisherman does not task our powers of belief. We are not taken in by him. We simply do not believe in him for a second. He might perhaps impose on a child of tender years, but he simply bores grown-ups. The whole thing is in Praed's usual vein of airy persiflage. He does not expect you to take his fisherman seriously, yet somehow he has succeeded in investing his matter with that atmosphere of otherworldliness which constitutes the whole charm of a thoroughly good ghost story. I should like to have seen what Hood would have made of this story; something very different, I'll be bound, something that would actually put a crimp in your flesh.

Assuredly if any one ever writes a history of queer geniuses, and he will have to be one of the queerest of geniuses to do justice to his subject, Edgar Allan Poe will occupy a prominent place in what will be one of the oddest of books. Poe has been regarded as most things from a mere fantastical sot to a freak journalist, these two figures representing the foot of the arch of interpretation on either side. The keystone elevates him to a position somewhere between Baudelaire and Shakespeare. I have never quite made up my own mind about Poe. That he was a genius is beyond dispute. "The Fall of the House of Usher" is one of the half-dozen best short stories ever written. His imagination was strong, vigorous and fervid, if not quite healthy, and his power of analysis such as I believe no other poet ever possessed in equal measure: witness, "The Case of Marie Roget." But in spite of many excellencies of matter and manner there is something morbid and artificial about Poe's tales, and his prose style lacks



grace, dignity and spontaneity. It is forced, tight, uncomfortable, like a pretty woman in ill-fitting corsets.

Poe's poetry is better than his prose. "Annabel Lee" is one of the unforgettable and immortal love songs of the race. All his poems are highly original both in matter and manner. But what I want just now is an uncanny poem. One might urge with some truth that all Poe's poems are uncanny. Even the exquisite "Annabel Lee" has no more affinity with this dull earth than virtue or happiness. But as an example of Poe's singular power of invoking the unearthly, of making even rhythm and metre subordinate to a definite end, I prefer "The Raven" to any of his other works. It has been a favorite poem of mine ever since my old Scotch nurse first recited it to me by the red glow of a sea-coal fire, in an old house in Wales thirty-five years ago. Like "The Haunted House," the very first line invokes an atmosphere of mystery and impending terror.

"Once, upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary."

Could anything be better chosen to put one into the mood for introspection, to prepare one for the entrance of the ominous night bird whose tapping, soon breaks the silence. What a passionate note of sorrow, or regret for vanished happiness is struck by that one word, Lenore. And then comes my favorite line, a line charged with loneliness, melancholy, the sighing of the night wind through bare branches together with a certain richness and dignity in the room itself, suggesting a half-deserted palace.

"And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain."

Even so cheap a trick as alliteration plays its part here to heighten the effect. The strange tapping continues.

The reader's imagination, supposing he has one, is stirred into life. In a moment he too, is.

"Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before."

The whole poem is a triumphant exhibition of the power of true poetry to produce auto-suggestion. Before you have read two stanzas you have identified yourself with the man in the poem. You would not be astonished if, upon opening the window, you were confronted by a great, dignified raven who in answer to your polite enquiry as to what his name was should reply grimly "Nevermore." Fantastic as the matter of the poem is, it becomes quite credible to the reader, proving, if any proof were needed, what an impassable gulf separates a poet like Poe from a mere versifier like Praed. Verse may please but it can never stir the blood, rouse the imagination or impose on the reason. Poetry lifts you off this dull earth into another atmosphere where the incredible becomes the commonplace, and the wildest dream truer than truth itself. Just how poetry does this defies analysis, which is one reason why nearly all criticism of poetry must forever remain futile. You cannot analyse poetry; you might as well try to analyse the emotion roused by certain strains of music or the perfume of certain flowers.

"Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer."

How powerfully the presence of the supernatural, of something not of this world is suggested by that line. That the feeling evoked is the product of a subjective image, not an objective reality, is rather hinted at than stated. The passionate regret of the lover for lost beauty is rendered more poignant by the word of doom from the lips of the ill-omened bird, repeated again and again in answer to each question: "Nevermore."



I know Poe's own account of how the poem came to be written, that it was all deliberately thought out in advance with a view to producing a certain effect, to arouse a particular mood, or rather to determine what such a mood would issue in if given expression. But deliberate or not, "The Raven" remains one of the most unique poems in the language, in any language, one of the few for which no apology need ever be made. Nothing could be more uncanny in the sense of creating a figure for which no reasonable explanation can be given. The raven is not a silly bird, knowing only one word, with which it

answers every remark addressed to it. It is not a raven at all. It is the embodiment of a mood of intense, gloomy, hopeless mental agony, incurable and without end.

"And my soul from out that shadow that  
lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted,—nevermore."

There in those closing lines you have the key to this strange poem and to the poet's mind at the moment of writing. Consciously or unconsciously, Poe has become for a time the willing slave to his own imaginings. He and his creation are one, and the result is a work of art, unique and wholly satisfying.

## Besieged

By Kathryn Munro

MY heart is a flaming wood,  
Fenced by a famished river  
Whose girdling pulses, cool and sweet,  
Have ceased their dewy beat.

White tongues of fire,  
Torched by outlawed Desire,  
And fanned by a pitiless wind,  
Devour the quivering leaves  
And turn the fragrancy of blooms  
Into dull, scentless fumes.

But deep within the ravished glade,  
Beneath a shielding cypress there,  
With suppliant hands, a sinless maid,  
A cold light on brow and hair,  
Stands in perpetual prayer . . .  
Calm, unafraid, untouched is she—  
Her name is Chastity!

# The Three Wise Men in Legend and Art

By Roxy R. Greer

ON January 6th, twelve days after the birth of Christ, we commemorate, in Epiphany, the visit of the "Three Wise Men" who came from the Orient and found in the Babe of Bethlehem, the king they were seeking. Only the names of these Three Kings have come down to us by tradition, yet the reality of their existence aroused no question in the early church, for one of the most precious possessions of San Eustorgio, one of Milan's oldest churches, were the bones of the "Magi." For many hundred years San Eustorgio treasured the bones of the "Three Wise Men" which had been presented to the Archbishop Eustorgius by the Emperor Constantine. When, in 1167, Frederick Barbarossa came to capture Milan, this church stood without the walls. Fearing he might attack the church before attempting to conquer the city, the bones of the "Three Kings" were removed to a place of greater safety, as it was thought, within the city, there to fall into his hands when the city was destroyed. Given by him to the Archbishop of Cologne, they were carried off to that city, where in the treasury of its great cathedral, one may see them today.

Sir Walter Scott in *Quentin Durward*, refers indirectly to the route which was followed when these precious relics were sent from Milan to Cologne when he represents the Princesses of Croye who were on a pilgrimage to the "Three Kings of Cologne," as stopping on the right bank of the Maes in Flanders, one of the spots where these relics rested on that long journey, as it was a holy place where pious pilgrims stopped to pray.

There still stands in San Eustorgio, the stone coffer that originally held the bones. Upon it, deeply cut in plain letters, is the inscription "Sepulcrum Trium Magorum."

The scene of the "Adoration of the Magi," as their visit to the Christ Child is called, was a favorite one with Lombard artists, proud that their city of Milan for eight hundred years had possessed relics of such importance, but it remained for an artist of Tuscany to make famous their coming, in the "Procession of the Magi."

It was the custom in medieval days for great men to commission an artist to decorate their palaces or private chapels, sometimes even suggesting the subject for the decoration. When the Medici family rose to power in Florence, it was befitting that their private chapel be decorated in a manner suitable to their wealth and influence. Benozzo Gozzoli, well known for other mural decorations, was commissioned to decorate its walls and the "Coming of the Wise Men" was the subject suggested.

In 1439, a great Episcopal Council had been held in Florence at which John Paleologus, Emperor of the East, and the Patriarch of Constantinople, met Pope Eugenius in an endeavor to end the enmity of the two branches of the church. Many were the times the Florentines must have seen their gorgeous retinues passing and re-passing on their way to the cathedral. These scenes had been familiar to the boyhood of Benozzo Gozzoli, and, when commissioned to decorate the Medici chapel with a procession of the Magi, the remembrance of these visitors from the East doubtless flashed through his mind. To honor his patron, in the naive fashion of the day, he chose the youthful Lorenzo de Medici as the first King, while John Paleologus and the venerable Patriarch, in reality "Wise Men from the East," represent the other two kings.

Three walls of the chapel are used for the three retinues which form a

procession around the room, leading one naturally to the object of their visitation, the Mother and Child, on the fourth wall, where angels of Paradise in lovely profusion, surround them. Quaint touches of reality add to the charm of these scenes. On a hill in the background may be seen another palace of the Medici, the trappings of the horses and the costumes of the men are those of the time in Florence, the trees are trimmed as in her gardens, little birds bathe in the

pools, and "angels of Paradise trip along paths fit for the feet of the Florentine maidens."

This wealth of decoration, done entirely by candle light, has won for this tiny chapel without a window, a reputation of being one of the four most famous rooms in Europe, while Benozzo Gozzoli has reached his greatest height as a painter in the quaint beauty of the "Procession of the Magi."

## Atmosphere in Fiction

By Walter de la Mare

"TO endeavour to commit to the cold inadequacy of paper even a poor reflection of the brilliant lecture given by Mr. Walter de la Mare, on Tuesday, June 5th, at Foyle's," says a London correspondent, "is like trying to confine the illusive colors of the rainbow in a net, or to bind with shackles the morning mist."

"Atmosphere in Fiction," was the title chosen and in phrase and epigram of such charming delicacy that it seemed too magic to be mere words the lecturer unfolded his theme. We who were privileged to listen soon became aware of an entrancing atmosphere which at times was in danger of overshadowing that of some of the authors from whose works Mr. de la Mare chose passages to read.

With such adjectives as "lucid, sparkling, garish, gloomy, boastful, morbid" he suggested that fiction had borrowed atmosphere from painting, which in turn had borrowed it from nature.

Atmosphere, he told us, is affected by every wind that blows; like the sea, it is never at rest, never the same for two minutes together. He gave instances such as a cupboard door ajar in a child's bedroom at mid-day and again at night; a wood in the

morning and again at dusk. Light adds mystery to what it dwells on, thus we speak of a "bright idea," a "glowing outlook," a "lucid thought," the "noon-day of life," and so on.

"We English people are particularly sensitive to atmosphere. We respond instinctively to our surroundings and our moods are subject to atmospheric conditions. We say we are 'in the pink,' or 'have the blues'—the red of a doctor's lamp, the sinister blue of the police station light and the green of 'all's well' on the railway, all show the effect of color on the mind.

"We all create atmosphere of our own and cast our influences no less than our shadows wherever we go.

"Houses, streets, towns and countries all affect us with their respective atmospheres and are capable of inducing a certain mood upon us as we come within their influence. Who has not felt the effect of this quality in a hotel, a steamer or a chapel?"

The lecturer instanced such contrasts as the aura of Mayfair and that of Whitechapel; of Bond street and Cheapside. Very expressive were his adjectives regarding certain of our London railway stations—"sal-



ubrious Euston," "gay Victoria" and "the stygian winds of those chambers of horror, the Underground Tube."

"Have we not all felt the atmosphere of a house? Saturated with the personalities of its occupants, due partly to its hangings and furniture, but mostly to the human beings who have lived there—stuffy, sinister, superannuated, or joyous, fresh and youthful.

"The presence in a railway carriage of a nun, a priest, or a policeman would not escape the sensitiveness of even a blind person; our travelling companions affect us like the shining of a candle in a naughty world, or cast a chill and daunt the confidence like a sudden downfall of winter rain.

"Likewise, the atmosphere of a novel influences and affects every twist and turn of the narrative and is really of more account than the actual story. One without this quality will prove as unsatisfactory as to a sensitive ear would be music without rhythm or theme."

## DREAMS

By Hilma Parsons

DREAMS are woven of wonderful things:  
Sheer and fragile as gossamer wings,  
They flutter and gleam in a thousand  
rays,

Joys that are treasured from golden days,  
Touching them gently, fold on fold;  
Memories new and memories old  
Drift in a fragrance strangely sweet,  
Striving the heart from its measured beat,  
And the mortal hours enchanted grow,  
Filled with a mystical radiant glow  
Till life is a glory of swift delight  
Wrapped in a magic of wonder light.

"Choosing Wilkie Collins as an example of the older type of novelist who made good use of this quality of atmosphere, Mr. de la Mare read several passages from *The Woman in White*.

This is the sensational type of novel wherein the characters obey the author's every nod, nevertheless, to read this book is an enlightening lesson in the craft of fiction. According to the lecturer Wilkie Collins' novels, to be appreciated best, should be read "in the solitude of an autumnal midnight, by candle light and with a bottle of old port."

Speaking of a later period, we were given Joseph Conrad as a splendid example in the use of atmosphere in his writings, and passages from *The Secret Sharer* were read in illustration.

All present felt that this was no ordinary lecture. Such wealth of imagery, such choice of expression; was poetry itself, and, coupled with a subject of such literary interest, the evening was one to be long remembered.

## WHAT MATTERS IT?

By Adah Reid

WHAT matters it that you have beat  
Against an iron bar?  
Out of the night comes dawn-time,  
Out of the dusk—a star.

What matters it that you have fought  
With pain your only dower?  
Out from the rain comes sunshine,  
Out of the dust—a flower.

What matters it that you have paid  
And have not gained your goal?  
Out of the fire comes freedom,  
Out of the pain—a soul.

## \*"Jehovah Shalom"

By Mary Elizabeth Colman

"THE opal plumes of smoke from shop and mill  
Are tinged with gold upon the rim of heaven;  
The fecund smell from my small plot of earth  
Speaks of returning spring. Where is my spade?  
I must prepare the ground for Lena's peas  
And lettuces—Hail, Mother Earth to thee,  
Thou fertile nurse! Bless now thy children's toil.  
How still the air—there is no sound to break  
The pregnant hush—I am oppressed with fear  
For I have lived this hour before . . .  
A tramping in the streets—the soldiery!  
Lena! Ivan! , , 'Tis naught, nay, wife, 'tis naught . . .  
The night shift going to the mill, canst hear  
Them laugh and talk? 'Tis naught . . . see, I laugh too . . .  
But for an instant I was far away,  
Old terrors clutched at me with deathly hands . . .  
Sing to me, wife, a song of this new land,  
For I would live new hours, forget the old . . .

Lena forgets. Only sometimes I see  
A flame in her when she cuts bread and meat  
Slice upon slice, and gives the children more  
Than even their young bellies would demand.  
And once I saw her clutch Ivan and hold  
The startled lad to her with arms of steel  
When a Salvation Army bugle call  
Shattered the Sabbath calm . . .

This land is good.  
It has fed me and mine, and here I find  
Content—and peace—Ah God! to fear no more,  
To come and go, to sleep and wake, to laugh,  
Dear God, to laugh and hear my children laugh  
In all security!

Oh, blessed land  
Where children eat their fill, and sleep in peace,  
Twice blessed land where men may dwell as men,  
Thrice blessed land where fearless laughter dwells!  
†Adonoy! in Thy mercy now erase  
The tortured years—let me begin anew!"

\*The Lord give peace.

†The spoken form of "Javeh," to the Hebrew a name too holy  
to be uttered in speech.

## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—Louis Arthur Cunningham spoke before the Women's Canadian Club of St. Stephen, N.B., on "The Writer and His Craft."

—the rising young Toronto author, Morley Callaghan, has gone to New York to join the staff of *Scribner's Magazine*.

—Dr. George H. Locke, Chief Librarian of Toronto, delivered the commencement address at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., on June 11th.

—*The Cobbler of St. Eloi*, by Louis Arthur Cunningham, is now ready for publication, and that his novelette *The Dancing Flame*, published in one of the Hearst magazines, is to appear in book form.

—the Kerrobert, Sask., I.O.D.E. Library is making a special collection of Canadian books, the project receiving impetus by the recent lecture on Canadian literature by Walter McRaye before that organization.

—Harper's, of New York, have announced a new \$10,000 prize novel competition. The contest will close February 1, 1929. Carl Van Doren, Ellen Glasgow and Jesse Lynch Williams will be the judges.

—the three-act play *Mantilla*, by Edith Bayne, a member of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Authors Association, is to be given a London try-out after a season's tour under the direction of D. C. Goodman, of New York.

—Maurice Colbourne, soldier, author, actor and descendant of Sir John Colbourne, at one time Governor of Upper Canada, is now in Canada in connection with the forthcoming Canadian presentation of the plays of George Bernard Shaw, for which Mr. Colbourne has the Canadian rights.

—the recently published book, *A Jumble Jar*, a delightfully intimate picture of life in real Nova Scotia homes, by Mrs. V. L. Miller, of Halifax, using the nom de plume of E. Margaret Cary, was written with no idea of publication, but merely to while away the time when the author was in hospital convalescing after an illness. In the insistent claim upon the memory of the types presented, the book is being compared to Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*.

—in her interesting column headed "The Literary World," conducted by Margaret E. Lawrence in the St. John, N.B., *Times-Globe*, attention was paid recently to "some New Brunswick Magazine Writers." References were made to several stories by Marion Wathen Fox, which had appeared in recent

issues of *Chatelaine*, *The Home Monthly* and *The Family Herald*. Incidentally she paid tribute to Christine Chisholm, a St. John girl, for her charmingly quaint illustrations for the delightful story "The Boy With the White Woolly Dog," by Miss Fox.

\* \* \*

*Publicity for Social Work* has been issued by the Russell Sage Foundation. The book is a working manual on publicity for social welfare, health and civic organizations prepared by Mary Swain Routzahn and Evert G. Routzahn, long connected with the Foundation in the study of methods for interpreting social movements to the general public.

\* \* \*

### \$2500 FOR RELIGIOUS NOVEL

Doubleday, Doran & Co., in co-operation with the *Christian Herald*, announce a prize of \$2500 to be awarded to the contestant submitting the best religious novel before October 1, 1928. The prize novel will be serialized in the *Christian Herald* and will then be published in book form. Manuscripts must be at least 50,000 words in length and must not exceed 75,000.

\* \* \*

### THE CALGARY CONVENTION

Within a few days the delegates will be foregathering at Calgary for the annual Convention of the Canadian Authors Association.

Preliminary information has already been given in these columns and *Canadian Bookman* takes pleasure in announcing that it will be represented at that convention by Constance Davies Woodrow, formerly of the staff of this journal. Her report will be a feature of the July issue.

\* \* \*

### THE DIFFERENCE

By Alexander Louis Fraser

"OH, I must live," one said and then  
Left Freedom's call unheeded.

Who told him that 'mong living men  
H's little life was needed?

"Freedom must live!" another said,

As o'er the ridge he bounded;

On its red slopes they found him dead,

By his brave men surrounded.

One spared himself; his soul became

Dead as a tree, dry-rotten;

One fell—but ah! a country's fame

Is by such deeds begotten.





## Elgin, Friend of Canada

A Review by T. G. Marquis

**A**MONG the notable men who have played their part as proconsuls in the colonies and dominions of the British Empire the Earl of Elgin occupies a high place. A careful study of his career, as presented by Dr. J. L. Morison, will show him to have been the greatest of all the proconsuls, making his influence felt for good throughout the widely scattered Empire—in Jamaica, in Canada, and in India—and incidentally playing an important international part in China and Japan.

Students of the constitutional development of the British Empire have been attracted by Elgin's life and work more than by that of any other man who has upheld the honor and dignity of Britain overseas. Numerous articles have been written regarding him, and five extensive lives—Walrond's *Letters of Elgin*, which gives the details of his intimate life; Wrong's *The Earl of Elgin*, in many ways the most complete biography; Kennedy's *Lord Elgin*, a brilliant and powerful sketch; Bourinot's *Lord Elgin*, sympathetic but somewhat superficial; and Morison's *The Eighth Earl of Elgin*. For the last named book the entire Elgin literature has been sifted, and while the intimate life of Elgin is touched upon, almost the entire work is taken up with the magnificent governmental achievements of the man.

Dr. Morison's book is a masterly study. In the opening chapter, with scholarly insight, he presents the imperial problems that confronted British statesmen in the early Victorian period. His characterization of Sir Robert Peel is admirable: "The perfect type of the great administrator, and it was his fortune to train the best political minds of the younger generation in scientific administration." Elgin sat at his feet and Peel's influence can be seen at every step of his career.

Elgin played his part on many stages. In Jamaica where it was "his duty to maintain stability in an interval between two periods of revolutionary change. In China and Japan he had to blaze the trail for diplomatists and traders by arranging experimental agreements with two hostile, or at least suspicious, governments. In India, where he might have proved himself the greatest of pacific viceroys, fate allotted him too little time. But in Canada he accomplished work, complete, fundamental, and permanent."

His success lay in the fact that "his sense of justice was the deepest thing in him," and that under his diplomatic reserve he always displayed resolution and fixity of purpose. Throughout his whole career he "loved righteousness and hated iniquity." In Jamaica, in Canada, and in India, he was always on the side of the weaker.

While every page of Dr. Morison's book is interesting, Canadians will find most interesting and profitable the two chapters dealing with Canada and Canadian affairs. It is made clear in this powerful section of the book that Elgin governed Canada rather as a Canadian than a mere representative of the Imperial Government. Elgin fearlessly gave Canada the concession of representative government. His work in British North America is admirably summed up at the close of the book:

"He taught Canadians the place and limits of race feeling, he led them from petty hates, and obsolete political argumentation into quieter regions of practical administration, assisted them to material prosperity, and made them think of British North America as something greater than a disconnected group of jealous provinces. Faced with the turbulence and blunders of a young democracy, he never lost faith or courage, and he believed that liberty might be trusted to complete the work which he begun.

"Seventy years of unbroken progress have justified his confidence; and his best memorial is the young Canadian nation."

THE EIGHTH EARL OF ELGIN. By J. L. Morison. D. Litt. London: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Limited. \$5.00.

**THE LOVELY DUCKLINGS.** By Rupert Hughes.  
Toronto: The Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

In the first chapter of *The Lovely Ducklings* the author gives us a very realistic picture of a mother hen sorely troubled over the waywardness and perversity of her duckling brood. Everything seemed to be going along nicely until suddenly the baby ducklings discovered the swimming pool, and they floated off on a sea of adventure, leaving their panic-stricken mother to flounder along the edge of the pool while they turned a deaf ear to her terrified protests.

In like manner the children of the Todd family disregard parental pleadings, warnings, or protests, and proceed to seek their individual happiness in whatever channel affords the most excitement, the greatest thrill. Notwithstanding an underlying loyalty and affection for their parents, they follow their own desires and look upon obedience or reverence for mother or father as belonging to an older generation. Along with their daredevil companions they tumble from one scrape into another, and scramble out of their entanglements as best they can. The anxious mother tries her best to keep pace with her children, but finds it difficult to penetrate the thoughts of even her youngest girl who was already beginning her struggle for freedom, as she would have expressed it.

The problems of the Todd family are those of many families today. The revolt of present day youth, though daring, as depicted by the author, has after all its bright side, and these young people have a certain code of honor of their own, despite their apparent ruthlessness. Children in Mrs. Todd's day had been taught to obey, and to ask no questions. Obedience and reverence were the two fundamental teachings of childhood. But this seemed to be all changed. Parents were now servants, not masters, and children had no more respect for their parents than they had for any other form of rule or government.

*The Lovely Ducklings* is not a story in the usual sense of the word—but rather a pathological study. It is interesting as a character study and the author has delineated each member of the family with his usual cleverness and skill.

A.S.M.

\* \* \*

**BUT GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES.** By Anita Loos. Toronto: McLean & Smithers. \$2.00.

Remembering the sensation created by *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, a book of humor which swept the whole world, its readers will of course wish to read this new book which tells about Lorelei and her friend Dorothy. But the story this time is mostly Dorothy's. Filled with the same qualities of

mirth and devastating irony, it is bound to score another "best-selling success" for its brilliant author, who began her career as a writer when only thirteen years old, writing scenarios for David Griffith. Her father was a theatrical producer and at five Anita was on the stage.

As with the previous book, *But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes* is cleverly illustrated by Ralph Barton.

\* \* \*

**CANADIAN WONDER TALES.** By Cyrus Macmillan. Toronto: Macmillan. \$1.25.

This is another new issue in the Week-End Library, a new edition that along with its companion volume made a great impression in the original \$5.00 edition. This is the first time it has been available at a popular price.

\* \* \*

**THE BATTLE OF THE HORIZONS.** By Sylvia Thompson. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.00.

In this new book the author of *The Hounds of Spring* tells the story of a wealthy American girl, Athene Reid, whose mind is a web of the illusions that have been fostered by her position and training, and of her marriage into an English family of moderate means. Conflicts arise—conflicts of human beings who misunderstand each other, conflicts of hard circumstances by which Athene's romantic soul is slowly subjugated to reality, gaining strength and understanding after stormy adventures have threatened to wreck her life.

The action takes place in contemporary England and mirrors the struggles and prejudices of politics, and of literary, artistic and other types making up the human stream, all marked by an unusual understanding of character.

\* \* \*

**A MARRIAGE.** By Adelaide Eden Phillpotts. Toronto: Thos. Nelson. \$2.00.

This is a novel to admire and enjoy. It is something out of the ordinary. The core of the strange story related is the deep and unflinching love of its two protagonists, a love that rises sweetly triumphant above all the myriad worries and woes of ineluctable circumstances.

\* \* \*

**THE MAN WHO LAUGHED.** By Gerard Fairlie. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

Here we have a tale by a new writer of thrills and what a flair he has for original plot and gusto in the telling! Moreover the atmosphere of horror is so cleverly conveyed that nervous people had better read the book in daytime rather than at night. The characters are alive and there is a good quality of love interest. In fact the book is remarkably well balanced and this new author is bound to make a lot of friends.



## THE INIMITABLE G. B. S.

By a Toronto Shavian

"I have been asked whether there are any intelligent women in America. There must be; for politically the men there are such futile gossips that the United States could not possibly carry on unless there were some sort of practical intelligence back of them."

Thus begins the last paragraph of the delightfully Shavian Preface to the North American edition of *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*. This is the long-awaited volume on which Bernard Shaw has been working for the past six years, and, as one prominent American critic remarked, it is "literally monumental." The author calls it his "last will and testament to humanity," and it is dedicated

"To my Sister-in-law, Mary Stewart Cholmondely, the Intelligent Woman to whose question this book is the best answer I can make."

Far from being a dry treatise on Socialism and Capitalism, the book consists of some 500 pages of brilliant, witty, and intensely interesting material, much more worth while, and very much more entertaining and instructive, than the average modern novel. But let Mr. Shaw speak for himself!

"Think of the whole country as a big household, and the whole nation as a big family, which is what they really are. What do we see? Half-fed, badly clothed, abominably housed children all over the place; and the money that should go to feed and clothe and house them properly being spent in millions on bottles of scent, pearl necklaces, pet dogs, racing motor cars, January strawberries that taste like corks, and all sorts of extravagances. One sister of the national family has a single pair of leaking boots that keep her sniffing all through the winter, and no handkerchief to wipe her nose with. Another has forty pairs of high-heeled shoes and dozens of handkerchiefs . . .

"Now this is shockingly bad political economy . . . The nation that spends money on champagne before it has provided enough milk for its babies . . . is a badly managed, silly, vain, stupid, ignorant nation and will go to the bad in the long run, no matter how hard it tries to conceal its real condition from itself by counting the pearl necklaces and Pekingese dogs as wealth, and thinking itself three times as rich as before when

all the pet dogs have litters of six puppies a couple. . . ."

In Canada, particularly, the subject of assisted emigration is to the fore, and scarcely a day passes without the appearance in the press of letters or editorials on this very important matter. The opinion of Bernard Shaw on Assisted Emigration is expressed with some bitterness in the following paragraphs:

"As I write these lines the Government announces that if any Englishwoman or Englishman will be so kind as to clear out of England to the other side of the world, it will cost them only three pounds apiece instead of five times that sum, as the Government will provide the odd twelve pounds. . . . The Government may be driven to offer to send them away for nothing and give them ten pounds apiece to start with in their new country. That would be cheaper than keeping them at home on the dole.

"Thus we see Capitalism producing the amazing and fantastic result that the people of a country become a drawback to it, and have to be got rid of like vermin (polite people call the process Assisted Emigration), leaving nobody in it but capitalists and landlords and their attendants, living on imported foods and manufactures in an elegant manner, and realizing the lady's and gentleman's dream of a country in which there is lavish consumption and no production, stately parks and palatial residences without factories or mines or smoke or slums or any unpleasantness that heaps of gratuitous money can prevent, and contraception in full swing to avoid any further increase in the population."

Marriage, Children, Eugenics and Birth Control, Communism, Taxes, Rates and Rent, Church, School, and Press—these and countless other subjects come up for analysis and discussion in this extraordinary book, which cannot fail to have very far-reaching effects. The "Intelligent Woman" will revel in it; the unintelligent woman will read it if only because it is the rage; while men of both classes will dip into it surreptitiously out of sheer curiosity to see what pernicious things Bernard Shaw has to say to their wives. But whatever the reader may skip, let it not be the author's witty and audacious Preface to the North American edition, published in Canada by Louis Carrier of Montreal.

\* \* \*

THE RAINBOW OF SABA. By Major G. E. Bruce. Toronto: Thos. Nelson. \$2.00.

In this novel Major Bruce breaks ground hitherto untouched in fiction. It is a story of the adventures of a young Englishman

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM. By George Bernard Shaw. Montreal: Louis Carrier. \$3.50.



in Central Asia in the days of the great Mongol Emperor, Jenghis Khan. A picture is presented, as never before in literature, of the campaigns of the "Sons of the Blue Wolf." The book is full of excitement and adventure interwoven with a charming love story.

\* \* \*

**GREAT STORMS.** By Carr Laughton. Toronto: Ryerson Press. \$3.00.

This is a fully illustrated volume and, with its graphic accounts of the most famous storms and hurricanes in history, its appeal is most unusual. It tells of the laws that govern storms, of their different varieties, each more fearful than the last, and the pages devoted to weather superstitions, particularly those of sailors, form most engrossing reading. It is really a remarkably interesting volume of the sort that the reader congratulates himself upon having come across, seeing that it might so easily have been missed in the welter of new books all clamoring for attention.

\* \* \*

**THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN.** By Florence Bingham Livingston. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy. \$2.00.

Here you are given the story of Ruth and Lauren. But really, away down deep, it is the story of young married couples everywhere. It is modern, but it is also old-fashioned because the author has plumbed the living essence of the marriage relationship.

\* \* \*

**THE MADNESS OF MONTY.** Robert Keable. Toronto: American News Co. \$2.00.

Right at the beginning let it be said that this is not a "questionable" book. It is a thorough-going novel of sustained interest that none will decry as being off-color. It was completed just a few weeks before Keable's sudden death. This book relates the story of a master at a big Public School and is in the nature of a rebellious gesture against convention. The whole current of the life of its chief character was changed by contact with a book, a woman and a philosopher.

\* \* \*

**POLITICIANS AND THE WAR.** By Rt. Hon. Lord Beaverbrook. Toronto: Thos. Nelson. \$3.00.

One of the really big books of the year is this volume which in many respects is the most remarkable war book yet written.

First, it deals primarily with politicians and with Lord Kitchener and Lord French apart from, hardly at all with, the fighting men.

This book is no apologia. The author presents the facts as he saw them—and few men were ever in a position to see so much.

Again, the volume differs from many another major book of the war, in that it is a book of insight, not a mere chronological recital of events. He tells of undercurrents that swept this man into public life and that man out of it, and in direct language he tells of the men behind the great events of those four war years; of their motives and ambitions, their loyalties and antagonisms. There are illustrations of the great political leaders of the war years.

\* \* \*

**CANADIAN FAIRY TALES.** By Cyrus Maecmillan. Toronto: Macmillan. \$1.25.

This is a new edition of a work heretofore available only in a \$5.00 edition. It is a volume in the Week-End Library and at this popular price should have an enormously increased circulation.

\* \* \*

**LA REVOLUTION FRANCAIS.** By Pierre Gaxotte. Paris: Arthème Fayard et Cie., rue du Saint-Gothard, 15 francs.

This is a new edition in the series "Les Grandes Etudes Historiques." It is a paper bound volume of 448 pages.

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## SUPPORT CANADIAN WRITERS

It is not to be considered that there are not thousands of people in the United States who do not heartily approve of the movement to exclude from Canada undesirable periodicals published in that country. Commenting editorially on censure of such U.S. publications by Mr. Walter McRaye in his appeal before the St. John Rotary Club, in the interests of Canadian writers and Canadian publications, the *St. John Times-Globe* tells of an American citizen, among those who heard Mr. McRaye on that occasion who went out of the way to say that he not only supported Mr. McRaye's view, but was strongly of the opinion that the periodicals in question should not be allowed to circulate in the United States either.

Commenting further, the editorial advocates wider circulation of Canadian periodicals as a means toward providing greater remuneration for Canadian writers, thus enabling them to give more effective service in the building up of a Canadian literature.

# Thirty Different Rights for Authors

Even Lamp Shade Rights Considered Now-a-days, Says Michael Joseph

CANADIAN writers will be interested in a special way in the remarks recently made by Michael Joseph in the course of an address at Foyle's, in London, on "Some Experiences of a Literary Agent."

Mr. Joseph gave some useful advice indicating when it would be advisable to make use of the services of a literary agent and when to refrain from so doing.

Later, by way of illustrating the difficulties of a publisher in gauging the erratic tastes of the book-reading public, he instanced the early adventures of books by American authors when it was sought to introduce them to the British public. O. Henry's stories were refused by twenty English publishers, Edgar Rice Burroughs had a worse experience; he was turned down all along the line. It was only after years of effort that Theodore Dreiser's writings were offered to the British public.

The works of British writers were equally unfortunate in finding American publishers. For instance, *The Hotel*, by Elizabeth Bowen, was refused by thirteen publishers, and as soon as the fourteenth announced it, 50,000 copies were sold before publication in consequence of the award of the Book of the Month Club.

A publisher always took serious risks; on an average out of fifty books produced by him, only fifteen would be a success. Mr. Joseph admitted that if he had been handed the manuscript of *The Sheik* to read, he would have rejected it.

The talk was largely concentrated on that perilous period in the career of a manuscript when its creator would be seeking an opportunity for it to evolve into book form, and incidentally he dealt with the function served by the literary agent in the process. He pointed out that Dr. Samuel Johnson might be described as the first recorded literary agent, as he went on a visit to Oliver Goldsmith and came away with the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which he afterwards sold outright to a publisher for £60. In those days, and subsequently up to recent times, the relations of author and publisher were simple—as soon as the author had completed his manuscript he found a publisher and sold it to him, surrendering all rights at the time of the sale. Nowadays, there are often over thirty different rights to be negotiated, including cinema rights, cigarette-picture rights, and—most recent of all—lampshade rights. Perhaps the most important service rendered to the publisher by the good literary agent is

that the former knows that the agent is in the habit of sifting the manuscripts that reach his office, offering only those that are worthy of consideration with a view to publication.

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## THE TOLSTOI CENTENARY

A most important literary centenary this year is that of Tolstoi, the Russian author, who was born in the summer of 1828. Libraries, schools, and other organizations are already beginning to take note of this fact, and arrange for fitting celebrations. Four books have just been added to the comprehensive edition of Tolstoi's works, and a circular on the subject may be obtained upon application. A special portrait of Tolstoi is also to be supplied to libraries and schools upon request.

## NOTED AUTHOR PASSES



THE LATE BASIL KING

The death occurred in Cambridge, Mass., on June 22nd of Basil King, author of many notable books. He was a native of Prince Edward Island.

Basil King will be the subject of an article in the series, "Who's Who in Canadian Literature," in an early issue.

# Where and How to

Compiled by William B. McCourtie

Arranged in 70 market groups to make the information systematically indexed, so that you can

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### **An Editor Once Said**

That of all the manuscripts he received, 50% of them were entirely outside the scope of his particular magazine; 25% were pencil written or on both sides of the paper, or otherwise unreadable; 20% had "been the rounds" or were in some particular delayed in transmission, thereby lacking in timeliness; the remaining 5% received editorial consideration.

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## Inside Stuff . . . .

### NO FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Occasionally, upon sending bills for *Canadian Bookman* subscriptions to those members of the Canadian Authors Association whose subscriptions have never been cancelled, letters come back saying that it was understood that *Canadian Bookman* went to members of the C.A.A. on the strength of membership in that organization.

It is strange how this idea persists in some minds in spite of the fact that that arrangement ended in July, 1924. On two occasions that year, notices were sent to all C.A.A. members to the effect that the regular subscription rate would have to apply thereafter, and with one of these letters a Government reply envelope was enclosed. On top of this, bills were subsequently sent out and notwithstanding that, the old idea still persists in the minds of some C.A.A. members.

Fortunately the vast majority appreciate that in order to carry on the journal payment of subscriptions is necessary. In fact *Canadian Bookman* is in a class by itself in that its continued existence is made possible only by the fact that there are a sufficient number of regular subscribers paying the \$2 subscription rate from year to year. We know of no other Canadian magazine that does not owe its existence to its advertising revenue.

And right here let it be said that were *Canadian Bookman* to change its policy and become merely a medium for exploitation by publishers, it could be made to pay greater financial returns, but the publisher has persistently held to the policy of maintaining the journal as one in which the interests of the subscribers are given first consideration, and it is his desire to continue in that course.

The publishers whose announcements do appear regularly are fully cognizant of the place occupied by *Canadian Bookman* in promoting the interests of literature in Canada.

\* \* \*

### TO FOSTER NEW POETS

An Ontario subscriber who prefers to remain anonymous, writes as follows:

"When one returns his plate for a second portion of pudding it is *prima facie* evidence that one likes the pudding—so, here-with my renewal subscription. And, may I make the suggestion that has long been lurking in the back of my head-piece, shyly lying dormant in the hope that another, older and wiser than I, would come forth and be its sponsor.

I take it that all readers of *The Canadian Bookman* are interested in the development

of Canadian poetry. If it be true, as someone has said

The discovery of a comet is an event,  
Of a poet an epoch,

would it not be worth while to make every possible effort for the poet's discovery, and when discovered, to encourage him to sing, and to find for him an audience for his song?

Hence my suggestion that under the auspices of *The Canadian Bookman* a club be formed of *Bookman* readers to finance the publication each year of one book of poems by a New Canadian Poet. By new poet I mean one who heretofore has never published in book form.

That the MSS. be submitted on or before the first of September, *Canadian Bookman* to submit them to three competent judges for examination, whose findings would be final.

That when the award has been made *Canadian Bookman* to arrange for publication, guaranteeing the first issue, such guarantee to be protected by the club, each member of which to be responsible for the disposition of at least one copy at the regular retail price. Personally I would take twenty memberships. What says *The Bookman*?

EDITOR'S NOTE.—While we are not prepared to commit the journal to this plan, we publish it for the interest in the subject which it will help to foster. Possibly other subscribers may have other plans to suggest. As a matter of fact we have been contemplating further issues of the *Bookcraft Chapbooks*, replaced in the past two years by the annual poetry number in December. Further suggestions and discussion on the part of our readers will be heartily welcomed.

### DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

The Dickens Fellowship attended church services at St. Andrew's Presbyterian church Toronto, on Sunday, June 17th, when the pastor, Rev. Stuart C. Parker, based his remarks on the virtues of Charles Dickens as an author.

"We feel, when reading one of his works, that we are not so much reading a book as listening to a man," said the preacher. "He is sitting at the fireside along with us, telling his story, not impersonally, but out of the fulness of a big, manly heart, and ever and anon he halts the story to tell us exactly what he thinks about such things. And we can see his eye kindle as he pours contempt on selfish pride and lets loose the vials of his wrath upon all lust, cruelty and meanness. Oh, that God would give to us more such men who cannot see wrong done without raising a clamor of protest."

# Canadian Authors Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

### National President

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### Montreal Branch

FOUR one-act plays by Canadian authors in a bill recently offered by the Little Theatre Players, drew a large audience to Victoria Hall, Westmount. Particular interest marked the plays as they were taken from the 1928 one-act play competition of the Montreal Branch, Canadian Authors Association. All the plays, which were under the direction of W. A. Tremayne, showed an admirable familiarity with stage technique, and, with considerable originality and charm of plot, were most commendable productions.

The first prize play, "Guests of Captain Hargreaves," by Merton Stafford, is the tale of a crook outwitting a crook. It had obviously good cohesion and many fluent lines. It was well presented, George Mountford being most convincing as the sophisticated crook. Mrs. T. H. Forlong's acting had a pleasing un-amateurish confidence and T. H. Cox gave a spirited impersonation of the innocent and inexperienced villain.

Exceedingly difficult material is handled with considerable success by Mary Wallace Brooks in "The Mother of a Prophet," a play of peasant life with an element of the supernatural. The main part of the mother was taken by the author herself. Walter Wakefield displayed a most spirited and interesting piece of acting as the thief, and George Mountford contributed a valuable part by his playing of the son.

The most unusual fantasy of the evening was "Carved Ivory," by Pauline Perrigard. Ronald Hoffman

had a pleasing poise in the main role, and other parts were filled by Fred Carrow, Roma Gouldthorpe and John C. Nash.

In the irony of "Trousseau Tea," by Mrs. Leslie Barnard, there were many scintillating lines. John C. Nash and Ernest Thorpe were excellent as the disillusioned and sorely tried father and uncle, while Mrs. A. R. MacCormack interpreted the banal pomp of the match-making mother in exceedingly clever fashion. Marjorie Kirkness, as the daughter, was not only convincing, but showed versatility in the quickly changed moods that her part demanded. Other roles were capably filled by Marion Keith and Aubrey Burnett.

### Victoria and Islands Branch

At the May meeting of this branch the speakers were Miss Edith M. Dowson Bell and Miss Mary Shannon, who were introduced by the president, Mr. Alfred Carmichael. They held the attention of the meeting with most interesting addresses. Miss Bell had chosen the life and work of Ernest Dowson, poet, essay writer, novelist, and short-story writer whose work is attracting more attention now than it did during the short span of his life. Dowson, who was a cousin of Miss Bell, was a contemporary of Francis Thomson and quite in his class. Delightful selections from his poetical works were read by the speaker and were received with applause. Miss Mary Shannon, of the Vancouver branch, who is spending some months in Victoria in search of material in the Provincial Archives



for a book on which she is engaged at present, then told the members something of her experience and success as a short story writer, her work having been mentioned in both O'Brien's Best Short Stories of the Year and the O. Henry Collection. Her resume of two years spent in literary circles in New York and of the methods of work employed by many well-known magazine writers were of great interest, and many questions were asked and generously replied to.

### Winnipeg Branch

A meeting of the local branch was held in the Banquet Room of the Hudson's Bay Company Store, Monday evening, May 21st. The gathering was in honor of Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman. The president of the local branch, Mr. Robert Watson, presided.

After stating that the purpose of the meeting was to do honor to these two great Canadian writers, the chairman called upon Mr. W. A. McLean, who in a few well-chosen words introduced the first speaker, Dr. Roberts. Dr. Roberts was very happy in his speech, and he very appropriately closed his address by reading to the meeting his "Ode to the Diamond Jubilee."

The local secretary then introduced Dr. Carman, who gave a very inspiring talk on "The Place of Poetry in Life."

These two speakers were then followed by Dr. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor) who gave a very interesting address. He was followed by Professor Allison and Professor Crawford. Professor Allison pointed out that this was a very unique occasion: probably never again would these three great authors be assembled together on the same platform. He said that there was present in the audience Mr. Robert Fulton Logan, the famous Canadian etcher, so that in reality there were at this gathering four great Canadian artists. He said that

Dr. Roberts could be called the founder of the school of Canadian poetry and Canadian national story-writers; Bliss Carman could be called the poet-laureate of Canada, and Dr. Gordon the founder of Canadian romance. Mr. Logan, one of the younger men of our time, is making a very famous place for himself in the field of art. Professor Crawford termed the occasion "a glorious event," and expressed the happiness of the meeting at having on this occasion such distinguished writers.

### JOURNEYS

By Isa Jackson

ON peaceful nights I sometimes hear  
The whistle of the train—  
A sudden bleat across the pines,  
Then silence falls again,  
In which my thoughts go winging off  
Along the shining track,  
To make a little pilgrimage  
To Outside Points and Back.

I see uprising little towns,  
Still bare of paint and plan,  
All huddling to the railway line  
As closely as they can.  
At every humming of the track  
They wag their knowing heads,  
Like palpitating beads of life  
Strung out on iron threads.

And pendant to that throbbing chain  
I see the sturdy farms,  
Their fields carved from the forest's breast,  
And circled by its arms.  
And countless acres, still untamed,  
In solemn silence brood  
Of men who come with axe and plow,  
To end their solitude.

I hear the city's crashing roar,  
And see its blinding light;  
I ming'e in its heaving crowds,  
And know no face by sight,  
In these unrestful lanes of life  
My heart with hunger fills . . .  
I seek my cherished dwelling-place  
Set snug in quiet hills.

But, after all, on that short span,  
The wide world I have seen,  
The cities, farms and little towns,  
With wilderness between.  
Content I am to live remote  
From that alluring track,  
On which I make my little trips  
To Outside Points and Back.

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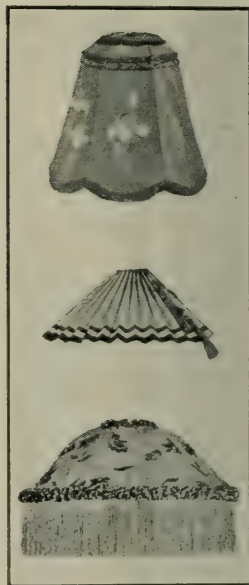
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# The Collector

THE interesting fact that what is known as Greenland was still called Labrador in the middle of the sixteenth century is revealed by Deceliers' map of 1550, a copy of which has been recently placed in the Dominion Archives at Ottawa, and which shows "Terra du Labrador" (the present Greenland) separated by a comparatively negligible stretch of water (Davis Strait) from what is known as Labrador. "Terre Neuve" (Newfoundland) appears almost like an archipelago in this map, while the coastline from Nova Scotia to Florida is strangely distorted and forshortened. The waters of Newfoundland are described as "Mer de France" (the French Sea) and those towards Florida as "Mer Despaign" (the Spanish Sea.)

\* \* \*

The present year marks the 300th anniversary of the appearance of what is regarded as the most important, because the most revolutionary, medical book ever written, namely, William Harvey's treatise on the circulation of the blood. This book first saw the light in 1628 from the press of William Fitzer, of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, under the formidable title, *The Anatomical Treatise on the Movement of the Heart and Blood of Animals*, by William Harvey, the Englishman, physician to the King and Professor of Anatomy in the London College of Physicians. The book sold for \$1 then and now a copy is worth \$2,000. It has passed through 45 editions and has been translated into every language which has a literature.

\* \* \*

A copy of the most costly book ever published was among the works from the Holford Library sold at Sotheby's London auction rooms recently. This was a volume issued about a century ago in Paris by Comte Auguste de Bastard, containing reproductions of a number of pictures of ornaments and MSS. The cost of production was £80,000, and subscribers were each charged £1,226, but the copy just sold realized only \$215.

\* \* \*

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the Napoleonic manuscript and book dealer and collector, of New York and Philadelphia, returned home recently after spending \$2,000,000 in purchases of rare works in Europe. This includes \$77,000 for the manuscript of *Alice*

in *Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll and \$52,500 for the diary of Dr. John Ward, in his own handwriting, in sixteen small volumes, dating from 1650 to 1670. In one of these books Dr. Ward wrote that Shakespeare had died from heavy drinking. Another valuable acquisition of Dr. Rosenbach's was a map of America in 1582, showing an excellent outline of what was then known as Virginia. Dr. Rosenbach also, while in England, picked up a number of Washington and Lincoln letters which had never been away from that country since their arrival.

\* \* \*

The Toronto Public Library, while it has one of the most important general collections of books in the country, is not specially notable for its possession of original editions of important books. It has one book at least, however, which stands well up in the ranks of such editions, this being a copy, in pamphlet form, of *Nova Britannia*, published in 1609. Chief Librarian Locke, exhibiting this treasure at a recent meeting of the Library Board, pointed out with some pride that a copy which was formerly in the library of the Earl of Northumberland was sold at Sotheby's auction rooms in London recently for the goodly sum of £525. The book for its age is in remarkably good condition, with clear type and paper of fine texture.

\* \* \*

The Redpath Library of McGill University for some years past has followed a policy with other libraries might imitate with profit, namely, the holding of occasional exhibits of books, manuscripts, prints, etc., dealing with some particular subject or period. The latest exhibit put on by this library is one aimed to supply interesting sidelights on the history of Montreal to summer visitors, and includes old prints from the series of engravings of Montreal executed by Bourne; a copy of the first city directory, published in 1819; publications of Fleury Mesplet, Montreal's first printer; an interesting map of old Montreal, an old volume relating to the great fire of May 18, 1765, and a general history of the city published in 1839.

\* \* \*

The goodly sum of £5,000 was paid by F. Salini at Christie's auction rooms in London, on May 21, for a copy of the first folio of Shakespeare (1623) which was once the

property of the late Dean of Llandaff. The next highest price was £310, paid for a copy of Col. T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, the privately printed volume of which, as is well known, his famous *Revolt in the Desert* is an abridgement. This price represents a considerable drop from the record, namely £550.

\* \* \*

A collection of medical books containing many of the earliest printed works on the subject, brought together by Dr. E. C. Streeter, of Boston, over a period of twenty years, has been purchased by the New York Academy of Medicine from Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach. The purchase price was \$185,000, of which \$85,000 was contributed by the Rockefeller Foundation.

\* \* \*

A collection of rare old volumes relating to America, collected by Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehre, of Germany, brought \$28,438 at an auction at the Anderson Galleries in New York City on April 14th, 1928. A rare second edition of Hernando Cortez's fourth letter, giving an account of affairs in Mexico from May 15, 1522, to October 15, 1524, brought the highest price, \$4,600. A copy of the first edition of Cortez's third letter, giving an account of affairs in Mexico from Oct. 30, 1520, to May 15, 1522, brought the next highest price, \$3,300. A copy of one of the early editions of Columbus's letter, containing the first account of the discovery of America, brought \$2,050; a copy of the first edition of Peter Martyr's early history of America (1530), \$1,650; and a first edition of Vagad's "Cronica de Aragon," (1499), containing a passage on the discovery of the New World, \$1,500.

\* \* \*

The annual meeting of the Champlain Society, the only learned society existing in Canada for the purpose of publishing rare or unprinted materials relating to Canadian history, was held in Toronto on March 15, when Sir Robert Borden was re-elected as honorary president, and Mr. J. B. Tyrrell was elected president, succeeding Professor G. M. Wrong, resigned. The membership report showed a considerable waiting-list of individuals and libraries desiring to subscribe to the society's publications. The editorial report announced that Mr. Lawrence F. Burpee's edition of the *Journals and Letters of La Verendrye and his Sons* had been distributed to members, and that the last volume of Colonel Wood's *Select British Documents of the Canadian War of 1812* would be ready for distribution shortly. Works announced in preparation were the letters of Sir Charles Bagot, and a

volume of original materials relating to the Hudson Bay and the Hudson's Bay Company.

The final sale at Sotheby's auction rooms in London on April 24 of rare Americana from the library of the ninth Earl of Northumberland (1564-1632), saw the dispersal of two manuscripts of the highest American importance, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of New York and Philadelphia, paid £6,600 for one of them, *A Trew Relatyon of the Proceedings and Occurrents of Momente Which Have Happened in Virginia*, by George Percy, brother of the ninth earl of Northumberland, described as "probably the most important source for the history of the early colony of Virginia yet published." The other manuscript, William Strachey's *The Historie of Travel Into Virginia, Britannia*, fell to Bernard Quaritch, the London dealer, at £6,000, with Dr. Rosenbach an under-bidder. Quaritch also obtained for £6,200 Strachey's *For the Colony in Virginia, Britannia; Law's Devine, Morall and Martiall*, 1612, and for £6,500 Arichard Rich's *News from Virginia: The Lost Flocke Triumphant*, 1610, of which latter only three other copies are known. Dr. Rosenbach paid £6,000 and £6,500 for two copies of James Rosier's *The Relation of the Most Prosperous Voyage in the Discoverie of the Land of Virginia* £2,800 and £1,500 for two copies of Captain John Smith's *True Relation of Such Occurrences as Hath Happened in Virginia*, £990 for the same author's *General Historie of Virginia*, and £900 for de Soto's *Virginia*.

\* \* \*

The historical accuracy of the famous wood-engraving of the town of Hochelaga in the Ramusio edition of *The History of Jacques Cartier*, published in Venice in 1536, was assailed by Dr. W. D. Lighthall, honorary president of the Montreal Numismatic Society, at a recent meeting of the Society. Dr. Lighthall pointed out that the Indian settlement was pictured as a perfect circle, surrounded by a fence of scantling, while outside was a wall of boards on which was a platform reached by a ladder, which purported to be used by the warriors as a vantage point from which to throw stones down upon their enemies. This was not the kind of building, he maintained, adopted by the Hochelaga Indians, although it was well constructed from the Venetian point of view. "The whole Ramusio drawing is entirely false and imaginary for historical purposes," Dr. Lighthall declared, and he supported his assertion by producing other ancient plans of the village, one of them being Champlain's sketch, which differed greatly from the Ramusio drawing.



### Catalogues Received

From James Miles, Leeds, England: *Choice and Rare Books* (No. 244); Davis & Orioli, London: *Fine Modern Books, First Editions, etc.* (No. 29); Suckling & Co., London: *Standard Works of Art, History, etc.* (No. 98); George Gregory Book Store, Bath, Eng.: *Choice, Rare and Interesting Books* (No. 286); Bernard Halliday, Leicester, Eng.: *Old Books* (No. 91), America, etc.; E. M. Lawson & Co., Sutton Goldfield, Birmingham, Eng.: *American Monthly List of Scarce and Interesting Books, Prints and MSS.* (No. 45); Jos. K. Ruebush Co., Dayton, Va.: *Books Relating to Virginian History and American History* (No. 30); Geo. E. Van Nisdall, New York City: *First Editions, Fine Bindings, Association Copies, etc.* (No. 230); W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge, Eng.: *Secondhand Books* (No. 303); English Literature, First Editions and miscellanies; Wm. H. Robinson, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.: *Americana* from the time of Discovery, with a selection of other Voyages and Travels (No. 20), containing many important items of Canadiana, including, among others, Baquerville de la Potherie's *Historie de l'Amerique Septentrionale*, first edition, 4 vols., Paris, 1722; Bresiani's *Breve Relatione*, Paris, 1653; Cayet's *Chronologie Septentrionale de Historie de la Paix*, first edition, Paris, 1605, containing one of the earliest accounts of Champlain's first voyage; Creuxius' *Historiae Canadensis*, Paris, 1664, one of the earliest works on the Canadian Indians; Frobisher's *Historia Navigationis*, first edition, Hamburg, 1675; Leclercq's *Nouvelle Relatione de la Gaspesia*, first edition, Paris, 1691.

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Vol. X.

TORONTO, JULY, 1928

No. 7



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PRESENTS

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# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

514-A Yonge St., Toronto 5, Ont.

Vol. X., No. 7

TORONTO, JULY, 1928

25c a Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

CHARLES SANGSTER

By John Macklem

FIRST among the poets of Canada to make use of Canadian subjects in his poetry, Charles Sangster occupies an especially interesting place in Canadian letters. He left us two volumes, *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay and Other Poems* (1856), and *Hesperus and Other Poems* (1860.)

Charles Sangster was a native of Kingston, Ontario, where he was born on July 16, 1822. He was the grandson of a United Empire Loyalist, who had fought with the British in the American revolutionary war.

Charles left school when but fifteen years of age, to assist his mother in providing for the family, his father having died when Charles was but two years old. His first work was in the naval laboratory at Fort Henry; he was later transferred to the Ordnance office.

It was during this period that his earliest poems and prose were written. In 1849 he became editor of the *Amherstburg Courier*, but returned to Kingston in the following year, joining the staff of the *Whig*. It was while on the staff of that journal that his two books were published.

In 1868 he went to Ottawa, having accepted a position in the Post Office Department. He died in 1893.

Sangster was a passionate lover of nature, and his heroic poems, such as "Brock," "Wolfe," and "The Song of Canada," represent what is accepted as the best of his work. His love poems too, were notable. Typical of these is his

### SONNET

I sat within the temple of her heart,  
And watched the living Soul as it passed  
through,  
Arrayed in pearly vestments, white and  
pure.  
The calm, immortal presence made me start.  
It searched through all the chambers of  
her mind  
With one mild glance of love, and smiled to  
view  
The fastnesses of feeling, strong, secure,  
And safe from all surprise. It sits enshrined  
And offers incense in her heart, as on  
An altar sacred unto God. The dawn  
Of an imperishable love passed through  
The lattice of my senses, and I, too,  
Did offer incense in that solemn place—  
A woman's heart made pure and sanctified  
by grace.

Many of his poems excel in rhythm and spirit as this stanza from "The Rapid:"

"More swiftly careering,  
The wild rapid nearing,  
They dash down the stream like a terrified  
steed:  
The surges delight them  
No terrors affright them.  
Their voices keep pace with the quickening  
speed.

Hurrah for the rapid that merrily,  
 merrily,  
 Shivers its arrows against us in play!  
 Now we have entered it cheerily, cheerily,  
 Our spirits as light as its feathery  
 spray."

At this time of the approaching  
 harvest it is appropriate to quote his

### HARVEST HYMN

**C**OD of the Harvest, Thou, whose sun  
 Has ripened all the golden grain  
 We bless Thee for Thy bounteous store,  
 The cup of Plenty running o'er,  
 The sunshine and the rain!

The year laughs out for very joy,  
 Its silver treble echoing  
 Like a sweet anthem through the woods,  
 Till mellowed by the solitudes  
 It folds its glossy wing.

But our united voices blend  
 From day to day unweariedly;  
 Sure as the sun rolls up the morn,  
 Or twilight from the eve is born,  
 Our song ascends to Thee.

Where'er the various-tinted woods,  
 In all their autumn splendour dressed,

Impart their gold and purple dyes  
 To distant hills and farthest skies  
 Along the crimson west:

Across the smooth, extended plain,  
 By rushing stream and broad lagoon,  
 On shady height and sunny dale,  
 Wherever scuds the balmy gale  
 Or gleams the autumn moon:

From inland seas of yellow grain,  
 Where cheerful Labour, heaven-blest,  
 With willing hands and keen-edged scythe,  
 And accents musically blythe,  
 Reveals its lordly crest:

From clover-fields and meadows wide,  
 Where moves the richly-laden wain  
 To barn well-stored with new-made hay,  
 Or where the flail at early day  
 Rolls out the ripened grain:

From meads and pastures on the hills  
 And in the mountain valleys deep,  
 Alive with beeves and sweet-breathed kine  
 Of famous Ayr, or Devon's line  
 And shepherd-guarded sheep:

The Spirits of the golden year,  
 From crystal caves and grottoes dim  
 From forest depths and mossy sward,  
 Myriad-tongued, with one accord  
 Peal forth their harvest hymn.

## The Inner Flame

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

**A**LL other loves have moulded me  
 That you might think me fair,  
 That you might find within my heart  
 A love mature and rare,  
 Compact of mingled flower and flame,  
 And reverent as a prayer.

My soul attains its fullest height  
 In this awaited hour:  
 I sense the mystery of growth,  
 The quickening of power,—  
 An inward, radiant Eastertide,  
 And all my world's in flower.

## Three Recent Biographies

By C. F. Lloyd

"BLEST be the art that can immortalize." So sang that master of exquisite poetry and limpid prose, William Cowper and certainly his was an art to clothe with immortality many things even less deeply rooted in the affection of the race than a mother. Until quite recently biography was not an art likely to make either the writer or his subject immortal, even in the loose and unsatisfactory sense in which that over-worked word is now used. In the long procession of the centuries that have passed since man made his first appearance in this best-of-all-possible worlds, the twenty-five or so that make up the life period, to date, of Homer and the early books of the Old Testament, cut a rather sorry figure. In the interest of truth let us, my dears, stop talking about immortal books.

It is fortunate for the people whose lives are worth writing that their title to fame does not rest on the insecure tenure of their biographer's literary skill or most of them would suffer badly, for certainly no other branch of the writer's art has enlisted among its exponents so many heavy-handed, muddily-witted rascals as biography. After reading a few pages of the ordinary life of a great man one can understand why many notable world figures have left instructions making it difficult, if not impossible, to embalm their immortal part in one of these appalling books.

Twenty years ago the number of really good biographies in the English language was an infinitesimal fraction of the whole. There was Boswell's, which I persist in regarding as still the best of all. Then there was Carlyle's fine monograph of John Sterling, Trevelyan's entertaining

and sympathetic Macaulay, Morley's Gladstone, almost as formidable as the Grand Old Man himself, Dowden's Shelley and more recently, Charnwood's excellent short life of Lincoln. Where was there another biography comparable with these? "Gentle shepherd, tell me where?"

Thanks to the gods, who do occasionally temper the wind to the shorn lamb, though why he should be so mercilessly shorn remains a mystery, these lean, after-the-war years have seen the appearance of a goodly number of well-written, and therefore readable, lives of great men. There are queer people who seem to think that a book has no more right to be readable than a woman to look pretty. This attitude is no doubt a biological survival of Puritanism. It will take our descendants a couple of centuries yet to get that black drop out of their blood. Thanks to my high-Church and Celtic ancestry I think none the worse of a maid, or even a maiden aunt, for possessing a fair share of pulchritude and I positively insist that a book shall be readable, by which I mean well-written, with all that that implies, which includes, I believe, a certain restraint, a feeling for what to leave out.

I have just read Mr. Guedalla's entertaining life of Lord Palmerston for the second time, with even greater enjoyment than I read it the first time a year ago, and that is saying a great deal. Some donkey has described it as a tiresomely-clever book. A clever book it is, beyond doubt, and perhaps tiresome too, to dunces, but certainly not to people possessed of a fair share of intelligence and a high-school boy's knowledge of nineteenth-century history. Some of the allusions may catch you napping or send



you scurrying back to the text books, but is it to be called tiresome on that account. None of us know half as much history as we should, anyway. This is a mentally lazy age. One of these days we shall have a publisher bringing out a book entitled: "How to know the alphabet, in ten lessons."

I feel grateful to Mr. Guedalla. Palmerston has long been a favorite of mine. My first acquaintance with the pugnacious physiognomy of that redoubtable champion of the rights of Englishmen was made early in life. Over my grandfather's writing-table in the old house down in Hertfordshire, hung three fine miniatures by a clever French artist, in frames of ebony and silver. These exquisite little pictures were a sort of shrine, fraught with religious significance, like the Mikado's portrait in a Japanese house. I can shut my eyes and see them now quite clearly. On the right, as you stood in front of the table, was the dark, subtle face of Disraeli, in the centre, the high nose and cold eyes of the Iron Duke and on the left the sportsmanlike features, framed in Dundreary whiskers, of Lord Palmerston. Once a day my grandfather would take me on his knee to give me a history lesson worth fifty college lectures on the same subject. He was an amazing old man. Born only eight years later than Palmerston himself, he outlived him by twenty-six years, dying on the very threshold of his hundredth year. He had some reason to be fond of Pam for to him he owed his much-prized ribbon of the Bath. As I listened to his vivid sentences, delivered in a voice, once beautiful, but grown tremulous from age, the far past returned to life and I saw pass before me all the great scenes and figures of the century. There went Nelson's funeral and there was Percival lying dead under the bullet of Bellingham. I saw the Royal artillery clattering along the Belgian roads in the June

sunshine and a squat figure sweeping the English squares with his field-glasses. I saw, too, the haggard face of Metternich and the limp of Talleyrand, Prinny's astonishing coats, Mr. Canning's outward sweep of the arm as he perorated eloquently on behalf of the Spanish colonies, the little princess Victoria trotting down a corridor at Kensington, holding a rose to her chin, Prince Albert's beautiful whiskers and Mr. MacCauley running about the London streets, the austere features of Peel and Palmerston delivering his great *Civis Romanus sum* speech. My grandfather was in the gallery of the House the night that speech was delivered, and he always insisted that it was the finest he had ever heard, save one of Brougham's I forget which.

All these delightful or imposing things, together with my grandfather's white hair, his smile, like sunshine irradiating a dark room, and the great cavalry sabre over the three little pictures, have been brought back to me across the gulf of more than thirty years by Mr. Guedalla's book. How admirably the book begins, with its amusing picture of late eighteenth century life. Each sentence is a volume, condensed. The whole work is to other books what attar of roses is to rose-water. How delicious is the following reference to Horace Walpole:

"Mr. Walpole still watched the world behind the battlements of Strawberry. A twinge in the shoulder and the dreadful tale of fifty-six nephews and nieces served to remind him that he could not look on forever."

Were the imperturbability of Englishmen, their ignorance of and contempt for foreigners, their sturdy self-defence and determination to muddle through somehow, ever before so well or so sympathetically revealed as in Mr. Guedalla's opening chapters, which show us the youthful

Palmerston coolly writing endless, exasperating reports on the subject of my clothing and, "departmental practice under Queen Anne," while that damned fellow, Napoleon, remade the map of Europe? I confess this part of the book kept me in a continuous titter of delight. It was all familiar ground. I was reared in an atmosphere strongly surcharged with horses and horseguards, high politics, books and the doings of the Corsican ogre.

I have always considered Palmerston an epitome of all that is best and some of what is worst in English character. He was a little hard, a little narrow, a little too much inclined to be brutal to the weak and inferiors. But he could be gallant and chivalrous, too. He had a fine natural sense of justice, witness his stand against negro slavery and his championship of Italy. There were occasions on which he spoke with the authentic voice of England and it was the voice of enlightened, progressive civilization, instinct with the finest parts of the Christian ethic. He could be ferociously sensible at times, as when he enquired from his seat in the Home Office:

"Have bishops and deans any better right to decay under churches than the rest of us?"

He has always been my ideal of a foreign minister and if he were alive today his ancient distrust of Russia would be more than ever justified by the incontrovertible logic of facts.

"It is a narrow policy to suppose that this country or that is to be marked out as the eternal ally or the perpetual enemy of England. We have no eternal allies and we have no perpetual enemies. Our interests are eternal and perpetual and those interests it is our duty to follow."

Bravo, Pam. I wish that in these days of proletarian statesmanship and doles to weak sisters we had a foreign secretary who would talk in

that strain and a public with courage enough to support him properly.

I like Mr. Guedalla's picture of Palmerston in old age, riding to the hunt through the rain at Compeigne in immaculate pink coat and top boots, while the dandies of the second Empire cower under their umbrellas. Is there not something in that indomitable figure that belongs to a great, perhaps a vanished England? Does it not recall to one's memory old stories of Drake and Frobisher, old snatches of lusty tavern songs, and Shakespeare's heart-warming:

"Up, good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England?"

I love the sturdy old man who kept himself young in mind at fourscore, rode to hounds, loved his pretty Em with all the devotion of youth, foresaw the Bagdad railroad, retained a healthy distrust of Germans and Russians and rallied at the last moment on a diet of "mutton and port wine." What a sore trial he must have been to that domestic angel, Prince Albert, who, with all his good qualities was, I am convinced, a most intolerable bore. It is a resolute, sturdy, sagacious, humorous, justice-loving, humbug-despising and very English figure that Mr. Guedalla has followed through five hundred pages as free from any taint of dullness as any I have ever had the pleasure to encounter. One cannot help feeling a little sorry when the end comes, and, "the room falls silent and the last candle of the eighteenth century goes out forever."

#### Bismarck

Readable, instructive but much less entertaining than Mr. Guedalla's Palmerston is Herr Ludwig's life of Bismarck, a monumental work, intensely dramatic in substance, showing us the Iron Chancellor in various characteristic poses, like a figure thrown again and again on a bright screen in a dark room. Herr Ludwig has the playwright's instinct for

telling incidents and scraps of dialogue and crucial moments in a career; but he has not Guedalla's gift of condensing a whole volume of heavy official reports or muddy history into a single jaunty sentence, bright as one of the jewelled maxims of La Rochefoucauld or the biting epigrams of Oscar Wilde. Herr Ludwig's hand is weighted with a little honest Teutonic lead but it is feather-light compared with most of his countrymen's. He has given us not a demi-god or a caricature, but a human being, and for this we must thank him. He is not blind to Bismarck's faults nor does he make any attempt to pull the wool over the eyes of his readers. We see the whole man as he was, the great Junker, unquestionably one of the ablest and most courageous political brains of his age in Europe, and certainly the least scrupulous. It is a strange, complex figure we meet in the pages of this fine book, a man of blood and iron who could trample a small nation into the dust, yet would go to pieces when his plans went wrong and cry like a woman. I was prepared for that side of Bismarck's character. Have not all first class men androgynous minds, combining the man's strength and the woman's weakness?

Quite by chance I saw Bismarck once. Mother and I were returning to England from St. Petersburg, via Berlin and Paris. We had called at the British embassy to have something done to our passports and were leaving to return to the hotel when a man went past, riding, at a walk, a bright chestnut with a white blaze. He was a mountain of a man with a white moustache and eyes like an old lion. As he came abreast of the point where we were standing he swung his head to glance at the upper windows of the embassy. He did not impress me much at the time, neither did mother's whispered remark, "Look, Frank, there is one of the great men

of Europe, Prince von Bismarck." I was thinking of some toy soldiers I had seen in a shop window. This happened about a year before the Prince was dethroned by that Watteau Jupiter, the Emperor.

Herr Ludwig's book contains a dozen pictures of the Prince, taken at different ages. From a study of these one might gain a fair knowledge of his character without reading a line of the text. My favorite portrait of him shows him in late middle age, reclining in an armchair. I think this picture displays more clearly than any of the others the splendid dome of the skull, the indomitable mouth and the inscrutable eyes that saw everything but revealed nothing.

I doubt that any man ever loved Bismarck. I am not so sure about the women. Most women like to have their ears pulled occasionally by a strong man and they adore a little successful unscrupulousness when it is practised for their benefit. I doubt too that any one in his right senses ever trusted the Prince. The Ems despatch was no passing aberration. The man who played that shabby trick on France was constitutionally and incurably crooked. Bismarck's whole course, both as politician and diplomat, was tortuous and subterranean, but before we condemn it too harshly we should remember that the doings of our own Foreign Office have not always been entirely free from a touch of Bismarckian obliquity, and that there are deeds recorded in its archives quite as dark as any we profess to be shocked at in the Prince's career. He liked to work beneath the surface. His workings are like those of a mole, only to be traced by the dirt the creature throws up. I am afraid it is folly to expect a man playing for gigantic stakes to forego the advantage to be derived from holding five aces, or even six.

Bismarck's one grand work and his



Palst monument is Germany. To make a great nation out of that absurd chaos of weak, mutually hostile and semi-independent states was a noble piece of constructive statesmanship; pity the means employed were not fairer. The edifice has survived the red ruin of war and seems destined to endure for some centuries, for it is grounded on the sure foundation of a people's hope and a people's need, and has been cemented with blood, the best of all mortars for building a national house.

Among much filthy nonsense popular just now is the belief that a man is worn out and ready for the grave at forty. Had Bismarck died at forty-five he would never have been heard of. All his enduring work was accomplished after he had turned the half century mark, and the same is true of many other great men.

I never can think of Bismarck's fall without recalling the old king of the grove and his young competitor, coming to claim the Golden Bough. Bismarck would have seen nothing unfair in the tenure of those old priest-kings of Aricia. To hold power by right of sheer strength of bone and brain till compelled to yield it to a stronger and die in the yielding; the gigantic old pagan would have liked that. Only once did he meet his match, when he clashed with Leo the XIII, a subtler and more capacious brain than even his own. It must have been a valuable lesson and he was big enough to profit by it.

There is a touch of true pathos in Ludwig's description of Bismarck in extreme old age. Johanna is dead, the old horses and dogs are dead, and the old emperor. A gilded popinjay sits on the throne of Frederick the Great. Out in the silence of the country among his beloved trees, the old prince waits grimly for death. His work has been taken from him and his mind wanders among the shadows of the past or strives, with the

clairvoyance of genius, to pierce the veil of the future.

He passes, the old titan. I have heard that the clergyman who preached the Prince's funeral sermon took for his text, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man dead this day in Israel?" A great man he unquestionably was, in spite of his faults, a solitary eagle of the true imperial breed, surrounded by a noisy flock of kites and buzzards.

### Disraeli

Quite as instructive, dreadful word, as Herr Ludwig's Bismarck and even more entertaining than Guedalla's Palmerston is M. Maurois' delightful Disraeli. It is less a biography than a prose poem, a paean in praise of the great Jew who almost alone among English statesmen, established, by sheer force of personality, a romantic tradition that seems likely to take its place in the future alongside the story of Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. Who else but Dizzy could have become the spiritual father of the Primrose League? Whether death be an unbroken sleep, as some suppose, or not, we are in very deed "compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses," the radiant and unforgettable personalities of the great dead. Woe to the country that has no great men.

I never hear Dizzy's name mentioned without at once surrendering to the spell of the veiled, mysterious East. Behind that mask-like face I catch a vision of the prophets and kings of ancient Israel, the gray towers of the city of David and the host of tormented exiles in many lands, driven hither and thither, now cowering in the Ghetto, now flaming at the stake, but never for a moment surrendering the torch of their faith or permitting the vital and unifying force of a great tradition to relax its iron grip upon their struggling millions. Apostate though he was in re-

ligious matters, Disraeli remained to the last moment of his life a Jew. The inscrutable thoughts and feelings of that ancient people permeated his whole being, dominated his life, colored all he thought and wrote and did. True, he was influenced by England. Environment counts for something. But the Lord of the Manor of Hughenden was never a mere English country gentleman. The subtle aroma of the Orient pervaded his statesmanship no less than his books. None of his colleagues ever followed all the intricate mazes of his policy or quite measured the full compass of that supple and capacious mind.

Some spiteful reviewer recently accused M. Maurois of robbing the beehives. Ungrateful dog. If a god visits my hives and transforms the honey of Manitoba into ambrosia and nectar am I to grumble? Even in an English dress "Disraeli" is a beautiful book. The pen of M. Maurois is almost as light and lively as Voltaire's own. He alights on the extreme edge of a blossom, probes the corolla with an enquiring proboscis, extracts the finest of the honey and springs away into the gold and azure of the mid-summer day without an effort. Like Mr. Guedalla he compresses the substance of a volume or two into an airy, graceful sentence, but he is less sardonic, less consciously clever than the author of *Palmerston*. There is an urbanity, a Puck-like liveliness, an all-pervasive humor, a sunny good nature, a genuine desire to please, in all he writes. But these lighter qualities are balanced by an arch seriousness, a penetrating good sense, a clear perception of essentials, a keen analysis of men, measures and things in general. It is a vivid, attractive, splendidly vital figure that he has created, for it is a creation, not a mere synthesis. He is an artist, not a compiler. Into the dry bones of fact he breathes life and, like Adam,

the great Jew becomes a living soul, instead of remaining a bit of historical tapestry.

I love young Dizzy for his rather shaky novels, his splendiferous clothes and his magnificent self-confidence, or rather courage, as much as I love Dizzy in old age for his devotion to Mary Anne and the Empress Queen, his sentiment and his sardonic humor. "Take away that emblem of mortality," he murmured during his last illness, to the nurse who wanted to put an air-cushion behind his back. I care little for his beliefs, nothing at all for his politics or policy, much for him. All the issues he fought for are long since dead and the flowers bloom above the dust of those ancient battles. Politics become stale quickly but a great personality is as imperishable as the perfume that clung to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Farina. Think you it is for anything connected with India or Protection or Mr. Gladstone or Sir Robert Peel that tens of thousands of plain Englishmen still lay primroses every nineteenth of April on that grave in Hughenden churchyard and the monument in London? Even in the world of spirit adventures are to the adventurous. There is a spice of perennial youth about Dizzy's memory. He was Jew to the core, yet the English recognize in him something even more English than themselves, an amazing paradox. He dreamed that he would become prime minister of England, but did he ever dream that Englishmen would strew flowers on his grave a half century after his death? Is it not fitting that this outwardly shy and cold, yet genuinely sentimental people, should take for their idol a man of sentiment?

I owe M. Maurois a debt of gratitude. He has rescued one of my favorite great men from the leaden grip of the official biographer. Dizzy is once more alive, or is he? Can even

the genius of an artist recall the dead to life?

"The captains and the kings depart,  
On holt and headland dies the fire,

And all our dreams of yesterday

Are one with Nineveh and Tyre.

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

## Tenerezza

By Alice M. Winlow

THE Great Artist writes Maestoso over some of His works—the sunset, the moon-rise, the wind through a mighty forest; over a garden He writes Tenerezza. The garden I write of has Wild Bleeding Heart, Wild Lobelia, Linaria or Pedlar's Basket which is like tiny mauve snapdragons, Wood Hyacinths, and the Bugle Flower, the blossoms of which are arranged like a candelabra whose arms are crystal and the sockets for the candles cups of blue flame.

Here is a corner filled with purple lilac, honeysuckle and laburnum—blown sunlight in the wind. I recall words by our own Basil King: "Only here and there at long intervals is there one to whom line and color and invisible forces like the wind are significant and essential as food and drink. It came to me now that somewhere in my past Beauty had been the dominating energy—that Beauty was the thread of Flame which, if I kept steadily hold of it would lead me back whence I came."

Lily-of-the-Valley and the Rose of Sharon bloom side by side. The loveliness of these flowers sets one thinking of a plea put forward by a syndicate writer in a Canadian paper. He asks that the Bible be modernized, that it be put into the vernacular of everyday speech. The English of the Bible is a wound and stripe to those who do not understand the beauty of our language. But in spite of all such writers we shall go on rejoicing in the

purple and golden splendour of *Isaiah* and *Job* and the *Song of Songs*, in Canada, just as we shall continue to grow the Rose of Sharon and the Lily-of-the-Valley in our gardens.

Nearby is a bed of scarlet Poppies "The scarlet laughter of God" the Canadian poet, Robert Norwood, calls them. The English Wood Hyacinth we see now has drooping blue bells, while the Canadian Wood Hyacinth carries its blue bells with straighter, less fragile stems. In this corner of blueness are also Blue Hydrangeas, Blue Thistles—glorified Scotch Thistles, all lightened up by a Japanese Maple whose bright translucent coral-colored leaves are like flame in the sun. The Yellow Alyssum is petalled sunshine. It is growing among red Wallflowers, purple Pansies, Thymes, and white Carnations.

The rocks in the garden are covered with *Lithospermum Prostratum*. The name is long and cumbersome, but the flower is exquisite. If you will imagine sapphires suddenly taking the texture and contour of flower petals, but retaining their jewelled light you may see the ineffable sparks of blue flame that leap up from the rocks.

As I come out of this lovely garden I find myself thinking that perhaps a poet is just one in whose soul is the stored-up essence of moments of Beauty.



## With the Authors at Calgary

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

WHOEVER selects the setting for the Canadian Authors Association conventions, has a peculiar sense of the fitness of things. Other associations can meet in hotels. Not so the C.A.A.! The profession of a Canadian author has a nobility and dignity all its own, which must not be associated with the atmosphere of frivolity and transience that characterises the average metropolitan hotel. And so we have the authors' sonorous voices echoing through Vancouver's halls of justice, rattling the dry bones of prehistoric skeletons in Ottawa's National Museum, and, last week, in Calgary, disturbing the sacred silences of a Presbyterian Sunday school!

The Sunday school seemed the most fitting place of all—though Dr. Roberts, the National President, did look a little odd in the Superintendent's chair, while a ukelele might have been more in keeping with Murray Gibbon's delightful address on Free Verse than the far-off strains of the church organ that so unexpectedly accompanied him.

I missed the remarkable personality of Frederick Philip Grove at this year's Convention, but, instead, there was Arthur Stringer, boyishly effervescent, his dignity as a Canadian author sitting lightly upon him. Mr. Stringer's biggest work seems to be dressing his heroines.

There was a time when, like Adam, he thought the details could be overlooked and that he was being sufficiently specific if he described Althea "looking wonderfully attractive in a Gainsborough hat and suede slippers!" Another of his modern hero-

ines nobly tore a strip from her *petticoat* to stanch a wound in the hero's head, the author being blissfully unaware of the petticoat's passing, while a third heroine—and surely Mr. Stringer knew better this time!—went to a tryst armed with a hat-pin! Driven by the facetiousness of impudent reviewers, he finally appealed to his wife for guidance, but found that her zeal for discovering *le seul mot* in feminine apparel was costing him "half a novel and a dozen short stories." So, in despair, he turned to writing for the "movies," where the heroine might leap from a bridge into a roaring torrent to reappear a moment later in a Parisian gown and with a fresh *marcel*! In *Empty Hands*, he was perfectly happy, since the heroine, being lost in the Canadian wilderness, had no need of clothes!

As a solution of so harassing a problem, I would suggest that Mr. Stringer leave his civilized haunts, to identify himself with the literature of the South Sea Islands, where inspiration should surely flow freely from his pen.

Among the other remarkable personalities at this year's Convention was Dr. E. A. Hardy, of Toronto, to whose lot fell the title of "Humblest Member of the C.A.A." He frankly confessed that he had never written a novel, and never would; he had never produced a poem, and never intended to do so. (Perhaps that's why he makes such an excellent National Secretary!)

It was most fitting that at Calgary's Civic Reception, in the Palliser Hotel, the authors should have been welcomed by Mayor Osborne,

who divides his time between mayoring and swelling the royalty coffers of those Canadian authors whose books he sells.

At this reception, upon request, the perennially popular National President, Charles G. D. Roberts, read his Confederation Ode and "In the Night Watches." A younger poet, Nathaniel Benson, read three of his poems, also. I don't remember the titles, but I do recall one line:

"Found the moonlight on your lips."

Dr. Roberts being the "Father of Canadian Literature," it looks as if Mr. Benson were following in Father's footsteps!

There were several very fine addresses at this year's Convention, that on "French-Canadian Literature," by Victor Morin, being delivered in French. This was one of those occasions when we English-speaking delegates looked alert and interested, racking our brains the while for dusty remnants of French grammar that enlightened us not at all. Only the National Treasurer, blushing but valiant, ventured to request a brief translation—much to everybody else's guilty and unspoken relief!

(Why isn't a knowledge of French among the required qualifications for membership in the C.A.A.?)

It was M. Morin's opinion that French-Canadian literature had taken wonderful strides in the last sixty years, and that there now existed a real French-Canadian literature separate and distinct from that of old France. Early French-Canadian literature had been written "not with the pen, but with the axe, the gun, the cross, and the plough."

Murray Gibbon's address on "Free Verse and its Relation to Music" was most interesting. As a protest against rhyme, he read Alfred Noyes' poem, "The Barrel-Organ," his tone and expression equally bored. At the end

of the last line, there was a dramatic pause, and then, from the depths of Mr. Gibbon's being, such a fervent *Mon Dieu!* as that Sunday School but one thing wanting just then, and had never heard before. There was that was Alfred Noyes' reply!

In the interests of long-suffering editors, Mr. Gibbon ought to be placed in solitary confinement, for who knows but that his profane utterances may result in the country's being overrun with mushroom poets, "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa strewn?" Even today, a new anthologist reports the alarming total of 561 Canadian poets! In another ten years—"Oh, what will the harvest be?"

To those of us who are rather hazy about the technique of Free Verse—I've been trying to write some for a year and haven't succeeded in getting the hang of it yet—Mr. Gibbon's remarks were disquieting, to say the least, but Miss A. E. Fraser, in her address on "Recent Tendencies in Canadian Poetry," soothed our harassed souls with the assertion that Free Verse had made but little headway in Canada; and the whole Sunday School seemed to echo: "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow!"

I wish all those people who contemplate writing a novel—they must be legion—might have heard Donald French's address on "Writing and Publishing a Book!" What a renaissance of Canadian fiction might have followed!

The most interesting portion of the National President's Annual Report was an anecdote concerning the Dayton Book Fair, which Dr. Roberts attended as the C.A.A. representative. Naturally, the Americans had wished to honor their distinguished guest, also to express sympathy with the work of the C.A.A. And how could

they have done it better than by providing Canadian Rye Whiskey in the original packages and by singing, at the end of the dinner, "God Save the King!"" (Is there any significance in the order of those courtesies?)

The outstanding feature of this Convention was the ceremony at the Sarcee Reserve, whereby Charles G. D. Roberts was made an Honorary Chief of the Sarcee Indians. To make the occasion more memorable, the prospective Chief got stuck in a mud-hole on the way to the Reserve. But by the subtraction of half a hayrick from an unsuspecting farmer's field and its subsequent addition to the mud, the difficulty was satisfactorily overcome.

The Reserve was an interesting and colorful scene, with the Indian men and women in full regalia, a-sparkle with colored beads and a-jingle with tiny metal bells. Chief Joe Big Plume looked particularly picturesque, wearing the magnificent headdress of eagle plumes that was to become the property of the new "Writer-Chief." When asked how he liked being photographed so much, he replied, smiling:

"Me make heap big picture."

The children were shy and silent, while their mothers stole furtive glances at the new chief and beamed with pleasure as he shared his cigarettes with them. The ancient Indian of the party sat fanning himself with what looked to me like a dead chicken with a ribbon round its neck—but I suppose it wasn't. (The Editor suggests that it was probably a bunch of eagle feathers, which sounds much more sanitary.)

As Dr. Roberts knelt on the grass, Chief Big Plume welcomed him and placed the gorgeous headdress upon his head. Then he was told to rise, and the ancient Indian, after instructing him in his duties as a chief

—to look after the interests of his people, to pity the poor, to feed the hungry, and last, but not least, to send an annual contribution towards his tribe's New Year's feast—gave him a gentle shove and named him:

"Na-kee-tee-se Ah-kih-tcha!" — "Writer-Chief!" (You say the first four syllables slowly, then sneeze.)

What a resourceful race these Indians are! If they made six new chiefs a year, what a feast they could have, to be sure!

The Annual Dinner was held at the Banff Springs Hotel, the speakers being Charles G. D. Roberts, Hon. Perren Baker, who substituted for the Premier of Alberta, Mrs. Nellie McClung, Arthur Stringer, and Dr. H. F. Munro, of Halifax.

As might be expected, Arthur Stringer's was a delightfully witty and amusing speech, peppered with anecdotes, one of which I really must repeat:

Two young women approached Mr. Stringer for his autograph. On being told that a pencil would do, if he had not a pen, he wrote his name in the proffered album. When the owner received it back, she looked at it for a moment, then exclaimed to her friend:

"O Mamie, lend me your rubber! Somebody told me he was Charles G. D. Roberts!"

Dr. Munro's address was perhaps the weightiest contribution to the Convention — eloquent, forceful, lucid, full of Canadian inspiration, and lightened by humor—while Mrs. McClung made the most startling statement of the evening when she described women as "the inarticulate sex!"

Well, the eighth Convention is over and it remains to be seen what effect it will have on Canada's literary output for the coming year.



## SCIENCE AND CULTURE

"When a student of science confesses that he knows little or nothing of classical literature, he does so in a spirit of humility," said Sir Richard Gregory, to the annual meeting of the Science Masters Association in London. "But classical scholars often seem to be supercilious in their disregard of science. This vestige of social snobbery will, no doubt, disappear in time, and it will be understood more clearly than it is today that science is as necessary a part of the mental equipment of a cultured man as is classical or modern literature."

It is common today to disparage Victorian verse, yet no poet has surpassed Tennyson in the application of scientific truth to poetic purpose or in his wealth of allusions arising out of a knowledge of nature's operations and laws. Interest in scientific studies increased his range of selection and opened his eyes to new phenomena and ideas.

\* \* \*

## BOOK CENSORSHIP

It is rather interesting for booksellers to note the slant of others who are not in the trade either as retailers or publishers, on the action of the booksellers at the recent convention of the Canadian Booksellers and Stationers' Association on the question of censorship.

A despatch appeared in the newspapers across the country on the following day setting forth the attitude of the booksellers on the censorship question.

This was made the subject of an editorial in the St. John, N.B., *Telegraph-Journal*, which is reproduced herewith:

### Booksellers and Injurious Books

Censorship prosecutions are always liable to arouse resentment. The Canadian Booksellers' and Stationers' Association has

voiced objection to charges laid without previous warning against the sellers of books alleged to be injurious to public morals. The Association passed a resolution pledging its financial aid to any of its members so charged.

One understands and to some extent sympathizes with these book vendors; nonetheless it is distinctly their responsibility that harmful matter is sold by them. Those who sell food for the body are held liable if what they sell is impure, and those who sell food for the mind must be similarly answerable.

One has not heard any great complaint from authors that modern books have been kept off the sales shelf; and many modern books are quite sufficiently outspoken for most readers. Therefore one may assume that generally speaking police action has not been arbitrary in this regard. It would be too much to expect every bookseller to read through all his stock, and his personal opinion would be of little value were he so to do. But publishers do not launch their books on the public until the reviewers have expressed an opinion and it would not be asking too much of a bookseller to keep himself informed of the nature of what he offers by reading the reviews. There should not be much chance of his risking prosecution if he were to do this, which is, after all, no more than any other merchant does in satisfying himself as to the quality of his wares. But emphatically most will disagree with the implied suggestion that the police should warn before prosecuting. That is simply passing the responsibility on to the police.

\* \* \*

## INFERIORITY COMPLEX

It is a question whether the "Canadian inferiority complex" is as widespread as some people would have us believe. More than occasionally, there are outbursts such as the following from an article on "Canada's Place in the World's Literature," published by the *Calgary Albertan* on July 4th.

"The development of Canada from a colony to a nation and the acquisition of that degree of material well-being which is essential to artistic creation has witnessed a remarkable development of literature such as finds no parallel in any other country of the same population."

## *It Is Reported* THAT—

—Northern British Columbia is to be the scene of Zane Grey's next novel.

—John Galsworthy has been appointed a member of the League of Nations' sub-committee on Arts and Letters.

—an American illustrated edition of *Scottie*, by M. Benson Walker, is to be brought out by the Crowells of New York.

—Miss Eva Bouchard, president of the organization of farm women of the Lake St. John district, was presented with a loving cup at the concluding session of the convention held this month at Peribonka, Que. She is the original of the heroine of Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine*.

—Charles Alvala Wilson, now a Judge of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec, a globe trotter and author, is now engaged upon a companion volume to his book on China and India published a few years ago. The new volume will treat of Algeria, Egypt and the war-like nomadic tribesmen of Northern Africa.

—Peter B. Kyne, popular American author, paid his first visit to Western Canada last month and at Calgary addressed the Canadian Women's Press Club. Telling his audience something of present conditions and trends in Hollywood, interspersed with amusing anecdotes of his own encounters with the movie magnates, Mr. Kyne emphasized the revolutionary effect the advent of the talking movie is bound to have. "The beautiful but dumb star will disappear, to make way for the people of artistic sensibilities—the man or woman who can really act, and whose delineation of character is authentic. Then will come the chance for the writer—for with the talking movie the present scenario hack writer who draws his plots according to a blueprint, will also fade out of the picture."

\* \* \*

### THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

*The Winged Victory of Samothrace is one of the noblest works of art in the Louvre Museum. You ascend over half a hundred steps to reach the statue, and on all sides of it is the same satisfying sense of spaciousness. The winged woman, carved from stone, stands on the prow of a stone trireme. The wings and drapery are blown back by the wind, giving the impression of incredible swiftness. The figure symbolizes spiritual victory. The head is missing but you find yourself visualizing it and the*

*brow and eyes are eloquent of that symbolism. The whole conception fills the soul with a hurricane. You feel you could take the wings of the morning and mount to the uttermost heights of achievement.*

### The Winged Victory

**E**XULTANTLY her wings measure the sky  
To urge the utmost silver spirit of speed  
To tenfold swiftness, while the stars like seed  
Far-blown from chaos, blossom and wither and die  
To make a path of splendor for her flight.  
Her unexhausted breast the coward shames,  
The kindling beauty of her body flames  
Through garments woven of tempest and the night.  
O Woman! zoned with lightnings and with fire!  
Through whirlwind, change, and cycles measureless,  
You conquer, and still forward, skyward, press,  
Shadowing plain and hill as you mount higher;  
For you are spirit-browed by the sculptor's plan,  
The Wings of the Morning—this your gift to man.

\* \* \*

### PASSING OF MRS. GODENRATH

Patrons of the Print Room of the Art Gallery of the Canadian National Exhibition, will miss the familiar figure of Mrs. Percy F. Godenrath, who for the past seven years has been so helpful to the management of this department, and to the many hundreds of enthusiastic print buyers who had occasion to seek her advice. Following a brief illness Mrs. Godenrath passed away at her home in Ottawa on June 26th. She numbered countless friends between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, as well as in the Old Country which she visited yearly with her husband, Captain Godenrath. During the Great War she was a Nursing Sister in the C.A.M.C. and for a time was on duty at No. 2 Canadian Stationary Hospital at Le Toquet, France. She was keenly interested in matters artistic, and was a member of the Ottawa Art Association.



## Notorious Figures in History

A Remarkable Book by Sydney Dark

**TWELVE BAD MEN.** By Sydney Dark. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: The Musson Book Company. \$4.00.

Sydney Dark has chosen well his title for this book. It has to do with twelve of the most notoriously famous men in history, men of intriguing character and arresting personalities. In these brief, concise character sketches the author gives an exceptionally clear idea of the lives of these men, and although not condoning their wickednesses he endeavors to bring out more clearly their finer characteristics.

Brief as these articles are, in Louis XI, Mazarin, Talleyrand, Fouché, and Robespierre, a good conception is obtained of the life and times of France at different periods. Most persons are familiar with the more important historical points concerning these men, but all are not so well informed as to their personalities, and the author presents a particularly well-balanced viewpoint in submitting to his readers in an interesting way their charms and attractions as well as their vices. Incidentally much of the political plotting and intrigue of the times is touched upon, and in each case the unsettled conditions existing in Europe at that time are clearly presented. Unconsciously impressions of these historical adventurers are gained from descriptions contained in famous novels by such authors as Scott, Dumas or Macaulay, or from similar sources; but, as Mr. Dark points out, these impressions may often be erroneous and misleading. Novelists and romantic historians do not always convey an unbiased viewpoint of their heroes, and consequently a totally inadequate portrait of the man may be given.

English history provides the author with three outstanding characters — Thomas Cromwell, Judge Jeffreys, and Marlborough — all three men of no scruples, with no pity or mercy for their own kind, except perhaps in the case of Marlborough, but men who played a most important part in the history of their country. Despite their cruelty and

wickedness, their ruthlessness and selfishness, the author brings out what redeeming characteristics they possess, and his reader is apt to put down the book with a resolve to judge with less harshness and more leniency these men who played such an influential part in history.

In Benvenuto Cellini, that most rascally scoundrel of an artist, the contemporary of so many famous and well known men, is given a vivid picture of the man and his personality—strong, impulsive, selfish, ruthless, a man who was constantly in difficulty, but an artist, a goldsmith, a sculptor, whose name will ever stand foremost in history as the greatest craftsman the world has ever known. The family of the Borgias is portrayed with a clear simplicity and it would seem that the much-maligned Lucrezia is, perhaps, more to be pitied than condemned. Mr. Dark gives a most realistic sketch of the repugnant ruler, Frederick the Great, a man in whom, notwithstanding Carlyle, it is difficult to find admirable qualities; and in the gay adventurer, Casanova, with his ups and downs, his enterprise and impudence, he presents one of the most interesting characters Venice has produced.

The author handles his subjects with skill and ably presents both sides of these outstanding men. He writes clearly and concisely and with a sense of justice and fairness. It is to be hoped that Mr. Dark will again take up his pen and give more enlightenment on some of our more recent men of affairs.

A.S.M.

\* \* \*

**CREATIVE YOUNG CANADA.** Edited by Aletta E. Marty. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. \$1.00.

This is a collection of original lyrics and pictures selected by Dr. Marty from the files of the last ten years of "The Circle of Young Canada," published weekly in *The Globe*. Although *The Globe* has so fostered the creative talents of young Canadians for a period of thirty years, this is the first book of its kind to be issued in our midst.



In a noteworthy Introduction by the Editor, we find these passages: "Only as the artistic sense is developed in the youth of our country, will art, by receiving the support it deserves, flourish in Canada. To set loose and give rein to the urge for self-expression, we must look to the progressive school and to modern developments in education." "One of the outstanding features of the new education movement is the stress laid on the creative impulse of the child." "Today children are taught by the picture method, and are encouraged to illustrate what they read and what they write about."

In training children wise parents and teachers know how to make use of the joy of creation and the joy of discovery, and in a school where the teacher has such wisdom, you will find no truants.

Many of the numerous selections in this book have a surprising merit, when the ages of the contributors are considered. Read these lines of Fred L. Troyer, Toronto, Ont., (7 years old):

#### *Bed Time*

Come, little flowers,  
Blue, yellow and red,  
You are so tired,  
'Tis quite time for bed.

Come, little birdies,  
Hush songs for the night—  
Asleep is the sun,  
The stars shed their light.

Come, little children,  
Your prayers sweetly say;  
Close your sleepy eyes,  
Till another new day.

Like the verses, the pen and ink drawings are distinctive achievements. But the book has to be seen and read to be appreciated. Much credit is due *The Globe* and the teachers who encouraged these young creative artists, and to Dr. Marty and the publishers for giving permanence to their efforts in book form.

JOHN W. GARVIN.

\* \* \*

THE BIBLE UNDER FIRE. By John L. Campbell, D.D., Chair of Bible, Carson and Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

Dr. Campbell was a delegate in attendance at the International Convention of Baptists, recently held in Toronto, and through the kindness of a niece of his, I had the pleasure of meeting this doughty champion of the traditional belief of the integrity of the Scriptures. He is in his 83rd year, but his tall form is still straight, and if there be any lessening of his mental

vigour and zest for life it is not noticeable.

The dedication is to his daughter; and the Introduction is contributed by Dr. E. D. Wilson, of Princeton. In this Introduction we are told that the author "seeks first of all to vindicate the historical accuracy of the Bible; secondly, he defends the trustworthiness of the great saving doctrines of Christianity; and lastly, he exposes the unscientific character of the evolutionary theory of the universe and ridicules the absurd and variant attempts of the evolutionary philosophers to account for Creation, especially when contrasted with the grand and simple account of the Word of God."

It was fortunate that a biblical scholar of exceptional knowledge and mature judgment and an experienced teacher with a logical mind and clear utterance undertook the task of replying to the higher critics and to the materialistic philosophers; for this book was much needed, and is destined to have an increasing and ever-widening influence. It will strengthen the faith of Christians wherever read, and fortify the minds of the young against the insidious attacks of athiests and freethinkers.

If this valuable book has a weakness it is the uncompromising attitude towards "evolution as God's plan of Creation." What matters it if it required ten million years to develop from one cell, the human form to such a degree that God could breathe into it the "Breath of Life," and man became a "Living Soul?" Man could not sin and fall, before he became a self-conscious moral being. And it seems to me that such a theory is not necessarily out of accord with Genesis and should not lessen our respect for creative omnipotence. There is nothing ignoble or degrading about animal life, and because of this I feel sometimes like apologizing to the anthropoid apes for the slanderous inference that we are descended from them. Man only, through his freedom of choice, has sunk to depths of degradations so low as to put him almost beyond the power of regeneration. And only an Infinitely Loving Father would have sent a redeeming Saviour.

JOHN W. GARVIN.

\* \* \*

THE AGE OF REASON. By Philip Gibbs. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy. \$2.

Which side of the road are you on? With Richard Halliday, who believed in God? With Hesketh Jerminham, whose religion was science? With Margaret, who tried to reconcile it all by love, With pretty, pagan Viola, I am what I am because of the laws of biology?

Margaret came of a long line of ministers and religion guided her life. But when she married Jerminham, she came into con-

flict with a man whose directing principle was reason. And he ignored the human element until one night, a bullet from a little gun shattered the world of his dreams.

With this poignant love story, Philip Gibbs has woven together the threads of immensely exciting modern events as they effect the lives of his characters. The result is as intense and stimulating a romance as he has written.

What is going to happen to us in this age of reason when we have the morality of cave men and the power of gods?

\* \* \*

ELIZA FOR COMMON. By O. Douglas. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$2.00.

O. Douglas's new novel is, like her other books, a story of modern Scottish life. It is a study in temperament—of a girl who begins with revolt against her environment and ends by the appreciation and the acceptance of it which come from increased wisdom and humanity. The story is laid in Scotland, both city and country, in Oxford, and in London, and a host of delightful characters fill the different stages.

\* \* \*

EVA'S APPLES. By William Gerhardt. (I. & G.) \$2.50.

This is another of this author's novels of sophistication. In it, with naive impudence, he burlesques living celebrities and makes no bones about it. The Lord Ottercove of the story is Lord Beaverbrook and Vernon Sprott is Arnold Bennett. Frank Dicken, the rather futile young novelist, is, according to the author's confession, "to a certain extent" himself. The portrait does not flatter him, but that is only one more of Gerhardt's surprising gestures. *Eva's Apples* is for the reading of the sophisticated, and it is, of its kind, supremely diverting reading.

\* \* \*

THE ONE AND THE OTHER. By Richard Curle. London: Jonathan Cape. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons. \$2.00.

Although having a reputation as a writer of short stories of real merit, the last of his three volumes of short stories having been published ten years ago, this is his first novel. The scenes are laid in London and it is a curious tale. Though dealing with the unhappy love of two brothers for the same girl, a strong sense of beauty and compassion is conveyed. The characters impress their reality upon the reader and with such characters drama is inevitable.

\* \* \*

### FROM SCOTLAND

From Buckhaven, Scotland, comes an appreciative message regarding *Canadian Bookman*, written by Miss M. B. Thomson, who says in part: "I enjoyed (and still

enjoy) C. F. Lloyd's essay 'Rain.' It is lovely . . . and that wee poem 'Your Message,' by Christina Willey—I know the truth of that and something which I think perfect is Alexander Louis Fraser's poem, 'A Poet,' particularly the last two lines:

'Or when dumb hearts find pain or joy expressed

In words beyond their own imagining.'

That is the beauty of poetry, the joy it gives to the 'dumb hearts' to find their feelings expressed."

\* \* \*

### STRIKING SHORT STORIES

THE SEVEN LOVERS. By Muriel Hine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

Muriel Hine's short stories always entertain. Her fiction contains originality, imagination and romantic charm. A metropolitan review calls this collection commendable, while one tale is named a distinguished achievement. Skilfully constructed on diverse themes—some grave, some gay—all are modern.

Firstly, *The Seven Lovers*, really a novellette, has a double plot dovetailed with keen characterization. Set in Capri, a young English writer finds and falls in love with a very charming but unknown cousin. Her heart responds. But her guardian, the Count, and her suitor, Don Cesare, present problems that loom like aeroplanes. Intertwined is the tale of a beautiful Italian girl, forced by her parents into an unhappy match, whose seven lovers decide to murder her husband. Yet this only adds woe. She can't marry one of them, lest she wed her husband's slayer. Each difficulty seems mountain-high, but both are successfully solved—yes, and naturally—by the author's skill. And, it suffices to say, the shorter tales, having English settings, hold equal interest.

\* \* \*

A.H.B.

### Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia

Professor W. Roy Mackenzie has compiled a volume of over 400 octavo pages the title of which is *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, which the Harvard University Press will issue in a \$5.00 edition.

Last remorseful moments of sinful seafaring men, chanties, relics of old English and Scotch popular ballads and songs of the familiar broadside type are among the astonishing range and variety included in this remarkable collection. There are over 175 of them, of which forty-two are set to music. This volume will strongly appeal to all students of folk-song and all lovers of folk-poetry.

# Where and How to

Compiled by William B. McCourtie

Arranged in 70 market groups to make the information  
betically indexed, so that you can

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.....

(Two Poems Read at the Convention of the Canadian Authors Association.)

## I.—The River Garden

By Nathaniel A. Benson

HERE in this dreamful, deep-enchanted ground,  
 A seeming island washed wide leagues away,  
 Borne in the moonlight's ocean without sound  
 Unto a shore of neither night nor day,  
 Wonder comes home unto the listening heart,  
 Rapturous quiet, and a spread of wings.  
 Here there awakens the immortal part,  
 The mystery come of unfamiliar things  
 Made one with us at last.

Now, burning slow,  
 The dim strange altar-fires of some fair past  
 Rekindle in my eyes their ancient glow:  
 The intangible remembrance of the last  
 Sweet hour of moonlight on a yestereve,  
 Where Youth and Life and Love raised up again  
 Their triple torch of beauty—and did leave,  
 Each walking in a radiant violet rain.

I see them come once more with soundless tread  
 From the deep shade, Youth stainless yet and strong,  
 Love with white rosebuds round her golden head,  
 And Life, who knows no ecstasy is long.  
 Here all the shapes of Xanader are free,  
 And fairies circle on a fresh Herne Hill,  
 Here walk once parted lovers joyously  
 And ivied casements open to the still  
 Strange song that moonlight sings through all the world  
 From quiet, haunted halls of brooding Night.  
 Here phantom hosts' pale banners are unfurled  
 And every drowsy flower drinks the white  
 Slim chalice of cool silver flowing far,  
 A wine no earthly grape may ever know,  
 A nectar glassed in some immense blue star  
 Whose berries are as drops of mountain-snow.

That cup a hand from Heaven tenders me,  
 Some Hebe, yet invisible and sweet,  
 Now floating earthward gently renders me  
 A slave before my Fancy's sandalled feet.—  
 You are that Hebe, maiden to the host  
 Of high Olympus, lovely at my side,  
 A most unreal and ever-smiling ghost  
 Whose footsteps flash, and whose white fingers guide  
 My heart and soul, my yearning, questing dreams  
 Above the earth, and unto rest above  
 The leaves low-murmuring in the moonlight-beams  
 Of ultimate fulfillment, and of love.

## II.—The Kiss

By Nathaniel A. Benson

THE moon's pale silver seemed that night  
A stream from Paradise.  
A kindred river of strange light  
Homing toward your deep eyes.

Soft as the midnight-wind your face  
And shadow-dark your hair,  
Your hands were fairies winged with grace  
White in the darkness there.

Downward I bent—as with no sound  
That silver river slips—  
And in the perfect silence found  
The moonlight on your lips.

## July

By Florence Westacott

A SULLEN breath comes hotly through the trees,  
The birds forget their early summer song;  
But 'mid thick clover-tops unresting bees  
Go droning all day long:

And hark! A strident, loud-increasing, sound  
Vibrates o'erhead, as with harsh, plaining cry,  
Voicing aridity of sun-baked ground,  
Floats the blue dragon-fly.

## A Grace for Joy

By Christina Willey

THE great Beatitudes are far too high  
For earthly souls like mine.  
A star too small to twinkle in the sky,  
Too dim a light to shine  
In such great company. I but essay  
A little place to hold a heart that's gay  
That sings a clear bird-note of gratitude,  
"The happy-hearted hath Beatitude."



# How Important Is Pea-Shooting?

A Reply to W. F. Ralph's Article "How Important Is Poetry."

In an apparently unguarded moment Wilson Macdonald recently expressed the opinion that Toronto was an unfriendly city, and what a hullabaloo there was when the daily press got hold of and exploited the remark! The newspapers devoted columns to the subject, correspondents coming through with shoals of letters. Then, by means of an article by W. F. Ralph on "How Important is Poetry?" evidently inspired by the same controversy, *Toronto Saturday Night* was made the vehicle of carrying it wider afield and replies to Mr. Ralph began to appear in other journals, including a notable one by the poet Tom McInnes in the *Winnipeg Mirror*. Now comes this letter from another poet, Nathaniel Benson, which readers of *Canadian Bookman* should find most interesting.—Editor.

THE writing of an answer to such an article as "How Important is Poetry," by W. F. Ralph, is in one way almost as great a crime as the article itself. Poetry needs no defence. However, when an article is published to state the crassly-rational belief that poets and poetry are of no importance whatever, something must be done. An offended reader is torn between fairness and indignation, and yet if such an article were left unanswered, its creator might be prone to imagine that he had left a nation dumb with admiration, instead of sympathy. True, poets cannot be injured permanently, but as some of the best of them are almost morbidly sensitive, their creative enthusiasm may be temporarily curled by the propagation of harmful hippie-squiffle.

Of Shakespeare, Carlyle said: "He is our finest achievement and our voice—he is the grandest thing that we have yet done." Great words in praise of a sublimely great man and poet, showing that Carlyle felt that a nation which could produce a Shakespeare was greater than the nation of Mr. Ralph's choice, one that would produce a master-bricklayer, a master plumber, or a master Paul Whiteman. Mr. Ralph disagrees with Carlyle, yet who can blame us for siding with the Sage of Chelsea,

Of English literature, Matthew Arnold, one of England's greatest poets and perhaps her greatest critic, said: "By nothing is England so great, as by her poetry." "Nay," reputes Mr. Ralph, "by her master-builders, chief cutlers, and maitre-d'chefs!" Who can blame us for siding with Mr. Arnold?

In his admirable volume, "Poets of the

Younger Generation," wherein he dealt with Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts and D. C. Scott, William Archer claimed that Canada had contributed more glory to the crown of English poetry than any of the Dominions beyond the seas. Mr. Ralph would have Canada, a nation, which has had such poets as Lampman, Mair, Drummond, Marjorie Pickthall and Pauline Johnson, a nation which still has Carman, Roberts, Macdonald, Pratt and Scott—Mr. Ralph would have her lay down that power and achievement and become a Babbit-warren. Who can blame us for folding our tents and silently stealing away from our counsellor?

To come right down to business, what annoys us is this: such an essay cannot hurt the established poets of Canada, living or dead, but it can, will, and does discourage the poets of the future. Is that not obvious? Let us take a little illustration from Mother Nature—if an elephant goes galloping up against a boulder, the playful pachyderm will bounce back *hors de combat*—but he can do much damage to the flowers under foot, therefore it is only right to turn a mouse loose upon him, and scare him into industry where he belongs.

All that poets ask in this life, and all that most of them receive, is sympathy and understanding, but at the sound of the lyre our modern essayist summons a crew of noble-minded riveters. Let us examine the essay proper. It begins with a splenetic, if indirect, reference to Wilson Macdonald, followed by the dictum that a poet and his poetry are of no importance to anyone save the poet himself. To point out here the error of his ways to a gentleman already often named would be like asking a blind man to give his opinion of the stars. They simply do not exist for him. He claims that he has not only read but written much poetry—and how we should love to read his odes and find out by whom and why they had been cast into the outer darkness which has caused the present gnashing of critical teeth. Next he speaks of "quotable lines"—lines that "ring the bell," confusing the Muse and the Midway. To be great, a poem must have "quotable" lines with the gripping gusto of an advertising slogan: "They satisfy"—"Blow some my way"—or "Just a Real Good Car." Continuing in the same vein he admits grudgingly that .000001 per cent of all the poetry written is remembered, and certainly that figure will shrink under his attention. Turning to economics, he discusses the law of supply and demand and wonders peevishly why poetic inspiration

has never acted on this economic principle. One can easily imagine (if one is a Mr. R.) Shelley saying: "The world seems to require an ode to the west wind; I shall set about producing one this forenoon." Really, supply only exceeds demand in the case of "How Important Is Poetry?" and similar articles.

In order to further an already lengthy brief against poetry he introduces the poor human weaknesses of Poe, Burns, and Swinburne. He displays his taste admirably when he says of Poe: "He lived a miserable existence and deserved nothing better—a mean, drunken fellow—*From where he is* at the present moment, the late Mr. Poe will doubtless agree with this stern judgment." *De Mortuis nil nisi bonum*—but Mr. Ralph forgets. He also forgets to add to his *index expurgatus* the names of Byron, Baudelaire, Kit Marlowe, Villon, Dryden, Francis Thompson and others, all dreadful men, all deathless names.

Keats remarked once that the greatest thrill that a truly creative artist ever received was "the re-perception and ratification of what was fine" in his own work. That alone should give the artist pride in his power, but the essay under consideration says that no artist has the right to be proud, even artistically proud of his own work—in other words, there are no real artists, and should be none. To leave Mr. Ralph for the moment, and the editorial "we" as well, I for one am proud of English poetry, and of Canadian. I believe in the genius of poets, in the spiritual manna that they give mankind, in their ultimate worth and in the nobility of their thankless mission among men. Cardinal Newman, devout believer and sincere Christian, said: "Poetry is the spiritual refuge of those who have no church to lean upon." It is a little more than that—it combines the splendor of music in words with the nobility of the most profound human thought, the pure distillation of thought. It answers in man's spiritual nature a demand so mystical that one cannot even define it.

And Canadian poetry—what of that? The dignity of Roberts' Ode for the Confederation Jubilee:

"Deliberate Time, toiling for age on age  
To chisel one lean channel down the  
steep,

Or grave in stone some enigmatic page  
Of aeons lapsed in immemorial sleep.

of the passion in Wilson MacDonald's  
"Ode on the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation:

"Land of the matchless march of lake  
and stream,  
Land of the virile seasons! . . ."

of Canada's dreams of greatness:

"Such dreams are vain, but not in vain  
such dreams

For in their exaltation we arise:

And, even as water from our lakes and  
streams,

We are caught up in glory to the skies."

of the strange haunting music of Bliss Carman:

"The sun goes down, and over all

Those barren reaches by the tide

Such unelusive glories fall,

I almost dream they yet will bide

Until the coming of the tide."

These are the things that do not matter  
to Mr. Ralph.

NATHANIEL A. BENSON, M.A.

Toronto, July 10th, 1928.

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## A Bookman to Booksellers

Delightful Address by Hon. Martin Burrell, Parliamentary Librarian

THE chief speaker at the banquet on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Canadian Booksellers and Stationers Association was Hon. Martin Burrell, Parliamentary Librarian at Ottawa.

In the course of his remarks he said:

"As you have so kindly asked me to speak tonight perhaps I ought to try and advance one or two reasons which might in some small sense justify your decision. In the first place there is hardly anybody in this room who can say with myself that he has been a voracious reader of books for sixty years, and a constant purchaser of them so far as limited means would permit.

Secondly, the institution with which I am connected is a fairly good purchaser of books, both from publishers and booksellers. And, thirdly, having been removed from the hurly-burly and strain of political life I have spent many of my leisure hours during nearly five years as a reviewer of books. Fortunately I was given an absolutely free hand as to the choice of subjects, and as no compulsion entered into the question, what might have been a mechanical task became in a large measure a labor of love. Having been convinced long ago that one of the greatest gifts a human being could have was a love of books, it would be a satisfying reward on laying down my pen if I could feel that in the small field in which my labors had been spent, the result was that my readers would spend two dollars on books where once they had spent but one.

Glance at the almost incredible growth of this great industry. Only 300 years ago the list of books pub-

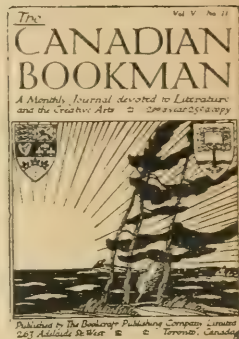
lished in England in one year was exactly 145 volumes. Now the yearly output is roughly from ten to twelve thousand. Let us take the evidence of the last 150 years. In 1776 there were some twenty or thirty libraries in the Thirteen Colonies, containing about 45,000 volumes. In 1926 there were approximately 18,000 libraries in the United States, containing about 90 million volumes, roughly, about a book apiece for every inhabitant of that great country. With anything like an even distribution such a state of things no doubt justified the objection raised by the friend of a certain bride to whom it was proposed to give a book for a wedding present: "But I think she has a book already."

And right here I submit that this is a field not sufficiently worked. Why should we have this endless duplication of toast racks, fish knives and pickle dishes? The first roseate flush of those early days must inevitably pass, and as the months wear on the mind asserts its claims as the controlling factor in married happiness. I tremble for the security of that home which is devoid of good books and their enjoyment. Besides, the exigencies of housekeeping, present so many necessary avenues for expenditure, that those of moderate means class books as luxuries, and I can imagine many a case in which the wedding present which took the form of books would be prized more highly than some of the gifts which looked more substantial and showy on entrance into the new home. At all events I have had the courage of my convictions and have given books on such occasions and have taken chances on the bridegroom cherishing the evil thought that it might be a spare library copy.



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# The Collector

A N unrecorded copy—"The Property of a Nobleman"—of the first folio of Shakespeare (London, 1623) was sold at Sotheby's London auction rooms on June 20 for £8,500—within £100 of the first folio record. Bernard Quaritch, the London bookseller, acting for an unnamed American collector, was the purchaser. The book wanted five leaves, but otherwise was a sound copy. A copy of the first issue of the third folio (1663), with many minor defects, brought £500 at the same sale.

\* \* \*

Sir James Caird, the wealthy English ship owner, who received a baronetcy in the New Year's honors, is announced to have saved the famous MacPherson collection of naval prints, pictures and maps, forming a unique pictorial record of British maritime history, for England by purchasing it, for £108,000, for the National Naval Museum at Greenwich. The collection, on which Sir James paid an option of £25,000 a year ago, took 20 years to gather and comprises 12,000 items.

\* \* \*

Lord Rosebery has presented his collection of rare Scottish books, formerly at Barnbougle Castle, to the National Library of Scotland, at Edinburgh. This is regarded as the most valuable donation of books the library has ever received. It is particularly rich in books relating to Mary Queen of Scots, Jacobite books and pamphlets, and works dealing with the religious troubles of the 17th century, the Darien Scheme and the Union.

\* \* \*

Rev. A. C. Dixon, minister of A'monte Ont., exhibited with pardonable pride, at the recent World's Baptist Congress in Toronto, one of the rarest books in the world, namely, a first edition of John Bunyan's *The Holy City*. The aged volume, which is dated 1665, is one of two known copies, the other being in the British Museum. It is remarkably well preserved, its leather binding scarcely crumbled in the 263 years which have passed since its first appearance. Mr. Dixon said the volume had been in his family for generations and that he did not know how it came in first.

\* \* \*

London has a First Edition Club and from all accounts it is flourishing famously. It is the only book-collectors' club in London where exhibitions are held of famous

and lesser-known treasures, and where collectors of similar tastes may meet. The club, which has recently taken a long lease of a beautiful Adam house, at 17 Bedford Square, already has issued thirteen important publications in fulfilment of its object, the improvement of "book-production by example." The Collector has more than once suggested the organization in Canada of those who find pleasure in the gentle art of book collecting, but the response so far has been practically nil. Can we not have some discussion on the subject, at least?

\* \* \*

Two armed guards, each bearing a satchel, quietly boarded a train for Boston at Grand Central station in New York city recently. It was disclosed subsequently that those two ordinary looking bags contained not bonds, stocks or jewels, but an armful of the most valuable books in the world. These were eighty-eight thin volumes which constituted a part of the Elizabethan collection of the late William Augustus White, of Brooklyn, and which have been given to Harvard University Library by his son, Harold T. White, acting for the heirs. The books in question comprise Shakespeare quartos, or first editions of single Shakespeare plays; first editions of plays of which Shakespeare was part author; plays which Shakespeare used as sources; adaptations and alterations of Shakespeare's plays made by other men after his death, and plays wrongly attributed to Shakespeare. Harvard, with this addition to its already important collection, now has one of the most complete Shakespearean collections in the world.

\* \* \*

A regular field day in Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, took place in Sotheby's London salesrooms on June 21, nearly one hundred copies, many of them first editions and most of them presentation, brought into the market by the recent sensational sale of the manuscript for some £15,400, going on sale. Few of them brought more than £100 apiece. A fine four-page autograph letter from Lewis Carroll to Tom Taylor, the playwright, concerning the title *Alice*, brought £145. Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*, first edition, (Lahore, 1886), given to "The Common Room, United Service College, with the compliments of the author," realized £780 at the same sale, while presentation copies of



the first and second editions of Robert Burns' Poems, dated 1787 and 1793, fetched £600 apiece.

\* \* \*

The Shakespeare Memorial Library in Birmingham, England, now contains nearly 20,000 volumes in 42 different languages. This library, the largest and most interesting of its kind in the world, was founded in 1864, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the poet's birth. It was destroyed by fire in 1879 and reopened in 1882. A fairly large number of editions are still required by the library to make its collection fully representative, and among these are about forty American editions, including an American Penny Shakespeare, published, it is believed, in 1835.

\* \* \*

The Library of the United States Congress has recently come into the possession of what is probably the largest collection of printer's marks in the world, through the gift of Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr, a distinguished German bibliophile. The collection, which is one of two made by Dr. Vollbehr, contains 10,800 marks, dating back to the earliest days of printing, and includes many specimens of the utmost rarity. Printers' marks, so called, it may be explained, are the symbols attached to the colophons at the ends of books or inserted in the title-page, the purpose being to identify the publisher or printer. They are in effect trade-marks, and register in each case the fact that a particular book was printed by a particular craftsman or firm.

\* \* \*

"American First Editions," the collector's check-list on which Merle Johnson has been working for some years, is now almost completed and will be published in September by the R. R. Bowker Company of New York. The volume will cover over 100 authors, arranged alphabetically, selected because of the activity of their books in the collecting field. The authors range from Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant to Sherwood Anderson and Robert Frost, and include essays from Bliss Carman. The collecting of American "firsts" has been on the active increase for several years, and Mr. Johnson, who is well known for his authoritative bibliography of Mark Twain, has felt that an accurate check-list, giving the most important points about each author's work, would be a great help, both to collectors and dealers, and would tend to stimulate interest in the American field. The volume is being produced at the Merry-mount Press, and the edition is limited to 1,000 copies at \$12.50.

\* \* \*

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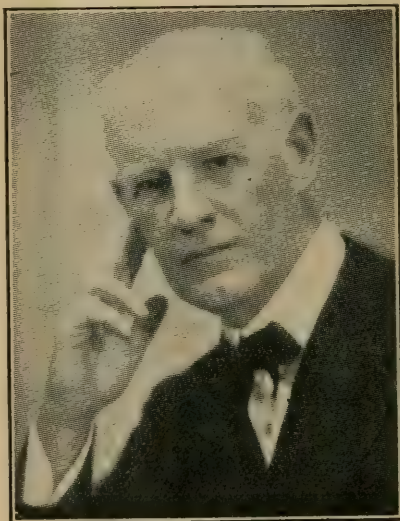
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# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

514-A Yonge St., Toronto 5, Ont.

Vol. X., No. 8

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1928

25c a Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

## The Song of Songs

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

ON the night of August 15th, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, the laughing-eyed, the singing-hearted, passed quietly from our midst, following her fellow-singers who had gone on before.

One by one, our comrades rise up and steal away into the darkness, lured by the Song of Songs, that low, strange chant of the Ancient Troubadour, Death. Over the world he wanders, setting adrift the echoes of his Song on every wind that blows. The threnodies of Autumn are but broken arcs of that Song of Songs. To hear the "perfect round" is to forget earthly peace forever; to yearn and yearn, until the feet must follow where the heart has led.

And there is no returning. None can tell us what has befallen those of our comrades whom the Ancient Troubadour has lured away. We are as that lone child left standing outside the magic door in the hill through which his playmates had followed the Pied Piper.

Lone as the eagle's way is man's long  
faring,

The end beyond surmise:

Nor earth, nor sky, nor sea can satisfy

The time'less, aching wonder in his eyes.

There are as many keys to the ageless mystery as there are peoples upon the earth, and much of what is greatest in the arts has been inspired by the Ancient Troubadour, that Unseen

Presence, forever gliding through our midst, leaving the uncompleted picture, the brief glimpses of beauty still imprisoned in the marble, the fragment of an epic, the half-finished score, the inert marionettes of drama or of fiction, to mark his passing.

What of our comrade, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, the laughing-eyed, the singing-hearted? By which of the storied ways has she followed the lure of the Song of Songs? Has she found the sunset trail of Hiawatha into the Happy Hunting-Grounds? Or glimpsed the shining shields that adorn the halls of Valhalla, where the Northern warriors feast forever? Or passed through the magic door that leads beneath the fairy paths, there to make merry music for the Little People? Or crossed the gloomy Styx in Charon's ancient ferry? Or joined the shining Astral Beings that wander through our midst unseen? Or found her place among the winged hosts that fill the blue beyond with the infinite music of harps?

For myself, I prefer to think of her as being where I can still behold her—the laughing-eyed, the singing-hearted—

One with the rainbow arched across the  
skies,

One with the flaming pyre when daylight  
dies.

\* \* \*

The following appreciation of Mrs.



Mackay was contributed to the *Vancouver Star*, August 17th, by Rev. Dr. R. G. MacBeth, of Vancouver:

### A Noted Authoress

Canada owes much to her women writers of prose and poetry, especially to those who resisted the temptation to leave their own country in response to larger material offers elsewhere. Our own city of Vancouver claims the distinction of being the home of more writers of books than most cities of its age and size in the Dominion. And amongst these writers no one was more highly regarded for fine talent, intensity of devotion to human problems, and unusual personal charm, than Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, who, after a lingering illness, passed to her rest two days ago in her home here.

That home has been a centre of hospitality and literary interest. There many meetings of authors from far and near have been held and many will treasure the recollections of delightful evenings when Mr. and Mrs. Mackay and their three young daughters entertained in such a cordial, kindly and unaffected way.

The passing of Mrs. Mackay will be widely mourned throughout Canada, and beyond in other countries. But it is upon the home here that the shadow of a great bereavement rests most heavily. For, despite all her literary and social activities, Mrs. Mackay made her home the centre of her love and her devotion. Her declining health in recent months did not prevent her constant care from being exerted for her family circle. The fine heroism with which she worked on till she put the finishing touches on her last book was no doubt, largely inspired by the thought that she was contributing to the pleasure and pride her own household always had in her worthy and successful work.

Mrs. Mackay was born in the famous Highland County of Oxford, in Ontario, her father being of the dominant nationality in that locality and her mother of English descent. Her father's love for artistic work beyond the demands of his ordinary occupation was well known amongst his friends in the industrial city of Woodstock. He possessed much of the mystic vision so characteristic of the Highland nature. His talented daughter inherited both these qualities in large measure just as she inherited from her English mother the gentleness which was one of her outstanding characteristics.

Mrs. Mackay began to write very early in life, because her gift demanded expression.

She wrote delightful poetic sketches which found local publication. Probably her poetry stands out more clearly in the minds of her friends than her fiction or her dramatic compositions. The present writer thinks a poem written by her in quite recent years on "Indian Summer," is perfectly exquisite in its imagery and expression. It could only be written by one who was living again in the surroundings of the old home in the east, where the glory and the beauty of that wonderful season appear in unique and wistful grandeur. Mrs. Mackay stressed the human factor in all her writings. The sorrows and struggles of humanity seemed to urge her forward not only to write about them, but to propound theories for their alleviation. Her abundant sense of humor was brought into play to help forward her main purpose of making life happier and better for others.

Pauline Johnson, the passionate, talented poet of her Indian people, and Marjory Pickthall, who wrote with a kind of angelic sweetness, were amongst Mrs. Mackay's dearest and most intimate friends. All three loved this city and all three were devoted to their country. Canada may well remember gratefully these talented daughters of the Dominion.

\* \* \*

### FORTHCOMING

*The Second American Caravan* is to be published in September. This is a successor to *The American Caravan*, which appeared last Fall. It will contain a full length novel, "Engagement," by John Herrmann, whose book, *What Happens*, published in Paris, was refused entry into this country last year. Included in the volume will be four novelettes: "Narthex," by H. D. (Hilda Doolittle); "An Autumn Penitent," by the rising young Canadian author, Morley Callaghan; "Carolus Elston," a study of Harvard undergraduate life by Jonathan Leonard, and "The Little Fly," by Edna Bryner, author of "Andy Brants' Ark." Waldo Frank contributes a full length play, "New Year's Eve," which is said to make use of a technique even more advanced than that employed by Eugene O'Neill in "Strange Interlude." Among the other contributors will be Conrad Aiken, Wallace Gould, Alfred Kreymborg, Keene Wallis, Sherwood Anderson, Evelyn Scott, Jean Toomer, Eva Goldbeck, Lewis Mumford, Robert Frost, Hart Crane, Babette Deutsch, William Carlos Williams, John Gould Fletcher, Nathan Asch and Burton Rascoe. Mr. Rascoe's contribution will be a section from his long promised novel, "Gustibus." The editors of "The Second American Caravan" are Lewis Mumford, Alfred Kreymborg and Paul Rosenfield.

## Three Old Books

By C. F. Lloyd

THAT young Thomas Browne, something under thirty years old and a member of the most hard-worked of professions, should deliberately write a book to expound and defend the faith that was in him was thoroughly characteristic of the seventeenth century which might, with some truth be called the age of acrimonious debate. There is not a trace of acrimony in Browne's writings. The *Religio Medici* is as free from bitterness, as full of a large, sane, sunny toleration of other folks' oddities and beliefs as the essays of Montaigne. No two men could be less alike in the structure of their minds, their habits or modes of thought than Browne and Montaigne. Browne was a firm believer in the fundamentals of Christianity just as he was a believer in a lot of old woman's nonsense with which he took the trouble to fill a book that makes queer reading today. Montaigne was a reverent sceptic, viewing the violent political and religious quarrels of his time with a gentle, patient slightly amused resignation, the resignation of a sane man confined among a number of dangerous lunatics. In many respects, particularly with regard to the education of children, Montaigne was centuries in advance of his time, while Browne, though equally amiable and perhaps equally wise was far behind his. Montaigne was a modern of the moderns; Browne was a sort of humanized medievalist who believed in witchcraft without harboring the slightest inclination to burn witches. Though belonging to a notoriously sensible and sceptical profession, Browne had a tender mind and was frequently as credulous as a village grandmother. Not the least amiable of his qualities was his genuine

warmth of heart. It is not a mere pose but real benevolence. It breathes through and warms every page of his writing, particularly the odd and delightful book by which he is best known, the *Religio Medici*, the religion of a physician.

"For my conversation," he says, "it is like the Sun's with all men and with a friendly aspect to good and bad."

No one ever surpassed Browne in giving a happy, unexpected turn to a familiar fact, a piece of common knowledge. Here is one example out of a thousand. "We term sleep a death and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life." Again, in *Urn Burial*, he says: "Were the happiness of the next world so closely apprehended as the felicities of this it were martyrdom to live, and unto such as consider none hereafter it must be more than death to die." Translated into bald, modern journalese that would not strike the eye, but in Sir Thomas's stately phrase it seems to invest both life and death with a new and finer meaning.

For dignity of thought and feeling, as well as of mere words, Browne is unmatched. It is no tawdry assumption of superiority, no mere looking down on the mob because they are poor and ignorant and not well dressed, it is a dignity of the soul, an elevation of the whole man in the face of life's tragedy, its sordid brutalities. It is a sound claim to something indestructibly noble and above the brutes. I think it is this element of manliness, of magnanimity, this presence in Browne's writings of a belief that man is a "noble animal who owes no homage to the sun," that endeared him to the greatest spirits of



his own profession, some of whom bore little enough resemblance to him intellectually.

I can never read even a sentence of *Religio Medici* or the *Hydriotaphia* without seeing in my mind's eye one of those heavy, incredibly rich altarcloths, or perhaps a cope, which the patient ladies of the Middle Ages embroidered with vast labor and loving care and the queerest inventive faculty for some favorite church or churchman. To a person who loves words for their mere sound quite apart from the ideas they represent, as I confess I do, Browne's style must be a joy forever. There is nothing else like it anywhere, in or out of English. It is neither awkward nor obscure, if you leave obsolete words out of account, nor is it involved or intricate, as so much seventeenth century writing is. Odd and rich are the adjectives which I think best describe it and the oddity of expression is not forced, but is the natural flower of an odd and original vein of thought, for Browne is nothing if not original. He has the queerest habit of seeing and setting things in a new light, as when he is speaking of the flood. "Thus He sweeteneth the Water with a Wood, preserveth the Creatures in the Ark, which the blast of His mouth might have as easily created." Who but Browne would ever have put that thought into just those words?

Modern realists, so called, with their brutal disregard of all our finer feelings, might learn a good lesson from Browne. He faces all the harsh facts of existence as fairly as Hardy or Dreisser or any of the Russians. He slurs over nothing ugly or undignified in this our mortal life, but though he shows us the thing as it is he somehow invests it with a strange new dignity, so that instead of exciting ribald mirth or disgust, as so many ultra-modern novels do, he calls forth a feeling of humility, of ten-

derness for the weak and the foolish, the ugly and the oppressed, a feeling of gentle and serene pity for beings whose lives are so short and who suffer so much. "Christians have handsomely glossed the deformity of death by careful consideration of the body and civil rites which take off brutal terminations." There is something in Browne's treatment of the accidents and limitations of mortality which takes off brutal terminations.

If there ever was a Christian gentleman Browne was that man. He has been blamed for paying little attention to the political and religious hulabaloo of his time. I am convinced that his indifference to current events sprang not from cowardice or insensibility but from a sincere conviction that he could best serve his fellow men by going quietly about his ordinary work as a physician and leaving political and religious controversy to others. He was not complimentary to women, yet he made an excellent husband and father and enjoyed a long, tranquil and singularly happy married life. His books are probably little read now, what a pity. The *Religio Medici* and the *Urn Burial* will never appeal to the young, to barbarians or vulgarians or to any of the tribe of Babbit, to the very people in short who need their serene wisdom most. I know of no books better fitted to fortify one against the accidents of life or the terrors of death. The *Religio* has been a favorite of mine for twenty stormy years. I delight in its rich humanity, its queer thoughts, its quaintly turned phrases, the massy cloth-of-gold of its incomparable style.

If the *Religio Medici* is rich in all that can appeal to the heart, inform the head and delight the ear, what can one say of *Urn Burial*? There is probably no single passage in literature that I have read oftener or enjoyed more than the one beginning: "Now since these dead bones—"



This is the only passage in any literature, except some few lines of Homer, that comes near to doing for me all that the greatest music can do. It is the quintessence of all that noble words nobly arranged can accomplish. The powers of language can no farther go, at least not in prose, though it is hardly fair to call this splendid thing prose.

Was there ever anything fuller of strange conceits than *The Garden of Cyrus*? It contains my favorite morsel of Browne. I must quote it and so bid this queer fellow good night.

"Nor can the sweetest delights of gardens afford much comfort in sleep, wherein the dullness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odors, and though in the bed of Cleopatra can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose." Ghost of a rose, indeed. Rare Sir Thomas, good night.

If the *Religio Medici* be a book for the library in winter, when the bells are chiming midnight, surely Walton's *Compleat Angler* is a book for the dewy freshness of the fields in summer, and it is beside a river in summer that I have read it I suppose, some twenty times. "You are well overtaken, gentlemen, a good morning to you both. I have stretched my legs up Tottenham hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine, fresh May morning." Run your eye over that passage and if you are not in love with the author at once may God have mercy on your soul, your poor inchoate soul, for you are a barbarian and not fit for decent company. No wonder two such fine, humane and gentle spirits as Lamb and Sir William Osler loved the *Angler* and its author. It is a book to ameliorate the heart and store the mind with delightful images upon which to feed amid the sordid, brutal, maddening pursuit of hobgoblins which we dignify with the name of living, in a great city.

Save the exquisite little lyrics that break the majestic tissue of Shakespeare's plays, as the song of a linnet interrupts a grave discussion of some solemn theme, I know of nothing sweeter or more spontaneous than the songs and poems in the *Angler*. To be sure, they are not Master Walton's own, but then he drags them in at just the right moment. There is a beautiful naturalness about the whole book. It is the quiet, good-humored, rather prolix chatter of a solid, sensible fellow who knows his subject and is immensely interested in everything connected with it. The queer stories taken from ancient books are a dash of spice in this rare intellectual dish. Of outdoor books it is one of the best for the very breath of the fields is in it, the limpidity of mountain brooks, the majestic movement of great clouds across the summer heaven and the stillness of calm waters. I am afraid it is not a book for this age of jazz and universal scepticism. To appreciate Walton you must love quietness and the countryside for their own sweet sakes and above all you must have mastered the noble art of loitering.

It is years since I have handled a rod and line, but if I could find a congenial companion I would "sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing and possess myself in quietness." I think I could endure even eternal life if I could enjoy the company of a little lost friend and own in that new country a copy, preferably an old and dog-eared one, of *The Compleat Angler*.

It is neither the chimes at midnight nor still streams on a June morning that the last of the three books I set out to write about suggests. If Samuel Pepys was ever quiet for five minutes except when he was asleep I have not discovered any evidence of it. How well he would have fitted into this age of radio, jazz, and hectic

hunts for excitement. He would have rooted for his favorite baseball team till he was red in the face. He would have been one of the most enthusiastic of radio fans. I can easily fancy some such entry in his diary as this: "Home, to supper, where I found Manning. Had a rare dish of pig's trotters. After supper to our viols and tried the new song, 'Yes, we have no bananas.' A very good song, sang it twice over and so to bed." Or he would gravely set down this: "Up early this morning to take the car for St. Charles to see Brown go up in his new plane. Flew to a prodigious height. Flies almost as well as a bird. Coming home on the car I saw a mighty pretty girl, which did my heart good."

If ever a man was created to enjoy life without shame and without reserve it was Sam Pepys. He keeps one continually on the grin, but he is not a mere funny fellow. His power of observation is keen, his sense of the ludicrous, the sensational, the unsound in business and life, profound. Some of the shrewdest things ever said are in his book and some of the silliest, for he was nothing if not intensely human, a queer bundle of small vices and solid virtues, fantastic prejudices and the keenest commonsense, a realist who took life as it came, made much of it, got, I verily believe, more out of it than almost any other man that ever lived.

What unearthly hours they kept in Sam's day. He routs the maids out of bed to do the washing at four o'clock of a winter morning. On another occasion he returns from some junketing, or high jinks with his boon companions reaches home at past midnight and finds his wife busy making mince pies. Did they ever sleep? The entry which occurs most frequently in the famous diary is, "Home to supper and to bed." I would not exchange the worst page

in this delightful book for all the novels that have been written since nineteen hundred. There is more of the actual stuff of life in the diary than all the dreary realists ever dreamed of. Pepys has nothing to conceal for the simple reason that he was quite sure that only he and God would ever read his book. What a queer trick fate played him in bringing his book to light more than a hundred years after his busy, plump body had been tucked away in the family vault. Once having got hold of this luscious tit-bit the world will never give it up. A myriad other books may be devoured by oblivion, but not the diary. I only wish I were half as certain of immortality as Sam is. Let our young writers learn a lesson from him. If you want to be famous, my dears, just put the plain truth about yourselves into a book, all of it, mind, and flavor it with a rich, unique personality.

As a piece of artless description I know of nothing anywhere else half so good as Sam's account of his brother Tom's death. All the coarseness and confusion of the time, the harsh realism of the writer and the shuddering fear of death common to us all is in that story. Here is part of one entry concerning this domestic tragedy. "But to see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would, (as his own words were) 'I will juttle their bones together but I will make room for him,' speaking of the fullness of the middle aisle where Tom was to lie." So he buried poor Tom, and then going home from the funeral fell to a barrel of oysters, and cake and cheese, and so forgot all about his brother.

Truly he was a rum fellow and a rare one, but he knew how to live, a difficult art which we, with our "sick hurry, our divided aims," are in danger of forgetting.

# Macaulay, Machiavelli, and Marx

By Marcus Adeney

ONE hundred years ago the *Edinburgh Review* for March published an article by Thomas Babington Macaulay entitled "Machiavelli." Like so many fine essays it owed its existence to the fact that Mr. Macaulay was supposed to be reviewing somebody else's book. This book (or was it a set of books?) comprised the works of Machiavelli in a new French translation. It provided a real opportunity for the keen student of books and men and other times. Machiavelli had been described as "the Tempter, the Evil Principle, the discoverer of ambition and revenge, the original inventor of perjury" and a great deal more. The fatal *Prince* had brought down every kind of wrath upon his author's head. "It is indeed scarcely possible for any person not well acquainted with the history and literature of Italy to read without horror and amazement the celebrated treatise," observes Macaulay before proceeding to demonstrate with a sort of urbane finality the changes which knowledge may effect in our critical attitude. Here is a significant remark:

"It is not strange that ordinary readers should regard the author of such a book as the most depraved and shameless of human beings. Wise men, however, have always been inclined to look with great suspicion on the angels and demons of the multitude."

The fact that Macaulay placed Machiavelli's *Prince* in perspective amongst the greater body of that "zealous republican's" works, and that he strongly assisted in obtaining justice on behalf of a much-maligned enthusiast, does not now concern us greatly. Machiavelli is little more than a name. Karl Marx long ago in-

stituted a much more effective Bugaboo with which to stir the righteous feelings of political orthodoxy. When Macaulay published his essay on the famous (or infamous) *Prince*, Karl Marx was just nine years old. Perhaps the time will come (with the capitalist-communist struggle only an uneasy memory,) for some great-souled individual to introduce Karl Marx as a man of high intent and much ability, a visionary whose power of prophecy was by no means negligible. In our day this is impossible because, while Karl Marx has not been accused of possessing the Satanic qualities of Machiavelli, he has nevertheless been partly responsible for a form of unrest obviously devilish in the eyes of persons at the moment enjoying power. Also Karl Marx has been unfortunate in his followers. Nothing could exceed in sheer banality the average anarchist publication of today. The class war as it originated in the mind of Karl Marx was to be the expression of a deep inward necessity. It was to be directed toward the betterment of all mankind. The originators of great ideas usually fail to take into account the petty self-interest of those who must put their ideas into practice. Perhaps it must necessarily be so. If we were all disinterested, governments would be unnecessary; political careers would be ruined, and men like Karl Marx would have no desire to instigate class wars. "We are acquainted with few writings," observes Macaulay, "which exhibit so much elevation of sentiment, so pure and warm a zeal for the public good, or so just a view of the duties and rights of citizens, as those of Machiavelli." It is by no means improbable that these same sentiments, expressed by an historical



student of later years, will constitute a final judgment passed not only upon Karl Marx, but upon many others whose social recipes have proved too drastic for our own times.

Macaulay approaches the character of Machiavelli through a study of the social conditions, the prevailing sentiment and morality of the times, and in so doing reveals certain facts concerning Italy as it existed five hundred years ago which are of peculiar interest to us today. The extent and scope of our present industrial civilization has tended to blind us to the achievements of past ages. Because our Western prosperity is so widely diffused and phenomenal in its rapid growth we are apt to forget that there have been other industrial eras before, not so far-reaching as our own but nevertheless remarkably similar in many respects.

In the Italy of Machiavelli's time "the feudal nobles were reduced to comparative insignificance . . . they were not petty princes but eminent citizens." The conditions of the average man must have approximated those sought by Democracy; "liberty, partially indeed and transiently, revisited Italy; and with liberty came commerce and empire, science and taste, all the comforts and all the ornaments of life. The Crusades, from which the inhabitants of other countries gained nothing but relics and wounds, brought to the rising commonwealths of the Adriatic and Tyrrhene seas a large increase of wealth, dominion and knowledge . . . the operations of the commercial machine were facilitated by many useful and beautiful inventions." It seems strange to us, as we strive to recreate imaginatively something of the life of those times, that any nation once having known industrial prosperity and a measure of freedom, should have succumbed to the evils of despotism and religious intolerance. We regard our own enlightened age as necessar-

ily progressive. We seldom pause to consider the possibilities of a returning wave of barbarism. Yet, individually, are we so much wiser than were the good citizens of Florence in the year 1400? Something of the extent of Italy's commerce may be gathered from the following. "The revenue of the republic amounted to about six hundred thousand pounds sterling." (According to present-day values more than double that amount.) "The manufacture of wool alone employed two hundred factories and thirty thousand workmen. The transactions of the banks were sometimes of a magnitude which may surprise the contemporaries of the Rothschilds."

Two banking houses advanced to the King of England a sum approximating twenty million dollars in present day reckoning. And together with all this prosperity went a proportionate progress in literature and the fine arts. "The spirit of literary research allied itself to that of commercial enterprise."

Why is it, we wonder, that this remarkable flowering of humanity should have led to so little that was enduring? Why should Macaulay have had occasion to cry: "A time was at hand when all the seven vials of the Apocalypse were to be poured forth and shaken out over those pleasant countries, a time of slaughter, famine, beggary, infamy, slavery, despair"? The historian's own comments may or may not afford a clue: "Their early greatness, their early decline, are principally due to the same cause, the preponderance which the towns acquired in the political system." This theory is developed very fully. Some of the conclusions may seem to us unjustifiable. But a question is raised and it is one which the twentieth century cannot easily answer. What are, exactly, the necessary consequences of urban concentration with the manner of living (physical, mental, emotional) to which a

people, at once precariously situated and with luxurious tastes, become accustomed?

It is, of course, exceedingly difficult to see our own times, our own opinions, knowledge and convictions in perspective, as phases through which we—or mankind as a race—will certainly pass. The present always wears the badge of finality, deceptively poses as the Absolute. In the same way our mental state, at any given point of development, seems so satisfactory that we never think of doubting our own judgment. Meanwhile the march of history is attended by needless conflicts, gratuitous suffering, and human blunders of every sort—surely a strange outcome of individually perfect understanding! If there is a cure for this present-infatuation it lies in the attainment of historical perspective. By observing, as Macaulay observed, the marked similarity between certain developments in the past and apparently novel tendencies in the present, we may come to understand wherein we do truly differ from our predecessors, and how we may guard against their errors. Even so the unknown, the unanticipated, will always keep ahead of our most strenuous endeavours..

In our own times there are many (it happens that they represent the flower of our culture) who cannot foresee great and lasting advantage in our complex civilization. The proper education of the people, as responsible human beings endowed with extraordinary and novel power, has not kept pace with the march of invention and scientific applications. The few have bestowed upon the many such gifts as they are generally unfit to use. It seems probable that such an anomaly could only have come about within a democracy—or that practical equivalent to democracy which existed in Italy five hundred years ago. While we cannot draw too many parallels between that

period and our own—certainly the military aspect of the matter as developed by Macaulay is of slight interest to us, who have mastered the arts of destruction, and mobilize whole nations—it is nevertheless illuminating to compare the moral standards of other times with our own somewhat curious schemes of practical ethics. "Every age and every nation has certain characteristic vices, which prevail almost universally, which scarcely any person scruples to avow, and which even rigid moralists but faintly censure. Succeeding generations change the fashion of their morals, with the fashion of their hats and their coaches; take some other kind of wickedness under their patronage, and wonder at the depravity of the ancestors." We might find some interest—even inspiration—in the works of Machiavelli ourselves, if we bear in mind that, representing "Posterity, that high court of appeal which is never tired of eulogizing its own justice and discernment," we are apt to go even further astray, in pronouncing harsh judgments, than the most critical of contemporaries.

\* \* \*

### WHY BE A MUD TURTLE?

The heading of this paragraph is the title of Stewart Edward White's new novel to come this month.

Are you happy? he asks—and if you are not, it's because you do not get on well—*really* well—with yourself. Why be bossed? How good is religion? Are you tyrannized by symbols?—things that used to mean something to you, but have worn out their meaning? Why be a tenderfoot? How do people get rich? Why live in the cellar? Why be a mud turtle? A mud turtle retreats from what he wants to escape—but a man conquers it.

\* \* \*

### \$30,000 PRIZE NOVEL

*Stone Desert*, the \$30,000 Argentine National prize novel, by Hugo Wast, is to be published on September 26th.



# A Cup of Tea With Nellie McClung

By A. Ermatinger Fraser

THE visitors to the recent convention of Canadian Authors at Calgary were much disappointed to find that the condition of the roads, due to heavy rainfall, made the proposed trip to the E. P. Ranch at High River absolutely impossible. But the delightful entertainment offered by many private citizens made the delegates consider that the Prince of Wales himself could have been no more hospitable, even if he had been at his Canadian home to welcome guests!

An interesting afternoon was spent at the pleasant home of that lady whom many Calgary people call simply and affectionately, "Nellie" McClung. There was a dart through the rain (Vancouver apparently has no monopoly over Calgary in the matter of rain this year!) and we were on a broad vine-sheltered porch, where the front door stood invitingly open. I decided to use my eyes particularly well, knowing that a great many young folks of my acquaintance would be deeply thrilled to hear of a peep into the home of the author of *Sowing Seeds in Danny*, *The Second Chance*, *Purple Springs*, and other chronicles of their beloved heroine, "Pearlie Watson."

The large square entrance hall was well-filled, as people gathered in, and the feminine part of the assembly passed up and down the wide stairs in the corner, for the purpose of laying off coats of wool from their shoulders, and putting coats of powder on their noses, as is the usual custom. In the midst of this human surge Mrs. McClung and her husband stood welcoming all comers heartily. Mrs. McClung has a remarkable faculty of remembering everybody's name, where each comes from, and,

without any "palaver," giving one the immediate impression that she really is especially pleased that you—(just unimportant you!) managed to come.

To the right of the hall was the door of the library, where a large, swinging couch opposite the fireplace suggested that many of the humorous sayings and sudden revelations of children's ways of thinking found in her books, may have been put into clear expression by this story-teller while swaying to the pleasant vibration of this indoor hammock, and seeing pictures in the firelight. Books and a vine-shaded window seemed to make up the rest of the furnishings of the study, which opened into one end of the large living-room.

Some houses still have parlors and drawing-rooms, where best things are kept for best occasions, and an air of genteel reserve broods over the surroundings. But far more have adopted the principle of the living-room, which is intended as the heart of all the household doings. Emphatically, this is the atmosphere of Mrs. McClung's home. Library, dining-room, sun-porch, hall, all converge upon this large central room, which has all the light upon the side opening towards the garden that many wide windows can give; and, opposite, the hearth-fire and its broad chimney-piece, without which, any place of social gathering seems like a face without eyes. Over the mantel is placed a single large painting, sent to Mrs. McClung from the government of Finland, denoting their appreciation of her sympathetic study of the struggles of "Helmi," the Finnish immigrant girl in Manitoba, given in her novel *Painted Fires*. It pictures a stretch of the coast of Finland upon the Baltic Sea,



and is the work of a native artist of considerable distinction.

A roomy chesterfield fronts the fireplace at a little distance, and the various comfortable chairs seemed to be placed in such a way that any casual visitor, dropping into one, would be apt to discover that the intended brief call had unaccountably lengthened to unfashionable duration. There were plenty of books and pictures that one would have liked the opportunity to examine, as well as flowers on some small tables.

On the tea table there were quantities of pansies of magnificent size and depth of coloring. It was also so bountifully spread with good things that, as we shook hands with our host

and hostess in bidding goodbye, she said, in humorous despair: "Oh, can't you people eat a few more sandwiches? I believe I'll have to have another party tonight!" Indeed, since nobody wanted to leave, if pressing evening engagements had not been recalled, there was apparent likelihood that the guests for the tea-hour would prolong their visitation until midnight supper!

The "color schemes" and the "period furniture" have not been described, because I cannot remember anything about them. There was nothing jarring in tints or combinations; but the impression received was not of a fine sample of interior decoration, but of a place of light, space, warmth, and homelike hospitality.

## The Macaulay Club

By R. E. Gosnell

A FRIEND has sent me a copy of the programme of the Macaulay Club, Chatham, Ont., for the season of 1928-29, which opens on October 13th of this year. This society, as a literary club, is in several ways quite unique, or, as the French would say, *sui generis*. It is not Bohemian, because it is quite devoid of the social aspect, except in so far as an annual banquet is concerned. It has no permanent abode, not, in fact, a place in which to lay its head. It has no furniture, no library, and no funds, except those provided by a small annual membership fee, just sufficient to pay running expenses. Yet it has become a permanency—one of the institutions of the Maple City—and a continued success. After forty-five years it is going stronger than ever.

In the beginning, a few of "us" young men, more or less congenial in spirit, met in my room, the editorial sanetum of the old *Chatham Planet*, and decided to form a literary society and, as best fitting our literary and oratorical ideals by which we were in-

spired in those days of youthful ambition, we called it the Macaulay Club. As our motto we adopted "To smooth with classic art the rugged tongue." So far as speaking was concerned our tongues required a good deal of smoothing. Among our charter members was Thomas O'Hagan, well known Canadian poet and litterateur, then principal of the Chatham separate school. I cannot remember all the brilliants the club turned—not very many, I know. Arthur Stringer, Canadian novelist, was a member for a time and still may be, but whether it was before or after he achieved distinction I do not know. Harry Anderson, subsequently one of my successors on the *Planet* and now editor of the *Toronto Globe*, was another Macaulayite. For some years now, Victor Lauriston, Canadian writer of fiction, has been one of its most enthusiastic members, and has an established place as its literary critic. Most of the original members have passed from this vale of tears, let us hope to a happy fruition of their earthly hopes and

labors. I happened to have been secretary for the first three years, and, in 1888, the year I left for British Columbia, I was President. In a period of thirty years I largely lost track of Chatham affairs, and in 1920, I think it was, I was surprised and greatly pleased to be invited to attend the annual banquet as a guest and to speak. I learned then that there had been no intermittence of activities, but rather had there been a steadily growing interest and an increase of membership from year to year. Most of the prominent citizens of Chatham, during that long period, had been at one time or another Macaulayites and taken an active part in its affairs. It is really remarkable that a purely literary and debating society should have gone on as it has and so long.

I learned also on that occasion that the idea of having permanent quarters had been abandoned very early in the game. We had rented a room in my time and furnished it but, as it was seldom used during the summer time, the club got behind in its rent and the furniture either went to the landlord or was sold by the sheriff. In that respect it ran true to old-time literary traditions. An annual banquet, and it is a real event always, was one of its features. At the first banquet, Dr. T. K. Holmes, honorary president, and now well along in the nineties, was an invited guest, and he has never missed a banquet since. I have been at a great many gatherings of a festive nature, but I do not remember one at which all around there was a higher excellence in after-dinner speaking reached. There was a difference between then and now. Prohibition stepped in and since then members have drunk to their sentiments in ginger ale or other not more wildly exhilarating compounds. I remember, too, that the late Judge Woods, first proponent of prohibition and good roads in Canada, was also a guest. A very exemplary man in all

respects, his wife made him hang his dress clothes on the clothes line in the back yard for over a week until the smell of tobacco smoke had been got rid of. Both he and Dr. Holmes gave me a mild lecture about the too great prevalence of both liquor and cigars. Anyway it was a great success in other ways. Dr. O'Hagan, though he may not agree with me, made a great hit as a reciter and speaker on that occasion.

In one respect, the Macaulay Club, at the outset made a failure of what to some of our minds was a very laudable endeavor. The original constitution provided that it should become a local historical as well as a literary society. As secretary, I prepared a circular letter setting forth the objects in view and sent out thousands of copies by mail to a lot of prominent persons, mainly in Kent County, but to many in Essex and Elgin as well—to teachers, members of Parliament, editors, postmasters, judges, municipal clerks, mayors and reeves and pioneers. These three counties, very rich agriculturally and horticulturally, were similar in character, and having been settled about the same time, so to speak, grew up together. Recipients were asked for photographs of interest, sketches of family history, old books relating particularly to western Ontario, pamphlets (once the favorite means of propaganda, religious and political), old newspapers, newspaper clippings, information about landmarks, and pioneer material generally. The result was a keen disappointment. Apart from a few letters expressing sympathy with the objects, I cannot remember a single response to this appeal. At that time there were some of the earliest settlers still living. I remember one, Jacob Dolson, a nonagenarian, close to the century mark, who, with his parents, settled on the present site of the city of Chatham, and there were any numbers of the sons and daughters of the



original settlers. There were the Er-matingers of St. Thomas (old North-west Co. traders), the Rankins, Prin-ces, Bensons, the Babys and Marent-tes, about Windsor and Detroit; the Mayhews and Fergusons of Thames-ville, the Wilsons of Harwich, the Baldoon settlers in the township of Dover, the Ducks and Pattersons of Morpeth, the Macleans, and Eberts, and McKellars, and the Woods of Chatham. Joseph Woods, brother of Judge Woods, had been a member of the old Upper Canada Parliament in the early forties. There was also another parliamentarian, a Mr. Larwill, of the same period. There was also the Hon. David Mills, who, though largely absent on account of parlia-mentary and other duties, still had his residence at Palmyra, on the Tal- bot road, quite close to the shore of Lake Erie, and two brothers and sev-eral sisters, whose parents, of U.E. Loyalist stock, came from the Mari-time provinces somewhere. A nephew, formerly a well known figure in Ot-tawa as parliamentary postmaster, practiced law in Ridgetown, and at 85 still plays golf, and I have been told dances lightfootedly to jazz, music, though I doubt it. These and hundreds of others, including rela-tives of my own, whom I could men-tion, had a great wealth of family and county reminiscences, now largely lost, but as I have found in rather long experience of pioneers as a class, the thing which present day local his-torians would give their ears to pos-sess, had entered into their every day life so intimately and commonly, ap-peared to them of no consequence, for-getting that the commonplaces of to-day are the things of consequence of tomorrow. At the present time all over Canada, there is great interest in local history. Forty years ago no-body cared. The up to date archivist, if one could use the expression, is alive to the fact that the commonest of concerns are the basis of history

and makes hay while the sun shines. Even railway time tables, replaced telephone books, and menu cards are not overlooked. For over one hun-dred and fifty years, at least, the Brit-ish Museum has been the repository of everything which enters into the life of Great Britain in the form of printed matter. If you want to see a play bill or an election dodger of any year during that period apply there. I forgot to say we had in our histor-ical zeal an enthusiastic supporter in the late Sir John George Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons and Secretary of the Royal Society of Canada, with which, through his ef-forts, the Macaulay Club was affiliat-ed and entitled to send a representa-tive to the annual meeting.

But to come back to the Macaulay Club, the programme for the coming season before me contains forty sub-jects for debate, divided into three parts—literary, historical, and gen-eral. They embrace almost everything of current interest under these three headings, and there are twenty sug-gestions for addresses and essays. While there is an intermission of four or five months each year, the main object is never lost sight of. I shall venture to say that even during their holidays, it may be in Muskoka, or the Thousand Islands, in Europe, or near-er home at Eaurieau, the members are busy with getting together the material they require for discussion, and every member is required to take a leading part in the debates and to give at least one address during the season. I am told it is amazing the amount of labor spent in investiga-tion, not to speak of effort in composi-tion, and the beauty of it all is that these men, young and old, are not striving to become statesmen, or orat-ors, or literary giants.

I recommend the example of the Macaulay Club to all and sundry in Canada, whatever their literary or parliamentary aspirations may be.



## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—Arthur Stringer's next book is to be a volume of poetry entitled *A Woman at Dusk*. The Bobbs Merrill Company will publish the book in the United States and McClelland and Stewart will take care of the Canadian edition, which is scheduled for the end of October. Everything in the volume, with the exception of one poem, is new to the dignity of book-print.

—inaccuracies in Thornton Wilder's book, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, have incensed Lima. For instance, the Marquesa of Montemayor is represented as sending for a bowl of snow for her headache. It is pointed out that Lima has not seen snow for more than 400 years. On this and similar trivialities certain critics have seized their harpoons with which to spike Wilder. But what will it matter to those who really enjoyed the book?

—A. M. Stephen delivered a series of lectures upon Canadian literature, under the auspices of the Department of Education for British Columbia, at the Provincial Summer School for Teachers, Victoria, during the week of July 16th to 20th. Although the series was supplemental to the Summer School course in English literature, the public were admitted as well as students. Among his subjects were "The Rise and Development of Canadian Literature," "The Major Note in Canadian Poetry," and "New Tendencies in Canadian Poetry." The lectures were well attended and did much to stimulate interest in the work of native writers.

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## Inside Stuff . . . .

One of *Canadian Bookman's* good friends in the West is Mrs. M. M. Fahrni, of Gladstone, Man., who in a recent letter said that her copies of the journal were used to advantage by the school literary and young people's clubs. "One is glad to have their pets appreciated," she remarked, ending her letter with a wish for "continued success in the work *Canadian Bookman* is doing for Canadian literature."

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### CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT

In sending subscription price for renewal a Quebec subscriber says: "Having had a hard time of it since the fire of 1926, I should for reasons of economy try to get along without *Canadian Bookman*, but I can't bring myself to do it."

### TEN QUESTIONS

- 1—Is Pierre Loti the author's real name or a pseudonym?
- 2—Is Katherine Mansfield a pseudonym or the author's real name?
- 5—What was George Sand's real name?
- 4—What was George Eliot's real name?
- 5—What pseudonyms did the Brontë sisters use?
- 6—Who wrote under the *nom de plume* "Kata Phusin?"
- 7—Who used the *nom de plume* "Yorick?"
- 8—What was O. Henry's real name?
- 9—Who was "Boz?"
- 10—Who was "Hoseas Bigelow?"

To each subscriber sending in a complete list of correct answers before September 15th, *Canadian Bookman* will send a book prize. Failing receipt of complete lists book prizes will be sent to the ten sending the largest number of correct answers. The full list of correct answers will be published next month.

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Eugene O'Neill's drama, "Strange Interlude," continues to be in strong demand on the part of discerning booklovers. It is published in a \$2.50 edition.

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One of the choice novels of the season is R. H. Mottram's *The English Miss*. This is an exceptionally fine piece of work and is not to be classed with the ordinary ephemeral variety of fiction.

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### FORTHCOMING

Jack Miner's new book to come in September, will be called *Jack Miner on Current Topics*, comprising the recently syndicated newspaper articles. A particularly interesting and attractive feature will be the new pictures. The format of the book will be similar to his last one.

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Another notable new Canadian book coming shortly is Judge Howay's *British Columbia: the Making of a Province*, with illustrations by the noted artist, John Innis, and many half-tones of subjects taken from the archives of British Columbia.



## The Civilian Aspect of War Direction---Beaverbrook

A Review by T. G. Marquis

**H**OBBEES in his *Preface to Thucydides* quaintly remarks: "They be farre more in number, that love to read of great Armies, bloody Battles, and many thousands slain at once, than that mind the Art, by which the Affaires, both of Armies, and Cities, be conducted to their ends."

In *Politicians in the War, 1914-1916*, Lord Beaverbrook has produced what is in many ways the most important book, so far as Great Britain is concerned, on the Great War. In it he deals with, "Political events at home in contradistinction to military affairs abroad." Throughout he emphasizes the civilian aspect of war direction—a thing, as he says, "which the war books tend to neglect." He has "rigidly cut out . . . all account of his own activity," but, as the book is carefully read, it is evident that he played no small part in the conduct of the war. He was the intimate friend of the leading politicians, many secret conferences were held at his home, and he undoubtedly acted as a unifying force among statesmen who, by political traditions, were inimical to each other.

In this book, what seems to be the final word, has been written on "coalition," the "shell question," and the "drink question." He has a first-hand grasp of the political situation in England at the time of the outbreak of the war and shows a most intimate acquaintance with all the actors on the political stage. With admirable reserve he appreciates or criticizes the men of affairs with whom he was brought into daily contact, balancing, with fine judgment, their strength and their weakness. For Churchill, for example, he has no great admiration, but when he remarks that: "We have suffered at times from Churchill's bellicosity," he adds: "But what profit the nation derived at that critical moment from the capacity of the First Lord of the Admiralty for grasping and dealing with the war situation!"

Chapters are devoted to Churchill, Asquith, and Kitchener, and while no special chapter is given to the activities of Lloyd George, the energetic Welshman, who, from the leader of the Pacificists, became the most pronounced advocate of thoroughness in the conduct of the war, appears in every chapter. He is in many ways Beaverbrook's hero. His vanity and his personal ambitions are not ignored, but they are forgotten in the energy of the man and his fearlessness in working toward what he believed ends necessary for the salvation of the cause. Of him he says: "Once he had taken up war as his metier, he seemed to breathe its true spirit; all other thoughts and schemes were abandoned, and he lived for, thought of, and talked of nothing but the war. Ruthless to muddle-headedness, sometimes devious, if you like, in the means employed when indirect methods would serve him in his aim, he yet exhibited in his country's death-grapple a kind of splendid sincerity," and again: "Nor has his career necessarily reached its zenith; there lies beyond it other heights which he has set himself to scale, and the record of his past and the still unabated fires of his middle-age, promise him the fulfilment of his further desires."

This powerful study shows, that, despite the bickerings of politicians, the jealousies of army officers regarding civilian control, false economy, and lack of foresight, England muddled through the first two critical years of disaster gaining strength at home and in the field.

The minor characters on the political stage are powerfully characterized: Northcliffe, "a potent force, a man of great ability and attractive personality;" Haldane, "mystic and unprecise;" Simon, "the last word in logic;" Hobhouse, "assertive and irrelevant;" Runciman, "precise in style and instructive in manner."

Leading statesmen such as Asquith, Kitchener, and Bonar Law are admirably portrayed. The reader is let into the inner workings of their minds. Beaverbrook is critical of Kitchener, but presents both sides of the man—a popular idol, unfortunately with feet of clay.

**POLITICIANS IN THE WAR, 1914-1916.** By the Rt. Hon. Lord Beaverbrook. London: Thornton Butterworth Limited, Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons, Limited. \$3.00.



Here is a fascinating book, one that by its style and material rivets the attention from the first page to the last, and with swiftness and precision presents the political movements in England during the first two years of the Great War.

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OF THEM HE CHOSE TWELVE. By Clarence Edward Macartney, D.D. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co.

The title of this little book tells its own story, but only in part. In addition to the chosen twelve, Dr. Macartney has included three brief additional sketches on James, the brother of the Lord, St. Paul, and John the Baptist. It is interesting to note that these biographical talks on the twelve apostles were the natural result following the purchase by Dr. Macartney of a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture—The Last Supper. Long and close observation of the various countenances as depicted by da Vinci revealed to him more and more the individual personality of each man, and the author thus introduces to his readers a more intimate knowledge of the different temperaments and characteristics of these chosen disciples.

As every biblical student is aware the facts concerning many of the disciples are very meagre, but Dr. Macartney succeeds, despite this lack, in presenting a very real and human character in every instance. In a simple, straightforward manner he gives all the data at his command and then by comparison and quotation pictures a distinct conception of each of these twelve men, together with the lesson to be learned from the life of each.

The sketches on St. James, St. Paul and John the Baptist are, of course, of more real interest, due to the fact that the author has more material to work on. In each case he stresses more the man as an individual, and, wherever possible, shows the preparation and training each passed through before becoming a follower of Christ. As an instance, in the case of John the Baptist, whose training was much in the quiet of the desert, he quotes aptly from Thomas De Quincey: "No man will ever unfold the capacities of his intellect who does not at least checker his life with solitude." It is, indeed, in the solitudes and the quiet that the face of God is to be more clearly seen.

A. S. M.

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THE MODERN GASOLINE AUTOMOBILE. By Victor W. Page. New York: N. W. Henry Co. \$5.00.

This is a monumental work. It has 1046 pages crowded with vital information and there are over a thousand specially made engravings.

Do you own a car? Are you a chauffeur? Are you a garage man or a mechanic? Are you a specialist in ignition, carburetion, motors, or any other special field of automotive work? Are you a salesman or demonstrator? Are you a designer? Are you an inventor or patent attorney?

No matter what may be your particular interest in automobiles, there are thousands of facts which are worth real money for you to know. Your questions, your problems are all answered in this great helpful book.

It tells the how and why of every type of modern gasoline engine; how each part does its share of the work; what features have proved best; how to take care of an automobile; how to prevent trouble; how to detect trouble; how to make repairs.

It is obvious that familiarity with the machinery of an automobile will enable the operator to give it intelligent attention, which will insure longest life and minimum operating expense. This volume does not presuppose any training on the part of the reader in automotive science. Thus the author has, in defining the basic principles of an automobile, used the simplest language possible, yet even the trained engineer will find in *The Modern Gasoline Automobile* a vast amount of information which will prove invaluable.

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WHAT'LL WE DO NOW? A Thousand and One Nights with America's Gayest Party-throwers and Various Other Ways of Keeping a Party at Full Cry. By Edward Longstreth and Leonard T. Ho'ton. Illustrations by Leonard T. Holton.

The first half of this very lively book is devoted to telling the reader how to organize and play some thirty or more games that require such mental qualities as agility, dexterity, resourcefulness and quick command of one's thinking powers. The description of each one is prefaced by a brief account of the skill of its sponsor in the game and the pleasure his guests take in playing it. These sponsors include a goodly number of people more or less in the public eye as authors, editors, publishers, actors and artists. Among them are Rube Goldberg, Lee Wilson Dodd, Deems Taylor, Milt Gross, Heywood Brown, John Held Jr., Herbert Bayard Swope and a long list of others.

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### A RED-HAIRED RIVAL

THE HAPPY MOUNTAIN. By Maristan Chapman. Toronto: Irwin & Gordon. \$2.50.

"Women can wait"—so said the hero of *The Happy Mountain*, and he left his sweetheart behind him to go outland for adventure. But he came hotfooting back soon enough at the rumor of a red-haired rival. The story that ensues is most enthralling. In fact it's a treat!



HERBERT BOOTH. A Biography by Ford C. Ottman. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

This biography of Herbert Booth, fifth son of General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, is a book that will be read with keen interest by all who have followed the welfare work done by this immense organization, and by all those interested in the religious progress of mankind in general. In addition to a biography of one member of the family, a brief outline of the origin, promotion and amazing growth of the Salvation Army and of the assistance and co-operation of the different members of the Booth family in this great work, is necessarily included; and Mr. Ottman clearly and concisely presents the facts as verified from records obtainable. In this way he pictures as much of the background as is necessary to illuminate the life and work of Herbert Booth, one of the most well-beloved evangelists the world has ever known.

The Booth family is an outstanding one in many respects. Each and every member of it is loved and honored for his or her unflinching and unflagging devotion to the cause, but a study of the family as a whole is imperative if the work of any one member of it is to be fully grasped and understood. Pioneers in a field of work which offered seemingly unsurmountable difficulties, these staunch, undaunted soldiers of Christ went bravely forth to fight their battles and gained victory after victory until in time an organization of incredible magnitude, working solely for the betterment of mankind, encircled the globe.

Herbert Booth played a most important part in the progress of this work, giving twenty-five years of his life to the service of the Salvation Army itself, and later devoting his time and thought to evangelical work of a similar nature. Many of the early songs of the Army were both written and composed by Herbert, and to his genius can be traced the success of the immense demonstration held in Crystal Palace in 1890 where five thousand instrumentalists presented a Musical Festival that astounded the world. His zeal was untiring and his efforts crowned with success. As a result of that Band Festival we have today bands that have risen to national repute and won distinction in many countries. From the early elemental music the standard was raised until no military or religious organization could muster a better band than the Salvation Army.

From the age of nineteen onward his time was fully occupied with the work his father had begun until the time of his resignation from the Army in 1902. During these years he visited many countries—France and Switzerland, where he worked with his sister

Catherine; London and England, Canada, United States, Australia, and New Zealand, a tour encircling the world included. His work in each place was worthy of the General's son, and the stupendous success of his campaigns in Australia and elsewhere can be traced directly to his personal enthusiasm and keen interest. Despite minor differences with his father, he proved himself to be a man in the finest sense of the word, and in his allegiance to the cause he gave himself with whole-hearted energy to his ministry. In Commander Evangeline's words:

"He possessed those qualities so necessary to all leaders of men—the qualities of creating conditions and circumstances which served the purpose he had at heart. He was a natural pioneer. He never lacked the courage required for initiative work; never shrank from shouldering the responsibility resulting from his own judgment, decisions and deeds. He was fearless when face to face with an opponent, dauntless in persecution and adversity, brave in the storm did the winds come down from the high places or come up from the low. True at every cost, every time and everywhere, from the beginning to the end, to his convictions and his teaching."

What more in the way of eulogy could be added to that!

The story of Herbert Booth's life as told by Mr. Ottman is both illuminating and inspiring. A.S.M.

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THE VIKING PRINCE. By A. L. MacKaye. Boston: L. C. Page Co. \$2.00.

One of the most beautifully produced novels of the year is *The Viking Prince*, with its artistic jacket depicting an old Norse vessel in harmonizing shades of blue, red and gold on a background of dark green, and the gold and green of the cover itself. The book so fascinates any booklover that he just can't help taking it into his hands and once he looks into it he is similarly impelled to go on and read this fine tale of a young Norse noble brought up in the mythology of ancient Scandinavia and its gods Odin, Thor, Baldur and Faye. The hero learns of the White Christ and eventually becomes a follower of St. Olaf, King of Norway, who introduced the Christian faith into that warlike land.

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### SO ENGLISH!

Here's a delightful bit from *See England First*, by S. B. Mais: "Just as I am surprised to find a foreigner preferring to speak his own language rather than mine, so do I live in a continual state of wonder at his choice of a home. My heart warms towards dogs abroad because they do at any rate bark in English. I have long believed that

there is a conspiracy of silence on the part of all returned travellers. They all come back disappointed, but they dare not confess that their time was wasted, their money ill-spent. No man goes out of his way to confess himself a fool. Only Mr. H. M. Tomlinson and Mr. Aldous Huxley have had the pluck to tell us how the world really strikes them. What I would know is this: When the woods in April are star-whitened with anemones or out rival the azure air with the blueness of their bluebells, when hedges are yellow with cowslips and primroses and the banks of trout-streams are lit up with the golden splendor of marsh-marigolds, has the world elsewhere anything to show more fair? Has Tahiti a fairer flower than the periwinkle? Is there in Arabia a scent comparable with that of wild thyme or sweet briar?

"When," says the returned exile, accentuating the 'when' with a fine contempt, 'When the sun shines in England there is nowhere else in the world to beat it.' He feels somehow cheated if the rain does not fall incessantly for twenty-three out of twenty-four hours so that he can look out of his club window and sigh for Nairobi."

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THE DOWNFALL OF TEMLAHAM. By Marius Barbeau. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$3.50.

### Reviewed by John W. Garvin

This is a rare volume: one of the most beautifully produced ever issued in this country. The quadricolour reproductions of the paintings by A. Y. Jackson, Edwin H. Holgate, W. Langdon Kihn, Emily Carr and Annie D. Savage (thirteen in number) I have never seen excelled, and warm congratulations are due the engravers, the printers and the publishers. An excellent quality of featherweight paper is used for the text which is set in Italian Old Style; and the whole book, including the attractive paper covering, was produced entirely in Canada.

The author, Marius Barbeau, is a native of Beauce County, Province of Quebec, and is now about 45 years of age. Since 1911 he has been ethnologist and folklorist for the Dominion Government, and is already widely known for his collection of French Canadian Chansons and as the author of *Indian Days in the Canadian Rockies*. Barbeau studied classics and law at Laval University and was admitted to the bar in 1907. In the same year he won a Rhodes Scholarship and spent the next two years or longer at Oxford studying Anthropology. On his return to Canada he was appointed to the staff of the National Museum at Ottawa. He has been President of the American Folk-Lore Society; Treasurer of the Royal Society of Canada, etc.

*The Downfall of Temlaham* is a very

original Indian story. It relates how Kamulmuk and Sunbeams, husband and wife of high rank among the tribes on Skeena river, British Columbia, have a serious conflict of opinion. Sunbeams retains her pagan beliefs and customs with unwavering fidelity, while Kamulmuk admires the greater intelligence of the White Man and wants to be guided by his teaching. The wife's ambition leads ultimately to fierce contention and cold-blooded murder. In this story there are included the legends of Temlaham, an Indian "Paradise Lost" on the Skeena, where the natives' "Golden Age" came to an end.

The author's imagination may have had free play, but a native people of such artistic development as their totem poles and woven garments indicate, have reached doubtless quite a high standard in spoken literature.

A considerable portion of the text might have been printed as free verse of good quality. Here are two examples:

"Who will follow my footsteps into the sky,  
My footsteps as white as the raven's  
In the new snow.  
Who will journey with me through the gap  
In the sky vault,  
Into the mirage beyond?  
My voice will knock the branches  
Off the trees on high  
And I will walk in the path of the sun."

"I gaze at my features in the lake,  
As I skim the foothills.  
And the Rainbow shall lift me from the lake  
On to the path of the White Star aloft."

\* \* \*

THE RUNAWAYS. By G. A. Birmingham. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. \$2.00.

The plot of this novel is concerned with a fashionable wedding which was interrupted at the very last moment in a most unexpected manner. The interruption occasions a great deal of confusion in the political and social world, and a great deal of annoyance to many important people in London. It also is the occasion of the most intense excitement in a small Irish village, where all the principal inhabitants are involved in intrigues and misunderstandings as a consequence of events in London with which apparently they have no connection at all.

\* \* \*

Compton Mackenzie is at his best in his new novel, *Extremes Meet*.

\* \* \*

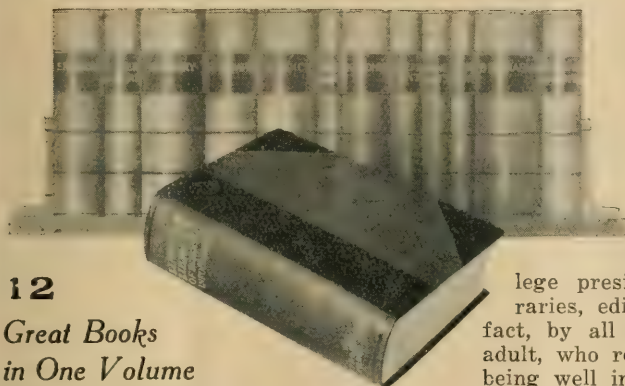
Thornton Wilder is to sign 750 copies of a first edition, limited to that number, of his new book, *The Angel that Troubled the Waters*. It will be priced at \$15 per copy. The regular edition will follow.



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Compiled by William B. McCourtie

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### Prologue

Fables, my child, to you are told,  
To make you wise when you are old.  
They have a moral at the end,  
(To which I hope you will attend)  
And learn thus to avoid mistakes,  
Observing those another makes.  
In such a manner Aesop speaks,  
Admonishing the ancient Greeks.  
But, just for that, you need not cry:  
"Oh, dear! how very dull and dry!"  
For in these fables, every one,  
You'll find a fund of Fundy fun.

Thus does Grace Helen Mowat introduce you to the first Ru-mi-lou book, "Funny Fables of Fundy."

Grace Helen Mowat is a new name among Canadian writers. She is the proprietress of the Charlotte County Craft Shop at St. Andrews, N.B., where she has organized the women of the district, who make all sorts of quaint and beautiful objects which are sold during the tourist season. The beautiful glazed pottery and hooked mats which are now made in this district among other things are the delight of all who see them. Miss Mowat not only knows her country, but she loves it with all the passionate intensity that is only possible to one of U. E. L. descent.

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# Canadian Authors Association

## OFFICIAL PAGES

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Toronto

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Toronto

### National Treasurer

John M. Elson  
70 Coolmine Road  
Toronto

### National Vice-President

Hon. E. Fabre Surveyer  
128 Maplewood Ave.  
Montreal

### National Vice-President

Col. G. E. Marquis  
Bureau of Statistics  
Quebec City

THE Eighth Annual Convention of the Canadian Authors Association was held in Calgary, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July, 4—6, and at Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, Saturday, July 7th.

Through the courtesy of the authorities of Knox Church, the main Sunday School room of that Church was the place of meeting, and it proved to be very convenient and satisfactory. The attendance was very representative, every province, except possibly Prince Edward Island, sending delegates, and all of the branches but two being represented.

One of the features of the Convention was the punctuality with which the sessions opened and closed, and by reason of that practically everything on the programme was covered.

The following papers and addresses were presented:

#### Wednesday Morning, July 4th

Annual report of the Secretary, E. A. Hardy, B.A., D.Paed., Toronto.

Annual report of the Treasurer, John M. Elson, Toronto.

"Reviewers and their Ghastly Trade," by Major Christie and Mrs. Margaret Lawrence, of New Brunswick (read in their absence by Dr. A. A. Graham, of Saskatchewan.)

#### Wednesday Afternoon

"Reading for Boys and Girls," by Miss Donalda J. Dickie, M.A., Calgary.

"Canadian Books for Adolescent Girls," by Miss G. H. Thomson, of the Calgary Public Library.

"Canadian Books for Adolescent Boys," by Miss Evelyn Srigley, of the Edmonton Public Library.

Discussion followed, led by Miss Thomson and Miss Austin, of Edmonton.

"Canadian Plays for the Canadian Theatre," by Carroll Aikins, Vancouver Branch, (read by Miss Evah McCowan.)

"Canadian Literature and Canadian Universities," by Prof. Archibald MacMechan M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S.C., Halifax Branch, (read by Miss Juanita O'Connor.)

"Canadian History and Biography," by Mrs. Ruth Holway Higgins, London and Western Ontario Branch.

#### Thursday Morning, July 5th

"French-Canadian Literature," by Victor Morin, LL.D., Montreal Branch, (read by Gustave Dutaud, K.C.)

"Free Verse," J. Murray Gibbon, F.R.S.C., Montreal Branch.

Annual address of the President, Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.C., Toronto.

#### Friday Morning, July 6th

"Recent Tendencies in Canadian Poetry," Miss A. Ermatinger Fraser, Vancouver Branch.

"Craftsmanship," by Donald G. French, Toronto Branch.

"Unexplored Fields for Canadian Literature," by Lawrence J. Burpee, F.R.G.S., F.R.S.C., Ottawa Branch, (read by Mr. A. C. Campbell, Ottawa.)

#### Friday Afternoon

"The Copyright Situation," by Lawrence J. Burpee, (read by Mr. John M. Elson.)

An address on the same subject by Mr. Lee Martin of the Canadian National Railway Radio Department.

In the Secretary's report details were given as to the issuing of the 1927 *Bulletin*, and a request was made that those who had not filled out the questionnaire which accompanied it should do so at once.

It was noted that Book Week in 1927 had been pretty generally observed, and co-operation was asked for a still better observance for Book Week in 1928, which would be the second week in November.

The report noted that in the columns of *The Canadian Bookman* there had been Branch reports from practically every branch in Canada in one or more issues, and that announcements had been made by the National Executive in five issues.

Correspondence with the Branches during the year had been continuous, and the National Officers have been able to render considerable service to the branches, especially so in the case of the President, who had been able to visit all the Western branches but one, and had been instrumental in forming the New Brunswick Branch.

The statistics of membership were given in detail, showing a net gain during the year of 89.

It was pointed out that the expenditure during the year had been heavier than any previous years, owing to the more comprehensive nature of the *Annual Bulletin* and the expense in connection with copyright matters, especially in sending a representative to the Rome Conference of the Berne Convention.

The report concluded with the suggestion that more service should be rendered to both the branches and the individual members, and that the branches might be of more service to each other.

The Treasurer's report showed total receipts of \$4,037.53, and total expenditures of \$2,866.25, leaving a credit balance of \$1,171.28.

After discussion, the reports were adopted.

In his Presidential address, Dr. Roberts referred to the increase of membership of the branches and to the addition of the new branch in New Brunswick, in the organization of which he had been able to play an active part. The President also referred to his visit to the branches from Toronto to Victoria and to the necessity of maintaining the activities of the branches effectively. The President had been able, as a representative of the Canadian Authors Association, to attend the Book Fair at Dayton, Ohio, where he had made several addresses, and he referred also to his invitation to attend the Conference of the League of Western Writers in Portland in August.

The President expressed pleasure in the development of Canadian Book Week, and pointed out the value of this as one of the major activities of the Canadian Authors Association.

The most important discussion was that concerning the copyright situation. Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, of Ottawa, who had been sent by the Canadian Authors Association to the Rome Conference of the Berne Convention, presented a full report of the situation, and was followed by Mr. Lee Martin, of the Canadian National Railways Radio Department, of Winnipeg, who had also been in Rome at the same Conference. While the findings of the Conference are not yet made public, and the sessions were held wholly in private, yet from the reports of Mr. Burpee and Mr. Martin, it is quite evident that considerable progress seems to have been made in the protection of authors' rights. The full reports of these will be given in the 1928 Canadian Authors *Bulletin*.

Some of the principal resolutions were as follows:

That the Canadian Authors Association develop as far as possible working relations with the Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Compos-

ers of England and with the Authors' League of America; that the incoming Council consider the advisability of amending the Constitution and By-Laws, so that the offices of Secretary and Treasurer might be made permanent instead of bi-annual; that the Authors Association request the Minister of the Interior to arrange with the Director of the Topographical Survey of Canada for a greater interest on the part of surveyors in locating lost historical sites.

A most hearty resolution of thanks was adopted, expressing the gratitude of the Canadian Authors Association to the Calgary people for the admirable arrangements in connection with the Convention.

The social functions were numerous and very delightful, including a luncheon on Wednesday noon at the Hotel Palliser tendered by the Calgary Women's Canadian Club; a reception in the Hotel Palliser that evening by the City of Calgary; a reception on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Nellie McClung; and afternoon tea and a garden party by the Calgary Women's Press Club at the residence of His Honor, Judge Winter, and Mrs. Winter.

One of the most striking features of the whole convention was the making of the National President an Indian Chief. This event took place on Saturday morning at the Sarcee Reserve, where Dr. Roberts became Chief Joe Big Plume, or "Na-Kee-Tlee-Se Ah-Kih-Tcha."

The closing event of the Convention was the banquet at the Banff Springs Hotel on Saturday evening, with the President in the Chair, and with speeches by the Hon. Perren Baker, Minister of Education of Alberta, Mrs. Nellie McClung, Mr. Arthur Stringer, and Dr. H. F. Munro, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia.

The officers for the year 1928-9 are the same as last year. Some changes,

however, were made in the Council, as follows:

#### *New Regional Vice-Presidents—*

Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey Price, Calgary; Mrs. Austen Bothwell, Regina; Mr. Stephen Golder, Vancouver; Mr. Alfred Carmichael, Victoria, and Mrs. Dorothea L. Ross, Moose Jaw.

#### *New Councillors-at-Large—*

Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, Norval; M. Louvigny de Montigny, Ottawa; Mrs. Gladys McDonald, Calgary, and Mr. M. O. Hammond, Toronto.

---

### SPANISH SHAWL FOR AUTHOR

It is interesting to learn that *Mantilla*, the Canadian play with a Spanish shawl in its plot, the author of which is Miss E. G. Bayne, a member of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Authors Association, has been received favorably by the discriminating British critics and public. A successful season is looked for. Just before leaving for abroad, Miss Bayne was the recipient of a most beautiful Spanish shawl from an admirer in California who had witnessed the play while it was on tour. It is a lovely creation of ivory silk covered with great scarlet passion-flowers and having a fringe six feet deep. With it there was a magnificent fan in matching hues. Both mantilla and fan are said to have been the possession of a royal lady of the court of Spain, and they are credited with having a most romantic history. The shawl has even graced the shoulders of one of the Spanish queens.

\* \* \*

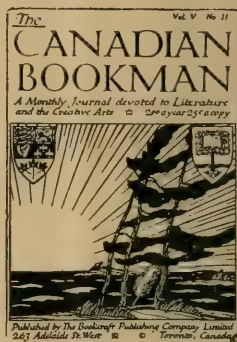
### A HANDBOOK FOR WRITERS

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# The Collector

THE library of the late Sir Edmund Gosse, the noted English literary critic and writer, was sold at Sotheby's Auction Room in London, on July 30, and realized a total of £9570. Most of the items were first editions of modern authors, Thomas Hardy in particular, and many of them were author's presentation copies, for which reason the sale was of more than usual interest. The highest individual price paid was £740 for an autograph rough draft of Thomas Hardy's *Wessex Folk*. Another Hardy autograph manuscript, his poem, "God's Funeral," realized £350. Among other Hardy first editions sold were the following: *The Dynasts*, (1904-8), £250; *Two on a Towel* (1882) £250; *The Woodlanders* (1887) £215, *Satires of Circumstances* (1904) £205. A presentation copy of Sir James Barrie's *Tommy and Grisel* (1900) sold for £160, while a first edition of Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam (1859) realized £320. The Westmoreland manuscripts of the poems of John Doane were sold for £400, while a first edition of Dr. Samuel Johnson's *In Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal* brought £260, and a copy of *The Rambler*, conducted by Johnstone, realized £205.

\* \* \*

Collectors of Canadiana, as well as students of Canadian history generally, will welcome the decision of the Hudson's Bay Company, in reversal of the policy which it has followed hitherto, to make public records and documents relating to its early history. The records and documents which were in this country have been taken to London, where officials are now busy classifying them, as well as those which had accumulated at headquarters in Beaver House, and the Company shortly will commence publication of those which are of interest and value under the auspices of the Canadian History Society in the British Isles. It may be confidently expected that the result will be to shed much new and important light on such matters as the struggle for the occupation of the Pacific Coast and the retention of the Great West.

\* \* \*

It was Robert Burns' custom when hard pressed for cash—as he unfortunately, often was—to write some small poem which he would despatch to a friend, who would respond as desired. Four poems so written

were sold at Sotheby's in London on August 2 for £2,100. What more ironical comment could be made in this connection than to recall that Burns died bemoaning a debt of ten pounds! Burns, however, knew his own worth, as his dying words to his wife showed: "I will be more thought of a hundred years from now, Jean, than I am today." A signed copy of the order of battle for the Trafalgar fight, which was sent to each of his captains by Lord Nelson, was sold at this same sale for £290.

\* \* \*

The record price of £4,000 was paid at Sotheby's on July 18 for a copy of the Kelmscott Press edition of Chaucer, the masterpiece of that press, printed on vellum, and one of only thirteen copies so printed. This book, which is printed in black and red, with eighty-seven woodcut illustrations designed by Sir E. Burne Jones and large initials by William Morris, was issued in 1896. The purchasers were Messrs. Quaritch, the London bookdealers, who outbid several Americans for possession of the volume. A copy of the first folio edition of Shakespeare was bought at the same sale by Gabriel Wells, of New York City, acting on behalf of H. C. Folger, the millionaire capitalist and collector of the same city, for £2,500.

\* \* \*

It may not be generally known that the first English law book was Sir William Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, which was published in London in 1765. This book, while it has ceased to be of much practical value as an authority in the courts, remains as arbiter on all public discussions on the law or the constitution of England.

\* \* \*

The record price of £650 was paid at Sotheby's on July 20 for a first edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, containing an autograph letter by Boswell announcing publication, while a first edition of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* sold for £650. These volumes were acquired by Bernard Quaritch, the London Bookseller. The surprise of the sale, however, was the purchase by Gabriel Wells, of New York, of the first autograph draft and manuscript used by the printers of Carlyle's *Past and Present*, and the only complete manuscript from the Scotch author's pen known to exist. This

collection was sold in a single lot for £2,000. Mr. Wells learned after the sale that the British Museum were most anxious to obtain one of the manuscripts, and at once offered them their choice as a gift. The manuscript chosen for the National collection was the first autograph draft, consisting of 30 full folio pages, five half-pages and two three-quarter pages, all closely written on both sides.

\* \* \*

Sir George Sutton, of Beckenham, has recently presented to the Dickens House, in London, a collection of first editions of the books written by Dickens while he was in residence there from 1837-1839.

\* \* \*

A collection of extremely valuable Napoleonic manuscripts of the period of 1793-1797 is announced from Warsaw to have been recently discovered in the library of Count Zamoysk, on the Kurnich estate in Poland. The documents, which relate to the Italian campaign, are mostly in Napoleon's handwriting, and contain many drawings and plans which may end the long-raging French controversy over whether Napoleon was the sole author of that war. The documents are the first authentic material found about the matter, and are to be published by the Polish authorities.

\* \* \*

The following paragraph is taken from the latest issue of *The Bookman's Journal*: "A happy suggestion that duplicates of rare books contained in the Bodleian Library and the Oxford College libraries should be sent to University libraries in Canada, Australia and the United States of America has just been made by Dr. Headlam, Bishop of Gloucester, at Oxford, at the annual meeting of the Friends of the Bodleian Library. 'Why cannot we distribute some of our duplicate books throughout the world?' he asked. 'We have several copies of rare books, but what would a college in Canada or New Zealand or the United States not give for a collection of Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century books to arouse historical sentiments among the students?'"

\* \* \*

The sum of £3,500 was paid at Sotheby's on August 1 for the autograph correspondence and personal library of Lady Mary Wortley Montague (1689-1762), famous in her day as a society leader and "blue stocking," and famous also for having introduced the practice of inoculation for smallpox. An important autograph letter from Abraham Lincoln to General John A. Dix was sold at the same sale for £950. The letter, which is dated January 14, 1863, and is marked "private and confidential," discusses the underlying reasons for issuing the emancipation proclamation.

## Catalogues Received

P. J. & A. E. Dobell, Bruton St., London, Eng.: *Rare and Valuable Books, Autograph Letters and Manuscripts* (No. 78); William George's Sons, Ltd., Bristol, Eng.: *Second-Hand Books*, (No. 388), America, etc.; C. Howes, Hastings, Eng.: *Ancient and Modern Books* (No. 30), America, etc.; Thomas Thorp, Guildford, Eng.: *Second-Hand Books* (No. 392), America, etc.; The Montmartre Gallery Ltd., London, Eng.: *Old Books, Paintings, Autographs, etc.* (No. 25); Hiseocke's Library, Richmond, Surrey, Eng.: *Antiquarian Books, Pamphlets, etc.* (N.S. No. 111), Americana, etc.; Holland Bros., Birmingham, Eng.: *Catalogue of a Further Collection of Books* (No. 336); R. Hall, Tunbridge Wells, Eng.: *Books Ancient and Modern* (No. 115), America, etc.; James Wilson, Birmingham, Eng.: *Antiquarian and other Books* (No. 651); Herbert E. Gorfin, Lewisham, Eng.: *A Miscellaneous Collection of Books* (No. 36); Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., New York: *Standard and Curious Books* (No. 31), Americana, etc.; The Export Book Co., Preston, Eng.: *Miscellaneous Books* (August); John Salkeld, London, Eng.: *Summer Catalogue* (No. 445), Americana and general travel, etc.; Ex-Officers' Book Union, London, Eng.: *Choice, Scarce and Curious Books* (No. 20); Grafton & Co., London, Eng.: *Catalogue of Books on Various Subjects* (No. 68), America, etc.; J. W. Browne & Son, Rugby, Eng.: *Half-Yearly Clearance List of Americana* (No. 16); Baker's Great Book Shop, Birmingham, Eng.: *New and Second-Hand Books* (No. 419); James G. Commin, Exeter, Eng.: *Second-Hand Books* (No. 351); D. Webster, Tunbridge Wells, Eng.: *Rare and Interesting Books* (No. 19); J. S. Billingham, Towcester, Eng.: *Second-Hand Books* (No. 135); Peters Bros., Liverpool, Eng.: *Choice and Interesting Books* (No. 88); The Aldus Book Shop Ltd.: *Old, Rare and Curious Books* (No. 10); Fredman's, New York, N.Y.: *Summer Catalogue* (No. 143), Americana, etc.; William Downing, Birmingham, Eng.: *Interesting Books, Ancient and Modern* (No. 612) P. J. & A. E. Dobell, Charing Cross Road, London, Eng.: *Interesting and Desirable Books* (No. 352); Ernest W. Stevens, Comberwell Bridgewater, Eng.: *Ancient and Modern Books* (No. 19); Lawson & Co., Sutton, Goldfields, Eng.: *Scarce and Interesting Books, Prints and MSS.* (No. 48), America, Canada, etc.; Shepard Book Co., Salt Lake City, Utah: *Catalogue of Rare Books of Robert Burns Association Interest* (No. 218); Gilbert, Lilienthal, Inc., San Francisco, Cal.: *First Editions, Modern Presses, etc.* (No. 2).

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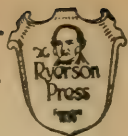
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*A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature  
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Vol. X.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1928

Vol. 9



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

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# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

514-A Yonge St., Toronto 5, Ont.

Vol. X., Vol. 9

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1928

25c a Copy  
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## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

ARTHUR STRINGER

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

"WHO is the distinguished-looking man, with the premature-white hair, at the head table?" I enquired of my escort, at a literary luncheon in Calgary.

"That's Arthur Stringer," he replied.

As Mr. Stringer knew me only by name, I was able to study him to my heart's content, without being observed. I noticed the kindly, humorous lines about his blue-grey eyes, and a mouth forever on the point of breaking into a smile even when his eyes were serious.

Since that luncheon, we have become much better acquainted, and I can now introduce you to "The Siamese Twins of the Literary World," as a New York reporter called him.

Arthur Stringer was born in Chatham, Ontario, on the River Thames, but instead of setting the Thames on fire, he fell into it at the early age of four. His memory of this exciting event having grown pale beside that of the castor oil that followed it. This same river seems to have been quite a factor in his life-history. It was there that he caught his first fish, at the age of six—a gigantic sun-fish, which he now supposes to have been about four inches long. Of this incident, he said:

"There may be a thrill in the first

kiss of love, in the first taste of fame, in the first glimpse of the sea, or in one's first drive through Paris in the early Spring; but these later thrills are as nothing compared to your first tugging and flapping shiner with a bent pin in his jowl. They are echoes, imitations, and nothing more."

It was on this drowsy, sun-steeped river, too, that he first engaged in piracy, mastered artillery by firing off a cannon made of gas-pipe and two wheels of an abandoned hand-car, raided peaceful orchards and melon-patches, and acquired that spirit of careless courage which later permitted him to beard editorial lions in their dens without so much as a skip of the pulse.

Did you ever hear of "The Stringer Wriggle?" If not, you shall:

As the summer days lengthened into June and the river-water grew warm with the sun, young Arthur and his comrades found the schoolroom more and more oppressive. More and more frequently, as the hours dragged by, their glances would steal to the lagging hands of the clock. Then, as the call of the old Swimming Hole became more urgent, they took time by the forelock, as it were. This they did secretly, cautiously, under the watchful eye of the unsuspecting lady-teacher, untying a shoe-lace one

moment, undoing a button another, or casting off a main-stay or two and loosening a brace in still another. The result was that, although to the eye of the casual observer, these enterprising youths were all fitly and properly clad, their garments were suspended like the sword of Damocles—by a mere thread. On the stroke of four, they were off, (the boys, not the garments), outspeeding the cottontail for the three old buttonwoods. Two minutes later, they were out of their garments and taking their headers.

Now, practice had made young Arthur so perfect in this rite of secret preparation during school hours, that by the time he had reached the first buttonwood one seismic wriggle of his body sufficed to strip him completely and crowned him with the honor of being the first to "take his duck." This was "The Stringer Wriggle," which has gone down in history and, indeed, "to many still remains the one distinctive and commendable accomplishment of my career," added the author, smiling. The marvel to him now is, how he managed to escape the dire catastrophe of being prematurely and ignominiously denuded during those critical moments when he was called to the platform for recitation.

It was during these early and adventurous years that he began his literary activities, most of his manuscripts being used later in the manufacture of box-kites. But he had already learned the permanence of the written word, for during the erection of a pickle-factory, he had inscribed in the fresh cement-work his own name and that of the maiden of his momentary favor, side by side and duly enclosed in a heart. The lady in question was naturally annoyed at this public advertisement of a relationship so personal. A coldness grew up between them: they no longer shared the same raspberry all-day sucker. And year after year, those united names, so touchingly bracket-

ed, served to bring home to the youthful engraver "the solemnity of ever committing to enduring form the acknowledgment of an emotion which cannot identify itself as permanent." The resultant blight turned him to poetry.

Mr. Stringer attaches great importance to these episodes of his childhood, it being his opinion that the child is indeed father of the man; that "the gun is loaded then, and what you may bring down when you are forty or fifty is determined by what you've loaded it with when you were five or ten."

Into his fifty years, Arthur Stringer has crowded a century of activity. After studying at the Universities of Toronto and Oxford, and travelling awhile, he settled in New York to work and "see life." Here he sold his first three stories, for eight dollars apiece. From New York, he returned to Ontario and bought a fruit farm on the shores of Lake Erie, later removing his family to the Alberta foothills where he had bought a wheat farm. (Out of the Western experiences were created *The Prairie Wife*, *The Prairie Mother*, and *The Prairie Child*.) He also tried to grow Burleigh tobacco at one time, which nobody seemed to enjoy smoking, Sewell Ford writing to inform the grower that he had enriched the pharmacopoeia of America with "an entirely new anaesthetic."

Absurd as it may sound, when Mr. Stringer is engaged in the writing-game, he simply has to be engaged in something else. Just now, when he occupies a huge, stuccoed New Jersey manor-house, on a hillside forty-five minutes from Broadway, he indulges a passion for cabinet-making, planing and sawing and pounding and fitting, only to find his lawn-benches, bookshelves, rustic tables, bird-houses, or what have you, disappearing like the tents of the Arabs, spirited away by his Better Half.

His versatility as an author is



equally extraordinary. Besides being the author of a classical tragedy, half a dozen volumes of poetry, and a book of Shakespeare studies, he is also guilty of *The Gun Runner*, *The Wire Tappers*, *The Under Groove*, and *The Hand of Peril*. As a New York reporter put it:

"His next output may be something in blank verse, or a movie like *The Iron Claw*, or a red-blooded story of the Far North, or a novel dissecting the emotions of New York's Upper Ten. You can't say what it's going to be. But you're safe in banking it will at least be something wrung warm from life, from life restlessly sought and actually known."

As a matter of fact, his next output will be *A Woman at Dusk and Other Poems*, (October, 1928) and *The Blonde Woman*, (April, 1929).

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

*Watchers of Twilight*. First volume of poetry. Published 1894.

*Pauline and Other Poems*. Published 1895.

*Epigrams*. A Collection of Quatrains. Published 1896.

*A Study in King Lear*. A Critical Essay. Published 1897.

*The Loom of Destiny*. A Book of Child Stories. Published 1899.

*Lonely O'Malley*. A Story of Boy Life. Published 1901.

*Hephaestus and Other Poems*. Published 1902.

*The Silver Poppy*. First novel. Published 1903.

*The Wire Tappers*. First Criminal Adventure Novel. Published 1906.

*Phantom Wires*. Sequel to above. Published 1907.

*The Under Groove*. Underworld Adventure Novel. Published 1907.

*The Woman in the Rain, and Other Poems*. Collected Verse. Published 1907.

*Sappho in Leucadia*. A Poetic Drama. Published 1907.

*Irish Poems*. Published 1911.

*Open Water*. A Volume of Free Verse. Published 1912.

*The Gun Runner*. An Adventure Novel. Published 1912.

*The Shadow*. A Detective Story. Published 1913. Republished, as *Never Fail Blake*, 1923.

*The Prairie Wife*.  
*The Prairie Mother*.  
*The Prairie Child*. } Prairie Trilogy.  
Published 1916, 1919,  
1921.

*The Hand of Peril*. An Adventure Novel. Published 1916.

*The Door of Dread*. An Adventure Novel. Published 1917.

*The House of Intrigue*. An Adventure Novel. Published 1918.

*The Man Who Couldn't Sleep*. An Adventure Novel. Published 1919.

*The Wine of Life*. A novel of New York Stage Life and Bohemia. Published 1920.

*Twin Tales*. Published 1921.

*In Bad with Sinbad*. Published 1923.

*Manhandled*. (With Russel Holman.) Published 1923.

*A Story Without a Name*. (With Russel Holman.) Published 1924.

*Empty Hands*. Published 1924.

*Power*. Published 1925.

*White Hands*. Published 1927.

*The Wolf Woman*. Published 1928.

*A Woman at Dusk and Other Poems*. Published 1928.

*The Blonde Woman*. To be published April, 1929, (Starts as a serial in *The Pictorial Review*, November, 1928.)



ARTHUR STRINGER

# I Would Not Die

By Lewis Wharton

"I would not die!" she cried, as kindly men  
In gentle tones spoke dreaded words of doom.  
"My tale of years, so small, for pity pleads,  
And craving youth, despairing, still must hope.  
I would not die!

"I would still hear soft-breathed words of love  
And joyous laughter on the wayward breeze:  
I would still see the quick flush of desire  
And watch the flow of hate and fear and greed.  
I would not die!

"To watch the shifting purples of the hills,  
Drink the sweet incense of each fragrant flower,  
Worship at dawn, hark to each soft-lipped eve!  
And now the last dawn comes, the night is near.  
I would not die!

"I still would view the restless stage of life  
And comedy and drama intertwined;  
See Columbine in tears and sad-faced clowns.  
Let not the dreaded curtain fall betimes!  
I would not die!"

*(An Old Man Overhears)*

" 'I would not die!' What foolish words are these?  
Depart while yet the Janus head of life  
Has only shown the smiling face of youth  
Nor yet revealed the cruel frown of age.  
Fear not to die!

" 'I would not die!' Why, child, away in haste  
Before you learn that gratitude and love  
Too oft are idle words of vain pretence  
While hate and greed speed fast the wheels of fate.  
Fear not to die!

" 'I would not die!' Go while the song of life  
Rings joyous in your ears; before you find  
The face of earth an ever-filling tomb  
And hear the far-flung wail of pain and grief;  
Fear not to die!

" 'I would not die!' Strange cry of blinded youth!  
Crave not the world's poor play, old mumbled lines,  
To view its stage, thick with the dust of years;  
Rejoice that soon the age-old curtain falls.  
Fear not to die!"

## Tarquin

By Nathaniel Benson

NOW is the hour: the household's still as death  
And Collatine lies leagues removed from here  
Sleeping in mail within the warlike camp.  
No sound, not even the cricket, breaks the hush  
And the light rain has drained the sterile sky,  
Its faint and sad dull drip from marble eaves  
Seems to have stopp'd . . The winds, far-off are dumb,  
The sultry night swathes its hot purple folds  
About the sweltered earth; heavily my breath  
Comes, laboring as if my mantle weighed  
My fettered breast . . . Now, now's the stifled hour!  
O Jove,  
Cloud-turbaned Sire of many lustful sons,  
From whose unsated loins th' Olympian race  
Leapt, mightily-made for love and art and war,  
Thou Jupiter, grey glorious libertine,  
Whose limbs unbowed by armor-iron of years  
Stride thundering over many mountains' height,  
And yet will deign, great human Patriarch,  
To stoop, grow lithe and lusty once again  
Rejuvenated in thy amorousness  
Smouldering like flame, and bursting gold to fire  
When white Europas thrill thine august orbs,  
Condemn me not!

I am no hypocrite,  
Nor seek to pray with gusty penitence  
Forgiveness for the deed I contemplate.  
The thing I do might well be done by thee  
If all the tales of ancient time be true.  
Oh, I am justified ere I commit  
This joy whose expiation may be death.  
The fault is thine—whatever gods may be  
Set up their canon against wantonness,  
Then burn men's eyes with woman's loveliness  
Which I would give thy hillock to possess.  
Yea, all thy power, unmeasured might and strength.  
Thus am I fixed, shrinking the sight of man.



Defiant and unquailing before thee.  
 What was that sound?—The rustle of a robe,  
 The wind, the moan as some light sleeper turns  
 Stirred in his dreams by waking warmth denied?  
 My hands are trembling, and my wilder heart  
 Drums out the wall of those confining ribs,  
 I laid my sandals off—the stone is cold,  
 All else is fire, ah! I cannot sleep,  
 She haunts me torturing as conscience's self  
 That one must heed ere any peace is gained.  
 She fills my thought and being to the core,  
 Annihilating, gleaming on my rest  
 As the great sun in golden noonday pride  
 Triumphs across all heaven, earth and sea.  
 I cannot rest—the deed is hers, not mine,  
 She wakened all my quiet slumbering blood  
 To one wild-coursing crimson river-flood!  
 Great Jove, I yield, I give my spirit up  
 Unto the Parcan three . . . I go to reap  
 Damnation for an age—with one fierce hour!

## Your World and Mine

By Mary A. Knight

OUR worlds are widely separate; they lie  
 Not in one orbit nor one heavenly zone:  
 Days pass and nights—they bring us not more nigh;  
 Yet from your world a cry to me is blown.

Day holds you far, and moons that wane and wax;  
 But in the enclosing kindness of the morn  
 The sundering hands of Space awhile relax,  
 And from your world are strains of music borne.

The while your sorrows break against my heart,  
 And joy of yours in far crescendo calls,  
 How can I dream our worlds still lie apart?  
 I know it only when the silence falls.

# Thomas Hardy

By C. F. Lloyd

FAME at its best is a scarce audible whisper drifting along a dark corridor at night. I have often had occasion of late to recall those wise words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that it is pleasant to be a quite ordinary person, to live unknown and be unremembered after death. To be a famous man means among other things to be dug up every fifty years or so for two or three centuries, or longer, and to be unmercifully mauled by critics, most of whom have as much sense and feeling as a colony of mudeats. We of the great majority who enjoy a comfortable and undistinguished mediocrity will escape all that. Let us thank the gods for the garment of oblivion which, as Sancho Panza said of sleep, will wrap us round like a blanket.

Just think how many times during the next two hundred years solemn professors in every part of the English-speaking world will bore their students to the verge of extinction with long, prosy lectures, consisting largely of pontifical tosh, regarding Hardy's style and Hardy's philosophy and Hardy's method of treating a subject and Hardy's exact place in the development of the English novel. This, however, is far from being the worst that is in store for Thomas Hardy. Little critics will write long articles to *The Fortnightly*, perhaps even to some as yet unborn magazine for the education of the élite, and these articles will discuss every phase of the so-called Hardy problem. Tired students will choose Hardy's treatment of nature or the Puritan element in the Wessex novels as the caption for a thesis which they would rather be hanged than write. Fatuous old maids and emasculated curates will be frightened for long enough yet by Hardy's frank treatment of sex. Last and worst the great man will be sub-

jected to the indignity of an expensive definitive edition which opulent elderly Babbits will purchase for the library in the new home on Floral Heights where it will occupy a position between Kipling and Harold Bel Wright on the shelves and be bracketed in the catalogue by some bright young jackass along with Hergesheimer and Howells and Hamawaki, the Japanese poet. Ye gods, I am glad I am not famous.

How pleasant it is to turn from all the rumble-bumble about a great man to the great man himself, and this is especially the case with Thomas Hardy. It is like turning from the department-store counter where they sell rose-water, passing through a door and suddenly finding oneself amid the silence, the brooding immensity, the unchangeable, untameable wildness of Egdon Heath. I cannot imagine Hardy in a city, any city, or even in a large town for more than a few hours at a time. He is as much a part of the country as cows or blackberries, the tang of freshly turned earth or the vivid rush of a fox chase. How unhappy he was, no doubt, during those struggling years spent amid the noise and dust of London and how unspeakably delighted he must have been to leave it all behind, to see the trim hedgerows and clean meadows of his own beloved Dorsetshire speeding past the train windows as he drew near home. There is no feeling more oppressive and deadly than that excited by the absence or loss of a beloved, long-familiar object, a friend's face, the slope of a well-known hill, a quiet room, an old garden. Yes, it must have been a bright day in Thomas Hardy's life when he gave up the preposterous business of designing fat columns for banks and stucco Georgian fronts for tasteless Babbits, to

return forever to his beloved books, the cool woodland paths of Yalbury bottom, the high, windy crests of the downs, the spire of Melstock church and the hollyhocks and roses filling the old-world garden of his home with beauty and fragrance. I do not grudge Hardy his well-earned fame or any of the inconsiderable rewards of his hard, patient labor, but I do sometimes grudge him those long, peaceful years among the things and people he loved. One is tempted to accord him the title which Sulla gave himself, Felix, the happy, or as that grim dictator would put it, the fortunate. Surely a man is truly fortunate when he is permitted to do without let or hindrance and amid surroundings which are to him pleasant, the work he wants to do, the work he is best fitted to do. I know of no other fortune to equal that, yet to how few artists it is given.

If I may judge from the author's short preface appended to my copy of *Under the Greenwood Tree*, Hardy was a little ashamed of what he no doubt considered the boyishness, the lack of depth and shadow, the absence of the characteristic Hardy philosophy in that delightful book. To the person who can see only ugliness, cruelty, futility in the life of man on this earth this, the earliest of the Hardy books, must remain unreadable, but not so to me. I have read it at least ten times, each time with increasing delight. To be sure the thing is an idyl, but where will you find a sweeter one? Everything of Hardy is in it except the gloom. Here in this first book you have the marvellously close observation of landscape, of nature's moods, of men and women, the power of creating a character as much alive as any of Shakespeare's with a few deft touches and of differentiating between two almost exactly similar people by adding to or diminishing ever so slightly a quality common to both. Here, too, you have displayed the power of in-

vesting a scene, a building, any object, with an atmosphere as unforgettable as the scent of musk, the curious knack of bringing the moods of nature into sympathetic relationship with whatever is taking place in a man's or a woman's mind, the sly, quiet, elfin humor, so much finer than the humor of either Thackeray or Dickens, and lastly the inevitableness with which all the incidents, persons and things in the story, all its parts, move steadily forward to one end. Bright as the story is, happy as are all the characters, except the sombre Mrs. Day, delightful as is the close, Hardy's inexorable fatalism is visible even here, but it is softened by some sympathy for the unfortunate, for poor Tom Leaf's dullness and Maybold's disappointment. I know all the grim young so-called realists are against me, but I shall die believing that *Under the Greenwood Tree* contains something great and sound in Hardy, that he abandoned too soon and seldom employed again save when the infectious joy of some young life warmed him into forgetting for a few pages his own grim creed.

Not the least pleasing or characteristic of Hardy's gifts as a novelist is his trick, knack—call it what you will: the thing is quite unconscious—of letting in a whole flood of light on a queer character by bringing forward some little oddity, some weakness in a wholly unexpected way, as when he remarks anent Tom Leaf: "'Hee, hee, hay,' replied Tom Leaf, letting his mouth continue to smile some time after his mind had done smiling." Was a weak-minded man, who was not a positive idiot, ever described more kindly? Here is Mr. Day's description of Fancy's stepmother: "She belongs to that class of woman-kind that become second wives, a rum class, rather." In *The Distracted Preacher*, Martha Sarah volunteers this information regarding her mistress, in response to a question of Stockdale's: "It was Mrs. Newberry who comed in



to see you just by now because she wanted to see if you was good-looking." The force of candor could no farther go. One could fill a book with quotations illustrating this uncanny power of revealing the unsuspected or not too obvious sides of his people.

Save Conrad who among English writers has ever written better short stories than Hardy? *The Distracted Preacher*, *The Withered Arm* and that grim serio-comedy, *The Three Strangers*, are among the best stories in any language. Had Hardy chosen to concentrate on the short story he might have rivalled De Maupassant. He thoroughly understood the limits and possibilities of this form of his art, one of the most difficult to master but capable of yielding infinite pleasure to the reader.

More than enough will be said about Hardy's realism, his fatalism, his treatment of sex questions, without my adding my quota. If one is going to be anything it is just as well to put on all the robes and claim all the prerogatives belonging to the character. Hardy was evidently of this opinion for there is nothing apologetic or faint-hearted about his pessimism, his belief that men are but puppets in the hands of an inexorable Fate. There it is, the black streak, in all his books and tales, even in the first and brightest. You may take it or leave it. It has been called predestination and assigned a Puritan origin but it is older by far than that. It runs like a black thread through the golden web of Greek literature all the way from Homer to Theocritus. It is simply the first philosophy which the natural, unsophisticated man, looking out of clear eyes upon the world around him, framed for himself without troubling to put it into words. Be happy while you can for as sure as you are a living man by and by the gods will knock you on the head and the braver, wiser and more honest you are the sooner they will fling a thunderbolt at you. There in brief is the Hardy philoso-

phy, but it is also the philosophy of Homer and the book of Job. I have said it was the first philosophy and I suspect it will be the last because, unpleasant as it undoubtedly is, it has reason, commonsense and the merciless logic of facts to support it.

If there is a more detestable poltroon in literature than Angel Clare I have not met him. He has all the vices of the third-rate English Puritan, his cold-blooded selfishness, his weird preoccupation with something he calls morals, his love of persecuting whatever is superior to himself, his petty cruelty, his utter insensibility to beauty, dignity, generosity and unselfish affection, in short, all the gentlemanly virtues that partly redeem this sordid world. Poor, stormy Tess, what magnificent qualities she had and what a wife and mother she might have been could she have met a man instead of a piece of galvanized pasteboard. Great as Hardy is there is something fiendish about the conclusion of this powerful book. "The President of the Immortals had finished his sport with Tess." Could anything be more cruel, more cold-blooded, more completely devoid of any saving grace of sympathy for us poor humans? It is the voice not of a man but of a god, one of the old, terrible, stony-faced gods of the Orient, Moloch or Annubis. To those people who dislike happy endings Tess must be completely satisfying. To me it is as terrifying as the shadow of death. Henchard and Tess—what a pair they would have made! But it could not be, for the gods who govern this crazy earth do not permit the strong to be happy. It is only the weak, the foolish, the brutal and the unclean who are happy and they are not happy long.

In none of his books, save perhaps *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, has Hardy employed his knowledge of landscape and weather and his strange power to make these things respond to and, as it were, illustrate the varying

moods of his people, more skilfully than in *The Return of the Native*. The descriptions of night in that fine story are as unforgettable as first love or the death of a friend. This habit of Hardy, the artist, is as old as his sombre philosophy. It is simply the primitive man's habit of seeing gods everywhere and everything in the world and about him inseparably linked to his own fate. If he is sorrowful the skies must weep. Is he happy? The waves must laugh and the sun shine.

A great artist, a great man, one of the few whose memory Englishmen of the better class will long cherish. No doubt there was a certain fitness in that ornate service in the great Abbey, amid the dust of kings, but I like to dwell lovingly on that other scene at the grave-side down in quiet Dorsetshire, when Hardy's heart was committed to the keeping of our common mother, the earth, amid the af-

fectionate regret for his passing, of old friends and neighbors. I cannot imagine an Englishman happy in heaven without green fields and a glint of sea, and no man has done more to make green fields and sea, windy downs and quiet woodlands dear to the hearts of his countrymen than Thomas Hardy. The President of the Immortals has finished his sport. Let us trust that Hardy found that sombre deity kinder than he thought. I cannot close this essay without quoting one short passage to illustrate Hardy's power of describing nature in her pleasant moods.

"Outside the fair, in the valleys and woods, all was quiet. The sun had recently set, and the west heaven was hung with rosy cloud, which seemed permanent, yet slowly changed. To watch it was like looking at some grand feat of stagery from a darkened auditorium."

## Be a Reporter—In Six Easy Lessons

By H. F. Mullett

(One of 'em)

"GET into the World's most pleasant Profession!" read the ad. which was to change the current of my life. "See the World—meet Big People—earn Good Money—Travel—Be a Reporter."

And all this was to be imparted in six easy lessons, which, I believe, led up to a gold-embossed graduation certificate and a ten thousand a year job with William Randolph Hearst—or was it Lord Beaverbrook?

Something to burst within me. It couldn't have been my appendix, because that is no longer "among those present," as expert reporters occasionally say. No, what burst was a flash of white, blinding light, that was to show me the error of my ways—

that was to bring my city editor to my feet, cringing, shedding tears of anguish for his past blindness.

I sent for the course. It came post free, "send no money, we trust you, read the course through, keep it for ten days, then pay the postman \$1.98 if satisfied; if not, hand the course back to the postman."

Never shall I forget, as long as I live, the awful agony of suspense through which I passed, while waiting for that course.

During the interval, I covered a couple of murder mysteries, did several interviews with visiting politicians, and pursued local government and business leaders to their lairs in pursuit of the elusive news item, as

has been the custom with reporters since the morning of journalistic time.

But my heart wasn't in the work. Somehow, I felt that there was something lacking—that I could never be a real reporter, until I had carefully studied that course.

Then, one day, it arrived.

It wasn't a very imposing package, for a course that, according to its own modest claim, "had opened the Way to Fame and Fortune, for Many who had thought Themselves in a hopeless Rut."

"So you've got one, too," said the postman, as he handed it to me.

"Got one? er—oh, yes—er—what do you mean?" I gulped.

"Get into the World's most pleasant Profession—See the World—meet Big People—Earn Good Money—Travel—Be a Reporter," intoned the postman, with the facility of one who has read it all before, quite a number of times.

Seeking the seclusion of a quiet corner, I hastily tore open the package, and was soon absorbed in lesson one. The things that first lesson taught me, quickly showed how far removed I was from being a successful reporter.

"The successful reporter," said chapter one, "must have a nose for news."

I went to the mirror, and examined my nasal appendage with intense curiosity. Was it "a nose for news?" I wiggled it carefully. Could it smell murder being committed, or a state secret being brewed? It gave no sign of life, beyond assuming an expression which, in anybody else's nose, I should have considered distinctly sneering.

Chapter one didn't say any more about how to discover if one's nose is of the "for news" variety. Even the index, referred to under "Nose," "News—nose for," and similar cross-references, failed to disclose this first secret of reportorial success.

I delved into the pools of memory

to see if I could get any help from "Reporters' noses I have known," but again drew a blank. "Spud" O'Brien, a good reporter, had the sort of nose that goes with a face upon which the onlooker may readily distinguish the map of Ireland; Chas. Brown had a nose that might be described as "Roman"—*Et tu, Brute*, and all that.

Jim Murray's nose is a ridiculous little button of a nose, set in a solid expanse of face; Joe Moore's face is mostly nose; in fact, most reporters' noses are pretty much the same as other people's noses—sort of bad to terrible. So I had to give that one up, right at the start.

Then, under the heading of "dress and deportment," I got another shock. "The reporter," I read, "should be well, but quietly dressed. A plain suit of navy blue, or a quiet tweed in some dark, pleasing mixture, is advisable, with black or dark brown oxfords, and a hat that is fashionable without being ultra." (Never, under any circumstances, wear a cap.)

To one who has seen the genus reporter stroll blandly out on his "beat," wearing anything from a complete suit of armor to plus fours—this revelation of "what the well-dressed reporter should wear," was particularly interesting.

And when one considers that the average reporter goes off to cover, say, a convention of all the leading bankers of Canada, wearing a pair of dubious flannel "bags" that don't even make a pretence at matching his coat and vest, a soft collar that doesn't match the hue of his shirt, and a violent tie frayed where the knot comes, one realizes why reporters are never successful.

I come then, to "interviewing," and here again, reportorial technique as I know it, is all wrong—how very, very wrong, you shall presently learn.

In telephoning, let us say, a big politician, for an appointment, the successful reporter, according to the



course, must proceed somewhat as follows:

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Honorable Mr. Blank? This is Reginald Flatface speaking, of *The Daily Bawl*. There are a few questions I wish to submit to you, Sir, on behalf of my paper."

On which, the genial potentate is supposed to send his secretary down with a gilt-edged invitation to pink tea at 4 p.m., presumably, as the course is discreetly silent on what happens to Reggie after this "approach."

And this is what usually happens. (Lest we seem to be besmirching the fair reputation of our politicians, let us designate the interviewee as Mr. X, an outstanding figure in the suspender industry, shall we say?)

Reporter, a cigarette butt dropping negligently from his nether lip, and speaking through a sort of mental haze composed of last night's "hang-over" plus two cups of scalding hot coffee swallowed hastily at "Dutch Mike's" place, in lieu of what ordinary citizens term breakfast: "Lo, Bill. Brown of *The Bawl*. Got anythin' up there?"

The outstanding figure is heard to hiss, apparently to some unseen person behind him, "F'r gosh! sakes shut up, will you—an' shove those bottles out o' sight, some guy wants to see me"—then, as recognition dawns, his alarm changes to an easy familiarity.

"Oh, 'syu, Jimmy—didn't know your voice for a moment" (which isn't really to be wondered at, considering Jimmy's feelings already described) "come right up."

And thus is our reporter ushered into the presence of the great man. Can one wonder why there are no "successful" reporters?

I turn to the course again. We shall now discuss, "Conducting the Interview."

"Proceed with meticulous care in securing the notes of your interview," says the course. "The good reporter

arms himself with several well-sharpened pencils and a note-book of a size small enough to slip into his pocket. Put your questions clearly, and take careful note of the replies. It is an unpardonable sin to misquote a person, so if you have any doubt about what he says, ask him, courteously, to repeat it."

All right, now let's turn back to Jim, wandering along the hotel corridor to suite 200, his dubious bags and his frayed tie looking even dubiouser and frayedder, if you get what I mean.

The personage is sitting at a belated breakfast, drinking coffee out of his saucer. He is wearing a suit of winter underwear, cut full length. Opposite to him lolls a gentleman in a shirt and pair of pants, obviously pulled on hastily, for the tails of the shirt are "untucked," and the gentleman spills little dribblets of coffee down them, as he sips volubly at his cup.

We may pass over the preliminaries. After all, we're not writing in the "business" for the "Drinking Song" in *Faust*.

Our hero, then, is discovered sprawling on one of the two un-made twin beds in the room, his travel-stained Fedora at a jaunty angle on his head, and a—er—a cup of coffee in his hand.

"What's doin', Bill?" says he, in a casual voice, feeling the while in his pockets for his sole stump of pencil, and his unpaid laundry bill, in case the personage does happen to say something that really must be taken note of.

"Oh, shoot, Jimmy! You know what I want to say better'n I do myself. Just write 'er down when you get back; I know it'll be O.K."

And as the disgusted but truthful recorder of this incident slips sadly through the door of suite 200, methinks it is the strains of "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" that march with him down the corridor to the elevator.

Where, oh where, is that "meticulous care"—the "several well-sharpened pencils"—the notebook that just slips into the pocket?

However, the interview (?), when it does appear in the *Daily Bawl*, is quite a good one, even though it was all written out of the head of Jimmy of the dubious bags. It usually goes something like this:

"I never visit your city but what (we reporters are terribly fond of 'but what') I am impressed with its wonderful growth, its tremendous possibilities, its beautiful location, and—blah, blah, blah!" said Mr. X., well known manufacturer of suspenders, who is paying a brief business visit to our city.

More blah about the city—the same blah goes for every city from Halifax to Prince Rupert—and then come the answers to those questions, so meticulously noted down in his little book, with the well-sharpened pencils, by Reginald Flatface.

"Speaking of the tariff, Mr. X. said that while other manufacturers might find it irksome, the sale of X suspenders had exceeded those of last year by 237 per cent., etc., etc."

Then may follow a little story. It tickles Mr. X. to death, to find that he possesses a sense of humor.

"Do you know why the late Mr. Gladstone always wore red suspenders?" Mr. X. asked the *Daily Bawl* representative."

"I am afraid I don't just remember," innocently replied the *Daily Bawl* reporter."

"Ha! ha! you don't know? ha! ha! Why, to keep his trousers up, of course! ha! ha!" replied Mr. X., whose reputation as a humorist of the first water, is known to every drygoods jobber and retailer across Canada."

There's a whole lot more to the course than just these few isolated examples. I just gave them to you, merely to show why it is that there are so few "successful" reporters in the business.

What did I do with my course?

Why, being a reporter, and ergo, being entirely without money, I kept it ten full days, and on the tenth day thereof handed the package back to the postman.

"I'm leaving this job end of the month," the postman said to me, as I handed him the package.

"What are you going to do?" I enquired.

"Goin' to be a reporter," he replied. "I've just got my diploma from the Consolidated Transcontinental Home Study University, Inc."

\* \* \*

### TEN MORE QUESTIONS

Wide Interest Taken in Last Month's Questions—Two 100% Scores

SO much interest has been shown in the set of ten questions as published last month that another list appears this month. One contestant has our thanks for pointing out an error in the spelling of one of the pseudonyms which should have read: *Hosea Biglow*. Incidentally, he missed a higher rating in his answers by classing *Katherine Mansfield* as a real name instead of a pseudonym and putting an "a" in Middleton Murry's surname.

Replies that were 100 per cent correct came from Miss Enid Hounsom, head of the English department at the East York High School and Miss Dorothea M. Hanford, of the Library of McMaster University, Toronto.

Miss Ruby Harkness of the Sarnia Public Library just missed 100 per cent by neglecting to include Emily Brontë in replying to the question re the Brontë sisters. Several others came close, making only the one mistake of giving *Katherine Mansfield* as the real name of Kathleen Beauchamp, (afterwards Mrs. John Middleton Murry.)

The correct replies are as follows:

1—*Pierre Loti*, pseudonym of Louis M. J. Viaud.

2—*Katherine Mansfield*, pseudonym of Kathleen Beauchamp, (after-

wards Mrs. John Middleton Murry).

3—*George Sand's* real name was Amantine Lucile Aurore, Baroness Dudevant, nee Dupin.

4—*George Eliot's* real name was Mary Ann Evans, who a few months before her death, in 1880, married John W. Cross.

5—Anne Brontë used the pseudonym *Acton Bell*; Charlotte Brontë, *Currer Bell*, and Emily Brontë, *Ellis Bell*.

6—*Khata Phusin* was used by John Ruskin.

7—*Yorick* was used by Lawrence Sterne.

8—*O. Henry's* real name was William Sydney Porter.

9—*Boz* was used by Charles Dickens.

10—*Hosea Biglow* was the pseudonym used by James Russell Lowell for *The Biglow Papers*.

### TEN QUESTIONS

1—Was Joseph Conrad the author's real name?

2—Was Lewis Carroll a pseudonym?

3—Was Anatol France a pseudonym?

4—Who used the pseudonym Abel Shuffelbottom?

5—Who was Ixtlilxochitl?

6—Who used the pseudonym Merlin?

7—Was Mrs. Horace Mannors a pseudonym or the author's real name?

8—Who used the nom de plume Runnymede?

9—What Canadian author was credited with originating the School of American humor?

10—Who was the Samion Sage?

### BOOK PRIZES

To the first three subscribers sending correct answers to the ten questions book prizes will be sent. Failing receipt of complete sets of correct answers, books will be sent to the first three replies with the greatest number of correct answers.

## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—McClelland and Stewart will publish this month a new book of "sagas" by Archibald MacMechan, and that it will consist of twelve tales, chiefly adventures of Nova Scotia sailor-men. The title is *There Go the Ships*.

—to establish his poetic merit the Turkish poet Kiazim Bey of Konia, has had his brain X-rayed at Stamboul hospital. The radiologists agreed that it showed exceptional weight and striking convolutions. The poet has sent photographs of the medical report to all his critics.

—Martha Ostenso has been in the sheep ranching country of the Canadian Rockies getting local color for a new novel. Miss Ostenso is planning a trip to Europe this Fall, and will visit among other countries the land from which her parents came to Canada—Norway.

—Numerous valuable essays on pioneer subjects have been accumulated by the prize competition conducted annually by the Maritime Library Association. Any person interested may obtain further information by writing to Dr. Milner, President of the Association, Wolfville, N.S.; or Mrs. Ingraham, University Librarian there.

—the Canadian Northwest Historical Society, with headquarters at Battleford, Sask., and of which Mr. A. E. Cooke, is field secretary, aims to secure historical stories of the west by old-timers and other eye-witnesses, thus saving all the source material of a subject for publication in one brochure. Much valuable material of historical interest is lost each year, it is claimed, through the passing of pioneers, so that there is an urgent need of having authenticated stories and records obtained as speedily as possible. Three pamphlets of the first volume have been distributed, these being *The Cree Rebellion of '84*, *Reminiscences of Louis Cochin, O.M.I.*, and *Rev. Canon E. K. Matheson, D.D.* Next to appear will be *The Story of the Press*, this being an account of the publications prior to 1890, and it will be followed by *Fifty Years on the Saskatchewan*. Other pamphlets for this first volume will be *Unveilings of 1927*, *The Dominion Telegraph*, *Along the Trail*, *Indian Legends*, *Place Names* and *The Battle of Cut Knife Hill*. The organization is not a commercial enterprise in any way, all officials giving their time free. It is affiliated with several other historical societies and its membership is composed of some of the leading figures in the prairie west. Over 1,000 members have been enrolled.





## John Brown's Body

Stephen Vincent Benét Scores Remarkable Success

ONE of the remarkable literary achievements of the year is Stephen Vincent Benét's long narrative poem of the American Civil War, *John Brown's Body*. The story goes that against the advice of his friends Benét had begun a long narrative poem of the Civil War. With the aid of a Fellowship from the Guggenheim Foundation he had gone quietly abroad to work on it. Two years later he sent the completed poem, 100,000 words long, to his publishers. They warned him that though it was a magnificent piece of work it would probably have only a small sale. Discouraged, he opened no more mail before sailing for home—second class, for his money was almost gone.

But the glorious surprise that awaited him in New York recalled the morning when Byron woke up to find himself famous.

As Benét walked dejectedly down the gangplank he was overwhelmed by a swarm of photographers and reporters. For meanwhile his book had been published; the Book-of-the-Month Club had made it their August selection; critics had unlimbered their most powerful superlatives; enthusiasm among readers was boiling over; more than a thousand people a week were buying it.

This was the 100,000 word Civil War poem that the author's friends had said nobody would read!

Indicative of the praise of the critics but capping them all, is this tribute from the New York *Evening Post*: "Benét by one gigantic leap has become our first poet, our Homer who sings an Iliad of the Civil War."

The book is selling faster than most novels, which seems to dispose effectually of the hackneyed old axiom of the publishers that poetry won't sell. It depends upon the poetry!

Benét has given us a book that is one of the life-long companion sort. One will want to pick it up again and again as the years go by—a book which, in that respect, is akin

to the three old favorites of which C. F. Lloyd told us in last month's *Canadian Bookman*.

There have been many quotations printed in the magazines and reviews, but I have not seen quoted the cry of the Union Army ending with:

"Army of the Potomac, army of brave men,  
Beaten again and again, but never quite broken,  
You are to have the victory in the end  
But these bleak months are your anguish.  
Your voices die out."

Nor the other side of the picture:

"Let us hear the voices of your steadfast enemy;  
Army of Northern Virginia, fabulous army,  
Strange army of ragged individualists,  
The hunters, the riders, the walkers, the savage pastorals,  
The unmachined, the men come out of the ground,  
Still for the most part living close to the ground  
As the roots of the cow pea, the roots of the jasmine,  
The lazy scorners, the rebels against the wheels,  
The rebels against the steel combustion chamber  
Of the half-born new age of engines and metal hands.  
The fighters who fought for themselves in the old c'an fashion,  
Army of planters' sons and rusty poor-whites,  
Where one man came to war with a hair trunk  
Full of fine shirts and a body-servant to mend them,  
And another came with a rifle used at King's Mountain  
And nothing else but his pants and his sun-cracked hands  
Aristo-democracy armed with a forlorn hope,  
Where a scholar turned the leaves of an Arabic grammar  
By the camp fire glow, and a drawling mountaineer  
Told dirty stories old as the bawdy world,

JOHN BROWN'S BODY. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran and Gundy. \$1.50.

Where one of Lee's sons worked a gun with  
the Rockbridge battery  
And two were cavalry generals.

Praying army,  
Full of revivals, as full of salty jests,  
Who debated on God, and Darwin and  
Victor Hugo,  
Decided that evolution might do for the  
Yankees  
But that Lee never came from anything  
with a tail  
And called yourselves 'Lee's miserables  
faintin' '  
When the book came out that tickled your  
sense of romance.

Army of improvisators of peanut-coffee  
Who baked your bread on a ramrod stuck  
through the dough  
Swore and laughed and despaired and sang  
'Lorena,'  
Suffered, died, deserted, fought to the end.

Sentimental army, touched with 'Lorena,'  
Touched by all the lace-paper-valentines of  
sentiment,  
Who wept for the mocking bird on Hallie's  
grave  
When you had better cause to weep for  
private griefs,  
Touched by women and your tradition-idea  
of them,  
The old book-fed, half-queen, half-servant  
idea,  
False and true and expiring.

Starving army  
Who, after your best was dead and your  
Spring lay dead,  
Yet held the intolerable lines of Petersburg  
With deadly courage..

You too are legend now  
And the legend has made your fame and  
dimmed that fame,  
—The victor strikes and the beaten man  
goes down  
But the years pass and the legend covers  
them both,  
The beaten cause turns into the magic cause,  
The victor has his victory for his pains—  
So with you—and the legend has made a  
stainless host  
Out of the dusty columns of footsore men  
Who found life sweet and didn't want to be  
killed,  
Grumbled at officers, grumbled at govern-  
ments.

That stainless host you were not. You had  
your cowards,  
Your bullies, your fakers, your sneaks,  
your savages.  
You got tired of marching. You cursed the  
cold and the rain.  
You cursed the war and the food—and went  
on till the end.

And yet there was something in you that  
matched your fable.  
What was it? What do your dim faint voices  
say?  
Will we ever get home? Will we ever lick  
them for good?  
We've got to go on and fight till we lick  
them for good.  
They've got the guns and the money and  
lots more men  
But we've got to lick them now.

We're not fighting for slaves.  
Most of us never owned slaves and never  
expect to.  
It takes money to buy a slave and we're  
most of us poor,  
But we won't lie down and let the North  
walk over us  
About slaves or anything else.

We don't know how it started  
But they've invaded us and we're bound to  
fight  
Till every last damn Yankee goes home and  
quits.  
We used to think we could lick them in one  
hand's turn.  
We don't think that any more.

They keep coming and coming.  
We haven't guns that shoot as well as their  
guns,  
We can't get clothes that wear as well as  
their clothes,  
But we've got to keep on till they're licked  
and we're independent,  
It's the only thing we can do.

Though some of us wonder—  
Some of us try and puzzle the whole thing  
through,  
Some of us hear about Richmond profiteers,  
The bomb-proofs who get exempted and eat  
good dinners,  
And the rest of it, and say, with a bitter  
tongue,  
'This is a rich man's war and a poor man's  
fight,'  
And more of us, maybe, say that, after a  
while,  
But most of us just keep on till we're  
plumb worn out,  
We just keep on.

We've got the right men to lead us,  
It doesn't matter how many the Yankees are,  
Marse Robert and Old Jack will take care  
of that,  
We'll have to march like Moses and fight  
like hell  
But we're bound to win unless the two of  
them die  
And God would not be so mean as to take  
them both,  
So we just keep on—and keep on—''

To the wilderness,  
To Appomattox, to the end of the dream."

Throughout the narrative one is taken right into the heart of things; in fact into the very hearts and minds of the soldiers and while the language is strong at times is that not in keeping with the strenuous subject?

Here, for instance, is the soliloquy of a Union soldier, a barrel-chested Pennsylvanian, when after two or three years of fighting armies approach his own country, his own home:

Jake Diefer, the barrel-chested Pennsylvanian,  
The steer-thewed, fist-plank-splitter from  
Cumberland,  
Came through the heat and the dust and the  
mountain roar  
That could not drown the rustle of the tall  
wheat  
Making its growing sound, its wind rustle  
sound,  
In his heart that sound, that brief and  
abiding sound,  
To a fork in the road that he knew.

And then he heard  
That mixed undocile noise of combat indeed  
And as if it were strange to him when it  
was not strange.  
—He never took much account of the roads  
as they went,  
They were always going somewhere and  
roads were roads  
But he knew this road.

He knew its turns and its hills,  
And what ploughlands lay beyond it, beyond  
the town.  
On the way to Chambersburg.

He saw with wild eyes  
Not the road before him or anything at all  
But grey men in an unreal wheatfield  
tramping it down.  
Filling their tattered hats with the ripe  
rough grain  
While a shell burst over a barn.

"Grasshoppers!" he said  
Through stiff, dry life, as he tried to gauge  
That mountain roar and its distance.

"The Johnnies is there!  
The Johnnies and us is fighting in  
Gettysburg,  
There must be Johnnies back by the farm  
already,  
By Jesus, those damn Johnnies is on my  
farm!"

Diefer is but one of the characters coming up again and again in the tale. In fact he is not one of the major characters at all, but it's the sort of narrative that impresses all its characters upon you clear-lined;

and, as already intimated, a volume to go back to again and again with keen anticipation ever alive regarding future such returns to the book. J.M.

\* \* \*

SONGS FROM NOW WE ARE SIX. Words by

A. A. Milne, music by H. Fraser-Simson.

Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.50.

The songs included in this delightful book include "Down by the Pond," "Sneezles," "The Engineer," "The Friend," "Furry Bear," "The Emperor's Rhyme," "Cherry Stones" and "Cradle Song."

Many who have the original edition of *Now We Are Six* will want this new large page edition with these favorites set to music. Incidentally it is interesting to record here that this most attractively produced book was printed in Canada—another sign-post indicating Canada's progress in the art of making good books.

Each song has a series of decorations, quaint and humorous illustrations by E. H. Sheppard.

Altogether it is a book to add joy to any home where there are children.

\* \* \*

HORATIO WALKER, LL.D., S.A.A., N.A., R.L., R.C.A. By F. Newlin Price. New York and Montreal: Louis Carrier & Co. \$6.00.

The thanks of all lovers of art are due Carrier's for the artistic manner in which this book has been produced. It is a gem. The first edition is limited to 1024 numbered copies.

There is an appreciation of the artist by F. Newlin Price and thirty-eight full page reproductions of Walker's paintings.

"Partisan of no recent day is this painter of the North," says the author in beginning his appreciation of the artist. "He sings of olden times, thatched roofs and bitter pioneer winters . . . Cattle whose hardihood is seen in draftsmanship that we find in no one else, that is peculiarly his own—he draws them in, swine and Percheron and their confessor peasant who stands by or trudges on, bringing in the winter timber, or a fair milkmaid at a milk platform, or some proud mother of precocious pigs that seem to meditate that wild, whirling flight that only little pigs enjoy, to speed away unsteered in one amazing flash of physical abandon. . . . One day Walker came to New York. He was long on pork, but no one would buy his pigs until in an exhibition he sold one. It brought seventy-five dollars, this picture of a pig. What matters it if a little later it was sold on Fifth Avenue for four thousand dollars?

Mr. Price in his sketch traces the artist's career from his early days in the town of his birth, Listowel, Ontario, in 1858, but



stresses the period following his arrival in New York in 1885.

Following is the data from *Who's Who* as reproduced in this book:

Horatio Walker, Ile d'Orleans, Quebec, Canada. Born Listowel, Ontario, Canada, 1858; came to New York 1885. Member: Associate National Academy of Design, N.Y., 1890; member: National Academy of Design, N.Y., 1891; Society of American Artists, N.Y., 1887; National Institute of Arts and Letters; Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolors, England; American Water Color Society, N.Y.; Salamagundi Club, N.Y.; Artist Fund Society, N.Y.; Artists Aid Society; Rochester Art Club. Awards: Gold Medal, competitive exhibition at American Art Galleries, N.Y., 1887; Evans Prize American Water Color Society, 1888; bronze medal Paris Exposition, 1889; gold medal and diploma, Columbia Exposition, Chicago, 1893; gold medal Pan American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901; gold medal Charleston Exposition, 1902; gold medal for oil and water colors, St. Louis Exposition, 1904; gold medal of honor Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 1906; first prize. Worcester, 1907; gold medal Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915; Hudnut prize, American Water Color Society, 1920. Work: "The Harrower—Morning," and "Sheepfold," Metropolitan Museum, N.Y.; "Ave Maria," Corecoran Gallery, Washington; "The Wood Cutter," and "Milking—Evening," City Museum, St. Louis; "Sheep Shearing," Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo; "Sheepyard—Moonlight," National Gallery, Washington; "Moonrise—A Canadian Pastoral," Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, etc."

Among paintings of which illustrations appear in this volume are "Oxen Drinking," from the National Gallery, Ottawa; "Morning—Ile d'Orleans," from the painting in the Art Gallery of Toronto, and two from the Quebec Museum, "Celestin" and "La Trail du Matin," there being an additional reproduction of the latter reproduced in color and inserted separately, suitable for framing.

It is interesting in this connection to record the fact that Carrier's are to follow this up with similar monographs on other Canadian artists, including Ernest Lawson, who has become famous in New York for modern landscapes, and Louis Philippe Hébert, the famous French-Canadian sculptor. Subsequently Kriehof and Paul Kane are to be included in the series.

The author of the Horatio Walker monograph is a life long friend of the artist and among his published works are volumes of poems. He also edited *A Short History of American Painting*. He has a wide reputation both as an art critic and an art dealer.

## GETTING AROUND IN BOGEY

SHORT CIRCUITS. By Stephen Leacock. Toronto: Macmillan. \$2.00.

One of Leacock's choice bits in his new book will hit every golfer's funny bone. It applies mathematics to golf and deals with the specific problem of getting around a nine-hole course in bogey.

On the assumption that a given player usually makes one hole in bogey in the course of a game, "the chance of making any one particular hole in bogey is one in nine." (For easier calculation this is changed to one in ten.)

"When he makes it his chances of doing the same thing with the next hole is also one in ten; therefore, taken from the start, his chance of making two holes successively in bogey is one-tenth of a tenth chance."

The reader sees how encouraging the calculation is. Here at last is something definite about his progress. Let us carry it further. His chance of making three holes in bogey one after the other will be one in one thousand, his chance of four, one in ten thousand, and his chance of making the whole round in bogey will be exactly 1 in 1,000,000,000—that is, one in a billion games.

He bases his calculation of the ordinary player's average of 100 games in a year, indicating 10,000,000 years for the playing of the requisite billion games. But even this has to be revised to allow for the fact that in 10,000,000 years the shrinkage of the earth's crust, the diminishing heat of the sun and the general slacking down of the whole solar system, together with the passing of eclipses, comets and showers of meteors, "may put us off our game."

\* \* \*

For those concerned about important events in the literary world it is sufficient to announce that H. M. Tomlinson is engaged upon a new novel. While the story is as yet without title, it deals with the war, and those familiar with it believe it will be the most significant work on this theme yet issued in English. The story is the fruit of ten years of work and preparation and may well stand as the greatest achievement of Mr. Tomlinson's career. It will not likely be ready before January.

\* \* \*

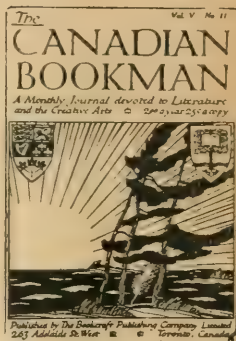
In a letter from Mr. Norman G. Guthrie, of Ottawa, he says in part:

"Please convey to the reviewer my congratulations on the two reviews in the August *Canadian Bookman*. After reading the review of *Herbert Booth*, strangely enough, the collector for the Harvest Festival of the Salvation Army came into the office. I doubled my usual subscription. I think it was a most admirable review."

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That of all the manuscripts he received, 50% of them were entirely outside the scope of his particular magazine; 25% were pencil written or on both sides of the paper, or otherwise unreadable; 20% had "been the rounds" or were in some particular delayed in transmission, thereby lacking in timeliness; the remaining 5% received editorial consideration.

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**STRANGE FUGITIVE.** By Morley Callahan. Toronto: Copp Clark Co. \$2.50.

One would think by the shooting and depravity of all sorts marking the pages of this novel with a Toronto setting, that this well-behaved city — Toronto the Good — was striving to compete with Chicago in wickedness. The thing is overdone. It is a caricature.

Despite Callahan's quick rise to literary fame it is a question whether any future increase in fame will ever rest upon this book despite the fact that it is cleverly done with an eye on the box office.

\* \* \*

**GOETHE: THE HISTORY OF THE MAN.** By Emil Ludwig. Toronto: Ryerson Press. \$5.00.

Ludwig has added still further to his fame as a biographer by this fine book on the great Goethe. It is a dispassionate account of the man, his trials and achievements that Ludwig gives us. All was not pleasant in Goethe's life and nothing is glossed over in this book. The bad is told with the good.

The reader experiences of almost personally sharing with Goethe his spiritual sufferings which were intense, although much of this trouble was due to his imagination. He had the faculty of introspection developed to an inordinate degree.

Extreme in temperament, he would quickly descend from the height of enjoyment to the depths of despair. In his youth, in order to cure himself of "nerves," he went to such extremes as spending whole nights in graveyards and in such places as schools of anatomy.

All these personal traits of the man add interest to the appraisal of his great achievement as a poet.

In his relations with women he was like many another poet, both living and dead. He would tire of a loved one, leave her and a year later say that she had jilted him heartlessly, and always the next woman that attracted him was his only really true love.

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*John Buchan*

*introduce you to*

## *The Runagates Club*

**THE RUNAGATES CLUB**  
BY JOHN BUCHAN



This book gives a dramatic picture of Goethe's career and personality. The translation has been exceptionally well done by Ethel Colburn Mayne. Ludwig has dedicated the English editions to George Bernard Shaw and in this preface he says that there was a swifter and deeper understanding of Goethe among English authors than among those of any other nation. Ludwig essays to submit a new conception of Goethe so that the reader becomes the spectator of a sixty-year-old battle which Goethe's Genius fought with his Demon, from which he finally wrested a tragic victory.

J.M.

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## THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY LTD.

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Toronto

SURRENDER. By J. C. Snaith. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. \$2.00.

In this tale of the French Foreign Legion—the experiences of two well-bred young men. One did so under patriotic impulse, the other seeking oblivion. In the face of apparently insuperable obstacles they decide to make a bolt, face the horrors of the desert and the murderous Arabs rather than endure their existing torments any longer. There is one chance in a hundred of winning through and certain death is the alternative to failure. But death is preferable to the life they are living and after incredible suffering they finally make Cairo.

WHEN THE TURTLES SING, and Other Unusual Tales. By Don Marquis. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy. \$2.00.

In three of these stories Clem Hawley, the immortal Old Soak, tells stories (that really are stories) about his friends and neighbors, whom he observes from the verandah of Jake Smith's Palace Hotel. Here also appears, as the spinner of two yarns extremely funny and yet surprisingly poetic, Tim O'Mara, a new discovery of Mr. Marquis's, who is by no means unworthy to take his place in a book with the Old Soak. Not soon will be forgotten that pathetic pet of an earlier O'Mara—Mrs. MacLirr, the "faymale whale."

\* \* \*

PILGRIMS OF ADVERSITY. By William McFee. \$2.50.

In this new story of the sea McFee has brought out all the life and color and mystery of the Caribbean. It is a story of Costaragua and James Wishart, who shipped as third engineer on board the old Candleshoe with Captain Millerton.

On the voyage from Glasgow to Havana, Wishart becomes acquainted with the penny-pinching Captain Millerton, his fatally optimistic mate Punshon, and the disolute second engineer, Mr. Humphries. In Havana Señor Perkins enters the drama with his fiancée Yolanda, and James Wishart's destiny is entwined with the affairs of Perkins and the Candleshoe—and the working out of his destiny in a situation vibrant with drama makes the best novel McFee has written.

\* \* \*

### NEW BOOKS BY ERVINE

St. John Ervine's new book of short stories, *The Mountain*, has just appeared, almost co-incidental with the author's arrival in New York to take up the post of dramatic critic for *The World*. A little later in the Fall another book, *How to Write a Play*, by Mr. Ervine, will be published. Mr. Ervine is well qualified to write such a book.



LEAGUE OF WESTERN WRITERS

Among the speakers at the Annual Convention of the League of Western Writers at Portland, Oregon, on August 10th, was Mr. L. Bullock-Webster, of Vancouver, who said in part:

"I believe that most Canadian writers will be both pleased and honored to belong to the League of Western Writers. We have our own Canadian Authors Association, which is a splendid organization, doing most valuable work, but the League can do much for us, and I hope that we may be able to do much for it. A signal honor has been extended to us at this convention. Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts has just been elected Honorary President of the League of Western Writers. You could not have chosen a better man to represent Canada. He is the President of the Canadian Authors Association; a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, London. He is also a charter member of your American National Academy of Arts and Letters. He is a true Canadian, a man of vision, who believes in strengthening all those bonds that unite us to the Motherland, and at the same time striving for the most cordial friendship between your people and ours. We believe that Canada, (a free country within the British Commonwealth of Nations) has a great part to play in developing a sympathy, an intellectual solidarity, a cultural unity between your great nation and the British Empire; a sympathy and unity of aspirations and ideals on which the very future of civilization would seem to depend."

\* \* \*

*More Pious Friends and Drunken Companions*, a companion book to Frank Shay's remarkable collection of hilarious old songs, with wood cuts by John Held, Jr., is now in the publishers' hands and will be issued in the near future.

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### Victoria and Islands Branch

THE July meeting of the Victoria and Islands Branch was held in the Alexandra Club, when Robert Watson, President of the Winnipeg Branch, was chief speaker and guest of honor. Introduced by Donald A. Fraser, Vice-President, in the absence of Alfred Carmichael, Mr. Watson won the hearts of his audience by his straightforward address in which he gave valuable advice both as to methods of writing and marketing. "No great book ever written has not had a combination of genius and technique," he warned his audience, in emphasizing the necessity of developing the latter even if the former were present in abundance. *A Very Gallant Gentleman*, one of his best books, was conceived and written in six weeks; but another book easily begun cost him more than a year's thought before he could see a way of completing it. *Me and Peter*, autobiographical in character, took twelve years, having been rewritten, from end to end, at least thirty times, the last re-writing being the most drastic of all; but he considers this his best book. He referred to other books he had written, *Spoilers of the Valley* and *High Hazard*, just brought out in England and to appear shortly in England and the United States.

"The creative power of writing is the trying, the exhausting thing," he declared. "Anyone can acquire a technique."

Writers were warned against the mistake of selling their stories for anything offered; neither should they

pay to have their matter published. This cheapened literature in the eyes of the publisher and was unfair to the whole profession. The author's time was worth money just as the time of labor had its value. Moreover, if the publisher would not publish for the profit which he himself could make, the author could hardly hope to make a better success. Authors were warned not to sell copyright—some day they might be famous. With the sale of copyright went their serial rights, their motion picture rights and radio rates as well. Another point which Mr. Watson brought up was that an author should carefully preserve his early material which might be unsold, as in such many original ideas might be found, which a knowledge of craftsmanship and a wider vision might successfully remould into marketable literature at a later date.

An industrious note-taker over a period of thirty years, Mr. Watson had arranged the material collected in a lifetime in book form recently, and an Eastern publisher had asked him for the right to publish it. This volume would come off the press in about a month's time.

In closing his address, and apropos of his interest in history, Mr. Watson told an interesting story of a valuable "find" which had fallen into his hand not long ago in Winnipeg. This concerned one Samuel Black, and his marvelous exploration trip of 104 years ago to the source of the Finlay River, the diary of the old adventurer entirely overturning accepted history. The document was one of those res-

cued from the debris following a fire of thirty years ago which destroyed tons of Hudson's Bay Company's records.

It was a source of gratification to the members of this branch to learn that the paper on "Some Aspects of Modern Poetry," read by Miss K. Ermatinger Fraser of Vancouver, at the Calgary Convention, had been asked for at the convention of Western Writers held in Portland, Ore., August 9th to 11th.

\* \* \*

### CANADIAN BOOK WEEK

The dates for Canadian Book Week have been fixed for November 4-10. Already letters have gone out asking for the co-operation of organizations interested in this matter, and probably letters will be sent out to other organizations. The executive would suggest that in every locality, wherever it is possible to arouse interest in the matter, members of the Canadian Authors Association should take the initiative and try to see what can be done. The clergy might be interested, teachers of high and public schools, booksellers, women's organizations and service clubs. If our membership generally were to interest themselves, there could be a very great deal of valuable publicity given to the work of Canadian writers, composers, and artists.

\* \* \*

### MR. GROVE ON NATIONHOOD

From the Calgary newspapers are gleaned some points regarding F. P. Grove's address on "Nationhood" before the Canadian Club of that city on September 12th.

"Is Canada a Nation?" Answering this Mr. Grove said "a country is a nation only when it has achieved that degree of individuality in its people that they can be truly called civilized. Civilization depends solely on the development of the individual soul—the nucleus of any nation—toward the higher things of life; love, beauty and ideals of a worthier

nature than the acquirement of wealth."

Going back into ancient Roman and earlier history, Mr. Grove pointed out that the pronouncement of the name nation on a country was not influenced by the amount of wealth which that country had accumulated, but more by its spiritual acquirements.

He then gradually came back to his first question, and pointed out that the test of a nation was in its ability to hold that differentiation from other countries, and an example he cited was the French-Canadian civilization in the eastern part of our great Dominion.

Canada, he emphasized, has plenty of natural resources and all that sort of material wealth, but she has something much worthier of a nation than that—she has the characteristic difference from the powerful neighbors to the south which have been striving—perhaps not intentionally—to Americanize Canada from her very beginning. It is this difference which is noticed about every true Canadian—his own characteristic individuality apart from other nationalities—which makes Canada worthy of being called a nation.

Mr. Grove has spent many years among the pioneer peoples of Manitoba, whom he has portrayed, teaching them, doctoring them, acting as preacher, lawyer, and general adviser. Although he had gone to other parts of the country he had been drawn back to them for, in a world gone insane with speed and transportation, these pioneers stand unmoved, concerned primarily with truth and beauty, the truth of their own reactions to life, and the beauty of the universe of nature. Among them he found men and women whose relation to the soil was spiritual rather than economical. "Ten righteous men could save this West from materialism, and I know vastly more than ten," the speaker declared.



# The Collector

BY all odds the most valuable book by a native American—and, for the matter of that, the most valuable of all books printed in America save the very first of them, the Bay Psalm Book—is Edgar Allen Poe's first book. This book, published in Boston in 1827, remained totally unknown, because of its anonymity, until early in the eighties, the first known copy coming to light in London some time before 1884. The British Museum had a contract with Henry Stevens & Son whereby the booksellers were to supply it with all American pamphlets, which it did not possess, at a shilling apiece. A bundle so delivered contained *Tamerlane and Other Poems, by a Bostonian*, which the Museum's librarian, with an intuition which can be described only as extraordinary, promptly recognized. Only seven or eight copies of the book are known to exist today. Two of these were formerly in the possession of Frederick Halsey, the well-known New York collector, one of which he bought at the Ives auction in New York in 1893 for \$1,850; the other, known as the McKee copy, he acquired in 1900 for \$2,250. Mr. Halsey sold both copies to Henry D. Huntington, who kept one and later resold the other to Mr. Halsey. This, at the sale of the remainder of the latter's library in 1919, was acquired by the late George D. Smith, the New York bookdealer, for \$12,750, the highest price ever paid for a book by an American author.

The original draft of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* is announced to have been discovered in London by Dr. Benjamin Rand, of Harvard University. The work contains practically all the material found in the published version, but is said to antedate it by some time. Rand's discovery of this manuscript is one of several which he has made recently of the English philosopher's unpublished manuscripts.

One of the strangest of all strange things is what has become of the large body of autographic material which undoubtedly once existed in the handwriting of Shakespeare. Six signatures are all that remain of the work of his hand, and some say that only five are of undoubted authenticity. Three of them, cramped and tremulous in charac-

ter, are on his will, which was executed in 1616, one being on each of the three sheets composing the document. The Guildhall Library has a deed of bargain and sale of a house in Blackfriars bought by Shakespeare in 1612-13, in which the signature is firmer, but still somewhat cramped in character. For this the corporation of London paid in 1841 the sum of £145. The fifth signature is on a mortgage of the same house in Blackfriars, and differs a little from the others. It was engraved in facsimile by Steeves in 1790, and for some years was lost from sight entirely, but turned up again in 1858, when it was bought for the British Museum for £315. The Museum also possesses the sixth signature, which so good a judge as Sir Frederick Madden declared to be one "that challenges and defies suspicion." This signature is larger and bolder than any of the others, and it is the only one that is undated. As it occurs on the title page of Florio's translation of the *Essays of Montaigne*, 1603, it cannot be earlier than that date, but may belong to any period between that year and the poet's death in 1616. The Museum authorities in 1838 paid £100 for this autograph.

Do you possess, by any chance, a copy of the first "Bradshaw"—that indispensable guide to railway travellers in Great Britain? If so, you possess something which is worth a good deal more than its weight in gold. This initial booklet bears the date "10 Mo. 19th, 1839"—a form which, with but slight deviation, persists today, perpetuating the dislike of its founder, George Bradshaw, who was a Quaker, of a chronological system in which the months were named after "heathen gods."

Not many Canadians—even among those few of them who delight in fine printing—may be aware that John Henry Nash, of San Francisco, who has made an enviable name for himself as a printer of fine books, is a Canadian. Mr. Nash was born at Woodbridge, Ont., on March 12, 1871, and was educated in Toronto, graduating from the High School there. His early training as a printer was received in Canada, and in 1894 he went to the United States. He moved to San Francisco in the forthcoming year,

and with the exception of an interval after the fire and earthquake in 1906, when he went to New York City, he has made his home there ever since. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Mr. Nash in 1923 by Mills College, Oakland, Cal., and in 1925 the University of Oregon honored him with the degree of Doctor of Letters, and placed him on the Faculty of the University. At the same time the John Henry Nash Fine Arts Press was established at the University of Oregon, having as its object the making of fine books, printed entirely by the students of typography, under Mr. Nash's supervision. Mr. Nash is a Vice-President of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, a member of the Grolier Club of New York City, and the Board of Governors of the San Francisco Club of Printing House Craftsmen. His books are yearly included among "The Fifty Best Books of the Year," and for the past two years his work has been awarded first honors at the Graphic Arts Leaders of America Exhibition at Philadelphia.

\* \* \*

The ramifications of the Medici family in Europe, and the power it wielded during the Middle Ages in business, politics and religion, are graphically shown in a collection of ninety-six account books recently presented to the Baker Library at Boston by H. Gordon Selfridge, the London merchant, who purchased them at Christie's in London. Dr. Havelock Fisher, in a report to the American Historical Association, says that an examination of the books show that "the business antennae of the Medici family of Florence, Italy, reached to all parts of the then known world." The collection contains memoranda regarding seizures of property, deeds of sale, leases, dowry agreements, marriage contracts and settlements. There are also powers of attorney, court orders, wills, testamentary depositions, reports on trade conditions and bank and credit reports.

\* \* \*

Thorburn & Abbott, the Ottawa booksellers, recently acquired a most interesting association item in two volumes, *The Speeches and Public Letters of Hon. Joseph Howe*, now a rare item of Canadiana, with the additional attraction of its associations, and from a collector's point of view unique.

It has these inscriptions and signatures in both volumes:

To Rear Admiral Philip Westphail, from his old friend, Joseph Howe, 1858."

Ten years later the dear old Admiral presented it and inscribed,

"From Admiral Westphail to his much esteemed friend, Jonathan Worsley, May, 1868."

Again it was passed along; this time into

the hands of J. S. D. Thompson, who sent it and inscribed as follows:

"To Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, from J. S. D. Thompson."

On the inside of the cover evidently after it came into the possession of Sir John, some vandal actually cut the signatures of Sir John from two letters signed by him, and pasted them in.

At the end of Vol. 2 is a poem of 12 verses by Joseph Howe, entitled "Coming Home," apparently cut from a newspaper.

Admiral Westphail was a midshipman at the Battle of Copenhagen in 1801 and retired in 1846, so must have been about 70 years old when he received the book from Joseph Howe and about 80 when he sent it to his friend Jonathan Worsley.

I wonder if any of *Canadian Bookman's* readers could trace either of the other recipients, Jonathan Worsley and J. S. D. Thompson.

\* \* \*

### Catalogues Received

Henry Sotheran & Co., London, Eng.: Illustrated Catalogue of Interesting Second-Hand Books (No. 97), America, early printed works, famous presses, etc.; Arthur Rogers, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.: Old Miscellaneous Books and Modern First Editions (No. 14), Americana, etc.; MacKay Book Shop, Toronto: MacKay Catalogue of First Editions and Other Books (No. 8), including an interesting run of Bliss Carman first editions; Stephen Hunt, Coloured Plate Books, First Editions, etc. (No. 8); G. H. Last, Bromley, Kent, Eng.: Miscellaneous Books (No. 146) America, etc.; Wright Howes, Chicago: Art, History, Literature and America (No. 15); C. Horner, Hastings, Eng.: From the XVth to XXth Centuries (No. 31); Thos. C. Godfrey, Stonegate, Eng.: Second Hand Books (No. 2); Dauber & Pine Bookshops Inc., New York: Monthly Book Bargain Bulletin (No. 30), America, Canada, etc.; E. Hector, Birmingham, Eng.: Choice Books (No. 293); W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge, Eng.: Second-Hand Books (No. 315); Samuel J. Looker, South Green, Billericay, Eng.: A Collector's Catalogue, with annotations; H. Tiedemann, Berlin, Germany: Books on Canada (2 pp. type-written); R. Fletcher Ltd., London, Eng.: Rare and Interesting Books (No. 38) Americana, etc.; Wm. Smith & Son, Reading, Eng.: Second Hand Books (No. 71); Strand Book Service, New York City: Choice and Rare Books; Jas. Wilson, Birmingham, Eng.: An Interesting collection of Antiquarian Books (No. 652); Baker's Great Bookshop, Birmingham, Eng.: Catalogue of Books for the most part First Editions 1750-1850 (No. 421).

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*A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature  
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Vol. X.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1928

No. 10



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# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

514-A Yonge St., Toronto 5, Ont.

Vol. X., No. 10

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1928

25c a Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

CECIL FRANCIS LLOYD

WHO is C. F. Lloyd? That is a question that has come to *Canadian Bookman* time and again since his essays began to appear in these columns, especially since the February number, which contained his "Parnassus and the Public," causing a stir which has not yet died down. So persistent and insistent have been these enquiries that it has been thought advisable to give him a more personal introduction to *Canadian Bookman* readers, and that is how Lloyd comes to be the subject of this month's sketch in the "Who's Who" series. Incidentally, readers will be pleased to know that a half dozen or more additional essays by Lloyd are in train for publication in this magazine. It is interesting too, to chronicle the fact that a volume of his essays has just been published in Toronto under the title of *Sunlight and Shadow*, as well as a new edition of his volume of poems, *Leaves of the Sybil*, originally published in Winnipeg two years ago.

It had been hoped to present also a picture of Mr. Lloyd, but unfortunately there was no photograph available, Mr. Lloyd's comment being that he had sat to a photographer only once in his life, and that many years ago. The only picture that could be dug up was a snap-shot somewhat out of focus, and consequently unsuitable for reproduction. This picture shows him with his pet fox terrier at keen

attention interested in a tid-bit held in his master's hand.

Cecil Francis Lloyd is the last survivor of an ancient West of England family, probably originally from Wales but settled in the cider country for at least six hundred years. He was born at Stonelee house, Herefordshire, November 22, 1884, just two months after his father was killed. His mother never quite recovered from the shock of that fatality and died when her son was eleven. She was the daughter of a distinguished general, the head of an old Highland family. Of his mother Lloyd says: "She was to me a guide, philosopher, friend, constant companion, physically and intellectually the most beautiful human being I have ever known. She it was who taught me to love beauty, books, the great outdoors, the sea and some measure of justice, and to hate ugliness, cruelty and bullying of the weak by the strong, as I hate hell."

While she lived the mother and son spent every winter in Italy, chiefly in Rome, returning in the spring by way of the Rhine valley and Paris, with occasional visits to Berlin and St. Petersburg.

After his mother's death Lloyd had a hectic year in St. Paul's grammar school; a trip across the ocean to visit an uncle in Kingston, Ontario, a few months rough and tumble schooling in a Canadian High School, then Eng-

land again, followed by years of semi-invalidism. Then came another visit to Canada and two terms at Queen's University as a medical student, more sickness, a year in arts at London University and final abandonment of all formal schooling. Next came a walking tour in Switzerland and Germany and then his return to Canada, where he has been ever since, save for a brief stay in Florida in the winter of 1913-14, and a short visit to Texas and Iowa on the way home. Previous to that he had farmed for three years in Manitoba "and married my good fairy." His return from that U.S. trip was precipitated by a desire to enlist for the front, but he was bitterly disappointed in being told that he was totally unfit for any kind of military service.

Since 1914 he has been in commercial life in Winnipeg—"for my sins no doubt." Thirteen years of idyllic happiness came to an end with Mrs. Lloyd's sudden death in 1926.

Some interesting biographical notes are scattered through some of the essays which have appeared in *Can-*

*dian Bookman*, particularly the reminiscences of his grandfather in "The Whirligig of Time," published in the November, 1927, issue.

In religion Lloyd is "a reverend agnostic who loves the Gospel of St. John and the beauty of the ancient faith of Christendom." In politics he is a Conservative-minded Liberal, a believer in the democratic ideal and the slow but probably sure improvement of the human race. Among his favorite recreations are walking in the country and reading Homer and Shakespeare. He likes animals on the whole better than human beings, having found them "braver, more sensible and infinitely more grateful and trustworthy." With Oliver Wendell Holmes he believes that he who bids for immortality should pin his faith to one lyric rather than to ten volumes of prose.

"My past is a dream," said Lloyd to *Canadian Bookman*, "and as for the future, I have none. I am done with the business of this delectable world and like Bacon, compound for a period of eternal rest."

## To Don Byrne

*and the noble company of artists and artists' friends  
who died young.*

By C. F. Lloyd

THE fairest flower has ever briefest life.  
The brightest day becomes too quickly old.  
The sky-aspiring flame of worthy strife  
Drops into ashes and grows sudden cold.  
The light that on the mountain tops doth burn  
Becomes an easy prey to stupid night.  
All lovely things too early must return  
To earth, fair victims of her moody spite.  
But who would not prefer to be a rose  
One honeyed day of summer's golden prime,  
To the dull lichen that unheeded grows  
On tombstones even to the end of time?  
Better be beauty for an hour than be  
Darkness and dust for all eternity.

# The Background in Literature

By R. E. Gosnell

I CANNOT sufficiently express appreciation of an article in the August issue of *Canadian Bookman*, entitled "Three Old Books," by C. F. Lloyd. It may not be complimentary to him to say that I do not know his status in literature, or whether he has a recognized place in Canadian authorship or not. It is perhaps the fact that his views coincide so thoroughly with my own on the three authors reviewed, that I am inclined to appraise his article so highly, but I think not. From a literary point of view it speaks for itself in justness of analysis, nicety of expression, and clarity of thought. But most of all to me he seems to love old-fashionedness in at least some authors.

Though I never read *Religio Medici*, by Sir Thomas Browne, for long at a time, it is an old favorite of mine and I love to dip into it at odd times, for, as Lloyd puts it, its "dignity of thought and feeling." It is difficult to keep one's patience with its almost mediaeval superstitions, and yet the quaint conceits of thought, if not indulged in protractedly at one sitting, have a charm all their own. It is said of him that he was a puzzle to his contemporaries, whether in England or on the continent, and I can quite understand it. According to his own confession he loved to lose himself in a mystery. *Religio Medici* may not be very sound philosophy or wholly good theology, but it is literature of the highest and profoundest order.

Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler* and Samuel Pepys' *Diary* will, of course, without necessity of further comment, continue to attract and fascinate as long as the language lasts. The list could be very considerably extended to include *The Natural History of Selborne*, Butler's

*Hudibras*, Dr. Johnson's *Rambler*, *Idler* and *Rasselas* and Boswell's *Johnson*; Addison and Steele's *Spectator*, Christopher North's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*—although to the reader not familiar with the Scottish dialect difficult to follow, but inimitable in humor and pungency if he is; Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Siege of Mansoul*; The Bible itself, whose books as pure literary pabulum are unsurpassed; Pope's *Essay on Man*, and to be a little modern, Carlyle's lectures on "hero worship" and Spencer's *Philosophy of Style*—all without departing too much from Mr. Lloyd's ideals contained in his three sacred books. Some of these writers and many others of their times, if they lived now and wrote as they did then—of course they would adapt themselves to the new flair in literature—would have difficulty in finding editors who would read their copy, let alone print it. Their ponderosity and grandiose diction, archaism of philosophic thought, extreme dogmatism, and verbosity, according to their genius, could not find a place in our modern literature, but nevertheless their writings form a background which no earnest student of literature can afford to neglect. Having read such books through, the student could cast them away from him forever and their influence as revealed in dignity and style of expression, depth of thought, and fulness of knowledge in his writings would remain to the end.

I cannot pretend to be a literary critic, especially in prose fiction and poetry, I only know, as in painting and music, what I like, though I am usually well and permanently satisfied with my own appraisements. But if I were to venture a criticism at all upon many of the novels of the young Canadian authors I have read, it



would be that they lack this very background. One cannot read a novel, or any book for that matter, through without coming to a safe conclusion as to whether the author is widely and judiciously read or whether he is a skimmer of literature, depending upon meretricious phrasing for success. It may be that for lack of fictional art and imagination, a man of wide culture and erudition, like John Lothrop Motley, who equalled if he did not excel even Flaubert as a colorist, cannot write a successful novel. Even in humor, except of the ephemeral type, background is necessary for an enduring success. As a good example, I shall take H. F. Gadsby, of Toronto, whom many do not take quite seriously enough, because they are not sufficiently familiar with the material that forms his background. On account of his exceptional range of good reading and his study of classics, his articles are saturated with references and apt allusions that incite to laughter while giving point to his moral, and Gadsby always has a theme.

It is quite true that in law, science and mechanics, and even philosophy a man could achieve success without much reference to the past; but, for instance, I can scarcely imagine a student ambitious to become learned in the law, who would not first make himself familiar with the Justinian Code, to go no farther back, the treatises of Grotius, Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and other venerable authorities. Laws change, but the principles of sound law are eternal. Or a medical student who would not acquaint himself with the theories and practice of Hippocrates and Eristratus, the medical writings of Aristotle, and, coming down the centuries, marking the headlights in the development of medical science, to each of whom the succeeding votary owes a debt of gratitude. He would be confronted with a great deal that is crude and unscientific in the light of pres-

ent knowledge, but all of it is background, just as it was for Sir William Osler and all great modern healers. One with aspirations to become an astronomer and mathematician would as a preliminary, master Newton's *Principia*, and would go back to Ptolemy and Pythagoras and follow down to Copernicus and Galileo, later surveying the entire stellar universe through the eyes of all the great astronomers of the last two hundred years. Kipling tells us that nobody knows England who only England knows, and nobody can know literature or become great in it who only lives in the atmosphere of and scans current writing. Literature is in its forms of human expression older than the arts and sciences and is so wide in its purview as to embrace every phase of thought and human activity.

I did not start out to say all this. I simply wished to express the pleasure I experienced in reading the article of Mr. Lloyd—I am taking for granted he is a "Mr."—who has opened up a theme worthy of much contemplation. But I sometimes allow my old-fashioned instincts to run away with a now somewhat garrulous pen.

#### \* \* \*

#### NEW SINGERS

There are poems in this issue by half a dozen Canadian singers of whom four have already been introduced to *Canadian Bookman* readers through the medium of their poems. The newcomers are Miss Mary A. Knight, of Newport Landing, Nova Scotia, and Miss Hylda Kathleen Wheeler, of Vancouver. It is hoped to find room in early issues for a number of other poems awaiting publication. Among these are poems to be commended to the anthologist now compiling a comprehensive collection of the representative work of Canadian poets to include many singers whose poetry has been passed over by other anthologists and new work that has appeared since the publication of the last anthology.

## The Gift of Life

By Nathaniel A. Benson

LET the past as twilight be,  
Sorrows all be dead;  
Let the dawn for you and me  
Lift a lovelier head.

Never anguish pressed the heart,  
Never beauty died,  
But their fair immortal part  
Lived on sanctified.

So, when shines the morning star  
Griefs steal hence and home,  
And from sorrows, streaming far,  
Perfect song shall come.

Time and tears our portion seem,  
But all these above  
Wakes one truth like April dream:  
Out of life comes love.

## Memoria Perpetua

By Christina Willey

THEY say, the little souls who cannot know,  
That Time at last kills all,  
That the proud memory of the brave shall go  
Beyond the world's recall,  
But Israel's golden shepherd overthrew  
The giant braggard of the Philistines.

They say remembrance dies, that all in vain  
Are the great virtues shown,  
They vanish, like a summer's sun and rain,  
And like the clouds are flown,  
Who now can tell the ranks of Agincourt,  
Or call the roster of the victory?

They do not know, the scoffers and the light—  
Perhaps the name is gone  
What of a name? The deed shines strongly bright,  
The spirit still lives on.  
Leonidas alone has left a name  
But his three hundred heroes live with him!

This is the Feast Day of the Glorious Dead,  
This is our Day of Souls,  
We bow, remembering, lift high the head.  
When the long signal rolls.  
Today the Empire hails, in grave salute,  
The Unknown Warrior and the Cenotaph.

## The Answer

By Adah Reid

I AM the unreturning  
Fashioned of mist and dew,  
Living beyond the stardust  
I may never come back to you.

I am the heart of violets  
That died at the birth of dawn,  
I am the falling fountain  
I am the leaping, faun.

I am the heart of dreamland  
Living mid lonely years,  
I can but see your misted eyes  
I can but feel your tears.

I shall pass you in the sunshine  
And in the sleeping rain,  
I cannot stop your calling  
I can but ease your pain.

I am the unreturning  
Dreaming beyond the dark—  
I shall call you at the dawning  
In the singing of a lark.

## Isolate

By Mary A. Knight

HE whô hath looked above, about, within,  
Searched Heaven and Hell, and marked the space  
between,

How shall he walk as one who has not seen?

How shall he be again what he has been?

In wistful agony, he still must scan

With hurt amaze the gulf that yawns so wide

'Twixt one untrammelled victor-heart that died

And men—and, most of all, that inner man.

Howe'er among his fellow-men he move,

Thrill to their joy and falter in their grief,

From treadmill thought he findeth no relief,

Till all the right and wrong of life he prove;

Above the world stands pinnacled by pain,

Blind to its beckoning, deaf to its disdain.



## September Haze

By C. F. Lloyd

CROSSING the prairie beyond Kildonan the other day I was suddenly recalled from thoughts connected with a harassing matter of business which had occupied my mind for some time, by glancing casually across the warm expanse of ripened grass and late wild-flowers towards the distant horizon, bounded at one point by a bank of pearly-white clouds, at another by woods. Involuntarily I remarked, loud enough to have been heard by anyone walking near me, "Oh, there it is again, my old friend; fall is indeed here." It, was a veil or film of something blue, tenuous almost spirituelle in its delicate immateriality, its suggestion of something half of this world and half of some world unknown to our gross senses. It might be intervening air, like distant hills, but whatever else it might be, one thing I knew at once it was, beyond doubt, my old friend of many happy, vanished autumns, the September haze. It is not confined to September for it may still be seen during October or even on warm afternoons in November, but it is at its best on fine, calm afternoons in September towards the middle of the month, while the stored heat of summer yet lingers in the earth, while the woods are still comparatively green, the late flowers ablaze in suburban gardens and the white plague of the hovering frost a threat rather than a reality. On such an afternoon the tender thing I speak of, which is to all other vapor what music is to words, or light to the transparent cloud through which it passes to reach the earth, enhances the beauty of a naturally lovely landscape while lending to even the sordid confusion of weedy suburban lots and city trees a charm like that with which age sometimes invests the wrinkled face of a laborer who, hav-

ing toiled ceaselessly all his days with his hands, has lacked opportunity and perhaps inclination to develop the finer side of his nature.

Under the subtle influence of this azure cloud, delicate as the veil that concealed Venus from Diomedé when she rescued Paris, the landscape grows at once mellow and rich, as though all the accumulated fruitfulness of spring and summer were passing invisibly from its mother, the earth, into some heaven of rest and forgetfulness.

Tramping stolidly across the sun-warmed prairie with the heavy, meditative step of middle-age, I tried to recall where and under what circumstances I had first seen the September haze. My mind reverted, with that swiftness that belongs only to thought and other immaterial things, to an autumn afternoon which I spent long years ago on a windy slope of the Malvern hills, not far from that curious rock known as the Devil's chimney. There was no wind abroad in the hills that afternoon. The sky was a vast arch of stainless blue, against which the dark outline of a soaring kite, or some other small hawk, was dimly visible. Sheep and a few half-grown lambs, sobered by approaching maturity, fed all round me. The gnarled figure of an ancient shepherd, uncommunicative as his own flocks, leaned on his crook; beneath the spreading branches of an old thorn tree which may have witnessed the battle of Mortimer's Cross, fought not many miles away. There was not a flock of cloud visible anywhere within the wide circle of the horizon. The world and its concerns seemed far away. Far below me, in a neighboring valley, I could see the slowly revolving chimney-pots of an old, gray-stone house, with its historic roots plunged

deep in the past of England and its heart-warming, five-century-old traditions of generous hospitality and heroic courage. Far away to the west the blue lift of the Welsh hills swept up to meet the descending arch of the sky. The squat tower of Hereford cathedral rose above its encircling woods through which the Wye flashed on its journey to the Bristol channel. All around the rim of the world, half concealing the more distant objects, hung the tender beauty of that impalpable cloud which is the sign and most exquisite adornment of that queen of seasons, autumn.

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun."

I recall vividly another afternoon, nearly as perfect in its gentle loveliness as that Malvern one and with the same unearthly charm. It was an afternoon spent on the shore of Lake Ontario, not many miles east of Kingston. I had been out duck hunting along with a favorite water spaniel, Queenie, she of the silky ears and liquid, eloquent eyes, one of my only two dog friends. My other dog friend was the keenest and foxiest of fox-terriers, with pointed ears and eyes of exceeding watchful cunning, aglow with the devil of innocent mischief. He died only last spring. But to return to my muttons. I had tramped several miles and was tired, for the afternoon was hot, hot enough for midsummer. Two murdered ducks hung from my belt. In and out among the goldenrod and brambles went Queenie, nose to ground, her long ears flapping. At intervals she would pause and look back as much as to say, come on, what's keeping you? Then forward she would go again. Once she sprung a partridge and started in pursuit with a wild yelp of delight, deadened by the futile report of my gun. The bird disappeared among some dark Scotch firs near the road, while I climbed the snake fence and prepared to enjoy the scene in that drowsy mood to which heat and wear-

iness reduce even energetic people at times.

Queenie returned to stretch, head on paws, at my feet. From my vantage point I looked across a large plowed field, dipping gradually from the road to a small creek near the middle, beyond which it rose rather sharply to a thin wood of birch and maple with a small grove of beeches at one end. Beyond the wood the smoke of a farm-house ascended lazily into the translucent sky. The sun was nearly behind me. To the right lay the lake, heaving gently with a murmurous lap, lap of little waves on a sandy beach. On my left hand, beyond the road, lay a stony pasture covered with white boulders and clumps of prickly-ash, in the shade of which sheep were lying. Somewhere a cow-bell clanged. In the distance a farmer's boy whistled shrilly and out of tune, "Old Black Nell." The calm of autumn rested on the lake, the earth, the yellowing woods and possessed even the unfathomable blue of the clear sky. The whole landscape was slightly obscured by a blue veil, my old friend of the Malvern hills, the September haze.

I do not at the moment recall whether Butler, in his great analogy between things natural and things revealed only to the eye of the spirit, makes any use of this delicate vesture of the dying year, but to me it is one of the most gracious things in nature, almost a transfiguration. The months of growth, of effort, of upward striving, are past. The vivid activity of spring, swift as an ascending flame, and the steady vigor of summer have spent their force. The old earth's work is done for yet another season. Like an old marshal who retires to his native village to rest after long years of battle, the earth withdraws her power into the dark caverns of silence and sleep. The spirit of growth retires for a time but, like a beautiful old favorite of the stage, Terry or Duse, she retires gracefully, half con-

cealing her somewhat diminished charms as though loath to expose the ravages of time to the gaze of her loyal admirers. Only a vulgarian would see at such a time more than nature plainly intends us to see. If she has her moods of youthful boldness, of almost rash exposure, she has also her studied restraints, her dignified concealments, and so should we. Even death may be invested with a cold beauty but there is nothing on earth so brutally vulgar as a vulgar funeral.

I do not know where the September haze may be seen at its best. It is gracious everywhere, on the hills, above the rim of the prairies, in a country of woods and rivers. Perhaps the best of all places in which to see it is an old park; not a public park, but one surrounding some great house Chatsworth or Mount Vernon. In such a place it seems almost like the tender memories of the dead generations of men, and all other once living things, rendered visible, the gentle spirit of the past returning pensively to earth for a moment to enjoy once again the mellow beauty of the ripened year.

\* \* \*

#### NEW LIBRARY SCHOOL

Toronto has followed the lead of McGill University in establishing a training school for Librarians. The first session opened September 25th in the College of Education, University of Toronto. The new school is under the directorship of Miss Winnifred G. Barnstead, with Miss Bertha Bassam as lecturer in library science and special lecturers from the libraries of the city and province, who will deal with various other phases of the librarian's work.

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#### PASSING OF LOUIS TRACY

The death occurred recently in Ashford, Kent, of the English author, Louis Tracy, who wrote many popular novels. *The Wings of the Morning* made him internationally famous.

## The Game of Book Selecting

Reader Would Add Five Hundred Volumes to a Home Library and Wants Help in their Selection.

*Canadian Bookman* is just in receipt of a request from one of its subscribers for a list of about \$500 worth of books to be added to two hundred volumes gathered together in the past few years. This subscriber has "a horror of rows and rows of brand new books that do not constitute a library in the true sense of the word." She is evidently of the opinion that a library should be a sort of bi-product of the owner's personality, the possessor of the books being familiar with the contents of each volume.

"Your magazine has been an education in itself and it was for that reason that I thought you would be the best people to approach for this information," adds this subscriber.

How to give the best answer to such a request and what books to suggest, that is the problem!

May we not ask the help of other readers? Lists of suggested volumes are requested and especially brief messages about individual volumes and why they should be included in this five hundred volume home library extension. The results should be most informative and revealing. Who will be the first to join in this library selection game?

\* \* \*

#### £5000 PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION

George Allen and Unwin Ltd., of London, are co-operating with Houghton Mifflin & Co., of Boston, in offering a prize of £5,000 in addition to royalties for "the most interesting, best written, and most memorable story with the world war as a background." The closing date is May 1st, 1929. *Canadian Bookman* will be glad to procure further information for any of its subscribers who are interested.



## A POETRY RECITAL

If the first of a series of informal literary gatherings organized by Miss Isobel Macdonald and inaugurated on the evening of Friday, Oct. 12th, at My Friend's Little Book and Gift Shop, Toronto, may be taken as a criterion, lovers of poetry are to have a succession of real treats this season.

On this occasion Miss Anne Sutherland, of Guelph, gave a recital of her poems and made a most favorable impression. She was introduced by Mr. E. J. Moore, of the Ryerson Press, who acted as chairman. Miss Sutherland's poems were interspersed with musical numbers and at the conclusion refreshments were served by the genial hostess, Miss Jones, whose interesting little shop was an ideal spot for the event.

The lyrical and wholesome qualities of Miss Sutherland's work, enhanced by her delightful interpretation of the poems she chose, made her akin to the feathered songster in the following happy little poem which was one of her numbers:

## The Lecture

It's very trying; here am I  
Endeavoring to find out why  
(From this Professor Know-What's-What)  
Some verse is good and some is not.  
I look attentive, I am sure;  
My countenance is most demure,  
My feet set primly side by side,  
My telltale mouth most dignified,  
But I shall never learnedly  
Discuss poetic symmetry,  
And I shall never, never scan  
As fast as this Professor man!  
I fear he would be very sad  
To see the scribbles on my pad  
And know his stentor voice was drowned  
In such a tiny, crooning sound,  
But close outside the window-pane,  
With all his tender might and main,  
A small Professor in a tree  
Is singing poetry to me.

In the appreciation expressed, Miss A. B. White, of the *Mail and Empire*, referred to Miss Sutherland as one of a goodly company of young singers now coming up who were sounding authentic notes of Canadian inspiration.

## THE DICKENSIANS

The Dickens Fellowship of Toronto began another season with the presentation of three scenes from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, under the direction of Frank Rostance and John Broekie. The cast was as follows: *Pecksniff*, Archibald Swan; *Mercy Pecksniff*, Constance Vernon; *Charity Pecksniff*, Dagmar Hinch; *Anthony Chuzzlewit*, Harry Russell; *Jonas Chuzzlewit*, Frank R. Rostance; *Tom Pinch*, J. Hunt Stanford; *Martin Chuzzlewit*, John A. Broekie; *Old Martin Chuzzlewit*, William Atkinson; *Mary Graham*, Heasell Mitchell; *Jane*, Jessie Tollervey.

The performance was a most creditable one, especially notable being the interpretation of the old grandfather, Martin Chuzzlewit, by "Billy" Atkinson. J. Hunt Stanford scored highly in voice and delivery as Tom Pinch.

For the annual play this year *A Christmas Carol* is the choice.

A feature of the meeting was the reading of a most delightful account by Cora Lee Hunt of the tenth annual conference held in Toronto this year and reported as having been the most successful and most largely attended since inauguration.

\* \* \*

## THE GOETHE SOCIETY

Following the review of Ludwig's *Goethe* in the last issue of *Canadian Bookman*, it is interesting to report news from Berlin, Germany, to the effect that the Goethe Society, according to an announcement made by its new chairman, intends to set out to win the hearts of the German youth for the ideals of their greatest poet. Several Goethe festivities are being planned, of which the most important will take place in 1932. In a lecture Prof. Karl Vossler pointed out how Goethe gave his own formulation to the Latin ideas which he adopted and told to what extent that had lifted him above the Germanic-Protestant and the Latin-Catholic mentality. It was this that won him such sympathy among the French after the era of Napoleon, for he was more liberal in his thoughts than many of their own poets.

## Dartmoor

By Hylda Kathleen Wheeler

THE winds that sweep  
By Dartmoor  
Are cool, clean winds and free  
Scented with honey-heather  
And the salt breath  
Of the sea.

Brown birds  
Above wide spaces  
Are poised in eager flight  
(But oh, the men of Dartmoor  
Who dread  
The lonely night.)

The shepherd-folk of Dartmoor  
Are kindly men; and wise  
With lore of field  
And sheep-cote  
Deep in their tranquil eyes.

Guarded in gentle tendance  
Their flocks may rest  
Or sleep  
(Thy Hands are brier-torn  
And marred, Great Shepherd of Thy sheep.)

God rest you  
Men of Dartmoor  
Who in a prison bide  
For such as you  
And such as I  
Was True Love Crucified.

## *It Is Reported* THAT—

—William McFee has gone shopping for a christening present and he can't decide whether to buy a gold-rimmed fountain pen or a solid brass oiling can for his grand-nephew, William McFee Jr., of Winnipeg.

—Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts found time in his recent tour of the Maritimes, in spite of multitudinous other duties, to do yeoman service for his cousin, Bliss Carman, in making advance arrangements for Carman's series of recitals beginning at Halifax. These recitals met with a succession of packed houses.

—Ira Dilworth, Victoria, educationist, speaking on Canadian literature at a banquet in connection with the British Columbia Library Association's annual convention, said he believed that while sparks of a national literature had commenced to show in the writings of French Canadians, as a result of long settlement, Canada as a whole had not yet begun to produce writers reflecting a national spirit. What about Wilson Macdonald?

—Mrs. L. Adams Beck, "E. Barrington," recently surprised her publishers in New York by dropping in on them there just as they were about to send the proofs of her latest book to her address in Ceylon. After fifteen minutes discussion Mrs. Beck said: "I hope I'm not taking up too much of your time." Her publishers forthwith decided to nominate her for the honor of being classed as the most modest of literary celebrities.

—Walter McRaye, speaking before Sacred Heart Alumnae at St. John, N.B., traced the early history of Canadian newspapers and books, stating that while the *Halifax Gazette* was the first Canadian newspaper, the first penny paper in Canada had been the *Saint John Morning News*, founded by George Edward Fennety, who had learned journalism with Joseph Howe in Halifax. Mr. McRaye decried the apathy of the native born Canadians and other residents in Canada concerning Canadian literature and spoke of the epics of courage and endeavor which had formed the history of this country during 400 years and the inspiration they brought to native writers. That Benjamin Franklin and George Washington had sent a Frenchman, Fleury Mesplet, in 1776 to Montreal to found the first newspaper in that city to be the means of inducing the French-Canadians to join Washington in his fight against England, was a little known fact, which Mr. McRaye related.

## LLOYD AND THE LADIES

WRITING from Edinburgh University to a former classmate now in Toronto, in appreciation of receiving a copy of *Canadian Bookman*, a young woman expressed keen interest in the article by C. F. Lloyd entitled "Parnassus and the Public," and told of an indignant co-student who was positively outraged by Lloyd's reference to Keats as being popular chiefly with "anaemic school-ma'ams, young college professors, to whom one might add young poets who mistake the delicate frosty wedgewood of the odes for genuine Greek work which it resembles as much as a sermon by Billy Sunday resembles one by Jeremy Taylor."

This of course is not the only instance of a reader being indignant with Lloyd. Reference was made in a recent issue to the castigation administered to ye editor over the telephone, by a Toronto minor poetess who demanded an immediate presentation of her bill to date, followed by the fiat that her subscription be discontinued forthwith, all because of Lloyd's references to Tennyson in that self-same article.

These instructions were duly carried out, and the poetess indicated the depth of her indignation and its continuity, by not paying her bill!

Getting back to the Edinburgh letter, the correspondent included this tribute in her letter:

"The *Canadian Bookman* seems to be a paper of the same type as *John O'London* but, as far as I can make out, it looks brighter and more alive. I should be delighted to have any old copies you may have no use for—it is most interesting to see things from a fresh point of view; it helps to clarify one's own ideas."

\* \* \*

## PASSING OF HAROLD BROWN

The death occurred in Toronto on October 8th of Adam Harold Barnhart Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Brown, 127 Howland Ave., Toronto, in his 42nd year. He had been a semi-invalid since his 9th year, but had attained prominence as a writer of short stories, essays and reviews, having been a frequent contributor to *Canadian Bookman*. He was a member of the Canadian Authors Association and of the Quill Club, of London, England. Deceased was a grandson of the late Adam Brown, known as the grand old man of Hamilton, Ontario, and for many years postmaster of that city.





## The Sacredness of Grief

A Review by Constance Davies Woodrow

CAN anything unique in world literature come out of Canada? It can, as a glance at *European Elegies*, by Watson Kirkconnell, will testify. Here are one hundred poems, translated by one man from the originals in fifty different languages, and woven together to form an artistic and impressive work.

It was a little over a year ago that I wrote to Professor Kirkconnell enquiring about his unique work, of which I had seen snatches in a newspaper. In his reply, he mentioned sadly that his manuscript was still roaming about in search of a publisher, and that one or two seemed to suspect him of hoaxing them, for how could one man translate, single-handed, poems from fifty different languages? I was amazed that such a work should have to wander so far afield in search of a publisher with vision enough to publish it, for only at first glance is *European Elegies* a book for the cultured few: it is one for the masses, and one that should endure as long as human grief shall cry out for human sympathy.

In 1925 Professor Kirkconnell was suddenly and tragically bereft of his young wife, and in October of the same year, the work of translation was begun as a "sad, mechanic exercise," to deaden the pain of his bereavement. He says in his Preface:

"At that time I had no other conscious purpose; but as the collection took form, almost beyond my will, I gradually realized that the course of my own consolation might, even in the faultiness of translation, make some appeal to others, especially since scarcely any of the poems had ever known English before.

"I have not attempted to gather together what I feel to be the greatest elegiac poems of Europe, but merely to translate those poems towards which I have felt the strongest emotional reaction."

Having been a lover and student of philology and comparative literature since his boyhood days, Professor Kirkconnell had gathered about him anthologies in various European languages, "the leanness of a

young scholar's purse" keeping such books "few though select." It was with these, and with the aid of dictionaries and grammars, that he began his Herculean task of translation, in an effort to gain some consolation for his grief and at the same time convince those who might read the work later of "the common humanity of mankind."

He says:

"My heart, made sensitive by grief, had felt through the lyric and elegiac poetry of fifty literatures man's common perception of the sacredness of grief and the beauty of life even in its tragedy. I knew at last that inspiration is no respecter of persons, and that the soul of man, whatever its local incarnation, suffers and aspires, and strives brokenly to express moments of love and sacrifice and creation that are in essence immortal."

It was necessary that the manuscript should be submitted privately to certain leading authorities in Europe and America, and these have borne eloquent testimony to the fidelity of the translations and the emotional power of the poetry.

*European Elegies* is, in the words of the translator, "a monument, flawed but devoted, hewn out in the darkness by one pair of hands," its background being the sequence of the seasons, beginning with the autumn of bereavement, and closing with the autumn of the following year.

The first section, "Autumn," is filled with passionate grieving for the summer's loveliness that Autumn has laid low:

"No more may suns bring warm delight,  
Nor glad moons solace her at night,  
Nor can the gentle breezes bring  
Once more the tender strength of spring.  
She lived but to express in grace  
One happy smile in nature's face,  
Until Autumn cried 'Destroy!'  
And slew her beauty and her joy."

From "The Withered Leaf," by "Alun," (Welsh.)

In the poet's life, too, Autumn has laid waste the loveliness that was:

"Alas, my dear! Throughout this cottage small  
Your vanished form haunts all familiar things:

To the little mirror and the pictured wall  
The recollection of your beauty clings.

Something of fairy fragrance, faintly shed,  
Floods the poor dwelling with a sweet unrest,  
And your dim phantom steals beside my bed  
To thrill with silent touch my throbbing  
breast."

From "Lacrimae Rerum," by Lambros  
Porphyras. (Romaic.)

"My broken spirit cannot bear  
That, as of old, the sun is gay;  
The clock ticks on upon the stair  
And day comes calmly after day;"

From "The Unendurable," by Theodor  
Storm. (German.)

In this section, too, Professor Kirkeconnell  
has translated very ably the "Autumn  
Dirge" of Paul Verlaine, considered by  
many French scholars to defy translation  
into English verse.

In the second section, Winter has shroud-  
ed the landscape with snow, and a Winter  
dirge waits in the poet's heart. The day  
goes heavily, and

"Disquiet haunts the darkness like a ghost,  
And writes with shadowy fingers on the wall,  
A menacing reminder of things lost."

From "Unhappiness," by Juan Ramon  
Jimenez. (Spanish.)

Two of the loveliest of the "Winter"  
poems are "To Sleep," from the Latin of  
Publius Papinius Statius, and "The Song  
of Grief," from the Ukrainian of Ivan  
Franko:

"O Youthful Sleep, thou gentlest of the  
gods,

Let not my wretched eyes alone lack rest!  
The beast in lair is silent, bird in nest,  
And the bowed mountain-crest in slumber  
nods;

The torrent's voice is hushed, the sea-waves  
dream

And cease from moaning on the drowsy  
shore—

I, only I, thy absence must deplore  
And toss distressful till the dawning's  
gleam."

"The Song of Grief" demands quotation  
in its entirety:

"My brothers, blame me not because I sing  
A doleful song;

If I aggrieve you with my sorrowing,  
Forgive the wrong!—

For when your transient joys and happiness  
Have turned to dust,

And sorrows curse your midnights in  
distress,

As sorrows must,

Then, since grief's slavery is sung by me,  
To seek relief

Your lonely lips will whisper wistfully  
My song of grief."

In the "Spring" section, there is a note  
of hope, but:

"Yet my heart is sorrowing,  
Full of grief unsleeping;  
On a green hill-plot in spring  
I have sat a-weeping."

From "May Roses," by Didericus Dor-  
beck. (Dutch.)

"Summer" brings tender and tearful  
memories:

"My joys were hers, we felt a free  
Sweet love from others set apart;  
And passing, she has left to me  
Her memory and an aching heart."

From "Grief at Dawn," by Bernart de  
Ventadorn. (Provençal.)

One of the most poignantly beautiful of  
the elegies in this section is "Fallen Lark":  
"Sweet summer songster, fall'n from glad  
ascending,

Dead in the dust, your wings no more aspire.  
'How did she come to die? What was her  
ending?'

I hear my children's lisping lips inquire.

High in the heaven you rose with chant  
unresting,

Seeking the raptured crown of love's  
endeavour,

And in the anguished heights of that high  
questing

The body broke, the song was stilled for  
ever."

From the Finnish of Veikko Antero Kos-  
kenniemi.

Then comes the second "Autumn," bring-  
ing peace:

"All tired things on earth now find  
Relief in sleep,

While gently the great shepherd wind  
Herds home his sheep.

In silence from the sight are borne

The snow-fleeced flock;

And the great shepherd drops his horn,  
Lays down his stock.

Softly he bars the skyey gate,  
With drowsy croon,

While o'er the bridge of heaven strides late  
The watchman-moon.

Light-flooded all the moorlands lie,

Slumbering and still,  
Save for the dark waves' stifled sigh

Beneath the hill.

All tired things of earth now find  
Relief in sleep,

For the great shepherd of all living kind  
Has lodged his sheep."

From "All Tired Things," by L. C.  
Nielsen. (Danish.)

So thorough is this work of Professor  
Kirkeconnell that the Appendix includes  
Biographical Notes on all the poets whose



verse is here translated, a Bibliography showing the source of each poem, an Index of Languages, an Index of Authors, and an Index of First Lines. And in addition to the inspired and eloquent Preface, there is an interesting Introduction dealing with the work of verse translation.

In closing this review, I would like to quote Dr. W. A. Allison, of Winnipeg:

"Already, celebrated linguists . . . have written to Professor Kirkconnell to express their appreciation of his translations, and when this unique volume finds its way into the hands of cultured readers throughout the English-speaking world, it will surely be received with such acclaim that its author will become famous."

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PRESENT-DAY RUSSIA. By Ivy Lee. Toronto: Macmillan. 1928.

Because there has been so much loose talk about Russia in the newspapers, at all sorts of public meetings and in government circles, the average man grows a little more skeptical every time Communism is mentioned. Too much emotion has obscured the facts; details of human interest are generally lacking; in place of real information about real people we have been given theories or propaganda.

Mr. Ivy Lee is vitally interested in Capitalism and believes that "upon fundamental regard for the rights of private property alone can the future prosperity and happiness of mankind be based." His aim in visiting Russia was quite unsentimental. Certain avowed purposes of the Russian government were—and are—opposed to the interests and ideals of Western civilization. We must act, accordingly, not on a basis of righteous indignation but in the most practical manner possible. To be practical we must have the facts, and Mr. Lee's book is full of facts. They concern everything from passport regulations and hotel accommodation to foreign trade relations and Russian art; and everyone worth interviewing seems to have been interviewed.

This book will do much to clear up misconceptions about Russia. As a financial man the author entertains no disturbing doubts regarding a Capitalist world and so cannot be accused of heresy. Moreover he is something of a humanist and never forgets that he is writing about a great mass of humanity and not merely a point of view. "Russian human nature," he says, "is exactly like all other human nature, and economic law which is a mere expression of human nature is as resistless as the tides. The Russian people as a whole are slowly adjusting themselves to the same conditions which prevail in the rest of the world." In these two sentences may, perhaps, be discerned both the worth and the frailty of Mr. Lee's book. M.A.

## A ROMANCE OF EARLY CANADA

THE SEIGNEURS OF LASAULAYE. By Johnston Abbott. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Limited. \$2.00.

*The Seigneurs of LaSaulaye* is a most charming romance of early Canada about the time-Vaudreuil was Governor-General of New France, as it was then called. The author has succeeded in capturing the atmosphere of that early period to a fine degree and, in his quaint French phrasing and preciseness of diction, shows an excellent knowledge of the characters and customs of those early days.

The story is well told and the interest is held to the last page. Although the love story of Denise de Mauriac, of France, and Paul de Ste. Etienne, of Quebec, constitutes the main theme of the book, the greater part of it is taken up with the adventures of Paul and his father in their expeditions into the country north of the Nipissing in search of silver mines. In view of the extensive development in the mining fields of Ontario in recent years this early venture is a matter of singular interest. Throughout these hazardous and perilous journeys the hero Paul shows the fine, sturdy character of the early settler and, despite his sorrow at the death of his father and the suspicion which rested upon him due to the disappearance of Gaston, his pride sustained him with a dignity and nobility worthy of his beloved father. The beautiful Denise, daughter of one of the noblest families of France and ward of the Marquis de la Roux, is splendidly portrayed. All through the trying journey to the north where dangers so constantly beset their path, through the anxiety and suffering endured in the Indian encampment, she displayed a strength and courage which befitted a daughter of the New France, and which endeared her all the more to the faithful Paul.

This Canadian author has given us a delightful and worthy contribution to Canadian literature in *The Seigneurs of LaSaulaye*, and it is to be hoped that we will have from his pen more books of a similar entertaining and instructive nature.

A. S. M.

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## THE PROBLEM OF DIVORCE

THE CHILDREN. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

This recent novel by Edith Wharton dwells upon one side of the ever-increasing problem of divorce. Her plea is for the children, and she presents a vivid picture of the deplorable upbringing the children in such cases very often receive.

The book is most interesting in its character studies, chief among them being that of the eldest daughter of the Wheeler family, Judith. This girl, although only a



child in years, assumes the responsibility for the various children gathered into the family. She also adopts a motherly attitude towards her own parents and endeavors to bring about a reconciliation between them in an effort to keep the children together. She is filled with an intense mother love for the group of youngsters who are devoted to her, and whenever possible bravely shelters them from the worldliness of their respective parents. She is herself a pathetic figure, drifting about from one hotel to another according to the dictates of her parents, with little or no education or training apart from that gained from her surroundings. The children are all typical of the promiscuous life they have led. The spontaneous gaiety of the youngsters and the love that welds them together help to lighten the book and render the problems of the various parents even more disgusting. In the one male character of prominence, Martin Boyne, the author presents a bachelor whose strong point was his genuine affection for this group of happy, healthy, but much to be pitied children.

Mrs. Wharton depicts her characters with keen insight and sympathetic understanding. The book will be laid down with a deep regret that such problems should exist.

A. S. M.

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ALL KNEELING. By Anne Parrish. Toronto: Musson Book Co. Ltd. \$2.50.

One of the hardest faults to detect in ourselves is insincerity, which most of us find fairly easy to suspect in others. We all know the man or woman full of liberality and good works, which spring not from humanity or generosity, but from a desire unrealized perhaps, to be thought a philanthropist—expressions of egotism they are, not of real goodness of character. And we often persuade ourselves of our unselfishness and our thoughtfulness of others, when we are really seeking the satisfaction of the deep-seated urge for self-display in some form or other.

Christabel Caine in this latest novel by Anne Parrish, is an extreme character of this type, drawn with wonderful consistency and clearness and with ruthless penetration. A little golden queen. Isn't she sweet? I think she's an angel. Thus it was all through her life. "To be said by the whole congregation—all kneeling." All, that is, except Uncle Johnnie, who was not taken in by the golden image which Christabel had set up and fondly believed was herself.

The book is written in a vein of strong and subtle irony amounting to satire. Through the novelist's eyes we can see through the self-deception and the deception of others to the brilliant, but heartless and utterly selfish, character behind. The jilted lover expresses the general opinion

about Christabel: "Why, Christabel is almost a religion to the people who know her." But Uncle Johnnie knew. At her wedding he wondered "Will she have her head down-drooping like a flower or bravely uplifted?" And it was "Bravely uplifted; going into battle with all flags flying." Again, after her trip to Europe "her new preoccupation did not make her thoughtless of others. She bought souvenirs for all the people she had not had time to remember when she was abroad."

But one could quote many examples to illustrate the subtlety of the characterization and the irony of the treatment. Suffice it to say that in *All Kneeling* the reader has a source of clever entertainment as well as a valuable help towards understanding the play of motives in others and in himself.

E. E. O'N.

\* \* \*

THE SEARCH RELENTLESS. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.00.

That people of breeding and manners who, by force of circumstances, find themselves in primitive surroundings are faced with the same problems as in civilization, but intensified and heightened by the loneliness, is brought out in Constance Lindsay Skinner's new novel of the North Country.

The book is not only one of high adventure with a dramatic surprise ending, but stands head and shoulders above the average north country thriller because the characters are authentic and the whole atmosphere of the book in keeping with its setting. It is an artistic contribution to Canadian fiction.

\* \* \*

NUMBERS UP. By Frank Romer. London: Collins. 7s 6d.

The author of this thrilling tale of the turf is himself an owner of race-horses. In this story Sir James Ballart attempts to make ownership a paying proposition by the adoption of tactics that made him successful as a profiteer, but he falls foul of a real one in Major Tranter, who outwits Sir James, causing him to sustain heavy loss. Sir James, with the help of unscrupulous assistants, attempts to get even with the major on the racecourse and not only that, but in a love affair as well. Who wins?

KEN OF THE COW COUNTRY. By R. C. Bennett. London: Collins. 7s 6d.

Another thriller by the author of *The Two Gun Girl*. Dressed in formal clothes, wearing spats, a cane and a top hat, Win Kenneth was given a hearty welcome upon his arrival at the Bullhide railway station. The boys shot his hat off and put him through all the jumps but Ken showed a game fighting spirit right from the start and the reader following his varied adventures has a most interesting time of it. There is plentiful spice of humor and of mystery.

## HOW TO WRITE By Those Who Can

One of the most unique books for literary aspirants which has ever come our way is the 160 page volume compiled by Robert Watson and just published by the Graphic Publishers, Ottawa.

Ever a voluminous and careful reader of great authors, playwrights, statesmen and philosophers of all times, and so systematic in this pursuit that he made it a habit to mark out quotations that helped him to surmount the difficulties of the aspiring writer, he has compiled over four hundred of these short, pithy quotations taken from the works of more than a hundred of the great of the world of literature. He has grouped them according to subject and indexed them carefully.

Books of advice to aspiring authors are common enough, but this one is surely unique in that it is those who *can* write that are showing the way to the student.

A few reproductions of these quotations will serve to indicate the practical nature of the book:

"Fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality. Certainly the monstrosities of fiction may be found in the bookseller's shops; you buy them there for a certain number of francs, and you talk of them for a certain number of days; but they have no place in literature, because in literature the one aim of art is the beautiful. Once lose sight of that, and you have the mere frightful reality."—Joseph Joubert.

"Shun the negative side. Never worry people with your contritions, nor with dismal views of politics or society. Never name sickness."—Emerson.

"We admire most in every writer not that which we do not understand, but that which we have long felt but never expressed, the sentiments which we have never been able to formulate in words, the emotions that seemed too deep to be brought to the surface, the dreams that seemed too vague and distant for rhyme or reason."—Francis Grierson.

"Remain seated as little as possible, put no trust in any thought that is not born in the open, to the accompaniment of free bodily motion—nor in one in which the muscles do not celebrate a feast. All prejudices take their origin in the intestines."—Freidrich Neitzsche.

"In anything fit to be called by the name of reading, the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal our mind filled

with the busiest, kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. The words, if the book be eloquent, should run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers, and the story, if it be a story, repeat itself in a thousand coloured pictures to the eye."—R. L. Stevenson.

"There are writers and thinkers in the world as great as any that ever lived, and to advise the reading of books by dead authors only is to advise a retirement from all active interest in life."—Francis Grierson.

"A really great work of art is like a work of nature, in that it remains ever infinite to our comprehension. We contemplate it, we are sensible of it, it influences us; yet we are unable to recognize its full meaning, still less can its true essence, its entire merit, be expressed in words."—Goethe.

\* \* \*

JOHN VIVIAN OF VIRGINIA. By Hulbert Fuller. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$2.00.

For those who enjoy reading about the spacious old days of the seventeenth century, this well-written book will make a strong appeal. It is set in the time of Governor Berkeley and follows the course of the rebellion against his tyrannous rule. There is adventure a-plenty, both thrilling and humorous. The quaintness of the old-time diction is fascinatingly preserved and the characters are admirably drawn.

\* \* \*

TWOPENCE COLOURED. By Patrick Hamilton. Toronto: Macmillan. \$2.00.

This new novel by the author of *Craven House* justifies the promise of the earlier book. Replete with the qualities of observation, irony, humor and toleration which stamp all this writer's work, it is a book to be thoroughly enjoyed by those who like to have the prosaic ways of the world enriched by the salt of romance.

\* \* \*

THE REDMAYNES. By G. E. Locke. Boston: Page. \$2.00.

For lovers of mystery and adventure this book is commended as a readable and well balanced tale. It concerns Lord Redmayne, who upon returning after long absence in Africa, finds his estate in chaos. It had been left in charge of a brother, a cripple, made such in early life as a result of a quarrel between the brothers. Unable to fathom the mystery of what had gone wrong in the estate's affairs, Lord Redmayne invites his London lawyer to spend a vacation on the estate and a hectic time ensues. There are other troubles brought in the train of certain records of Redmayne's in the past, but the most serious trouble was strictly a family affair ending only with the death of one of the brothers.

HOW TO WRITE. (By those who can.) Robert Watson, F.R.G.S., Ottawa: Graphic Publishers Limited. \$1.00.



## ARE CANADIANS DETERIORATING?

"Politicus," author of *What Is the Matter With Canada*," published in London by Stockwell Ltd., has some frank things to say about the comparative absence of national sentiment in this country. He speaks as a British Canadian and points out the great difficulty of cultivating a national feeling in a country with a population of less than three inhabitants to the square mile and with that population made up of 55 per cent British and 45 per cent other origin. Another impediment which he instances is the existence of two peoples, British Canadians and French Canadians, side by side, neither of them large enough to assimilate the other. He even sees an increasing antagonism between the two, nor does he not overlook mentioning the inescapable influence of the dominating country to the south. He regrets the lowering of moral standards and general deterioration among Canadians of today as compared with the pioneers. "The church and religion of the pioneers have been dragged down into the market place; the primitive fervor of faith has faded; and whenever and wherever that happens, a commonplace ambition for temporal aggrandizement arises."

The author deplores the increasing tendency towards undue crowding of the population into cities and, arguing for the attracting of more people to the land and inducing them to stay there, calls for the utmost intelligent action by the government. "The best immigrant for western Canada is the educated farmer who can use the most modern machinery in agriculture. The country must be made attractive to such men and their families." On the dictum that a government can make or unmake the character of a nation, the author cites the examples afforded by the governments of Germany and Switzerland as regards technical training as well as education in patriotism and the spirit of work and in a strong sense of duty as individuals and as citizens.

## USING A LIBRARY WISELY

It is one thing to own a library; it is quite another to use it wisely. I have often been astonished how little care some people devote to selection of what they read. Books, we know, are almost innumerable; our hours for reading are, alas! very few. And yet many people read almost by hazard. They will take any book they chance to find in a room at a friend's house; they will buy a novel at a railway stall if it has an attractive title. Indeed, I believe in some cases even the binding affects their choice. The selection is, no doubt, far from easy.—Sir John Lubbock.

Among the new books for Autumn will be a new novel by Rebecca West.

## THROUGH LITERATURE TO LIFE

"Literature, because it is a blending of cries, makes us not only feel about more things but feel more about them. Or, as the same idea has been well phrased, it 'heightens our awareness.' It reveals the significance of one object after another; and with every new significance thus revealed to us we are larger men—men of more penetration, more sympathy and more reverence.

We have become awake and aware; and to be awake and aware is to be alive, while to be asleep and unaware is to be dead. This being indisputable, it is obviously true that to become more and more awake is to become more and more alive; which vivification, as we protest again and again, is the gift of literature—this and not entertainment, solace, relief, or a drug-giving anaesthetic."—From *Through Literature to Life*, by Earnest Raymond.

\* \* \*

## CRIME CLUB SELECTION

THE DARK ISLAND. By Charles Collins and Gene Markey. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran and Gundy. \$2.00.

Sunken treasure, savages—civilized and uncivilized—deep-sea divers, undersea battles; a girl with the courage of a devil and pride of an empress, make up this thrilling mystery tale which is the right sort of book for readers who want that sort of thing.

\* \* \*

Among the novels that are having a particularly good sale is Peter B. Kyne's *Tide of Empire*.

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# Criticising the Average Movie

By George H. Mott

**M**OST of us, assuming that we have an average liking for the movies, often feel the urge to discuss the different shows that we see, and then to comment upon the motion picture industry in general. While not a rabid fan I enjoy going to the pictures once in awhile; and more often than not, find myself taking in the show that happens to be nearest home, regardless of its merits. Having thus seen a fair number of productions, both good and bad, and more or less chosen at random, I have begun to realize just what constitutes the average moving picture.

We shall eliminate the widely advertised big features such as "Ben Hur," "The King of Kings," "What Price Glory," and others which are of unquestioned merit; and also those few unfortunate releases which even the most unintelligent of mortals can not but condemn. It is at the innumerable "average" pictures that this article is directed; those which appear regularly at most theatres for a run of from two or three days to a week, and which come without any great amount of previous advertising or popular acclaim.

Many controversies bearing upon motion pictures revolve about the much-maligned movie-going public. There are those who consider the average fan as a high type of moron. Such may be the case, but in this respect I do not feel that he is entirely to blame for his state of mind. The industry itself has done a great deal toward encouraging it.

Most well organized and well developed business enterprises in this country, the so-called big businesses, are out to get as much money into their pockets as possible. These enterprises consider themselves as serving the public, satisfying a public

want; but what they really do is to play the public for all it is worth. In catering to it they feed it with substitutes for the genuine, sacrifice quality for inferiority and quantity, and in short, impose upon the consumers as far as they will stand imposition. They would have you know that they are performing a great public service. And, paradoxical though it be, the people revel in this subordination, and their gullibility keeps them in blissful ignorance of the truth. Being good salesmen, promoters instil in the prospects the desire for their products. Thus the credulous public is being conjured into thinking it wants something that often it has no real desire for. It offers no sales resistance. To amass great wealth for themselves, these businesses will go to almost any extremes to delude those dependent upon them for their pleasures or necessities.

The moving picture industry is apparently no exception to this general rule. For example, let us suppose that some people are partial to the "Eternal Triangle," plots seen nowadays all too frequently on the screen. It is quite likely that the producers saw a golden opportunity to grow rich in thus catering to the wants of certain types of individuals, and they began to capitalize on this rather unhealthy theme in their products. The average movie-goer does not care to think or to reason. More often than not, he is unable to do so. Probably realizing this, the film magnates rest content with the status quo and encourage the public to accept mediocre films. It means greater box office receipts and more money in the treasury.

Much of the contents of the "average" picture speaks for itself. Fundamentally, it is monotonous to the —nth degree. Always the eternal tri-

angle, always the over passionate love scenes, always the setting in a multi-millionaire's home. And these three features are always very much overstressed. We can single out the portrayal of wealth as a specific example of this gross exaggeration. In most cases, the interior sets of rich men's mansions, and the lives of the wealthy as depicted in the movies, would appear as more of a comedy to a millionaire in real life than the intended farce of a pudgy grand duke parading about in his luxurious palace, as represented by a bona-fide film comedian!

The producers naturally cannot claim a vital interest in the mental processes of the movie-going public after it leaves its entertainment, but they can and should raise the standards of their productions so that the afterthoughts of their patrons will be fit to take care of themselves. At present it is satisfaction enough for them to know that the audience enjoys their pictures while they are on the screen, and hence they need not concern themselves with its later prejudices. They do not wish to discontinue these popular but unwholesome dramas, as they are too big a source of income.

The situation is certainly not beyond the possibilities of improvement. The moving pictures could be one of the greatest educators of mankind if only those who produce them would lay a little less stress upon box office receipts. They could well afford to; but the iron grip of money-making mania seems too powerful to be easily shaken off!

To have an educational value a picture does not have to be, as many a fan would suppose, thoroughly uninteresting and utterly without appeal. The public would be just as constant with something worth while as it now is with second-class pictures. It needs only to be given a chance; and it is a safe hazard that, in spite of itself, it will profit by good productions, as now it is unknowingly harmed by the

poor ones. The several producers who have clearly demonstrated their cleverness along different lines can certainly evolve ways and means of raising popular standards through the medium of their products. Instead of grinding out thousands of feet of perfectly good film containing nothing but voluptuous interior shots and close-ups of too ardent love-making, let them try to purge the public mind and not sink to its level. Instead of creating pictures which allow movie patrons to sit back with blank expression, benumbed reasoning powers, and absorbing only through their eyes, why not try to encourage them to think? Thinking and reasoning are not so terribly difficult, and even the most stupid can be trained! Is it necessary to simplify the entire plot in order that every idiot with a twelve-year-old mind can understand it? Are the moving pictures to be nothing but a glorified tabloid? Must they always appeal only to the senses and never to the mind? Instead of catering to the public, why not feed it some food for thought in the form of a sugar-coated pill, and watch the effect. Start it out with small doses, easily assimilated, and then increase the portions as the masses begin to react favorably!

Two pictures I enjoyed immensely, both of which are of somewhat different types, were "Chang," and "Men of Steel," with Milton Sills. In each of these pictures the love element and wealthy setting are negligible. Certainly such productions are popular with everyone. Let's smother the "Eternal Triangle" plots and try to cut down on the number of wealthy "society" films. It seems to me that there are a good many human-interest dramas and screenable events being constantly enacted among those in ordinary circumstances, so that the type of show whose evils I have tried to explain might be eliminated. But any attempt to dramatize simplicity in life invariably results in the bring-



ing in of the "Cinderella" theme based upon a beautiful cloak model in a fashionable Fifth avenue modiste's shop. The scenario writers simply can not keep away from wealth and high society! For some reason impossible to understand, they seem to consider these elements as the key-notes of every "average" picture.

However, I suppose that it is expecting too much of the oversensual morons to ask them to forego their love scenes and their brandishments of riches. But if a love element, like the poor, must always be with us, let us have the love making less passionate and more normal; the way it's done by normal people in normal life. We are not all animals! And if some still crave the pagaentry of wealth on the screen, it should at least be revealed in its true light; and the people surrounded by it not as a crude and vulgar lot of *nouveau riche*, but as respectable citizens of means.

Just one more criticism; this time of those splendid examples of motion picture art—the big features. In "The King of Kings" no one with even the most ignorant eye for beauty could help exclaiming over the remarkable photographic gems occurring throughout the picture. Each individual shot was an artistic triumph. Nevertheless, there is one fault; one that arises in the "average" picture as well as in the greatest of productions: the so-called Star system. To my mind, there is absolutely no reason, except, of course, commercialism, why one player should be featured above the others. In the making of motion pictures, all of the players taking part in the production should be made to submerge themselves for the good of the picture concerned. Perhaps on the legitimate stage the star system may be retained to advantage; but with the almost limitless range of motion pictures in every direction, and the wonderful opportunities afforded by them for artistic photography, the acting or posing of

one individual, for his own or his company's benefit, should not be allowed to mar what otherwise might have been a perfect shot from the artist's point of view. Several scenes in "The King of Kings" which had all the possibilities of perfect compositions, were completely ruined, due to placing the principals involved with their faces directly toward the camera. Had they been instructed to place themselves differently in order to obtain a group effect, the examples would have been perfect. A picture should sell on its own merits, and not on the name of some star appearing in the cast.

More travel pictures, more educational and more color photography—all of these are most desirable and might be made very entertaining. We can even keep on with the "average" pictures, but let us make them more accurate and not so overdone. The big features, as I said in the beginning of this article, are for the most part above reproach. It is only in the average run of productions where over-pretentiousness, vulgarity and inaccuracy seem to predominate. If we could only raise the quality of such pictures as these, the educational value of the industry could hardly be over-estimated.

The movies are far too much commercialized, as are most businesses in America, and they are the one thing that should suffer least from this obnoxious trait. Art and commercialism can never reconcile their differences. Let the film companies forget for awhile the chase of the almighty dollar and try to educate their legion of patrons to better things. Let them try to encourage the people to think and reason, and not attempt to do all their thinking and reasoning for them. It may cost a negligible amount to start the ball rolling, but it is worth it to give to the public an education that it sadly needs. The moving pictures have all the facilities, and it is up to the producers to do their bit.



# Canadian Authors Association

## OFFICIAL REPORT

THE annual meeting of the National Executive of the Canadian Authors Association was held on October 20th, in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto. Those present were Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Hon. E. Fabre Surveyer, Dr. E. A. Hardy, John M. Elson, Lawrence J. Burpee, Professor Pelham Edgar, J. W. L. Forster, M. O. Hammond and Howard Angus Kennedy.

As a result of the recent ballot for the election of members of the Executive Committee, the Secretary reported that the following members had been elected, in addition to the officers: Professor Pelham Edgar, J. W. Forster, M. O. Hammond, Mrs. J. W. Garvin and Dr. George H. Locke, of Toronto; Lawrence J. Burpee, J. C. Stead, Louvigny de Montigny, and Dr. C. M. Barbeau of Ottawa; J. Murray Gibbon and Howard Angus Kennedy, of Montreal; Prof. Archibald MacMechan, Halifax, and Prof. W. T. Allison, of Winnipeg.

After considerable discussion, it was moved by Mr. Hammond and seconded by Mr. Burpee, that an adjustment committee be created, consisting of the following: Hon. Mr. Justice Surveyer, Montreal, Warwick Chipman, Montreal; Louvigny de Montigny, Ottawa; Arthur Hemming, Dr. George H. Locke and W. Stewart Wallace, Toronto, with Mr. J. F. Edgar as Honorary Counsel; it being understood that (a) any member would have the right to seek the advice of this committee in any difficulty connected with his work; and (2) that it would be the duty of this committee to formulate the case for the opinion of the Honorary Counsel; and (3) that the Honorary Counsel should simply give a preliminary opinion as to whether it was advisable to proceed with the case. This motion was carried.

The question of permanent headquarters was discussed at some length

and it was decided that, in order to give effect to the expressed wish of the Calgary Conference in this regard, the Secretary should secure a petition signed by 25 members, asking for the following amendment to the Constitution, viz., that Article 1 be amended as follows: the third sentence shall read: "Its principal office shall be located at Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, or Winnipeg, or any other city as the Association may determine at its annual meeting," and that sentence 4, viz., "Each of these cities to be the location of such office for a period of two years," shall be deleted.

Mr. Burpee reported for the copyright committee that he had been in touch with the Government in regard to the proposed legislation, and that he understood the Government was preparing a bill to be brought down at the next session of parliament, covering the matter of copyright in the light of the decisions of the Home Conference last May.

The 1929 Conference at Halifax was discussed somewhat fully. The dates were fixed for Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 25, 26, 27, with Friday the 28th at Annapolis; these dates being subject to the approval of the Halifax Local Committee. As to the programme, it was agreed that there should be a presentation of papers dealing with the contribution of various regions of Canada to the development of Canadian literature. These regional papers agreed upon were those dealing with the Maritime Provinces, the Pacific Coast, and French Canada. Various names were suggested for each, and the Secretary was instructed to get into touch with these members for the Atlantic and Pacific regions, while Judge Surveyer was to secure the writer for French-Canada. The balance of the programme, so far as papers were concerned, was to be given to Craftsmanship.

## Toronto's Auspicious Opening

Branch of Authors Association Starts Season with Great Eclat—a Galaxy of Literary Notables.

THERE was a veritable galaxy of literary notables at the opening meeting of the season of the Canadian Authors Association, Toronto Branch, held on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 20th, at the Heliconian Club.

Among the speakers were the national president, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, of the Canadian Authors Association, just back from a tour of the Maritimes; Hon. Justice E. Fabre Surveyer, Montreal, who is national vice-president of the C.A.A., and president of the French Canadian section; Messrs. Lawrence J. Burpee, Ottawa, and Howard Angus Kennedy, Montreal, both members of the C.A.A. Executive; the national treasurer, Dr. E. A. Hardy, who gave an interesting account of the Calgary convention; Mrs. Gertrude Pringle, who gave impressions of that gathering from a woman's point of view, and Mr. J. W. L. Forster, the portrait painter, who delighted his hearers with his impressions of Edmonton and Calgary and of the beauties of the Rocky Mountains as seen in July. Particularly effective were his sidelights on Lake Louise. He drank in the beauty of this "gem of the North American continent," at practically every hour of the night and thus was able to add something substantial to the innumerable other songs in its praise.

While mentioning notables from other cities it was a satisfaction to see among those present, Mr. Albert E. Smyth, formerly of Toronto, now editor of the Hamilton *Daily Herald*.

Dr. Roberts reported great activity in the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia branches. Halifax, in preparing for the 1929 convention, was exerting itself to equal or outdo the great showing made by Calgary as the

scene of this year's convention. The New Brunswick branch, while the youngest in the Association, was setting a fine record of achievement in the promotion of libraries in institutions entitled to government support. Dr. Roberts told also of the convention of the League of Western Writers at Seattle. That organization had paid tribute to the C.A.A. on two counts, one by reorganizing on the basis of the Canadian Association and the other by electing Dr. Roberts as Honorary President.

Mr. Justice Surveyer, whose speech was a happy exemplification of the *bonne entente*, was recently honored by election as a knight of the Legion of Honor of France.

Lawrence J. Burpee contributed the humorous treat of the evening in his dissertation on the mosquito as an unexplored field of literature. He thought that the United States and Canada might well join hands in selecting it as an international emblem.

Howard Angus Kennedy, as president of the Montreal branch, brought greetings from that body and followed this up with a running fire of comment in which he assailed the hackneyed old phrase that there was nothing new under the sun. On the contrary he found that the older he got the more doors there were to open into new experiences and broadened activities.

President Elson announced that Arthur Stringer would be one of the Book Week speakers in Toronto and that on the occasion of a joint meeting of the branch with the Canadian Literature Club on November 5th, the speakers would be Dr. Roberts, Hon. Martin Burrell and L. M. Montgomery of "Anne" fame.

# Where and How to

Compiled by William B. McCourtie

Arranged in 70 market groups to make the information  
betically indexed, so that you can

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# The Collector

WHAT is described as an "autograph copy" of Edgar Allen Poe's most famous poem, "The Raven," is reported from London to have been recently bought for the British Museum for £20,000. The accuracy of this report is more than doubtful, because, for one thing, the British Museum has too many gaps in its collection of manuscripts of purely British writers to warrant spending so much money on a single manuscript of an American writer, even one so notable in his way as Poe, and for another, £20,000 is many times more than the manuscript is worth. But if the report is correct, it marks an extraordinary jump in Poe manuscripts. The record price for such manuscripts, so far as The Collector has been able to trace, is \$9,100, which was paid for the manuscript of "The Spectacles," 38 pages, at the sale of the collection of H. B. Forman in New York City on March 15, 1920. The manuscript of "Annabel Lee" was sold in New York in 1921, for \$1,850, while a copy of "The Bells" changed hands back in 1903 for \$1,800. Original Poe manuscripts are probably rarer than those of any other notable author of his time. Most of his work appeared in obscure newspapers and magazines, and the copy was destroyed as soon as it had served its first purpose.

George S. Hellman, biographer of Washington Irving, has presented to the New York Library a valuable collection of Irvingiana, comprising original manuscripts and autograph letters from his famous friends, rare drawings and prints relating to Irving, first editions, etc., totalling about 100 items. Mr. Hellman has collected the material over a period of twenty years incidental to writing a biography of Irving and editing the journals and letters of the famous author.

Four Lincoln items have brought \$6,450 out of a total proceeds of \$17,598 yielded for 233 lots forming a collection of American autographs sold at the Anderson Galleries in New York City on October 16. A single letter by Lincoln to William H. Herndon, written on June 12, 1848, regarding the nomination and prospects of electing Zachary Taylor, sold for \$3,000, the highest price of the sale. A second Lincoln letter on the Fremont campaign, dated July 12, 1856, was sold for \$1,700 and \$1,300 was paid for a

letter written by Lincoln as President to Major Gen. Halleck regarding the prospective advance of the Confederate Army into West Virginia. A collection of twenty-nine letters by Roosevelt to Whitman on "Nature-faking," containing about forty lines in autograph, was sold for \$1,000.

The library of Jerome Kern, the composer, containing original manuscripts, first editions and presentation copies estimated by book dealers to be worth more than \$1,000,000, is to be sold at auction at the Anderson Galleries in New York City in January next. The library contains such treasures as a presentation copy of Dickens' *Pickwick Papers* in parts, and the copy of the *Child's Garden of Verses* which Stevenson gave to his nurse "Cummy." There are also the original manuscript of the first fourteen chapters of Thomas Hardy's *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, the only page in existence in Samuel Johnson's handwriting of his dictionary, and the longest manuscript in existence in the handwriting of Oliver Goldsmith.

A contribution to *The Saturday Review of Literature* recently had some pointed and needed things to say about the practice of many publications, more particularly United States publications—so far Canadian publications have not adopted it to much extent—of issuing limited, signed editions at high prices in addition to the ordinary trade editions of their more important authors. The limited, signed editions purport to precede the regular trade editions, but as *The Saturday Review of Literature* writer pointed out, there is no valid reason for believing that they do anything of the sort. In fact, many instances could be cited in which the special editions have appeared weeks, if not months, after the ordinary editions. The truth is, however, that this business of special editions is nothing more than a publisher's game. The collecting of contemporary first editions has become the fad of many persons who are without the power to distinguish real literature, while it has been taken up by many others simply as a speculation, and, it is to such persons that the publishers of limited, signed editions make their main appeal. It is true that some collectors feel themselves called upon to acquire these editions as well as the first ordinary trade editions of the books of the authors

they admire; but those who know what they are about will have nothing to do with them. The regrettable feature of the whole business, The Collector cannot help adding, is the way in which the authors concerned lend themselves to the publishers' little game. It is all very well for the Menckens and Van Vechten of the day to do that sort of thing, but it is painful, to say the least, to see men like de la Mare and W. B. Yeats, and Lord Dunsany, doing it.

\* \* \*

A. H. Gibbard, Librarian of the Public Library at Moose Jaw, Sask., writes with reference to the query as to the J. S. D. Thompson who was one of the recipients of the interesting association copy of Howe's *Speeches and Public Letters* referred to in the September issue of *Canadian Bookman*: "Is he not Sir John Thompson, for a short time Premier of Canada after the death of Sir John A.?" The answer is, of course, Yes. Sir John Thompson before his elevation to the Knighthood was John S. D. Thompson, but he dropped his middle initials thereafter as superfluous.

\* \* \*

Eldridge R. Johnson, founder and former President of the Victor Talking Machine Company, and a resident of Moorestown, N.J., has been revealed as the purchaser from Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, of the original manuscript of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, for which Mr. Rosenbach paid £15,000 at an auction at Sotheby's in London, in April last. Included in the sale to Mr. Johnson were two copies of the first edition of *Alice*, one of them an author's presentation copy. He is said to have paid upward of \$150,000 for the three volumes. The manuscript is to be sent on an exhibition tour of the United States, after which Mr. Johnson will take it to his home at Moorestown and keep it there. "I shall never dispose of the book," he said.

\* \* \*

What lover of John Keats will not be stirred by the announcement of the discovery by Prof. Spurgeon, of London University, of a copy of the seven-volume Johnson-Stevens edition of Shakespeare which was once the poet's dearest possession, and which bears marginal comments which show how greatly he was influenced by Shakespeare? This precious relic of the author of *Endymion* was found, as the result of a chance remark in Prof. Fairfield Osborn's drawing room, made when Spurgeon was visiting him in New York, in the possession of George Armour, a Princeton book collector. Not only does it indicate how greatly Keats was inspired by Shakespeare, but it also incidentally reveals how acutely he differed from Dr. Samuel Johnson. For example, against

one of Johnson's footnotes on *The Winter Tale*, he has contemptuously scrawled "Fool." A volume is shortly to appear detailing the results of Prof. Spurgeon's examination of Keats's Shakespeare.

\* \* \*

What is described as an extremely fine unrecorded copy of the first folio of Shakespeare, published in London in 1623, was purchased in London recently by Gabriel Wells, of New York, and will soon go to the United States. The volume, except that it is in the blue straight grained morocco binding of the early nineteenth century on which there is a former owner's crest, is said to possess all the points necessary to place it in the very first rank of Shakespeare first folios. It measures 12 5/16 by 8 15/16 inches, is perfectly clean, and has wide margins. Its pedigree can be traced back to the eighteenth century.

\* \* \*

The Spanish Academy inaugurated on National Book Day in Spain, October 7, a permanent exposition of works published by the Academy, including many notable and unique editions of Spanish literature. The Academy, among other books of the utmost rarity, possesses a first edition of the two parts of *Don Quixote*, dated 1605 and 1615, which in themselves are worth a King's ransom. The National Library had copies made of certain leaves of these editions in order to complete the edition held by it.

\* \* \*

It may come as a surprise, if not as a shock, even to Dickens collectors, to learn that of the known copies in the original parts of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*—as what is now known as *Pickwick Papers*, was first called—which were once owned in England, are now in the United States. This fact is disclosed in *Perfect Pickwicks in Parts*, by John C. Eckel, the greatest Dickens authority today, just published by Edgar H. Wells, of New York. Mr. Eckel gives a census of all known copies possessing in their requisite completeness, what is technically known as the "points" of the first issue of the first edition. There are in the United States today, all told, according to Mr. Eckel's census, thirteen copies of this first edition, no less than eight of them being owned by collectors living in New York City. The copy of which Herbert F. Cole, of Connecticut, is the proud possessor, holds the world's record as to price. This is the Hatton copy, which was sold at the Anderson Galleries in New York City, on December 27, 1927, for \$16,000. The most valuable copy of *Pickwick Papers* in existence, however, is one which, according to Mr. Eckel's generally accepted standard of perfection, is not a perfect one. This is the copy in parts owned by William L.



Elkins, which he is said to have bought from Dr. Rosenbach, the Napoleonic book dealer and collector, for more than \$20,000. This huge price is explained by the fact that each of the first fourteen parts is autographed by Dickens on the front cover, having been presented by him to Mary Hogarth, his wife's sister. Mary Hogarth's death, as all Dickensians know, distressed the great novelist so much that publication was suspended for two months. It may be mentioned here that a fairly good set of *Pickwick Papers* in the original parts changed hands in Toronto not long ago, under circumstances which did not do credit to the purchaser, for the meagre sum of \$100.

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### Catalogues Received

Albert Britnell, Toronto, Ont.: Miscellaneous Books (No. 38); P. J. & A. E. Dobell, Bruton Street, London, Eng.: Choice Modern Books (No. 353); Friedmans' New York City: Architecture Art etc. (No. 144); Geo. A. VanNisdall, New York City: Miscellaneous Books (No. 260); Reginald Atkinson, London, Eng.: Books and Autographs (No. 78); Edgar H. Wells & Co., Inc., New York City: English Literature of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries (No. 26); G. A. Baker & Co., Inc., New York City: Interesting and Unusual Books (No. 48), Americana etc.; Thos. Thorp, London, Eng.: Ancient and Modern Books (No. 12); Newick's Book Store, Chicago: Americana (including Canada, Indians, Travels, etc.); Union Square Book Shop, New York City: Americana, Autographs, etc. (No. 32); The Export Book Co., Preston, Eng.: Early Printed Books (Sept. & Oct.); P. C. Cuttelle, London, Eng.: Miscellaneous Secondhand Books (No. 19); Jas. G. Commin, Exeter, Eng.: Secondhand Books (No. 453); Bernard Halliday, Leicester, Eng.: Books and Autographs (No. 102); W. & G. Foyle Co., Ltd., London, Eng.: A Catalogue of Books (Autumn, 1928), comprising drama, Americana, modern first editions, etc.; A. Allen & Co., London, Eng.: First and Scarce Editions of Modern Authors (Men of Mark, No. 5); Walter M. Hill, Chicago, Ill.: A Check-List of First Editions of English Authors (No. 120); James F. Drake, Inc., New York, N.Y.: A Catalogue of Rare Books and First Editions (No. 199), including some rare Bliss Carman Items; James Wilson, Birmingham, Eng.: Antiquarian and General (No. 653); James Miles Leeds, Eng.: Miscellaneous Books (No. 247), America, etc.; James Robinson, Manchester, Eng.: Secondhand Books (No. 445); Galloway & Porter, Cambridge, Eng.: Books in all Branches of Literature (No. 165), America, etc.; Thomas & Eron, Inc., New York City: 900 Interesting Books (Fall), First Editions, Americana, etc.; El-

kins Matthews, Ltd., London, Eng.: Books, Chiefly First Editions (No. 20); Birrell & Garnett, London, Eng.: Secondhand Books (No. 20); Andrew Block, London, Eng.: Interesting Books (No. 6); Peters Bros., Liverpool, Eng.: Rare and Standard Books (No. 89); A. J. Featherstone, Birmingham, Eng.: Rare and Interesting Books (No. 204); Hiseok's Library, Richmond, Eng.: Antiquarian Books, Rare Engravings, Literary Curios, etc. (Nos., No. IV): Americana, old travel, etc.; Martinus Nijhoff, The Hague, Holland: Livres Anciens et Modernes (No. 538); Martin A. McGoff, Liverpool, Eng.: Rare, Fine and Interesting Books (No. 16), America, etc.; The Bibliophile, Mount Vernon, N.Y.: First Editions and other Rare and Desirable Books (No. 29); Wm. A. Allen, Philade'phia, Pa.: General Literature, etc. (No. 24); Wm. George's Sons, Ltd., Bristol, Eng.: Secondhand books (No. 380), America, etc.; Antiquarian Book Co., Birkenhead, Eng.: Rare Books (No. 56), first editions, etc.; do, maps of the American Continent and of the World (List G); Thos. C. Godfrey, York, Eng.: Secondhand Books, (No. 126); Albert Sutton, Manchester, Eng.: Miscellaneous Books (No. 280); Lowe Brothers, Birmingham, Eng.: Fine Arts (No. 982); Noah Farnham Morrison, Elizabeth, N.J.: Americana (No. 220), including Canada; McLeish & Sons, London, Eng.: 15th Century Printed Books, etc., (No. 40), including modern first editions, books from famous presses, etc.; Frank Drayton, Bournemouth, Eng.: Interesting Books (No. 58), including Shakespeariana, America, etc.; Grafton & Co., London, Eng.: Old Books (No. 69), including America, etc.; Pickering & Chatto, London, Eng.: Old and Rare Books (No. 249); Wright Howes, Chicago, Ill.: Americana (No. 16), including Canada, War of 1912, etc.; C. Gerhardt, New York, N.Y.: Americana and Some Interesting Miscellaneous Books (No. 178); C. F. Libbie, Boston, Mass.: Americana (No. 978).

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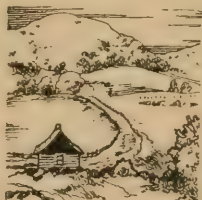
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# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

*A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts*

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office:

514-A Yonge St., Toronto 5, Ont.

Vol. X., No. 11

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1928

25c a Copy  
\$2.00 a Year

## Who's Who in Canadian Literature

C. H. J. SNIDER

By John Macklem

THE subject of this month's sketch in the Who's Who series is a most versatile and prolific writer of very broad experience, who has so specialized in one field of Canadian literature as to carve out a distinctive name for himself among Canadian writers. The writer is C. H. J. Snider, and his field of specialization is indicated by the check-list of his books appearing at the end of this article.

Even in the old days when Snider and the writer of this article were cub reporters on Toronto newspapers, "Jerry," as he was familiarly known to his fellow scribes, was fervently interested in all manner of watercraft and he had a kindred spirit in Lou Marsh, the well-known sports writer on the *Toronto Star*, who, along with "Jerry," Jack Pritchard of the *World*, now on the editorial staff of the *Globe*, the late John Miller of the *News*, Newton McTavish, who later became editor of *The Canadian Magazine*; "Colonel" Porter, who afterwards achieved great journalistic prominence in Calgary, all gathered a wonderful fund of experience most useful in later life, in covering that most interesting of all newspaper assignments—"Police."

The Police assignment was not restricted to recording the malefactions of those who subsequently appeared

before the "Beak" in the person of the redoubtable Colonel Denison, but included within its purview all accidents and fires and, as with all of his confreres, Jerry Snider's activities overlapped even these rather wide confines and consequently gave him a more varied experience than lies before the neophytes of the press in this day of grace.

Jerry at that time must have been steeping himself in lore of the sea because his gait always suggested that of some hardy old sea dog. In fact visions of pirates were always conjured up in my mind whenever Jerry came rolling in. But enough of this undue familiarity: I must be more circumspectly biographical.

Charles Henry Jeremiah Snider was born at Sherwood, Ontario, May 26th, 1879, eldest son of Jacob Henry and Mary Lavina Rankin Snider. The Sniders were a Palatinate family who migrated to Canada from Pennsylvania after the American Revolution. He was educated at the Kleinberg public school and the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute, Toronto, from which he was an honor matriculant in 1896. In 1897 he joined the staff of the *Toronto Evening Telegram*, as police reporter; became municipal reporter, 1900; city editor, 1904; news editor, 1918; special correspondent,

London, 1915, 1920, Washington 1921, 1922; West Indies, 1918, 1920; Palestine, 1928.

He has been a frequent contributor to the magazines, including *Collier's*, *Willison's*, *Maclean's*, *The Rudder*, *Yachting*, and the *Canadian Magazine*.

He is a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and National Yacht Club; one of the owners of the champion cutter *Gardenia*, and was official Canadian observer in international fishing schooner races of 1922 and 1923.

Two or three years ago he located the wreck of His Britannic Majesty's schooner *Nancy*, lost in the War of 1812, and succeeded in having the remains of the vessel resurrected and preserved as an historic monument.

He drew for the John Ross Robertson Collection of Canadian Historical Pictures three hundred portraits of vessels in the marine history of Canada.

He was married in 1908, his bride being Mary Adelaide Dawson, also a newspaper and magazine writer. They reside at 499 Parkside Drive, Toronto.

An exemplification of one of Snider's strongest traits has been his life-long devotion to the *Telegram* and to John Ross Robertson he was indebted for "his chance," as he says in his heartfelt dedication appearing in *Faded Flags of Fadeless Fame*. But if the Robertsons and the *Telegram* were good to him, he was likewise good to, and for, the *Telegram*. His personality has entered largely into the good qualities of the *Telegram*, and God knows there are others!

His intense devotion to his paper brought with it much of travel and wherever he has gone, from Kaieter to Seapa Flow; from the River Jordan to Esquimalt, he has written for the *Telegram*.

As a racing yachtsman, he has to his credit four successive season cham-

pionships as owner of the "*Gardenia*."

He is an accepted authority on nautical subjects and his racing experiences included participation in twelve hard-fought contests in the champion Nova Scotia schooner, the "*Bluenose*."

In his collegiate days, C. H. J. Snider's noon hours were divided between the Toronto wharves and the Toronto public library. In one place he studied and drew sailing ships. In the other he pored over the neglected pages of James' many-volumed *Naval History of Great Britain*. It is not to be wondered at that contact with so ardent a devotee of local history as the late John Ross Robertson should have fostered a bent for historical research, and that this bent should have followed the marine phases of the War of 1812.

That war fleets had raced and fought on the very waters which washed the Ontario wharves he loved to haunt, was an inspiring discovery to C. H. J. Snider as a schoolboy. That histories were dumb or vague as to what must have been thrilling episodes maddened him. Decade after decade he accumulated forgotten details of three years of war on the Great Lakes. In 1913 they appeared as history in fiction form, fourteen related stories, under the title *In the Wake of the Eighteen-Twelves*. These were true narratives of pike-and-cutlass days on fresh water, intended as a readable contribution to historic research. They were welcomed by historians and archivists, as the author had humbly hoped; but he was greatly surprised to find the edition melting away as Christmas gift books for boys. Without any intention of sugar-coating the pill of instruction for the younger generation he had unwittingly turned authentic history into appreciated adventure-fiction.

Using a certain talent for depicting ships which he had indulged from

childhood, he had illustrated this work (now out of print and sought after) with pen and ink drawings of the vanished warships, from dimensions and details accumulated in years of careful collection; in many instances by examination of existing remains, buried on forgotten beaches. His friend and patron, the late John Ross Robertson, was so impressed with the merit of these illustrations that he secured the portraits of some three hundred vessels from the same source, for the great collection of Canadian Historical Pictures which bears his name. This he bequeathed to the Toronto Public Library.

#### CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

*In the Wake of the Eighteen-Twelve-ers.* Toronto, 1913.

*The Glorious Shannon's Old Blue Duster, and other Faded Flags of Fadeless Fame.* Toronto, 1923.

*The Story of the Nancy and other Eighteen-Twelve-ers.* Toronto 1926.

*Under the Red Jack.* Toronto, 1928.

\* \* \*

#### A LINE FROM LONDON

In his very entertaining lecture on "Laughter in Life and Literature" given in Foyle's Bookshop recently, Mr. A. M. Ludovici made some rather ruthless incisions into our hitherto cherished illusions regarding laughter. One felt decidedly guilty even when smiling during his amusing analysis of this "baring of teeth," an expression he frequently used when speaking of what we had always been inclined to regard as a pleasant smile.

The postulation was that far back in the early stages of evolution the canines were displayed as weapons to intimidate and to warn and the habit has remained. Thus a smile denotes a condition in which one feels one's mastery over one's environment or fellows.

It was in a book by Dr. Wrench

called *The Grammar of Life* that Mr. Ludovici found a definition of humor which he considered the only one covering the ground of every cause for laughter. "Laughter is an expression of superior adaptation." Following up this story, the lecturer instanced cases. The laugh of an inferior at a mishap to one over him showed the sense of brief superiority in the laughter. One's own laugh of embarrassment on slipping down on a muddy pavement\* was the unconscious pretence of superior adaptation like the conventional smirk on entering a drawing-room.

One felt there was much to be said for this unusual point of view but it was rather more difficult to agree that the smile with which one greets a friend is also in reality only a sense of power, though Mr. Ludovici laid emphasis on the fact that 'the very essence of friendship was that one gave and received power thereby.

For all its somewhat sinister significance, many of us still feel inclined to believe with Barrie that "when the first baby laughed for the first time its laugh broke into a thousand pieces and that was the beginning of fairies."

CHARING CROSS.

\* \* \*

#### STARS

If a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. . . . Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, in *Nature*.



# The Fall of the Leaf

By C. F. Lloyd

FROM time immemorial, the falling leaf, sign of approaching winter, has roused poet and philosopher to melancholy reflections concerning the fragility of human existence. Ever since man first noticed that there was a connection between the death of vegetation at the end of the brief northern summer and the brevity of his own existence, the brown leaf, descending in aimless spirals from the denuded bough, has been one of the chief symbols of death and decay. What classical scholar does not recall that fine passage in Homer's *Illiad* which Pope turns into a pretty Augustan couple:

"Frail as the leaves that tremble on the bays  
Like them man flourishes, like them decays."

The falling leaf is indeed a fitting emblem of mortality, even fitter than the flower, because it enjoys a longer life, dies more gallantly and does not so soon turn to dust. The flower is a fit symbol of the young who die ere their due time. It does not wait to be smitten by the frost but passes away at the height of summer or even, as in the case of the snowdrop and crocus before summer comes. But the leaf develops slowly, enjoys its gay, tender youth, its hardy and splendid adult life, its serene old-age and finally descends into the grave in a blaze of color, resisting frost and storm to the last and surrendering only to those forces of natural decay which are the reverse of the ruddy shield of life, the seeds of future generations.

It is a brave passing, this of the leaf. We may say of it what Sir Thomas Browne says of our own death, it is "Splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave." On a day in early autumn I glance out of my window at the trees on the boulevard to

see still upon them the dusky green robes they have worn all summer, grown a little darker, a little more dingy than formerly, lacking the dewy freshness of June, the rich color of July, but green and hale yet, like a hale old man. In the night while I sleep or turn slowly the pages of some favorite book, the chill finger of frost touches the foliage and ere another week flies by the green becomes a splendor of gold subdued here and there by a patch of homely russet.

There are no such colors in the autumn woods in Manitoba as there are in the woods of Ontario and the east. There the sugar maples blaze, like the host of the Assyrian, in purple and gold, aye, and ruddy crimson. The sumachs too, put on royal robes to meet sister Death, while the beeches array themselves in garments whose beauty must be seen to be believed in. I can close my eyes at this minute and see the old maple grove, scene of many a jolly sugaring-off revel, greeting the pale sun of a fine October morning in such dress as Queen Esther must have worn when she was first summoned to the presence of Ahasuerus. There is something fine and gallant in this meeting of inexorable oblivion in the gay spirit of a young warrior going into battle or a lover donning his choicest finery to go to meet his mistress. I have ever been an enemy to solemn faces and gloomy customs. We must all die sooner or later. Why not meet death with serene courage, with a calm, not a long, face, with even a certain gayety of bearing, accepting the inevitable stroke as those splendid young nobles met the guillotine knife during the Terror, laying wagers even on the steps of the scaffold as to whose blood would run the bluest.

Only the other evening, during the long, gray twilight, while the still air grew occasionally vocal to the soft rustle of a falling leaf, I took down from the shelf where I keep my favorite books, my old, battered copy of Bacon's essays and turned to the essay on death, the second and longer of the two on that inexhaustible subject, and reread it for perhaps the thirtieth time. It is a splendid prose poem, full of serene wisdom, of high courage, of noble music, of that urbanity and equanimity of which Sir William Osler speaks, and also of a certain high-spirited magnanimity which seems to have passed entirely out of our literature along with humor and imagination and a number of other fine things in which the spacious days of great Elizabeth were so abundantly rich. I cannot resist the temptation to quote a short passage.

"I might say much of the commodities that death can sell a man; but briefly death is a friend of ours; and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home."

There you have the true spirit in which one should be ever ready to face the last accident of mortality. That is the spirit in which the leaves meet death and the sibilant rustle of their earthward flight is music too sweet to suggest anything less noble than a high hope that our last state shall be better, not worse, than our first, and that through the dissolution of our bodies we may somehow, either in our own proper persons, or by becoming recreated in the swift procession of the hurrying generations, attain to a fresh, a finer, a more spacious existence than any we have yet known. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that I am immortal and immortal in one sense if not in another I am, beyond a doubt. No atheist has yet risen to deny the eternity of matter.

Very peaceful are the autumn woods on a warm, windless day when the long aisles of the forest resound

to the drumming of the partridge and the clouds sweeping above the level reaches of browning prairie bear in their mother-of-pearl lights a hint of snow. Autumn has always been my favorite season. Winter chills my blood so that I scarcely know whether I am alive or dead. The importunate Tom-boyishness of spring troubles me as much as the playfulness of a too-vigorous child troubles an old man. I bask in the splendor of summer, storing away a little vitality to tide me over the long months of bitter cold. But it is autumn with her ripe beauty, her crisp mornings and snugly warm noons, her tranquil twilights and clear nights, lit by the restless glory of the aurora-borealis that brings to me the few days of comparative happiness I know during the course of a year. I love to take long walks in the country during September and October when every hedgerow is splashed with the crimson of ripe haws and every ditch brims over with the lavish gold of goldenrod and the vivid blue of the wild aster. It is during these calm autumn days that one hears the rabbits rustling among the fallen leaves. Squirrels spring almost from beneath one's feet with harsh cries of anger while the pale sky is darkened towards sunset by the long, wavering line of the wild geese flying south before the skirmishers of winter.

How gently the dead leaf is released at last from the bough. Therein lies a bit of nature's mature wisdom for our enrichment. All her processes, directed towards the removal of the individual from the fighting-line to the rest-billet behind it, are gentle whenever they are indeed her own and timely. There is more meaning than one might suppose in the phrase, untimely death. Properly speaking every death from accident or disease is an untimely death. The only natural and timely death is a gradual effluxion of vitality incident to extreme age. When we are fully ripe, when we have ab-

sorbed from the rich soil of the great garden of experience as much of wisdom as we are capable of holding. when every fibre of our being has been mellowed by time and brought to complete maturity by the rain of affection, the gales of passion, the sunlight of innocent pleasure, the subtle influence of varied labor, then we shall be released from the bough of the great life tree, Igdrasil, so gently that we shall not observe the moment of parting and the steady, benignant influence of gravity will draw us into the pale kingdom of Hela, lord of death, to rest, perhaps to enjoy pleasures as yet undreamed of.

The descent of the falling leaf on a nearly windless day is worth watching, too. It is not a leaden plunge, like the fall of a stone, or the volant wandering about of thistledown, but a buoyant flight enlivened by a note of frolic gayety, almost of clownishness, a turning over and over, a dart-

ing to this side and that under the influence of even the slightest breath of air. Having reached the ground the leaf does not come to rest all at once but lies still a moment, rises and turns over, rises again, drifts a few feet or yards and finally settles into a convenient hollow or a snug harbour among the twisted roots of a tree. It seems to say, I am free, the serious business of living is over at last, I can now rest and gradually return to my mother the earth, to reappear next summer as a blade of honest grass or perhaps, who knows, the impudent face of a dandelion.

But before the leaf falls at all there is a period of tranquil enjoyment, of ripe maturity, of beautiful and serene old-age. Like the good Emperor, Pius, the leaf has possessed itself of that crown of a good life, so seldom met with in these days of hurry and worry, equanimity, the wisdom of the eternal gods.

## The Future of Canadian Literature

By Marcus Adeney

IF Canada produces a series of literary masterpieces during the next few decades it will be largely because certain rare spirits, by chance living on Canadian soil, have found workable material and an audience that is critically appreciative. Creative art, it is said poetically, must have roots in the earth though its loftiest branches twine about the stars; so we speak of a national art that shall reflect and interpret the specific character of our country in our time. But to reflect and to interpret are two utterly different things. The first is a mechanical, the second an artistic process; and if art is to interpret the Canadian scene it must do so in terms of some view other than that contained in the scene itself. Interpretation is always a way of explaining differ-

ences in common terms. Thus, Canadian art may convey the spirit or human meaning of Canada to the wide world, but it can do so only in terms of the world and not of Canada.

An artist may feel a passionate devotion for his country; he may be a patriot in the truest sense, but he will never advocate a nationalism that expresses ambition, self-sufficiency or exclusiveness. His must be the larger vision and the closer observation, with a myriad of intermediate perspectives; the love of individuals in all their marvellous composite distinctness, and of Man—prime mover of the modern world, half dazed by the magnitude of the powers he has suddenly learned to employ. The artist finds all of life in an opening flower, and hears the single cry of anguish



in a world convulsion. It is his function, as interpreter of great and small, to transcend national ideals in his plea for world understanding, even as he spares the smallest insect underfoot.

If Canada gradually matures as the home of a definite kind of people, the arts will assuredly find devoted high priests, who, feeling the spiritual and dramatic worth of the life about them, will seek to interpret it in terms of contemporary humanity. They will need recognition and patronage, for even high priests must live. Canadian life as a whole must have some sort of cultural basis if it is to be significant; moreover a prophet without honor in his own country usually—and very sensibly—migrates: If we want great art and great artists we must be prepared to recognize the finest work when it appears—no matter how many local illusions it may explode, or how many local prejudices it may offend. Art in Canada, if it is worth anything at all, will be Canadian only in so far as it describes Canadian characters and scenes, giving them local color. It will be art to the extent that it possesses meaning for humanity everywhere.

As the production of art works increases, a measure of enlightened criticism becomes imperative. Works of true genius, always disturbing at least to precedent, often violating the canons of contemporary taste, are most easily drowned with faint praise. Caught in the wide stream of pleasant mediocrity a piece of fiery prophecy may easily go down to oblivion, and who but the embittered author would be the wiser? Is this happening in Canada today? I think it quite likely, though several lynx-eyed observers are waiting to pounce on any work of distinction whether it promises popularity or not. Meanwhile an excessive amount of commentary is wasted on worthless books, and only one or two reviewers in the country dare (or are

permitted) to tell the truth about trash.

Canada suffers in an artistic way from a small population widely scattered. Personalities are too potent and too many people know too many other people. Also we have a feeling that our national literature lacks bulk. But why on earth does that matter? With so many books flooding the world each year it is increasingly hard to discover the few that are really worth while, and every unnecessary book published is going to provide a fruitless distraction for some reader somewhere.

The future of Canadian literature does not depend upon any sort of Canada First movement, nor upon indiscriminating local appreciation. It depends partly upon economic and cultural conditions throughout the country, and partly upon the sort of critical atmosphere we are able to create in the larger cities. To restrict our interest to Canadian publications would be to commit artistic suicide. If we would write for the world we must welcome and make use of the best that the world has to give. To buy a Canadian book because it is Canadian would be almost as serious an offence as refusing to buy it for the same reason. If Canada produces anything worthy of the name literature she will have nothing to fear from unbiased appraisals or international competition. And the importance of a work of art has no relation whatever to the census returns. The realm of art always transcends political frontiers and Canadian literature will prove no exception to the rule.

Our duty as artists or patrons of the arts is to see that great work is duly rewarded and mediocrity prevented from flooding Canadian homes and public libraries with soft soap and dishwater. As critics we must be as free from prejudice and as drastic as our own frail natures and watch-

ful editors permit. New creative fires are glowing in Canadian literature; they must be fanned to a real blaze. New writers are appearing and will appear all the time. What sort of work

we shall get from them depends very largely upon what we Canadians expect and are willing to pay for. Have we a public for a fresh and vital literature? I think so.

## What Editors Have Done to Me

By Mrs. W. Garland Foster

**H**ARD luck too often follows closely on the heels of the beginner at writing. Marketing ability is as important as literary ability, which no doubt accounts for some of the atrocious material that does get published. Much trouble is due to the marks of the amateur which fairly bristle over the pages. All the little hallmarks which should soothe an editor's nerves, such as margins, spacing, punctuating, and the hundred and one things which may mark a manuscript an outsider when it comes in from an unknown writer, carry more weight than actual literary value, because no editor has the time, had he the inclination, to put himself in the amateur's place and weigh all the considerations. Naturally, all these marks have their effect on the editor, although they may never get through to the reader, for the editor is a temperamental creature, like ourselves. He balances our manuscripts against the need of his magazine, its policy, the cost, the weight of the name, and a hundred and one other considerations which the author waiting at home for a cheque, fails to grasp. These considerations amount to very little individually, but taken together, they tip the balance against us. If editors told us the truth about our effusions, it would be beneficial to themselves as well as to us. They always say they have not the time to criticize. A polite fib, maybe. The facts are they do not dare, or think they do not. As a matter of fact, truth may be painful, but it is not nearly as dangerous in the end as

doubt. If every editor took the time to tell the truth about one manuscript a year from each author, he would save a lot of time and money, for only those who were seriously in the game would come back, and then they would not dare send the same kind of "dud" again.

But rejection slips have personality and if you know how to read the signs, may teach a lot. The most valuable criticism I ever got cost me two dollars, but was well worth the money. It read something like this:

"Sorry, but Ms. won't do. Your plot is old, and the solution is obvious . . . and the story is rather amateurishly written. Too much happens off stage. The reader would like to see the action instead of having it narrated by characters. Try this Ms. with A.B.C. I hope you will be able to prove my estimate wrong."

As a matter of fact I did not.

Then there are the editors who send little printed slips which are the bane of our lives, but there is usually a little redeeming word at the close in heavy black pencil such as: "This came close," or "All filled up till next year," and the whole initialed with the same soft crayon. Gives you a nice little confidential feeling of being in the editor's confidence.

There are, too, editors who always stamp the date on the back, an annoying habit for the benefit of their files. That is easy to remedy if you keep extra outside pages. But may the Fates deliver us from the editor who absent-mindedly runs a sharp



knife over the front page, or clips a page or two with the scissors, or who edits them for his publication and then sends them back. Not long since, I had returned a lengthy manuscript which I presume was intended for acceptance, if the reader could see the way to a generous cut. The notes on the margins took hours to repair, and a scurry around to get paper that would match, as the original had been away nearly a year. Added to that, the emendations were not all correct, the reader evidently depending upon memory, for facts that I had checked over for months.

No, a manuscript has no market value till it is actually in print—at least so the editor would lead us to believe. But nevertheless, one may get a good deal of fun out of rejections. I once had a literary flirtation with an editor which lasted for months, but while interesting it was never sufficiently serious to enable me to put anything over! Even at this date, I enjoy re-reading those very human letters. Fancy getting as near as this and then not making it!

"Dear Mrs. F.

"Last night, when, in the comfortable seclusion of my easy chair in front of the fireplace, I read your story, I practically decided that I could make use of it. But this morning, perhaps, I am in a more adamant mood . . . I am therefore returning it, I must confess rather regretfully."

Although the books of instruction warn against answering the editor, the temptation was too great, so I replied advising him to have his office re-decorated. But he rose to the occasion in characteristic fashion:

"I certainly do enjoy the breeziness and good humor which always invests your letters . . . If I accepted all Mss. that I rather liked when I read them in front of my grate fire, I would be put to tremendous inconvenience, as my inventory would be overstocked . . . About four nights ago

I read thirty five Mss. in the course of about six hours, and marked eight as possible. The following day in the office I went over them again, and during the course of the day they were all sent back but three. I have been pondering over these three, and finally decided to accept one. I like about three times as much as I have room to print—and the game resolves itself into one of selecting what one likes most, or what one thinks one's readers think they like most!"

Oh yes, the correspondence went on for a long time after this, but I fancy the Ode to Duty was pinned up somewhere over that office desk, and I did not have the heart to make further inroads after this message came:

"Honest, I don't know how I have the nerve to continue sending back to you such well-written yarns, but I'm afraid there is not quite enough substance to the plot . . ."

No, we have never met, and the new editor has no such weakness as far as I have discovered. Some day I shall write an Ode to Ye Editor, which owing to the fact that the Muse does not favor me often, will have to be a parody patterned after a verse of Kipling's which runs something like this:

"And she knifed me one night,  
'Cause I wished she was white,  
But I learned about women from  
her!"

---

RAIDERS OF THE DEEP. By Lowell Thomas.  
Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy.  
\$2.50.

This is a remarkable volume. It would have to be to justify the author's own comment after having collected the material for it. The term he used was "The greatest piece of war history yet untold!"

It concerns battles under the waves, chiefly the raids of German U-boats. Besides the many actual fights, an eyewitness tells of the fateful sinking of the Lusitania, the blackest of the German sea exploits in the Great War. As the author says: "No single deed in our time ever came so near transforming a civilized state into an outlaw among nations."



## It Is Reported

### THAT—

—a new \$18,000 Public Library building was formally opened on November 21st at Wellington, Ont. It is called the Anna Dorland Saylor Library, having been presented to the municipality by Dr. Parry Dorland Saylor, head of the Canada Dry Ginger Ale Co., who is a native of Wellington.

—the book of essays and poems by Dr. Charles E. Saunders, published in French, has been received by French-Canadian press as not only by a master of the French language, but one who bends that language to his will in the manner of one whose of \$10,000 toward the erection of a \$40,000 native tongue is French.

—the P.E.I. government has made a grant library and art gallery in Charlottetown. The city will contribute another \$15,000 and the balance will come from the estate of Mrs. Robert Harris, widow of the famous artist who painted "The Fathers of Confederation."

—Miss Topley Thomas, of the faculty of Brescia Hall, London, Ont., has blossomed out as a publisher, her first venture being an edition of two hundred copies of a collection of poems by Margaret Clarke Russell. Each copy of the book is to be numbered and autographed and the idea in publishing these small books is that the entire edition is to be subscribed for before publication.

—Maude Radford Warren, the noted author and journalist so familiar to the readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The American* and other magazines recently visited her birthplace on Wolfe Island.

—Edgar Guest made his first visit to Toronto this month, filling Yorkminster church on the occasion of his recital there. He was the guest of honor at a banquet given at the King Edward Hotel by the American Women's Club.

—the Gundy-Doran scholarship in Canadian History, just announced, provides for an annual prize of \$1,200 for the best essay on the history and growth of Canada. It may be applied to a course in any Ontario University.

—A. T. Chapman, who recently severed his connection with the store with which his name was for so many years associated in Montreal, has joined the staff of the Foster Brown bookstore in that city. Besides being an exceptionally well posted bookman, he has quite a reputation as a speaker at literary functions.

## POETRY RECITAL

The second recital under the auspices of Miss Isobel Macdonald's "unofficial poetry group" was held on November 15th at My Friends' Little Book Shop, Toronto, when Constance Davies Woodrow, many of whose poems have first appeared in the *Canadian Bookman*, read a number of her new poems and several from her published books, *The Captive Gypsy* and *The Children's Caravan*. The chairman on this occasion was Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, who wrote the Foreword to *The Captive Gypsy*. Among the new poems which Mrs. Woodrow read on this occasion was "Oh, Mourn Her Not," which appears in print for the first time herewith:

### OH, MOURN HER NOT . . .

By Constance Davies Woodrow

O H, mourn her not as if, in death, she lay  
Forever 'out of sight!  
For what had she to do with endless night,  
Who was so young and gay?

Look kindly where the dandelions glow:  
There, surely she is there,  
Flinging gold laughter on the April air—  
She who loved laughter so!

Go, seek her in the dewy, dappled shade,  
Where shy, sweet violets dream  
Beneath the willows, where the Springtide  
stream  
Goes singing through the glade.

Look tenderly upon the fresh, sweet grass  
That grows beside the lane:  
Who knows?—she may be waiting once again  
To see her lover pass.

For she is one with all this loveliness,  
And doubt not, you and she  
Will mingle in a thousand Springs to be,  
With mutual caress.

\* \* \*

### TWO BOOKS FOR ONE PRICE

Subscribers are reminded that by nominating a new subscriber for *Canadian Bookman*, the \$2 will pay not only for the subscription but also for any new \$2 novel. See special announcement on another page.

\* \* \*

### POETRY NUMBER NEXT

The next issue of the *Canadian Bookman* will be the annual Poetry Number. It will be mailed early in December.



## Flake and Petal

A Review by T. G. Marquis

**A**N eminent reviewer, in writing an appreciation of a former volume of verse by Norman Gregor Guthrie (John Crichton), spoke of the author as "a poet who thinks." High praise and deserved! The weakness of much of the verse written by Canadians is that it lacks body. The technique may be excellent, rhythm and diction may compare favorably with the best done in the English-speaking world, but it makes little lasting impression, due to the fact that the authors are more concerned with form than matter.

Mr. Guthrie is essentially a thinker. His poetry abounds in compelling ideas, thoughts that make the reader pause as nature and life are brilliantly interpreted. Best of all, in the background, there is always the personality of the author, sympathetic and virile. "Miss Mowat's Garden" admirably illustrates his method. It is an ancient garden with its old seats and summer house fast falling to decay, with its homely flowers—apple blossoms, lilacs, old vines, forget-me-nots, stray buttercups, and candytuft—with bees and butterflies flitting hither and thither baby chipmunks leaping and scolding from shady branches, and swift birds darting to and fro overhead. In the midst of this garden sits the poet in creative mood, enjoying the breath of "the breathing sea" and the delicate odor of the flowers. The old garden, by masterly touches, lives in every detail with the poet "the spirit of it all."

As in his former volumes Mr. Guthrie has several poems dealing with flower life, delightful nature studies, at once poetic and scientific. He has also several poems that admirably depict Canadian winter scenes. A "Ten Mile Walk in Winter" is a study that every Canadian should be able to appreciate. There is a charm in the winter skies that the unpoetic are apt to overlook. As the poet tramps on "with a spring and a crunch," his blood tingling in the frosty,

exhilarating air, a flood of glorious color flashes on his vision, and a winter scene of unusual beauty is captured and embodies in powerful verse. "The Ski Maiden" has a lyrical sweep and swing, an impetuosity and abandon, in harmony with the most delightful of winter sports.

But nature verse plays a secondary part in *Flake and Petal*. The volume has a number of poems that appeal more to the heart and intellect than to the senses. The poet's tribute to Lorenzo Valentine in "The Orchestra Leader" is a stirring bit of music. As the poem is read the music of the orchestra beats upon the ear, the dancers swing and sway and glide before the mind's eye, and dominating the scene is the orchestra leader, a real character.

"With an eye on the lovers who float, glide  
and tread to his tune."

The "Spinning Song of Schubert" is another delightful musical poem. In it Schubert who

"Conceived this thing, where rhythm on  
rhythm  
Rolled undulating from his brain,"

the woman who interprets his song, the accompanying piano are all made to live in finely imitative verse, "full blown in fragrant joy."

One of the most striking things in this volume is the marvellous understanding shown by the poet of that eternal enigma the heart of woman. "A Lonely Woman," with its plaintive repetition at the close of each stanza has in it a world of true feeling. "Maternal Love," two brief stanzas, has a depth of feeling that cannot fail to have a universal appeal.

"You ask me for my hand? You hold  
My fingers lying stiff and chill  
In yours. Ah! if my hand is cold  
My heart is colder still!

You think that you would like to have  
My heart. My friend the thing you mean  
Is buried in a baby's grave  
Beneath an evergreen!"



There are in the volume two poems of unusual power, "Delphine," and "Impression of Notre Dame, Montreal." "Delphine" is a strikingly original study of the eternal theme of "love that loses and love that wins." In "Impression of Notre Dame, Montreal," the "grey, goodly" church with its mystic hush looms up before the mind's eye. The poet views it from a two-fold aspect—the effect of its architecture, its dim religious lights, and its incense on the hearts of the praying devotees and on the pagan heart.

Since "A Vista," Mr. Guthrie's first volume of poetry, appeared in 1921, he has shown steady growth in his art. In *Flake and Petal* there is an originality, a depth of thought, an artistic fineness that pronounce him a master craftsman.

\* \* \*

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CATHERINE THE GREAT.

By Princess Lucien Murat. Montreal: Louis Carrier & Co. \$2.50.

Beautiful books continue to come from Canadian publishers. Particularly attractive in format and general get-up is this story of Imperial Russia, reading like a half-legendary tale of the Middle Ages. The book is full of incredible personages and events—the little Sophie, pretty daughter of a poor German princeeling, and how she became bride of the heir apparent; the boorish Prince Peter, who slept booted and grimly dressed; the unbelievable plan of the Empress and her state council to fill the Imperial cradle; the lovers who slew Peter and made Catherine ruler of all the Russias; the lover made King of Poland, who would have thrown his crown to the winds for a return to favor; the long parade of favorites who cost Russia ninety-six million crowns.

Catherine was one of the most remarkable women of all times; a great ruler, a social reformer, a builder but an utterly voluptuous woman insatiable in her amours.

\* \* \*

THE WOLF WOMAN. By Arthur Stringer. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.00.

Two vastly different books have come from that prolific Canadian author, Arthur Stringer, this year. One is his new volume of poems, *A Woman at Dusk*; the other this novel in which the heroine, Aurora Mary, "three-quarters timber wolf and one-quarter angel," is brought from the North to New York. Will New York tame the wolf-woman or will she tame New York? Out of the conflict comes drama!

This book is primarily a tale of action, with a spotlight of color playing on ventures and adventures.

In addition to Aurora Mary, there is Joan Carver, product of the most sophisticated post-war society, accustomed to wealth and

the free gratification of her tutored senses. She is frank, in the modern way, careless of conventions, ruthlessly self-centred and she has a surprising capacity for stoical endurance. To the end of the tale she is the same static woman, the same piece of glazed porcelain, the same human orchid.

Against this woman is pitted the wolf woman in a battle royal. Skilled to the life of the frontier, adept in masculine prowess, with primitive instincts all untutored, she faces obvious obstacles when she comes to New York. But she has the advantage of a hunger for beauty, for love and for the fine things of life. The love of these give her capacity for development and she can fight like a wild animal. Most of all the women differ in maternal instinct.

Among the first needs of Aurora Mary in coming to New York, is a secretary or governess who must be at once animal trainer, shop guide, grammar shark and mule driver. This naturally provides a lot of entertainment along with the tense drama of the tale.

\* \* \*

JOSHUA'S VISION. By W. J. Locke. Toronto: Dood, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

In this pleasant and characteristically Lockian tale, Joshua Fendiek at nearly fifty enters that land of dreams and illusions which is the terrain usually apportioned to youth. His long-dormant love of beauty awakened by Robina, he tried to become a sculptor, urged on to that especial form of art by the clay study of a girl's nude back made by Robina. And he also attempted the task of turning that girl herself, Susan Keene, from a dead and frozen creature into a flesh and blood woman. He knew, as Robina did, something of the tragedy of Susan's life; but not until the girl told it to him with her own lips did he learn the appalling truth. With her help he had tried "to create in material substance an interpretation of his Vision of Life." What happened to that attempt gives the book its climax, while to Joshua is accorded "the privilege of saving a human soul alive."

\* \* \*

THE SHADOW. By Lillian Rogers. Toronto: McLean & Smithers. \$2.00.

This is a moving and intense study of an unusual relationship between father and daughter. Anne Whitmore's life has been overcast by her father's inexplicable coldness and it is only when she finds, at the dramatic climax of the story, the true explanation for her father's conduct and treatment of her, that this subtle psychological effect on her mind, is removed, leaving her free and untrammelled. The author has a notable gift for characterization and an admirable style.



# Lloyd's Essays and Poems

Reviewed by Blanche Hume

FOR a year or more essays and poems have been appearing in various Canadian periodicals, including the *Canadian Bookman*, under the signature Cecil Francis Lloyd, and now two slender volumes have been published. Mr. Lloyd has not included all his work in these two volumes, even though his standard of excellence has been very carefully maintained. But in *Leaves of the Sybil* and *Sunlight and Shadow*, he has provided a discriminating selection and one which is extensive enough to give the fine flavor of his literary achievement. For it is an achievement to have succeeded in two such difficult forms of literary expression as the sonnet and the essay. In *Leaves of the Sybil*, which contains some thirty-six poems, there are at least half a dozen sonnets. As to the more memorable of these, if one had to choose, the selection might very well include "Beatrice," (written on the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, which hangs in an Italian gallery):

Out of a tarnished rondure of dull gold  
A face surveys the thoughtless Roman crowd,  
A young girl's vivid face, warm-hued and proud,  
Darkened by something sinister and cold.  
It shakes your soul to see a thing so fair  
Marred by the shadow of the devil's wing;  
You wonder what infernal memories cling  
About those tender lips, that radiant hair.  
But when you catch her glance a sudden chill  
Shocks you, as when on winter nights a gust  
Of wind blows in the door and hurls a dust  
Of snow upon you, and your heart stands still,  
For in the passionate depths of her dark eye  
Unutterable woe and terror lie.

Of his memorial poem to Marjorie Pickthall, which the *Canadian Bookman* had the honor to print some years ago, a famous critic had this to say: "Here is a little thing supremely well told. It has the authentic note of Greek work, which of course you know means great work. It will live."

There is a quiet dignity and simplicity, a tenderness and imaginative beauty about his "In Memoriam to Thomas Hardy," which is very appealing and which makes it

difficult to refrain from quoting this lovely poem in full:

They've laid his dust where sage and king  
Beneath the minster's stones repose,  
But from his heart each June will spring  
The sweetness of a Wessex rose.

*Leaves of the Sybil* carries the dedication: "To Maud, the sweetest woman and the most loyal comrade," and the opening poem is really a continuation of the dedication:

When the dead sun shall fold his burning wings  
And earth be but a dream of yesterday,  
Sweet as remembered beauty of dead springs,  
Clothing the white austerity of May,  
Your deathless love's aspiring incense shall  
Invest my naked soul with robes angelical.

Mr. Lloyd's essays, as Thomas Carlyle once said of the characters of Lear and Macbeth, read as though 'they had been made "out of the imagination of a man who had known great sorrow.' 'There is poignancy in the knowledge they reveal that the little lady to whom the author frequently refers as his "best friend," "a little friend," "a gracious presence," should have slipped away before she could accept the tribute of his published work.

Mr. Lloyd has read widely. He has a tenacious memory, and an unusual power of appropriating to himself the experiences of others. He has steeped himself in the classics, reading these, for the most part, in translations, but not confining himself to these. Reading in him has developed both richness and readiness. Moreover, he has ideas of his own, ideas, which he has absorbed not only from reading but from life, and these ideas—independent, original and daring—he has expressed with sincerity and in felicitous phrasing.

Mr. Lloyd's humor where it occurs, is satirical, rather than whimsical.

"I like history," he says, in that very fine essay on Edward Gibbon, the historian, "because my reading of it is accompanied by the comforting certainty that all the people I meet in its pages are dead." And, again, in that sprightly and excellent essay on "Love of Country," "True patriotism is as quiet and cheerful as sunlight, as modest as a maid used to be, as faithful under difficulties as a dog or a good wife, as solicitous for the national honor as for the individual's interest and as ready to die in a fair and honest quarrel as a man to go to bed after a hard day's work."

LEAVES OF THE SYBIL. Cecil Francis Lloyd.  
Toronto: Hunter-Rose Co. Ltd.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW. Cecil Francis Lloyd.  
Toronto: Hunter-Rose Co. Ltd.

He has a gift for striking metaphor and simile:

"The garden in autumn grows sober-hued like old age: only the dahlias flaunt splendid colors in the teeth of winter, like a vigorous country squire who rides to hounds in immaculate pink and tops on his eightieth birthday, and is found dead in bed next morning."

Many of the best passages in Mr. Lloyd's essays are simply poetry in the garb of prose, which is to be expected from one who frankly admits that he values "one good line of anybody's poetry more than ten pages of prose."

The essays which have appeared in the *Canadian Bookman*, several of which are included in *Sunlight and Shadow*, illustrate the fine quality of the thirteen which comprise this collection. His work, both as essayist and poet, in the two collections which have recently appeared, is noteworthy and it is with pride, and a courage born of the knowledge that the author has lived some fifteen years or more in Canada, that we appropriate it to ourselves and welcome it as an addition to *Canadian* literature.

\* \* \*

**ZOLA AND HIS TIME.** By Matthew Josephson. First book selection for *The Book League Monthly*, New York: The Book League of America Inc. Issues \$2.50 per copy, \$18 per year.

In the wake of the Book of the Month Clubs, but carrying the idea along, comes *The Book League Monthly*, each issue containing one complete new book besides regular magazine features. The first book selected for publication in this form is *Zola and His Time*, which has been concurrently published in more elaborate form by Macaulay & Co., New York, at \$5.

The board of editors includes such notables as Edwin Arlington Robinson, Van Wyck Brooks, Gmaliel Bradford, Hamilton Holt, and Edwin E. Slosson.

Regarding the book *Zola and His Time*, Mr. Van Wyck Brook says in his introduction that "it must rank among the conspicuous biographical works of our generation."

What figure in the long history of French letters can we compare to Zola? Rabelais, Balzac? At least he labored as resistlessly and endlessly as they did. When we consider the score of volumes that make up the Rougon-Macquart series, the trilogy on Lourdes, Rome and Paris, and the final novels, *Fécondité*, *Travail*, and *Vérité*, we see that this assiduous giant, who died of asphyxiation at the age of 62, possessed an inordinate capacity for intensive labor, that he lived in his work as his work lived in him, that to the last he was pursued and harried by the importunate gadfly of creation.

Who was he and why was he? Zola was born in Paris on April 2, 1840, but he was not a Parisian by blood. He belonged to the South to the Midi, to Provence.

The author of this Zola biography has wisely made Zola's indignant and formidable championship of Alfred Dreyfus the climax of his book, a climax toward which the novelist seems to move, a culmination, as it were, of that implicit reforming instinct and regardless promulgation of justice that quivers behind the best of the Rougon-Macquart series of novels. The three chapters concerned with Zola's activities for and persecution because of Dreyfus achieve a sustained sort of vivid handling that places them like a culminating set-piece of fireworks at the conclusion of a generous-sized volume that is painstaking in composition, evidently based in part, on unpublished sources and animated by a warm sympathy on the part of the biographer. It was time for a book on Zola.

\* \* \*

**THE MEDIOCRAT.** By Nalbro Bartley. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy. \$2.

There were three sons and a flapper daughter in the Reynolds family. This book tells of the home that Hilda Reynolds made for her husband and these children. She created an atmosphere of sportsmanship and loyalty but she was a "mediocrat"—just an ordinary human being. When Vesta Yates Dinwiddie Critchlow took the house next door, Andrew Reynolds, "who had never quite recovered from the shock of being alive," was stirred to passion! How Hilda met this situation is what the book is all about.

\* \* \*

**LILY CHRISTINE.** By Michael Arlen. Toronto: McLean & Smithers.

Now, from the author whose *Green Hat* and *Mayfair* tales set so many tongues a-wagging, we have this new vision of a woman—a brilliant, loyal, loving and loveable creature who is a modern ideal mate for a man.

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OUT OF THE SILENCE. By Erle Cox. Toronto: Thomas Allen. \$2.00.

Erle Cox is on the staff of the Melbourne *Argus*, of Melbourne, Australia, and is the author of much short fiction. *Out of the Silence* is his first full-length novel. The writer is hailed as a new Rider Haggard and the peer of H. G. Wells, by Australian reviewers. A translation is to be issued shortly in Paris.

\* \* \*

THE SIX PROUD WALKERS. By Francis Beeding. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.

The author of *The Seven Sleepers* here gives us another thriller. Murder and intrigue are Geoffrey Carroll's daily companions after his extraordinary encounter with one of the "six" on the Italian highway. Ever looking over his shoulder, above ground or down in the catacombs of Rome, Death awaits him!

\* \* \*

MATORNI'S VINEYARD. By E. P. Oppenheim. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$2.

Matorni, Italian dictator in 1940, casts envious eyes on French territory. Here is a tale in the field of international politics providing all the thrills that any reader can possibly want.

\* \* \*

ANGEL CHILD. By Grace Perkins. Toronto: Thomas Allen. \$2.00.

This book, hailed as "the merriest success of the season," is the frank chronicle of the love affairs, professional successes and disappointments of a company of theatrical folk as told by Lola, a very wise but naive child actress. Its humor, pathos, vividness and undoubted reality put it into the best seller class.

\* \* \*

THE SPELL OF IRELAND. By Archie Bell.

With map, 48 illustrations in duogravure and frontispiece in full color. Boston: L. C. Page. \$3.75.

A popular song declares that "Ireland Must be Heaven." Archie Bell, in this book, does not make such an extravagant claim; but he indicates that the Emerald Isle is one of the most delightful places on the earth's surface.

He describes the charm of beauty spots like the Killarney Lakes, Bantry, Galway, Glengariff, lovely old Limerick and Athlone. He rambles along the banks of the Shannon and in imagination reconstructs the ancient monasteries that did so much to preserve civilization for Western Europe. The spell of the past is shown to linger in the present and the book is delightful reading for the stay-at-home or for the tourist who takes it as his companion upon the trip and avails himself of its information.

Of this book John McCormack, the famous

singer, said in a letter to the author: "I wish I were rich enough to put your book into the hands of every prospective visitor to Europe, for you have so sympathetically and with such keen insight, written of the 'spell' of my Motherland and her people, that I am sure your readers cannot but come under that spell too."

\* \* \*

AT THE SOUTH GATE. By Grace Richmond. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy. \$2.

Julia Heath, (just like a woman), refused Dr. Dan and then pursued him across the continent to change her mind. The hero of this book is as likable as *Red Pepper Burns*, and the heroine as lovable, as the girl in *Lights Out*. The Braithwaites lived in a big house on the hill and the Paiges in a cottage at the South Gate. They felt that they had nothing in common but a boy's illness changed all that and this book will change points of view in hundreds of rich homes and poor homes.

\* \* \*

WILLOW SMOKE. By Ethel Kirk Grayson. Toronto: Thomas Allen. \$2.00.

The scene of this novel is laid in and around a ranch in Saskatchewan. In a little country town mingle strains from all races and every grade of society. Love, heroic endeavor, crime, brutality, patience—all the human virtues and vices, which expose themselves more clearly under the magnifying glass of the small community, are the threads with which the author weaves her picture. In the background lies the mighty prairie, with its mystery and vastness. The author is herself a Canadian. Moose Jaw is her home.

\* \* \*

THE THREE PASSIONS. By Cosmo Hamilton. Toronto: Ryerson Press.

"It's a rotten age to have been born into. There aren't any heroes to worship and there isn't a cause to die for. It's all a question of standards, and there aren't such things about. We're a mass of neutrals, that's what we are."

Is the present-day world as bad as this quotation from Cosmo Hamilton's new book would indicate? The book is enlivened with some fairly vivid pictures of parties of the kind at which "boys and girls lay about in Doré attitudes—twined in each other's arms, hunched like monkeys shoulder to shoulder or back to back," after dancing themselves into a state of exhaustion. There are also a good many comments on the part of the author regarding such matters as young women who "subscribed to the general silliness by the sacrifice of their back locks and the shaving of their necks. How very ugly that is. . . . manners went out with long hair."



THE HOUNDS OF GOD. By Raphael Sabatini. Toronto: Thomas Allen. \$2.00.

A gallant tale of wit and courage, love and loyalty and high faith, is told by the always interesting Raphael Sabatini in his new romance. The period is that of the great conflict between Elizabeth of England and Philip of Spain; the scene shifts from one country to the other, with glimpses of Elizabeth's court in the Palace of Whitehall, and Philip's austere chamber at the Escorial.

\* \* \*

A BROOD OF DUCKLINGS. By Frank Swinerton. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy. \$2.00.

The subconscious jealousy of his daughter's suitors on the part of an honest, chivalrous and scholarly father, provides much of the interest of this clever book in which the author returns to the captivating manner of his *Nocturne* and *The Elder Sisters*. It is a tale of subtly clashing temperaments and reveals a remarkable insight into the feminine mind and heart.

\* \* \*

WE FORGET BECAUSE WE MUST. By W. B. Maxwell. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy. \$2.00.

Swift, dramatic and human is this new novel by the author of *Bevan Yorke*. It is a book that ranks with Walpole's *Winters-moon* and discloses the life of a woman and her generation. When her husband proves unfaithful she goes through tortures of misunderstanding but in time forgives him—"we forget because we must." And so it is with other disappointments; the marriage of her daughter to the wrong man and the throwing over of ideals and traditions by her second son for the fast life of the younger generation. But Enid's life goes on and she forgets because she must. Readers will find this a most moving story and one that will fix itself in their minds to stay there by reason of the recurrent thoughts that it will inspire.

\* \* \*

### BOOK SELECTING

Following up the request for lists of books suitable for a home library as printed under the heading "The Game of Book Selecting," in the October issue, the first reply came from Mr. F. W. Gamman of the Public Library, Swift Current, Sask. Mr. Gamman contributes a regular series of Library letters to the Swift Current *Sun*, in which recent books are reviewed in a most interesting and in-

timate manner. Unfortunately lack of space makes it impossible to reprint these letters, but they bear out the remarks in Mr. Gamman's letter to the effect that the correspondent's original request might be met by an application to the nearest Public Library. Mr. Gamman suggests also that a "blanket" order might be given, as is done for quantities of gifts and prizes for children at Christmas.

"The personal selection of books," adds Mr. Gamman, "is quite another matter, and one which no prudent person will do hastily or delegate to another."

Following is the list of books covered in the series of Library letters in the Swift Current *Sun*:

*Phineas Finn*, by A. Trollope.  
*Phineas Redux*, by A. Trollope.  
*McDougall of Alberta*, by John McLean.  
*The Spinners*, by Eden Phillpotts.  
*Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, by V. B. Ibanez.  
*The Misanthrope*, by Moliere.  
*The Sinister Man*, by Edgar Wallace.  
*Peter Binnie, Undergraduate*, by Archibald Marshall.  
*The Portygee*, by Joseph C. Lincoln.  
*Essays*, by Montaigne.  
*Responsibility*, by J. E. Agate.  
*She Stoops to Conquer*, by Oliver Goldsmith.  
*The Woodlanders*, by Thos. Hardy.  
*Uncle Simon*, by Mr. and Mrs. Staepoole.  
*Portrait of a Man With Red Hair*, by Hugh Walpole.  
*Seeds of Pine*, by "Janey Canuck."  
*Lady Lilith*, by Stephen McKenna.  
*Ben Hur*, by Lew Wallace.  
*Kings in Exile*, by C. G. D. Roberts.  
*God and the Groceryman*, by Harold Bell Wright.  
*The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, by John Erskine.  
*Mystery at Geneva*, by Rose Macaulay.  
*The Little Nugget*, by P. G. Wodehouse.  
*Today and Tomorrow*, by various authors.  
*Man and Superman*, by G. B. Shaw.  
*Life of Nelson*, by Southey.  
*Toilers of the Sea*, by Victor Hugo.  
*Man of Property*, by John Galsworthy.  
*My Lady Rotha*, by Stanley J. Weyman.  
*Revolt in the Desert*, by Lawrence.  
*The English Character*, Spencer L. Hughes.  
*Queen Lucia*, by E. F. Benson.

All of these books are actually from the shelves of the Swift Current Public Library.

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## Art Notes

By Jeanne Adeney

CAN there be something in the claim made very often in Canada and in England, that America is spiritually dying? Americans, I know, feel the same way about England, and Canadians are apt to think that there is not much life left in the art of either. There have been warm arguments in each of these countries. "America stands for Death," I heard at the Adler Society in London. "The arts in England are lifeless and academic," comes the reply from American art circles. "A new spirit in art is being born here," says the Canadian Group of Seven.

However this may be, the American pictures at the Toronto Art Gallery in November were disappointing. (Observe that it is a Canadian who writes.) The selection was not very large nor representative, although it came from the Phillips Memorial Gallery at Washington, whose aim is to prove that the best American pictures compare favorably with the best in the world. Excepting Ernest Lawson's "Sunset, High Bridge," which was quite lovely, I thought they proved the opposite.

It was the French pictures which benefited by comparison. There were two interesting sketches by Chavannes, "Marseille" and "Messilia," not in his accustomed mural style, but more lifelike and soft in color. One noted the fine drawing of Bethe Morisol's "Two Girls," and the charm of Claude Monet's "Road to Vetheuil." There were canvasses by Pissarro, Daumier, Degas—a lovely collection.

A sketch painted spontaneously and left at that, usually reveals more of the artist than a painting that has been worked over. Doubtless that is why the Little Pictures by members of the Ontario Society of Artists, made such an interesting exhibition. In every case where the artist had

shown a larger, more finished picture with the small ones, it suffered by comparison. The general standard of these little pictures was very good. Practically all of them were painted from nature, catching the color and atmosphere of Canada.

The print room contained a large collection of Frank Benson's etchings. This artist limits himself for the most part to men, boats and birds, but his pictures are no less interesting for that. Because Mr. Benson is a naturalist as well as an artist, his etchings of wild fowl may be said to express both the true and the beautiful.

The Galleries were especially interesting in October, because for the first time Canadian sculpture was exhibited alone, and in a proper setting, giving the public a chance to view the grouped work of each sculptor. The work of Emmanuel Hahn and of Elizabeth Wyn Wood was outstanding. The latter, who is young, should have a brilliant future. "The Elevation of the Cross" of Peter Paul Rubens, lately acquired by the Art Gallery of Toronto, was on view for the first time in October.

\* \* \*

### SOLDIER TO SOLDIER

Here's an interesting bit from an interview by Dr. Knowles in the Toronto *Star*, with Bruce Bairnsfather, the humorist, famous for "Old Bill," and who had ten years stage experience following the war.

"Do you know Kipling?" asked Dr. Knowles.

"I've met him," replied Bairnsfather. "He came once when I was on the stage. He followed me, after the play, back behind the stage. He just walked up to me: 'Bairnsfather?' he enquired. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Bloody good,' says Kipling, and walked out again."



## To Hear Canadian Authors!

Enthusiastic Crowd Jams Convocation Hall, Toronto, to Capacity, and Many Hundreds are Turned Away—Piece de Resistance of Canadian Book Week.

THE big event of Canadian Book Week in Toronto, (and probably in Canada) was the immense gathering at Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, on the evening of November 7th, when that large auditorium was not only packed to capacity but many hundred who sought admittance had to be turned away.

"I feel as if I were addressing one quarter of the universe," exclaimed one of the authors in the course of his address. He could hardly believe his senses in experiencing such an astounding concourse of people gathered to hear Canadian authors, and considered that it could be taken as not only a fitting answer to those who persisted in the assertion that there was no Canadian literature, but also as a justification of those who launched the Canadian Authors Association and inaugurated Canadian Book Week several years ago.

Canada's literary luminaries who were the speakers at this great meeting were Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Arthur Stringer, L. M. Montgomery and Bernard K. Sandwell. The event was under the joint auspices of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Authors Association and the Canadian Literature Club of Toronto.

President J. M. Elson, of the Toronto branch of the C.A.A., in his remarks, indicated that there were represented as speakers and on the platform, writers drawn from practically every form of literature. He stressed the fact that the meeting served to launch Canadian Book Week, which was designed "to develop a consciousness of Canada's own creative literary talents." He then called upon Charles G. D. Roberts, National President of the Canadian Authors Association.

Dr. Roberts read his poem on the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, "These Three Score Years," and the audience liked it so much they insisted on an encore, which was "In the Night Watches."

R. A. Pryne, president of the Canadian Literature Club, sketched the aims of that organization and called upon Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, known to millions of her readers as L. M. Montgomery.

An ovation greeted the creator of the "Anne" books. Laughter followed her humorous sallies, and tears were not far away when she told the story of the wreck of the Marco Polo. Condemning some of the present day novels, she declared "they never come to an end; they just stop. Nobody is ever happily married or buried or hanged."

The speaker tried to recite a poem in answer to about five minutes of applause, when she concluded her speech, but forgot it before she even started. Then she good-naturedly conjured up another and gave it. The crowd clamored for another, and she obliged.

Arthur Stringer was quite facetious about his early poetry. He told of writing "I love Bee and Bee loves me," in wet concrete on a pickle factory wall at Chatham; although his earliest poem was on the bathroom wallpaper, a medium of presentation which cost him a spanking. His first book of poems was published in Toronto on the proceeds of farming, and as he tended the horses, he said, his mind always turned to another kind of horse—the winged horse Pegasus on which he yearned to soar.

Condemning Canadian treatment of poets, he said they followed the

platonic idea of feasting the bard, anointing his head with oil, and then passing him on to the next town. He concluded his speech by reciting "Childe Roland Leaves the Tower," and then gave two other readings in response to the clamor of the crowd.

Prof. B. K. Sandwell, Montreal, was in fine fettle in a humorous speech, quite living up to advance notices.

The sentiments of the enthusiastic audience were admirably expressed in the speech by Principal Maurice Hutton in moving a vote of thanks and in Dr. E. A. Hardy's remarks in supporting the motion.

\* \* \*

#### LAMPMAN MEMORIAL PROPOSED

Another significant Book Week event was that in London, Ontario, when Arthur Stringer proposed the erection of a memorial to the memory of Archibald Lampman, whom he characterized Canada's greatest poet. His suggestion was that the memorial be erected at Lampman's birthplace, Morpeth, in Kent County, Ontario. This laudable suggestion was supported by Charles G. D. Roberts, who was another speaker at this Book Week meeting in London; but Dr. Roberts could not go quite so far as Mr. Stringer in his estimate of Lampman's work. His choice for major honors was Bliss Carman. Lampman at his best equalled Carman, but his genius was more limited than that of Carman.

Accompanying Arthur Stringer and Dr. Roberts was one of the younger poets, Nathaniel Benson, who spoke of the privilege it was to hear the interesting literary argument as to who was Canada's greatest poet, and then ventured the opinion, in disagreement with both of the previous speakers, that Charles G. D. Roberts was entitled to the place of leadership.

Mr. John Garvin reported regarding the great number of Book Week speeches at Collegiate Institutes and

Colleges. Practically all of them had been covered.

An interesting feature of the evening was the presentation of moving pictures of the authors at Calgary and at Banff on the occasion of the recent convention.

\* \* \*

#### POETRY IN MODERN LIFE

In another address before the London Kiwanians Arthur Stringer spoke of the place of poetry in modern life. After dealing with the estimates of the place of poetry which generally prevailed, such as the sign of gentility conveyed by the presence of a volume of poetry on a library table, he spoke of the place of poetry in everyday life. No city could be built without poetry; poetry, in the beauty of parks and city planning, was as essentially poetry as the written word. Life was permeated with the use of poetic license in conversation, a license which, if removed, would be keenly felt the world over. Mr. Stringer gave a number of examples of the use of the poetic form of conversation to convince his hearers.

Strangely enough poetry often lived far beyond the other great works of man. Empires might fall, but the poetry of those empires would go on forever. In this connection he pointed to the need for great poets to perpetuate the stories of Canada for future generations.

\* \* \*

#### BOOK WEEK IN WELLAND

Among Toronto's Book Week ambassadors was Nathaniel Benson, who, besides being one of the speakers at the big meeting in London, Ont., spoke before the Rotary Club of Welland. That organization, through the instrumentality of Louis Blake Duff, gave over the regular meeting to Book Week and, at the conclusion of Mr. Benson's address, voted it a big success.

# Canadian Authors Association

## OFFICIAL REPORT

**A**N evidence that New Brunswick people are beginning to appreciate the work of their own authors was given by the enthusiastic welcome extended to Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman at a recent meeting under the auspices of the St. John branch. More than 600 poetry-loving people, followers of the works of these two famous cousins and former New Brunswick men, gathered in the Pythian Castle, Union Street, to hear their joint recitals. Dr. Roberts opened his recital with his "Ode to Canada's Diamond Jubilee," which is one of his latest poems. It touched, he said, a personal note. He told of the 20 years he had spent in Europe, because he felt that to know Canada he must have some standard of comparison. But on his return the progress that Canada had made during the two decades filled him with pride, for "Canadian am I in blood and bone—"

The two following selections were poems of the wilderness and wild life. The first one was dedicated to Bliss Carman and depicted their mutual love for the forest and padd'le. The second, "In the Night Watches," graphically described a forest camp on the shore of a shadowed lake and the noises of the night." Switching to a lighter vein, Dr. Roberts read a recent composition, "Sister to the Wild Rose," which described a beautiful maiden—"petal sweet are the lips of her, flower sweet, dainty sweet—" and after he had finished it he thought it would be fitting to search for some girl to whom the poem applied exactly, and the only girl who measured up was his own granddaughter!

Dr. Carman, telling of his work two years ago as extension lecturer for a western university, declared that poetry was something vitally necessary to counterbalance the scientific studies of the present day in the schools. He read selections from his latest collection, *Far Horizons*. He opened with "Rivers of Canada," in which he describes the beauties of the myriad streams of the Dominion and concludes with the lines: "—and all the pleasant rivers that seek the Fundy foam they call me, and call me to follow them home."

In a child's sing-song fashion, he next gave "The Ships of Yule," that pleasing little fantasy of childhood. A long time ago, recalled Dr. Carman, he had written a poem about the ships of Saint John, and when the editor of *Far Horizons* was gathering his material he wanted to include the "Ships of Saint John," but he had objected

and insisted on writing another one on the same subject for the publication. It was the one which began: "Where are the ships I used to know that came to port the Fundy tide—!" He read this impressively and followed with another sea poem, "The Grave Digger."

Changing his locale to the Canadian north, Dr. Carman read a poem of spring called "The Spring Call of the Wawa," "Wawa" being, he explained, the Indian for wild goose. In it he described the thrill which comes when the first honking battalions appear on their way to the summer feeding grounds. He followed this by reading "Green Fire," a new unpublished piece; "St. Francis and the Birds," and a number of charming bird and flower lyrics.

Following the recital, Dr. Carman and Dr. Roberts were guests of Major and Mrs. H. C. Christie. Other guests included A. M. Belding, Dr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Daniel, Mrs. Howard of Fredericton, Mrs. Margaret E. Lawrence, Miss Marion Belding, and Rev. George Scott. —From the *Evening Times-Globe*, St. John, N.B.

### Victoria and Islands Branch

The October meeting of this branch was held in the library of Victoria College. Two very interesting features of the occasion were an address by Major Allan Swinton, the well-known short story writer, in which he dealt with editors, publishers, markets, and the writing of short stories in a highly entertaining manner; and a short address upon art by Mr. Leonard M. Davis, New York artist, who showed also some of his fine paintings executed entirely with platette-knife. Mr. Carmichael, chairman of the branch, presided, and the secretary announced that a committee consisting of Mrs. C. D'A. Henderson, Miss M. Eugenie Perry and Mr. Donald Fraser, who had been authorized to make a selection of a Canadian poem to be recited in competition at the Victoria Musical Festival in the spring, had chosen "A Canadian Home Song," by Duncan Campbell Scott, leaving the second poem to the choice of the competitor in the open competition for which the branch is offering a prize.

### Halifax Branch

The first meeting of the season was held at the home of Mrs. Charles Archibald on November 8th, with the President of the branch, Dr. Archibald MacMechan, in the chair.



A report of the annual meeting at Calgary was read by Miss Juanita O'Connor. The representatives of the local branch at the convention were Dr. H. F. Munro, who was one of the speakers, and Miss Helen Creighton, Miss Helen O'Connor, and Miss Juanita O'Connor.

The Dominion convention, which will be held in Halifax next year, was discussed and the dates practically set. June 25, 26 and 27 were the dates mentioned, with a post convention trip on June 28th to Annapolis. It was decided that the secretary of the local branch, W. T. Allen, be appointed convention secretary, and that Miss Juanita O'Connor be appointed assistant secretary-treasurer.

Several new members were proposed for membership. They were Mrs. Gilbert Hart, Gilbert Hart, Frank Power, Mrs. Fader, Mrs. Tyler, Rev. Leo Murphy and Mrs. Longley. Among the new books discussed were *Rockbound*, by Professor Frank Day, *Under the Red Jack*, by C. H. J. Snider, and *James Wolfe*, by W. T. Waugh.

An original song composed by Miss Juanita O'Connor and Gilbert Hart was sung by Mr. Hart, and it was suggested that the song be sung at the Dominion convention.

\* \* \*

### ELIZABETH P. MacCALLUM

Credit is being reflected upon her own country by the Canadian author of *The Nationalist Crusade in Syria*, Miss Elizabeth P. MacCallum, M.A., a graduate of Queen's University, Kingston. After graduating in 1919, she taught high school in Dawson City. Post-graduate study in modern history and political science at Columbia University was followed by two years in editorial and research work in Toronto as assistant secretary of the Social Service Council of Canada. Since 1925 Miss MacCallum has been conducting research in contemporary Near Eastern affairs for the Foreign Policy Association, New York City.

That France has failed to achieve the success in its administration of Syria that the nations of the west expected of it when that territory was entrusted to it as "a sacred trust of civilization" under the League mandate system, is indicated in Miss MacCallum's book. In this account of the French occupation the impression

is given not only that the Syrian people were deprived of the fundamental rights and liberties guaranteed them under the League Covenant, but also that it was the blundering and provocative policy of the French authorities which forced them to engage in a rebellion that brought heavy loss of life and the devastation of some of the very towns, villages and farmlands whose welfare the French were expected to promote.

The two-year struggle, whose most spectacular feature was the French bombardment of the age-old city of Damascus is described in some detail. Although the rebels met with military defeat, the uprising forced upon the victorious French authorities a new respect for the demands of a people whose welfare had been confided to them as "a sacred trust of civilization."

\* \* \*

### CANADIAN HUMOR

That women have contributed a much larger proportion of humor to Canadian literature than have men, was one of the interesting comments by Dr. E. A. Hardy, in a lecture on "Canadian Humor" before the Canadian Literature Club, Toronto, on November 5th. To prove this assertion he instanced the work of Isabella Valancy Crawford, L. M. Montgomery, Jean Blewett, Mazo de la Roche, Nellie McClung, Janey Canuck and others.

As to professional humorists, among which he included Haliburton, Leacock, Peter McArthur, "P.O.D." and Bernard K. Sandwell, he thought they held their own with the humorists of any other nation.

As a race Canadians were most humorous than witty. The former was invariably kindly, but the latter frequently cruel, though always brilliant. He accorded a high place to Canadian cartoonists, citing such examples as Bengough, Sam Hunter, Palmer Cox and Jimmy Frise.

## CANADIAN LITERATURE ABROAD

According to the head of the Canadian house of Macmillans, Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs, Canadian literature is finding a commendable critical public in Europe.

"In the course of the last four years the interest in Canadian literature in England, Germany and the Scandinavian countries has been most remarkable," said Mr. Eayrs. "This is in some measure attributable to the general interest which has been awakened in Canada through her increased prestige among the nations of the world, but it is predominantly a proof that we here are producing good work for otherwise it certainly would not meet with European commendation."

\* \* \*

## LITERARY CRAFTSMANSHIP

The feature of the November meeting of the Canadian Authors Association, Toronto branch, held at the Heliconian Club on November 20th, was a craftsmanship talk, the Manuscript as viewed from the editor's and the publisher's standpoints, being ably dealt with by Messrs. E. J. Moore and Frank F. Appleton.

That many people who have writing ambitions do not "toil enough" over their manuscripts, was the criticism of Mr. Moore. "If some folk would put a little more effort into what they do their work would be more likely to be accepted—and read by the public after it is printed," he said.

Mr. Appleton gave an illuminating address dealing with the various phases of publishing, from the making up of a book to the selling of it, including manuscript acceptances, contracts, market conditions and the important "copyright."

John W. Garvin outlined some of the successes of Book Week in Toronto, particularly the record meeting held in Convocation Hall. Nathaniel Benson told of the celebration of Book

Week in London, Ont. President John M. Elson referred to the fact that three members of the branch had recently distinguished themselves in book production—J. W. L. Forster, Emily P. Weaver, and Mrs. Doherty, whose stories are being filmed by the Ontario authorities.

Mr. Elson also took issue with a statement made by a young novelist in Toronto last week to the effect that "'three cheers,' would not make a Canadian literature." Three cheers would not do it, he agreed, but "several thousand of cheers by Canadians for the literary efforts of their countrymen would help to awaken a consciousness as to what is going on in their country."

\* \* \*

## GREATER THAN LONGFELLOW?

Considerable discussion was aroused by the Book Week speech at Loretto Abbey, in which Wilson Macdonald, supporting his plea for greater recognition of Canadian poets, held up Isabella Valancey Crawford as being a greater poet than Longfellow.

Details of the many Book Week events across Canada had not been received when this issue of *Canadian Bookman* was prepared, but references to the most important of them will doubtless be included in the official reports of the Canadian Authors Association in an early issue.

\* \* \*

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# The Collector

A copy of *Tamerlane*, the first published work of Edgar Allan Poe, was sold recently by Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston bookseller, to J. R. Lilly Jr., an Indianapolis collector, for the highest price ever paid for an American first edition, said to be in excess of \$20,000. It is a perfect copy, clean and unsoiled, and is one of six known copies of this edition. This book was issued anonymously in Boston in 1827, the author being given as "a Bostonian."

\* \* \*

It might be supposed that in these days of high prices for books and old manuscripts the zeal of collectors in exploring out-of-the-way places, no important literary "find" could any longer be hoped for. Yet a copy of the first edition of Milton's *Lycidas*, said to be worth today \$10,000, was found recently in a bundle of books and manuscripts tucked away in a porch of an old Norfolk church, where it had lain for more than 150 years unrecognized.

\* \* \*

The famous Guildhall Library of the City of London, as it exists today, is only 100 years old, it having been opened for the use of the members of the corporation in 1928, but it is really the successor of the original Guildhall Library, which was founded no less than four centuries ago by the great Dick Whittington, four times Lord Mayor of London. It also has the honor of being the first public library, it having been opened to the public in 1875. The library, as is well known, contains an unrivalled collection of books, pamphlets, prints and manuscripts, dealing with the history, topography and antiquities of the London district. But it also possesses a very complete assembly of works dealing with English history and philology and is especially rich in the departments of genealogy, heraldry and archaeology, and, as a result, it ranks in London, second only as a general public reference library to the British Museum.

\* \* \*

In commemoration of the bicentenary of the birth of Oliver Goldsmith November 10, 1728, Yale University Library opened to the public on November 9 an exhibition of his works, designed to represent the extent and variety of his contributions to English liter-

ature, from the trial review, which in 1757, obtained for him his first position as reviewer for the *Monthly Review*, to the collected edition of his essays in three volumes which appeared toward the close of the eighteenth century. The exhibition is a representative one, for with the exception of the *Plutarch's Lives*; abridged from the original Greek, 1762, and the practically unknown *Edwin and Angelina*, a ballad, printed for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland, all his works are represented.

\* \* \*

A set of the writings of Theodore Roosevelt, each volume inscribed by the author, brought \$5,150 in New York City on November 20th at auction at the American Art Galleries. This is believed to be a record price for a set of the writings of Roosevelt. The volumes believed to be unique were auctioned at a sale of property of several private collectors and estates, including the library of the late Judge Harman Yerkes of Doylestown, Pa. The Roosevelt books, bound in full crimson levant morocco, were inscribed by the former President for his friend Arthur N. Sager, New York lawyer, on February 17, 1917. In one volume, *Hero Tales from American History*, Colonel Roosevelt wrote this inscription, "These Stories deal with Americans who were not too proud to fight, and who scorned peace without victory."

\* \* \*

A first edition of *Schoolboy Lyrics*, Kipling's first book, brought \$2,900 at auction at the galleries of the American Art Association, New York, on November 22nd. Kipling wrote the poems at the age of 15, while a schoolboy in England, and his parents had them printed in India. Only fifty copies were issued for private circulation. \$1,700 was paid at the same sale for twenty-nine numbers of *The United Services College Chronicle*, Nos. 2 to 28, inclusive, Kipling's Magazine, of which he was editor for a time and to which he contributed, while a complete file of *The Friend*, March 15, 1900 to April 18, 1900, containing contributions by Kipling, sold for \$1,025. A first edition of *Echoes*, by Rudyard Kipling and his sister Beatrice, brought \$1,350.

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Vol. X.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1928

No. 12



*Published by Findlay I. Weaver*

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# The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

## ANNUAL POETRY NUMBER

In presenting its Third Annual Poetry Number "The Canadian Bookman" wishes to announce that this collection is also being published in book form. In order to make the work complete there are in addition to many hitherto unpublished poems, several that have previously appeared in this magazine besides which acknowledgements are due the "Manitoba Free Press," the "Canadian Magazine," the "Saskatoon Star" and "Saskatchewan and Its People," for poems reprinted here.

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### *The Poems of Christina Willey*

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#### A Grace for Joy

THE great Beatitudes are far too high  
For earthly souls like mine.  
A star too small to twinkle in the sky,  
Too dim a light to shine  
In such great company. I but essay  
A little place to hold a heart that's gay.  
That sings a clear bird-note of gratitude.  
"The happy-hearted hath Beatitude."

#### The Incarnation

IRON-STILL the trees stood stark against sheer space.  
Bronze weeds and grass as metal-still as they.  
A mile of snow, embroidered with the lace  
Gods lesser children weave upon their way,  
And that tremendous Peace.

Never a pulse of life, a sigh of sound.  
All frozen motion, and a holden breath,  
While the far stars wheeled on relentless round.  
And Time held rigid scales of Life and Death  
Awaiting that To Be.

Then, beyond sense a stir, so fine, so faint—  
An Angel Messenger had raised a wing—  
A lift of motion, as a Seraph-Saint  
Had swept along, swift without haste, to bring  
A Portent to the earth.

Above all sounds rang echoes, rather known  
Than heard, of voices more than earthly clear.  
Magnificat and Gloria, and a Throne,  
And a strong Love that overthrew a Fear.  
An anchored Hope revealed.

No vision, but a waking, to the soul  
That for an instant saw the lifted Veil  
In night and silence knew the perfect Whole—  
The Manger and the Cross, the Ghost, the Grail,  
The Birthday of the Child.

## Triolets

### O THRUSH

O THRUSH, lend me your golden throat,  
 My love has asked me for a song,  
 O nightingale, spare one clear note  
 O thrush, lend me your golden throat,  
 O swallow, traveller, near, remote,  
 Carry a lover's words along.  
 My love has asked me for a song!

### MY LOVER'S STEP

MY lover's step in on the stair,  
 And every shadow flashes light.  
 O lips, be kind, O eyes be fair:  
 My lover's step is on the stair,  
 The twilight warms to sunrise rare;  
 There is no cold, there is no night;  
 My lover's step is on the stair,  
 And every shadow flashes light.

### THE DIAL

WHEN the proud Sun is in the sky,  
 Each mid-day marks his even flight.  
 His watcher and his slave am I  
 When the proud Sun is in the sky.  
 But when the Lady Moon sails by  
 We change our noon-tide every night!  
 When the proud Sun is in the sky,  
 Each mid-day marks his even flight.

### YOUR MESSAGE

A WAKING to far music in the night,  
 A sudden sun-spear on a day of rain.  
 Cold water at trail's end.  
 A happy phrase forgotten, found again,  
 More calm than rapture, gentler than delight.  
 The unexpected greeting from a friend!



## The Wanderer

THE deaf man looked, and said: "Oh, beautiful!  
She is the vision of all loves of old."  
The blind man heard, and whispered: "She is all  
The tales of joy that ever have been told."  
The blind and deaf on whom she laid her hand  
Put palm to heart and brow, and bowed his head.  
His guardian whispered: "Thus he greets the sun,  
To praise its warmth. All other sense is dead."

She was to every man the whole of good,  
Or felt, or seen or heard.  
The crown of Victory, the song of bird,  
Flowers in the summer wood.

You did not know Bright Helen? I, who live  
With all my world gone grey,  
For one brief hour of her day  
Would offer all, but what have I to give?

Ah, she was more than lovely! Kind and sweet,  
And very gentle to all living things.  
The doves of Aphrodite, with white wings,  
And ruby eyes, and coral feet,  
Would fly about her, wooing her, and light  
Upon her shoulders and her glorious hair.

She was so fair,  
Who met her in the streets of far-off Troy  
Went all that day with joy,  
For very pleasure that she tarried there.

Once, in a gateway of the tunnelled wall,  
The long black arch of our beleaguered town,  
I saw a Goddess. Dreadful light was shed  
Around, above, below. With head cast down  
I went my way. Olympian beauty chilled  
My heart with fear. No goddess was the Queen,  
The Argive Helen; she was hope and peace,  
The future, and the dreaming might-have-been.

Ah me! but I grow old  
Alone, and wandering very sad and far  
From that long War,  
Ah me! ah me! when I was glad and bold.

I think I journeyed to the outer seas,  
 I think I saw the thundering waters fall  
 Across the very edges of the world.  
 I knew the Great Ones. I forget them all.  
 I have lived much, but worn and aged am I.  
 Oh, Stranger! if but once my living eyes  
 Could see the tall towers rise  
 Across that plain,  
 I should be young again.

I dream. Tall Troy is down;  
 But wind-blown ashes is the mighty town,  
 And I have lost Fair Helen many years.  
 Who am I? I forget. I only knew  
 That Time has robbed me even of my tears,  
 And all my songs are sung.  
 Perhaps I was that Paris, as men say,  
 Wearied I am, and old and lost, and grey,  
 But once I loved Gold Helen, and was young.

## Memoria Perpetua

THEY say, the little souls who cannot know,  
 That Time at last kills all,  
 That the proud memory of the brave shall go  
 Beyond the world's recall.  
 But Israel's golden shepherd overthrew  
 The giant braggart of the Philistines.

They say remembrance dies, that all in vain  
 Are the great virtues shown,  
 They vanish, like the summers sun and rain,  
 And like the clouds are flown,  
 Who now can tell the ranks of Agincourt,  
 Or call the roster of the Victory?

They do not know, the scoffers and the light—  
 Perhaps the name is gone,  
 What of a name? The deed shines strongly bright,  
 The spirit still lives on.  
 Leonidas alone has left a name,  
 But his three hundred heroes live with him!

This is the Feast Day of the Glorious Dead,  
 This is our Day of Souls,  
 We bow, remembering, lift high the head,  
 When the long signal rolls.  
 Today the Empire hails, in grave salute,  
 The Unknown Warrior and the Cenotaph.

## The Viking Heart

(TO LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON.)

WHEN they went Viking-faring  
Across the grey North Sea,  
The Saxon in broad Mercia  
Could naught but fight and flee.  
They took the scythe and sickle,  
Nor put to sea again—  
A hundred generations  
Have made them Englishmen.

A thousand years ago, with sword and shield,  
Scorning the Saxon arm, the beacon flame,  
Sea-robbers and sea-rovers, ruthless, bold,  
The black Norse long-ships came.

Conquering they came, and found the land was good.  
Forsook the barren fjords of the North,  
Learnt use of hoe and mattock, and forwent  
Their old sea-faring forth.

They brought old gods, of thunder and of war,  
Old Sagas, mighty tales of blood and fight.  
Their sons forgot them utterly, and chose  
Meek saints, the Christian rite.

Yet traces still endure of those lost times,  
Grimsby and Whitby, Lowestoft and the "thwaites"  
"Johnson" and "Swanson" and each week of days  
Upon a Norse god waits.

Strange weird, that Lief the Lucky showed the way  
For us and them, after so many days,  
To make another Viking-faring West,  
Again to meet strange ways.

They left their little land of ice and fire,  
The Viking-blood, and we, of their own strain,  
Left our soft island of the mist and fog.  
And here strike hands again.

Great plains we have, for all our little fields,  
They have sweet waters for their bitter sea—  
They will be homesick for the northern sun,  
For English hedge-rows we.

But, as of old, our children will forget,  
Their own new land will give their hearts content.  
And only we in dreams drive Dragon-ships  
The way our fathers went.



## Discarded

ALL winter long the chickadees  
 Have gossiped at my garden fence,  
 They had a larder in my trees,  
 The soft south wind now calls them hence  
 To richer feasts than mine.

My woodpeckers, through wind and snow,  
 Mouse-like, have run up trunk and spray.  
 Now summer breathes, they too will go,  
 Their whistle will not cheer the day,  
 Red-head and black depart.

My grosbeaks, clipping maple seeds,  
 Bright troubadours in brown and gold,  
 Seek other places, other needs,  
 I shall not hear their calling bold,  
 The mating moon rides high.

'Can I regret! Great good was mine,  
 Heaven's almoner, allowed to give—  
 To touch the hem of the Divine—  
 The food by which small birds may live,  
 Who seek their meat from God.

## The New Crusade

(TO THE RED CROSS SOCIETY)

WE, who have worn the brassard and the Sign  
 Through the long years of heart-shock and of thrill,  
 We have been amply paid!  
 For, in all generous hearts, and lightly still  
 Slumbers the old Crusader, he who strayed  
 With Richard, on the hills of Palestine.

Fully rewarded we! Our work was gain,  
 Our wages more than we deserved, our praise  
 More than our best desire.  
 We, humble, walked with heroes through the days,  
 We were the servants of Life's whitest fire,  
 The ministrants in the grim House of Pain.

Now do we go in sober garb arrayed,  
 But on our steps the golden spirits wait,  
 The Great Consoler leads.  
 The saints who healed the stricken at the Gate,  
 Each heart that comforts, and each hand that feeds,  
 Upholds our banner in the New Crusade.

## The Song of Youth

WHY should we take the travelled way?  
We choose the winding lane.  
Who knows on what green day of spring  
May Lancelot ride again?

We see a hawk sweep in the sky,  
A high, clear call we hear.  
Perhaps, perhaps it is the Queen,  
It *might* be Guinevere!

Each day a shining path unfolds,  
And fair tomorrow gleams,  
While night's a curtain hung before  
The ivory gate of dreams.

We needs must go to hunt Romance.  
Why should we stay at home?  
So much there is in life to see,  
So far there is to roam!

And any turn may bring surprise,  
And all surprise is good.  
Adventure is upon the sea—  
Enchantment in the wood.

We'll sail along the great sea-lanes,  
Make land-falls in the morn.  
Perhaps we'll find a sea-nymph there,  
Or hear old Triton's horn!

Our partner shall be Loveliness,  
We will take hands with Joy.  
Who knows? tomorrow we may see  
The towers of Helen's Troy!

Ah, youth is for adventuring,  
And youth is for romance.  
Come, follow, follow, follow fast  
The light winged feet of Chance.

Oh, come with us, so high our hearts  
That Fortune must be kind.  
Oh, come, come, come, who knows what thrill  
Tomorrow has in mind!

## Return, O Shulamite!

LOST is the dewy rosiness of dawn,  
 Gone is the splendor of the noonday light.  
 The fruitful summer rain  
 Waits, till you come again.  
 Return, O Shulamite!

A shadow dims the happiness of day,  
 A brooding sorrow saddens all the night,  
 Dark is the earth and cold—  
 A wearied star, grown old—  
 Return, O Shulamite!

Loved wanderer, on you all blessings wait,  
 Blessings of sound and color, warmth and light.  
 No dawn is here. no dew,  
 No sun-glow, wanting you.  
 Return, O Shulamite!

## The Mothers of Canada

(FOR ARMISTICE DAY)

WE never heard the thunder of the guns  
 As they—nor saw the menace in the sky.  
 But we are kin, because we sent our sons  
 Beside their sons to die.

Healed are the scars? They bleed not but they ache.  
 The ever-brooding loss is with us still.  
 Ah, those who went—and stayed—for Honor's sake,  
 By trench, and wood and hill!

We will be brave tomorrow; we will know  
 That when the great call came they would not stay,  
 We will remember that we bade them go;  
 But let us weep today.

Sisters in grief, we Empire-mothers hold,  
 Hand clasped in hand, this one day of the year.  
 Oh, sons we bore, careless, and young and bold.  
 You were so dear, so dear!



## To Canada

FOLLOW THE GLEAM.

"SURELY we are the people, and with us  
 Shall Wisdom die," they said, and passed away.  
 Yet Wisdom lived, and Knowledge ever grew,  
 When shadows all were they.

Give worship not to Dagon, deaf and blind,  
 The god who sees but his own grossness grow,  
 Who cannot look before nor glance behind.  
 The rattle of the golden chains that bind  
 All that his dim ears know.  
 Long are they dust  
 The nations that grew vain, and in their pride  
 Of wealth and power, said that Wisdom died.  
 Ashes, and sand, and rust.

Here is the man to follow, he who had  
 But the two pence within his beggar's bowl  
 And traded one for bread,  
 But, ah, the other one he gladly spent  
 For sweet white hyacinths to feed his soul.  
 Old Omar lives by song, not by the tent  
 And Royal David's victory was rue  
 In that wild agony of fatherhood—  
 Would I had died for thee, my son, my son!  
 All men's Lament.

Never a trireme sails the Middle Sea,  
 Never a phalanx forms in Thessaly.  
 Yet Roman law still governs all our days,  
 And Roman peace protects us on our ways  
 By spirit heritage.  
 Where there is Beauty, there the Greek endures,  
 Where is calm Logic, there still lives the Sage,  
 Still shines the Golden Age.

Oh, land of mine remember, more than life  
 Is spirit, more than fat Prosperity.  
 Look to the wide horizons, bear with thee  
 The Vision and the Dream.  
 Remember, Midas still has ass's ears,  
 And golden loaves have little nourishment.  
 Beg heavenly manna for thy soul's content—  
 Follow the Gleam.

## Saint Francis is the Saint for Me

IN the great Hierarchy of Heaven  
Are saints of high and low degree.  
To each on earth a Guide is given,  
St. Francis is the saint for me.

Mary the Virgin, crowned in splendor,  
Of every woman is the friend.  
Paul, the great-heart, and James the tender  
To men their strength and comfort lend.

St. Martin's cloak the beggar covers,  
Elizabeth gives holy bread,  
St. Valentine guards all true lovers,  
By Michael is the warrior led.

For children, all the Host of Heaven  
Encompass them upon their way,  
To every Saint their care is given,  
And every day is All Saints' Day.

But, Oh, God's other, dumb creation,  
The children of the woods and plains,  
The humble, sinless generation  
Without our pleasures or our pains!

The dwellers in the deepest thickets,  
My furry friends within the house,  
Bright butterflies and cheerful crickets,  
The little, dainty, fine-eared mouse.

The fishes all, the birds that hover  
O'er hidden nests in many trees,  
Have they not each in me a lover,  
Should there not be a saint for these?

Ah, yes, they have a saint these others,  
And in their Guide my own I see.  
They are my sisters and my brothers,  
Saint Francis is the saint for me!

## My Songs

INTO the day, like white-winged birds I fling  
 My little songs; and range they far or near,  
 Somewhere, somehow, my message you will hear,  
 Remembering.

Into the night, a shower of sparks, wind-driven,  
 My little flames of song shoot high and far  
 To find you, in whatever world you are,  
 Desired, forgiven.

Ah, could you see, could your wild heart but hear,  
 Some faint, far echo of the songs I sing,  
 Some spark at night, some gleam of snowy wing,  
 My dear, my dear!

## The Hearth Fires

OH, when I was in London Town I dreamt of Prairieland,  
 And now I'm in Saskatchewan I'm thinking of the Strand.  
 Wet pavements on the opera nights, flowers, ladies, shining cars.  
 The while the house-logs crack with frost beneath the winter  
 stars.

For I have ridden prairie trails in smiling summer rain,  
 But I have gathered blackberries in many a Surrey lane.  
 By quiet creeks at fall of dusk I've heard the Whip-poor-will,  
 Far cousin of the nightingale that sang upon Leith Hill!

The river-gods of all the world nod wise wet heads, and say—  
 Who drinketh of my waters I will call him back some day—  
 And that perhaps is how indeed the happy strife began,  
 The Thames, beneath the Cliveden Woods—the great  
 Saskatchewan.

The river-spell is on me, and I know not which is best,  
 The English home of childhood, or the love-land of the West.  
 The pagan gods are double-tongued, to me a heavy part—  
 I have two hearth-fires for my cheer, and a divided heart!



## Manitoba

THE sweet traditions of old lands  
Have little echo in our west,  
No dryad in our oak-tree stands,  
Our waters kiss no naiad's breast.

Yet still the Indian's spirit broods,  
A shade along the prairie grass,  
Still on the rivers, in the woods  
Old voyageurs and couriers pass.

The great adventurers have gone,  
And Selkirk's kindly ghosts have met  
La Verandrye and Radisson—  
The noble past is with us yet!

Blown by what winds of chance or fate  
From all the Seven Seas we come,  
And, passing through the Western Gate,  
Gain the adventure of a home.

But Celt or Saxon, Norse or Dane,  
Or French, blood-brothers now are we  
Through those, our yearned-for ones, our slain  
In Flanders and in Picardy.

We pledge ourselves the trust to keep,  
The flaming torch to bear ahead,  
So shall they rest in quiet sleep,  
And we be worthy of our dead.

We plough the field, we guide the pen,  
By toil of brain, by toil of hand,  
Law-making, law-abiding men;  
Our heritage a pleasant land.

"Now God be praised who gives good bread."  
We trust the kindly earth with grain  
In faith, that nations may be fed,  
Nor find His rainbow promise vain.

O, Manitoba, strong, austere,  
The nursing-mother of the west,  
Each season of the circling year  
Comes, to thy lover, as the best.

The glory of thy Northern Lights,  
 Thy thin clear-crystal Western air,  
 What land can show such summer nights,  
 And where is autumn half so fair?

Thy prairie-rose, thy fields of wheat;  
 Sometimes I think that when I die  
 I'll weary of the golden street  
 And, even in Heaven, miss thy sky!

## The West

(FROM ENGLAND)

I AM so tired of this little land  
 Where each today is linked with yesterday  
 So close, that then and now walk hand in hand.  
 And all the dead who have gone on their way  
 Watch through the gates of Life—  
 Crowd, even if kindly, on the steps of Life!

Two thousand years ago the Romans made  
 This road, still echoing Legion footsteps faint.  
 A thousand years ago these stones were laid—  
 The church of some old square, black-letter saint.  
 Too near the living Past,  
 Too heavy is the weight of all the Past!

This land breeds men, but they are not my kind.  
 Too many linked traditions bind them round,  
 Too sweet the sunshine, and too soft the wind—  
 Their roots are struck too deep in English ground.  
 My careless foot is free!  
 What do they know of wandering feet and free?

On the wide prairies now the long winds roll.  
 The great arch spans horizon-wide in rain.  
 •Oh, I would master Life, possess my soul  
 If I were back in my own land again!  
 And lift a joyful heart,  
 For peace and solitude lift up my heart.

I will go westward, where the old, sad tales  
 Are not, or are forgotten, where each sun  
 Rises a new creation. What avails  
 The old World's strife and clamor—I have done.  
 I go to my own West,  
 Avalon and Atlantis, and my West!

## The Western Year

WHEN the strong level west winds blow,  
And grosbeaks crack the maple seeds,  
When furry-headed Pasque-flowers show,  
And musk-rats stir amid the reeds,  
With running water everywhere,  
With high soft clouds and crystal air,  
Ah, thus,  
Comes spring-time to Saskatchewan!

Slow lazy days of breathless heat,  
Piled thunder-heads and slanting rain,  
Cloud-shadows sailing o'er the wheat,  
Suns that but set to rise again,  
The sudden fire-fly's fairy light,  
Shrill castanets of frogs at night.  
Oh, life,  
'Tis summer in Saskatchewan!

When splintered ice-lace rims each pool,  
When trails are paved with fairy gold,  
When noons are hot, but nights are cool,  
And evening mists the sloughs enfold,  
When our dear swallows bid good-bye,  
And a red moon climbs up the sky,  
Ah, then,  
'Tis autumn in Saskatchewan!

When bright Orion wheels his way,  
And overhead the witch-lights dance,  
When swift, from day to bitter day,  
The armies of the North advance,  
Blue-shadowed snow-drifts, fold on fold,  
Stark death-in-sleep, the crackling cold,  
Ah, heed—  
'Tis winter is Saskatchewan.

So full our seasons, change on change,  
Hope and delight, and rest and fear,  
So wide we swing, so far we range,  
From Pole to Circle in a year.  
The wolf-fanged wind, the dust-dry snow,  
Then summer, and the after-glow,  
Oh, heart,  
Life's living in Saskatchewan!



## The Western Born

MY father says that in the land, his land of high renown,  
The rivers wander through the fields, full level with the grass,  
And down the middle of the street of his old, little town

Are narrow, low foot-bridges, by which the people pass.  
My father talks of waves and spray, of sand-hills rolling wide,

The only rivers that I know are down a mile of trail.

The wonder and the beauty of the ever-moving sea,  
The smell of salt, the stir of weed, the surging of the tide.

I hear, but all his pictures are strange and dim to me.  
A river-lake, a prairie slough, I vision these alone.

My father says, where he was born, are elm, and plane, and yew,  
And chestnut trees with candle-flowers, in mile-long stately row.  
Old beeches, rooted back in time, when Chivalry was new,

Laburnum, gold in spring-time, and hawthorn, scented snow.  
But poplar, and the rough scrub-oak, I see no beauty here.

My father laughs, "Look up, my son, look up and round about,

"The tales I tell are true, but you should use your eyes to see.

"There is no other land where Spring comes northward with a shout,

"Where in a night of soft, wet wind, blooms the anemone."

I look, and lo, a lilac mist, ere yet the snow is gone!

"Have ears, my son, hark to the blackbird's tune,

Go down, and watch the beavers build in your own pasture stream.

"Remember roses' sweetness, in dawn or dusk of June,

Live here and now, and leave to me the memory and the dream."

Ah, then I did not see, but now I know him kind and wise.

My father sighs: "A man's own land will always rule his heart.

Far over-seas a thousand strands bind me to my own dead.

But my dust will one day become of this land's dust a part,

To seal your love of this your land through me—"my father said.

With happy heart I wander now, and know my land is good!

## Prairie Born and Island Born

I WONDER, can the prairie-born forget  
The far-off bluff-gap with the marking blaze,  
The evening wood-smoke when the grass is wet,  
The river-valley, blue with bush-fire haze,  
The badger earth, the fox den on the hill,  
The rare, sad, ghostly evening whip-poor-will?

The gopher, praying hands on velvet breast,  
Alert, inquisitive, a prairie clown,  
The great cranes, flying black against the west,  
Beauty's own shadow, as the sun goes down,  
Green poplar-mist, the miracles of May,  
The vibrant, sun-drenched Western summer day?

Do you remember, oh, prairie-born,  
The file of cattle on the distant view,  
The young new moon, a star within its horn,  
The silver foot-tracks in white morning dew,  
The glorious pageant of the turning year,  
So intimate, so everlasting dear?

Remember you? As I remember still,  
The cliff-path where the coast guards walk began,  
The ancient beacon, lonely on the hill,  
The steps, down which the children, laughing, ran,  
The rough rock steps that marched so steeply down,  
To meet the red roofs of the little town.

Wild winter storms, when little boats stayed home—  
Short summer nights, out with the fishing fleet—  
The flash of water, and the creaming foam,  
The soft, wet sand, silk-smooth to childish feet,  
The pulsing ladder-beams from Wrecker's Light,  
The banshee fog-horn, howling through the night.

Oh, who am I to dream of swinging ships,  
Of brown-sailed fishers beating in with dawn?  
But I have tasted spray upon my lips,  
Have loved rough weather, I am island-born.  
Ah, that grim headland and that gracious bay  
Are half a world and half a life away.

Oh, prairie-born, we both have dreams to sell,  
Poor pedlars we, remembrance all our store!  
Today is good, and yesterday was well,  
Why should we sell, wiser to gather more.  
The happy present, the dear memory—  
I have your prairie, and you have my sea.

## Hudson's Bay Company

WE came before the land was made;  
We sailed the Bay, we tramped the plain.  
Adventurers all, stark, unafraid,  
Romance we sought as well as gain.  
And so, for full two hundred years,  
Ho, Ho, we were the Pioneers!

We took the man from London Town,  
We lured the lad from Liverpool,  
From distant Isle and heather brown  
The Celt came West, and made our rule.  
We never knew the townsman's fears,  
Ho, Ho, we were the Pioneers!

We went by rivers, wild, unknown,  
We made the trails for men to tread,  
By lakes seen by the loon alone  
We built our fire and made our bed  
There, where the Dancing Light appears,  
Ho, Ho, we were the Pioneers!

"Pro pelle cutem" skin for skin,  
Sometimes we faltered—we were men—  
But still we kept the Light within—  
"So deal you may return again"  
Portage and rapid heard our cheers,  
Ho, Ho, we were the Pioneers!

We saved an Empire for our land,  
We took the Flag where'er we went,  
Justice we dealt with even hand,  
We saw our work, and were content.  
East, West, and North our long call hears,  
Ho, Ho, we were the Pioneers!

Our heads were high, we had the right,  
We stood four-square, as man to man,  
We fought, when there was need to fight,  
We finished that which we began.  
We are, we have been, through the years,  
Adventurers and Pioneers.



## The Green Door

ONE day, when I was going home  
I walked right past my mother's door,  
And there I found, across the road  
A fence I'd never seen before.

I turned around—there was the grade,  
The station, and the railway track,  
The trees, the houses, and the school—  
All just as usual, looking back!

In front, there was that high board fence.  
A little door, all painted green  
Was slowly opened, and appeared  
The queerest birds I'd ever seen.

They beckoned with their long black claws,  
"Come in, come in," I hear them yet—  
Oh, I am Crusoe's parrot, dear,  
And this is Long John Silver's pet."

I did not think to be afraid—  
The little Green Door opened wide—  
And there were summer flowers in bloom—  
It was our bluff on Sunnyside!

But every animal was there  
That I had read about, or knew,  
And all the birds from story-books,  
As much alive as I or you.

A lion with a little mouse  
Curled up upon his head, was there,  
"O, I'm the lion of the net,"  
"And I'm the mouse that gnawed the snare."

A pretty yellow cat came up,  
And close behind a white dog ran,  
"I am your brother's Snowy, dear,"  
"And I am your own Sandyman."

A flock of little birds flew down,  
"I cannot know you all," I said,  
"You fed us one long winter through,"  
You saved us by your scraps of bread."

They crowded round, "Sit down," they cried,

"Here on the ground, beneath a tree,

"We want to talk about ourselves,

"Don't you remember me, and me?"

"I am a horse you used to ride,"

"I am a dog you used to feed,"

"You met us all in Wonderland."

"I'm Puss-in-Boots, I am indeed!"

"I had to go away from you,

But I am here," a black cat said—

A big black cat with snowy paws—

"I often went with you to bed."

We talked and talked a long day through

It seemed to me. I understood

Exactly how it was, at last

That day, in the enchanted wood.

Then, when we had to say good-bye,

"Come back again, you have the key,

You only have to think of us,

Think hard enough, and you will see!"

"When one remembers, it is well,

When all remember, ah, that's best!

You'll find the little door again,

And Fairyland will do the rest!"

When I turned round the fence was gone,

There was the trail of every day,

I walked back to the house, and found

I'd not been half an hour away!

But it was real, and not a dream.

I wonder if you understand?

You will, if one day you, like me,

Find the green door to Fairyland.

## Valentines

“JUST think, the children at the school,”  
Said brother to Louise,  
“Have sent us Valentines, and we  
Must thank them well for these.”

“The lady who keeps house for us,”  
Said yellow brother cat,  
“Tells me that children don’t eat mice,  
What do you think of that!”

“They don’t eat mice, nice tender mice,  
Who live on cake and cheese?  
How very queer these people are,  
How silly!” said Louise.

“We’ll have to stay awake and think,”  
Said both the pussy-cats,  
“Although we’d rather purr and sleep,  
And catch the mice and rats.”

“The lady who keeps house for us  
Is pretty good at times.  
She gives us milk, she gives us meat,  
And sometimes she makes rhymes.”

“Although we talk quite well, you know,  
We have not learnt to write.  
So we will tell her what to say—  
I hope she gets it right!”

“—We thank you for the valentines,  
We wish that you liked mice.  
Then we would catch you three or four,  
They really are quite nice!”

“But if you are quite certain, then—”  
Said Brother and Louise—  
“We will catch all the mice, and you’ll  
Have all the cake and cheese.”



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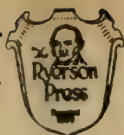
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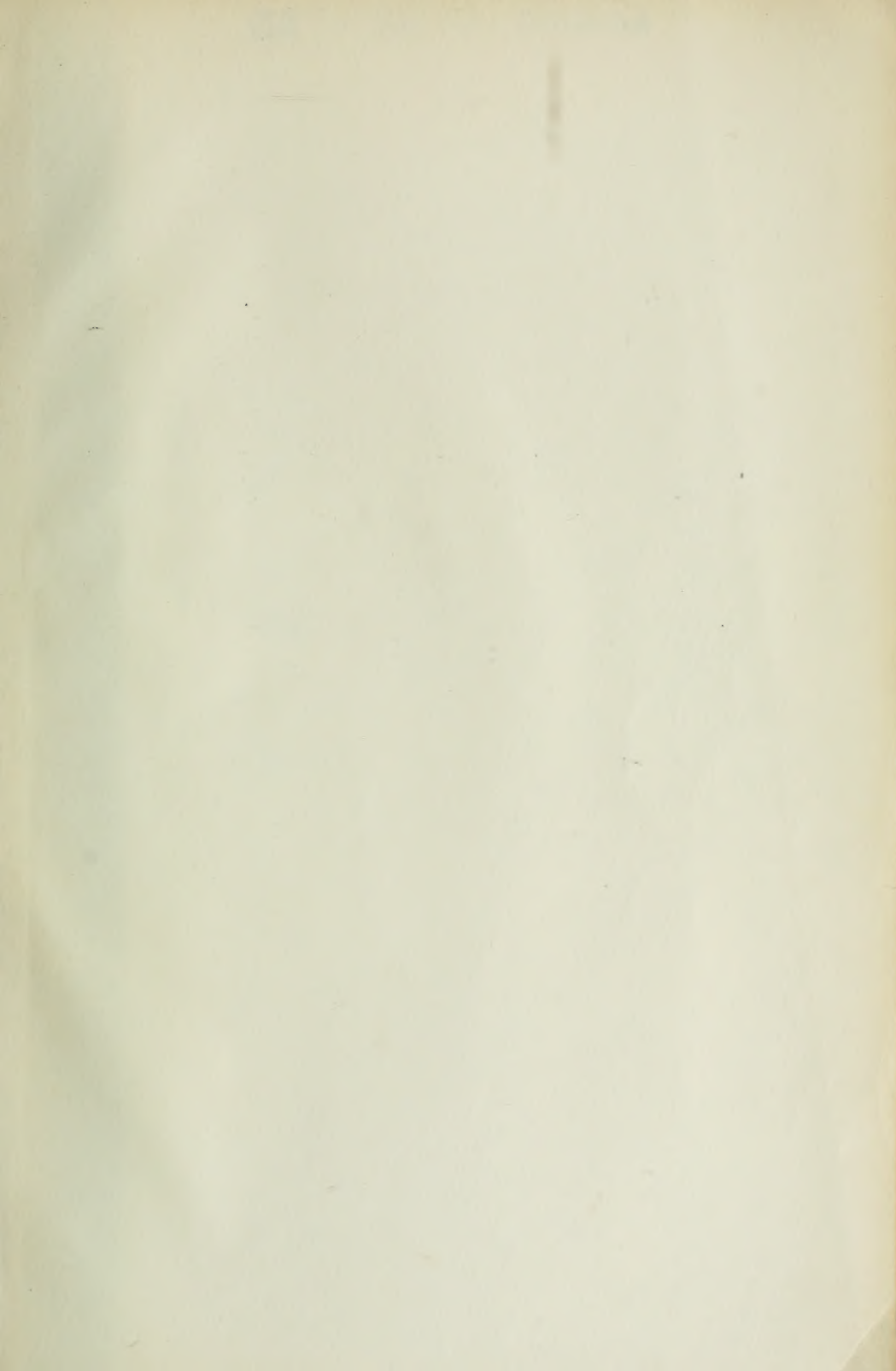
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